

THE BEACON.

From dusk to dawn a golden star,
Hung steadfast between sky and sword,
Sent forth across the moaning bar
The smiting of its two-edged sword,
Seafaring men with babes at home
Asleep and rosy in their cot,
Beat inward through the curdling form
That tosses to the shivering jibs.
And wistful wives who cannot sleep
Feed little hearts with warm and red,
And comforted their vigil keep
With that great star-flame overhead.
Night wears apace; the blackest night
Wanes when the womb of morning breaks.
With lance and spear from heavenly height
Her conquering way the new day takes.
And one by one the weary boats,
All drenched and spent, are beached at
The beach;
The children hug the wet sea-coats;
The good wives sing of perils past,
—Margaret E. Saugster, in Harper's Bazar.

A Duel in the Gold-Fields.

They had been friends all their lives.

There had been, in their native village, two vine-covered cottages side by side, and all one summer on the veranda of one or the other of these little homes two young women had sat sewing through the long afternoon on dainty white garments, setting each stitch with a prayer and weaving with the flying needle more precious things than cross-stitch and feather-edge, as they talked of their babies' future, as loving women will, and planned great things for the coming ones to accomplish.

Then these mothers conferred together about the momentous question of "shortening," and, this decided, the baby boys had each become acquainted with the restless pink play-fellows at the edge of his petticoat at the identical moment. The women bore each other company during the trying period of the little ones' teething, their croup and measles, and, in due time, cut from one pattern their first short trousers, their little coats.

When the boys were six, they were ready for the September term of school, and the two mothers led them up to begin the second chapter, as they had done the first, together.

Red-mittened and tipped in winter, they played with their sleds on the long hill on whose top the schoolhouse stood, and one day a little girl watched them as they flew down, and began crying.

The two boys trudged up to her together.

"You can ride on my sled," said one.

"I'll pull you up again on my sled," said the other.

And so the story began.

The years went by, and Charles Paxton and Sidney Harper fulfilled their promises. Nellie Ransom rode on both sleds; and the boys were her chivalric defenders and champions in every cause. If she failed in her arithmetic the teacher received black looks, and if she erred over her grammar each boy felt a personal encounter with Lindley Murray was all that could wipe out the stain. So far the old friendship was as strong as ever, and they fought, as one, the battles of the yellow-haired girl. There came the swift, strange transformation of the heart which makes a boy a man; these lads turned, on one day, shy, troubled eyes each to the other's face; and when their glances fell, something from within had risen to veil forever their frank and friendly glances.

They were rivals; and the pretty, shallow little thing, putting now, under her wide-brimmed hat, had known it all along.

Nell Ransom was the beauty of the neighborhood; a little creature, soft-eyed and golden-haired, with youthful curves and dimples. She was the daughter of a farmer; one of a half dozen girls, but the only one among them with any pretensions to good looks. So the rough old man spoiled her.

"When I'm plowin'," he said, in reply to some one who reproached him for treating Nell better than he treated her sisters, "I run right through the bouncin' betties an' smartweed, but I vanny of I can run over a wild rose. That little gal of mine wan't meant for common folks like us. I feel a good deal like 'pologizin' to her fur bein' her father. But, seein' she's surs, I'm goin' to make life jest as easy as I can fur her, an' kinder keep her on the warm side of the shack."

So the little girl was sheltered and petted by the rule but tender hands, and it is not strange that she grew up with no care for any one but her own pleasure and comfort. When she was 16 there were many moths singed by the brightness of her hair; many hearts wounded by the darts from her blue eyes; but she didn't realize that there was any harm. Hers was not a bad or cruel heart—she simply didn't, and wouldn't and couldn't know why.

And did not understand.

The two friends whose hearts had been pushed apart by her little, unfeeling hands had grown to love her just in proportion to the way they had come to hate one another. Charles Paxton tried first; was refused and went away; no one knew whither, but a woman grew gray as she sat on the little, vine-covered veranda and turned her eyes, with their waiting and listening look, westward.

