

The Inn On The Beach

By... P. Y. BLACK

Old Ted roared at her explosively and with an exaggeration of vehemence.

"Yes, ma'am! You were frightened and nervous that night, and I would not have you bothers any more."

She gave him her hand with a tender laugh.

"Ted," she said, "I don't know what I should do without you. You were always nursing me. It was kind of you to think of it. I was very, very nervous that night."

Guest held her hand and looked steadily in her eyes.

"Dolly," he said, "do you remember what you said that night? I had been looking for news of him. If he was dead—if I could prove he was dead—you said you would listen to me."

"Yes," she said, "and again her neck and face were so softly red."

"But if I find—he is alive?"

"I must know it," she said earnestly. "I must help him for Katie's sake. He is Katie's father. You and I know how ward he always was. I live in continual terror that he does something—very bad. Then it will be in the newspapers, and Katie will learn that her father is alive and a hunted criminal. Jack Beaumont will feel himself deceived, and their happiness will be destroyed. Oh, Ted, don't you see? I am unhappy. I have acted a lie to Katie and Jack. I am never certain but that man will appear and ruin my child's happiness. If he is alive—and, oh, surely it is no harm to keep him quiet—my only safety is to keep him quiet somewhere. I have money. He can have a good allowance—any allowance—if only he will not disturb his daughter."

"I know," said old Guest, with a quiver. "Dolly, you were always good and wise and kind best. If it was your wish, I would do anything, whatever it was. But think how hard it is on me, and I've been faithful, haven't I?"

"Oh, Ted, so true; so true!"

"Still for Katie's sake you would see this man—if he is alive—keep him quiet?"

"For Katie's sake, dear Ted."

He left her, and he looked far older on this bright and sunny morning than he had on the night of the storm.

white souled woman would give him. Guest had promised her. He would keep his promise. These thoughts flashed through his mind in a moment. He drew himself erect. The foreigner was close behind him.

"Holloway," said the skipper almost gently, "Dolly is not dead. I came to give you another chance to bring you—"

The butt of a revolver swung in the air and crashed on the captain's head, and he fell. The Cuban was at him instantly, rifling his pockets of watch and bills.

Holloway remained still, stunned at his comrade's action, stunned at the news of his wife being alive. The Cuban leaped up, dancing in rage. For all his trouble he had found very little money on Guest, and the watch was not of great value.

"No enough-a!" he cried.

Holloway came to his senses.

"You've done it now, Jose," said he, with a reckless laugh. "We are bound to get away tonight at all risks—far away. How about the other thing—did you mean? Is it safe? Only women? Then we'll have to make a try. What time is it? Let's get out of this quick, then. Dolly alive? If only I could find her. I would be safe! Come, Jose, softly now."

...

In the snugery of the inn mother and daughter sat together sewing on Katie's wedding dress. They were chatting cheerfully, according to the promise of their earlier conversation. The night was very cold. Katie peeped from the window.

"Don't you find it dull without Jack, mother, dear?" she said. "Perhaps Captain Guest will drop in to keep us company."

But Christmas eve passed and Holloway did not come. Mrs. Holloway would not disguise her disappointment.

"He is such an old friend," she said, "and on this night of all nights in the year I thought he would call upon us."

Katie looked at her mother quizzically and bent over her and whispered in her ear.

"Mother," she said, "do you know we have made a very pretty wedding dress, but we might do still better by practice. How nice it would be to practice next upon yours?"

"Katie!" cried Mrs. Holloway, and she, too, found it useful to run to the window and peep out at the weather. The snow was falling heavily now, and it was quite dark, with a heavy, clouded sky. The inn had never before seemed so isolated. The silence without was utter. Even the waves upon the beach rolled in with leaden noises. Katies went to the piano. It was natural she should choose Jack's favorite song. Soon the soft notes of her voice stole through the house:

She merely touched the instrument with her fingers, and her voice was very low and gentle. The song, fullest of yearning and regret and sweetest of all songs, sounded with its profound tenderness in the mother's ears. Suddenly Katie stopped and looked at Mrs. Holloway. The Dolly of old days was gazing with sad eyes far beyond the room, beyond the inn, beyond the beach, and the eyes were filled with tears.

"Mother," cried the girl, kneeling at her side, "forgive me! It was thoughtless of me to play that song. I wish it affected you on the night of the storm. You are not nervous again tonight, are you, pet?"

"I—I don't know," Dolly murmured, catching at her child's hand. "I am not nervous, but I feel the same curious sensation of sadness and foreboding. It is stupid of me, I know, when we should be happy—Christmas and your wedding both coming. Yet I don't know what is troubling me. I should be so glad."

"I know what is going to happen," cried Katie. "You're going to have a tumbler of mulled port and go straight to bed. See, it's late, and Maggie went to bed long ago."