Then Sidney Harper put his fate to the touch; he, too, left the village, and two women again sat together praying and fearing on one of the porches through a long summer.

It was midsummer in the Klondike, but the air was as chill as it is when redcheeked Canadians start journeying on snow-shoes over crisp fields of

sparkling snow. On left and right were stretches timbered with the sturdy pines that straggled like an army over plain and hill, and sent a vanguard up the mountain from whose farther timber line it seemed to signal to the troops below. In front lay the river coiling like a twist of silver braid, and farther on the everlasting hills rose, height on height, to pierce the perfect azure of the sky.

Two men stood in this amphitheatre of the north, their rough and bearded faces turned toward each other as they had been turned in the cradle swaying on a cottage veranda so many years ago. Their eyes flashed like steel to steel in the morning light, and their lips were set in lines never seen by those two waiting mothers.

"It's the only way out of it," said one, at last, doggedly; as if to bring to a close a long and useless argument. "We didn't come here to meet each other, and the place isn't big enough to hold us both. We've both struck it rich, and Nell Ransom owns us and our mines. One can go back to her—with all the gold of both—"

The other finished the sentence: "The pistol shall decide which one it shall be."

Calmly the men paced the distance and took their places, the revolvers catching each added gleam that faltered through the pines against the eastern sky.

"One!" and the line of light rose to the level of those strong, bared bosoms.

"Wait a minute, boys! Wait a minute!"

An old miner stepped out of the thicket and walked leisurely between the duelists. He was known to both men as a quaint character of their own village, a man who had been among the defeated gold-seekers of '49 and '50. He had struck camp but the day previous to this meeting.

"I've ben watchin' ye a leetle, boys," he said. "I ain't said much, but I've kep' a-thinkin'. I know young blood, an' I calc'lated it was just about time fur it to bile over; but I've got a powder to cool it."

He lighted his pipe and puffed meditatively.

The young men turned angrily.

"Oh, ye needn't get riled, now," he continued, pulling a fine grass and cleaning his pipe-stem with it, "but I reckon there ain't either one of ye mean enough to fight over another man's wife!"

He stopped and looked at the rivals sidewise; the words had gone home.

"I calc'late ye don't git the papers reg'lar here; trains is sometimes late, ye know; bein' there ain't no tracks fur 'em to run on, an' like as not yer mail ain't real prompt, an' ye don't use yer dust fur telegraphin' when ye ain't got no lightnin' chained. So pr'aps ye don't know that that gal of Ransom's—there, stand still an' go with yer shootin'!—is married."

Two lines of light sank suddenly downward as the pistols fell with the nerveless hands. The old man saw it with a twinkle of his faded eyes.

"That's right, boys; now come here, and I'll tell you about it."

Slowly and with shamed faces Sidney Harper and Charles Paxton drew near and heard the old miner's story.

"Yes," he said, after the whole had been recited, "she married a no-account feller, an' has taken him home to the old folks. She wasn't never with dyin' fur lads; but when I came away I seen two other wimmin' with livin' fur. They're a-waitin' on their cottage porches now as I've seen 'em sit for 30 years. Only them babies, them little shavers they nster hold an' cuddle in their arms ain't there; they—"

"Stop! God bless you, you old meddler—"

One man spoke, but the other's eyes made answer.

"Those are the women we'll live for and care for and go home to see!"

And, single file, with strange new looks the men went back to camp.—Grace D. Boylan, in the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Quaint Old Curacao.

Curacao is a Dutch colony, and the quaintest little island in the world. It is not bigger than the District of Columbia, but has about 40,000 inhabitants, and has played an important part in the history of America. It has belonged at different times to England, Spain and Holland, and its cozy harbor has been the scene of many a bloody battle between the navies of the old world, as well as between the pirates and buccaners that infested the Caribbean sea for two centuries. It has been for 100 years and still is an asylum for political fugitives, and many of the revolutions that rack and wreck the republics on the Spanish main are hatched under the shelter of the pretensions but harmless fortresses that guard its port. Bolivar, Santa Anna and many other famous men in Spanish-American history have lived there in exile, and until recently there was an imposing castle upon one of the hills called Bolivar's Tower. There the founder of five republics lived in banishment for several years and waited for rescue.

The houses are built in the Dutch style, exactly like those in Holland; the streets are so narrow that the people can almost shake hands through their windows with their neighbors across the way, and the walls are as thick as would be needed for a fortress. The Dutch governor lives in a solemn-looking old mansion fronting the harbor, guarded by a company of stupid-looking soldiers with a few old-fashioned cannons. The entire island is of phosphates, and the government receives a revenue of \$500,000 from companies that ship them away.—Chicago Record.

THE CAROLINES UP-TO-DATE.

What the United States Consul at Tomil Says of the Group.

In the advance sheets of the consular reports lately issued by the state department the Caroline islands was made the subject of an interesting description by the United States agent at Yap, one of the principal islands of the group. The consul describes in a brief and entertaining manner the Isle of Yap, which, will be seized by the United States and utilized as a coaling station or a naval base. Interesting in the extreme is the history of the people of this little island, occupying as it does such a commanding position on the high road of original traffic.

The island proper, the consul writes, is surrounded by a coral reef thirty-five miles long by five broad. There are hardly any rivulets in its area, but inland are extensive swamps with a dense growth of tropical foliage. The island is richer in scenery, the groves of bamboo, croton, coconut and spreading palms being most impressive. Yap is full of relics of a vanished civilization—old embankments and terraces, sites of ancient cultivation, stone-paved roads, enormous council lodges of quaint design, with bold, high projecting gables, and lofty cavern pillars. Walls of ancient fish ponds and stone weirs fill the laagoon between the coral reef and the shore, thus making navigation a difficult matter on many parts of the coast.

Huge species of alligators are found in the underbrush, and reptiles abound in great numbers. Bird life, however, is scarce, and there are but few cattle and horses on the island.

The people are about 80-100 natives on Yap—kindly, industrious and peaceable folk. They are very dark in color, and speak a quaint dialect.

The consul, in conclusion, makes a statement which bears no little significance and treats of a subject which may cause no small friction with the Germans, who even now are none too friendly toward our country and the policy of our government in the Hispano-American war. German traders have spent a vast amount of labor and money in the last few years in building up trade in and about the Carolines. The Isle of Yap is rich in production of coconuts the kernel or inside of which, when dried, is called copra and is the chief article of export. Any interference with the trade, which has been greatly stimulated by the labor of the Germans, would immediately be met with a protest from the German government, and considerable discussion, if not serious trouble, might follow.

The principal town of the island is Tomil, which, the consul writes, would make an excellent coaling station. It is at present garrisoned by about 100 soldiers, with some 150 political prisoners captured in the late Philippine uprising. Tomil harbor is peopled with many Europeans and is the seat of the Spanish governor of the Caroline islands.

Annexation, it is thought, would be very acceptable to the inhabitants of this island, as they, as in most cases where Spanish rule predominates, are tired of the treatment they receive at the hands of the authorities.

A Night March in Cuba.

Shall I ever forget that night? It had rained a little and the ground was soft and heavy. We had to walk on an old, disused railway track for two or three miles. I have heard of the troubles of certain members of the dramatic profession while they were adding to their muscular development by walking on railroad ties. I sympathize with them from the bottom of my heart if they ever struck such a road as we did. Besides the night being pitch dark, the ties had never been laid carefully, for the line had been used only for conveying sugar cane. We stumbled and fell over the ties and into the swampy ground between them until we were sore from head to foot. When at last we left the track it was to meet fresh obstacles; our route lay across a mountain, and I am inclined to think that a volcanic eruption had occurred there in years gone by, for every few feet a huge rock of irregular shape lay in our path. Roots of trees and branches of thorn helped to make life miserable, especially when a person in front brushed past one which in its recoil suddenly struck another person in the face. Finally, at midnight, we came to the conclusion that we should break down if we did not rest; so we decided to camp for the night.—James H. Hare in Collier's Weekly.

An Invincible.

When Alcibiades was told that his countrymen had passed sentence of death upon him for being at the head of a conspiracy to overthrow the religious and political constitution of Athens, he said: "I will show them that I still live." He obtained from Sparta assurance of personal safety and went hither. He delighted and charmed the Spartans as he had the Athenians in his earlier years; he adopted their customs and dress and was the strictest Spartan of them all. He wore his hair short, bathed in the icy waters of the Eurotes, and ate their black broth and barley bread. They believed that he had been misrepresented. In truth, as Plutarch said, "he changed color more quickly than a chameleon." In Sparta, he was grave, temperate and fond of physical exercise; in Ionia, he was easy-going, luxurious and merry; in Thessaly, he was devoted to horsemanship, and in the court of the Persian satraps, he surpassed Tissaphernes, himself, in magnificence. As Sparta was to be the prize of the Athenian victory, he showed the people their danger, advising them to begin active operations against that city. No better advice could have been given them, and they profited by it.—Detroit Free Press.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Tucked Shirt Waist With Fitted Lining.
The shirt waist is again prominent among the styles, and tucking is one of the marked features this season. With a well-cut and fitted percale or lawn shirt waist, fresh from the



TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.

laundry, there comes an appearance of style and neatness that accounts for its long-continued popularity.

Fancy dotted percale in lavender and white made the stylish model, the lucks of uniform depth giving a desirable fullness across the bust that is very generally becoming. The waist is arranged over a fitted lining (which can be omitted if desired), and has a

cord, homespun, oorduroy, Henrietta and poplin will all make smart basques that are suitable for shopping or general wear, as well as for bicycle or other out-door exercise.

Narrow braid may take the place of machine stitching, if a different completion is desired.

To cut this basque for a lady of medium size two yards of material forty-four inches in width will be required.

Queen Regent's Mother.

The Archduchess Elizabeth, mother of the Queen Regent of Spain, is in her sixty-eighth year. She is sister of the Archduke Joseph and of the Queen of the Belgians. By her first marriage with the brother of the last Duke of Modena she became mother of the Archduchess Maria Theresia. The Archduchess Elizabeth became a widow, after two years of marriage, before she was nineteen, and four years later she married the Archduke Charles Ferdinand, son of Napoleon's antagonist, the Archduke Charles, to whom she bore three sons and a daughter.

New Blouse Waists.

The new blouse waists have large revers, edged with narrow lace insertion, over a foundation of chiffon puffing. Silk waists, veiled with chiffon of the same color, have the waist body, basque and epanettes decorated in this manner or with baby ribbon.

Up-To-Date Sleeves.

A new pair of sleeves, up to date in



LADIES' HABIT BASQUE.

straight back yoke which meets the front in seams forward on the shoulders. An applied box plait finishes the right front, through which the closing is effected by studs or buttons and buttonholes. Gathers at the waist line pouch the front in latest style, the back being drawn smoothly to a collar band, and the standing collar of white linen is made adjustable.

The correct sleeves are of fashionable size, the moderate fullness being gathered at the top and wrists into straight cuffs. A leather belt is worn at the waist, and a bow tie of satin at the neck.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size four yards of material thirty inches wide will be required.

An Equestrian Costume.

For ordinary wear as well as for equestrian exercise the style of basque shown in the large engraving is popular, writes May Manton, it having the merit of being especially becoming to ladies of generous proportions. Its special adaptation to the requirements of stout women is further emphasized by an extra under-arm gore, provided in the sizes above thirty-six inches bust measure, by which the width of the back, and side back, forms are so decreased that an illusion of slinness results. The narrow postillion back, with regular coat plaits and lap, is a becoming feature and will be welcomed by those who aim to dress correctly.

Navy blue chevrot is here represented, smooth covered tailor buttons effecting the closing in center front.

The glove-fitting adjustment is accomplished by double bust darts and curving front edges, the upper portion being reversed in small lapels that meet the rolling collar in notches.

Machine stitching finishes all edges in strictly tailor style.

The chemisette is of white linen, but can be of material to correspond or contrast with the basque.

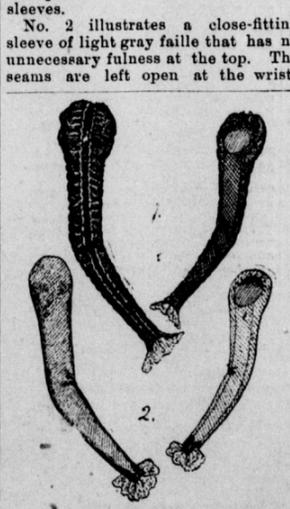
The sleeves are of fashionable size and fit closely at the wrists, closing with three buttons and buttonholes.

Basques in this style usually match the material of the skirt, firmly woven textures being the invariable choice. Serge, covert or broadcloth, whip

cut and style, will tend greatly to successful results in making over a last year's gown. Two styles are given in this design, which are adapted to any basque or waist, and can be made of the same or contrasting material.

No. 1 is represented in black netting, made over black satin. The under-portion are smooth, two full sections being gathered on the inside and outside seams, and arranged at the centre in tucked shirtings, between the edges of which the smooth lining of satin is disclosed. Bands of ribbon, velvet, or other trimming may fill in the space when other than transparent fabric is used for the sleeves.

No. 2 illustrates a close-fitting sleeve of light gray faille that has no unnecessary fullness at the top. The seams are left open at the wrists



WOMAN'S SLEEVES.

about two and a half inches, and turned under to form a square, trimmed around with black silk velvet ribbon, and a frill of lace sewed on underneath falls over the hands.

To make No. 1 will require one and a quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide, and to make No. 2 will require three-quarters of a yard of the same width material.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, New York.

A Texas farmer killed himself because his crop was so big that he had no place to store it.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars' Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation in do by their firm.

WALDING, 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, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Iron horsehoes have been found dating back to the year 481.

Ever Have a Dog Bother You

When riding a wheel, making you wonder for a few minutes whether or not you are to get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't you have given a small farm just then for some means of driving off the beast? A few drops of ammonia shot from a Liquid Pistol would do it effectually and still not permanently injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by New York Union Supply Co., 15 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

Last year Greece was buying guns, and this year it has ordered 10,000 plows.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

The proportion of foreigners to English in England is about one in 250.

Pimples

Are the danger signals of impure blood. They show that the vital blood is in bad condition, that health is in danger of wreck. Clear the track by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and the blood will be made pure, complexion fair and healthy, and life's journey pleasant and successful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Toads Will Drive Away Rats.

Pierre Loti, the French naval officer-novelist, makes the statement that toads are antipathetic to rats. In his "Letters From Lands of Exile" he tells how every night his man placed at his cabin door a wire cage containing three live toads, in order to keep off the rats, which otherwise made forays on his boots and gloves.

"It is," he says, "a wrinkle I picked up from some English sailors. The rats, it seems, seeing the toads, are frightened and do not come in."

According to this, live toads are more effectual than broken glass or poison placed in the runways of the rats. For they generally manage to remove the one and fail to touch the other. They circumvent the cat, they evade the ferret, and a good terrier is unable to follow them into their holes. Toads are plenty, and housekeepers whose cellars are infested, farmers whose barns are overrun, will at least find the remedy worth trying.

REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pinkham From Happy Women.

"I Owe You My Life."

Mrs. E. WOOLHISER,

Mills, Neb., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. My menstruation had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. I had several doctors. They all said I could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me right away; menses returned and I have gained in weight. I have better health than I have had for years. It is wonderful what your Compound has done for me."

"I Feel Like a New Person."

Mrs. GEO. LEACH,

1609 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes:

"Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer from womb trouble. Menses would appear two and three times in a month, causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and looked so badly my friends hardly knew me."

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books, and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel like a new person. I would not give your Compound for all the doctors' medicine in the world. I can not praise it enough."

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascares whenever the opportunity is presented." J. A. SMITH, 2920 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weakens, or Gripe. 50c, 25c, 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Wash. D. C., New York.

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