Shortly afterward Dolly kissed the girl good night on her pillow and went to her own room.

With soundless lips the snowflakes kissed the earth and kissed the sea, dying on the kiss. It was cold on the beach. None of the villagers was abroad that bitter Christmas eve, but from some of the cottages came voices of merriment, and in the little lonely church at the far end service was being performed—the midnight service.

The tiny organ played its best, and the fisher folk sang and prayed for forgiveness of sin and peace and good will on earth to all men.

To all men! Could there ever be forgiveness for such as these, creeping over the snow in the shadows of trees and fences? Could there be such a thing as peace and good will in the hearts of men like these, cursing the cold, cursing their "luck," cursing their fellow men?

They crept softly on with the velvet feet of wildcats. It was almost midnight now, and they were close to the inn. A light yet shone from a window in the top of the house.

"Confound it!" muttered Holloway. "Who is awake so late? I can't wait much longer or I'll be frozen to death. Let's try it right away."

The other shrugged his shoulders, and soon they were beneath the windows, creeping about, feeling their way.

"Oh, rot!" said Holloway again. "We'd better smash in at once. You said there were only three women. I wonder what they are anyhow. You're dead sure there's money?"

"The fisherman who talks much says plenty."

"Didn't bear their names, did you?"

"No names."

"True enough. If we can only raise enough here, we'll be far on our way west by morning. It's a chance, but there's nothing else to do. Come on—this is a pretty window. I guess?"

"Sil!" What?

There came from villageward a crunching-of-hasty stumbling feet on the road.

"A drunken fisherman," said Holloway.

"Wait!"

"I've waited long enough. Do you want to freeze to death? Come on."

For an instant there was silence. Then a window glass fell in fragments on the snow. Holloway passed into



"Oh, have I killed him!" she cried. "Come back he shouted. 'I tell you it's a drunk fisher!'"

He interrupted his own words by giving a horrible yell, as on the instant a pistol cracked inside the house. The Cuban fled. A moment later old Ted Guest and David Copeland thundered at the door. Ted with cut and bleeding head and raging eyes. The door was opened, and the captain ran straight into Dolly Holloway, who carried a pistol.

"Are you hurt?" he cried.

"No, no," she answered, trembling but firm. "I could not sleep and heard a noise at the pantry window. I have to protect Katie and Maggie, you know, and sleep with a pistol. I think—I'm afraid I hurt the burglar."

Guest pushed on and found him prostrate, the man who had not long ago been thrown by fate at his wife's door, at the inn on the beach. Dolly followed, but Guest met her before she saw and led her back.

"Don't look, please," he said. "Do you know who it is?"

"Yes," said Guest softly.

"Why do you look so? Oh, have I killed him? Is he dead?"

Dolly was sobbing now and shaking.

"It was for Katie's sake," she cried hysterically. "I had to protect her. Poor man! Oh, the poor man! But, Ted, it was my duty—say it was my duty!"

"Yes, dear, yes," said the skipper tenderly. "It was your duty."

...

The wedding, that was to have been so merry, between Jack Beaumont and Katie Holloway had to be postponed, for the landlady of the inn was very sick after her adventure with the burglars. When she was better, she insisted upon the youngsters being married at once, when the skipper, who had been merely stunned and a little cut by the pistol blow, gave away his old sweetheart's daughter. When the lovers got back from their honeymoon, they found an amazing thing had happened. Dolly Holloway's hair was almost white, and she was married to Ted Guest. What had passed between them neither said, but we may draw our own conclusions. No word has passed the lips of either to say how the skipper ever told Mrs. Holloway whom it was that she shot on that Christmas eve when burglars broke into the inn on the beach.



The foreigner rascal was close behind him, they had a little money with them to pay their way, Dave Copeland, when they were able to walk, would have bade them be on their road.

"Dagos," said Dave; "at least one on 'em is, an' the other looks brother to the devil. No wonder Mrs. Holloway didn't want 'em at the inn. However, she saved something from the wreck, an' poor man can't afford to turn away money."

Thus, the first interest in the cast-aways over, they were left to themselves, and the fishermen of the lonely beach pursued their own laborious way. One of the strangers was more badly hurt by the surf than the other, and he remained fretfully in his room. The other was able to wander about a little, frightening children with his bandaged head and repelling men and women by his furtive looks and sullen answers.

Ted Guest, in a manner, since his residence among them, the adopted chief of the primitive villagers, by reason of his roaring voice, his rank as a retired sea captain and his possession of an independence, made him a way as the sun went down to the Copeland tavern. It was Christmas eve, a very still evening, chill and gray. A flurry or two of snow from the gray clouds foretold a dark, cold winter's night with the promise of such a white carpeted earth on the morrow as belittled the Christmas season. He had left the Holloways at the inn preparing for Christmas and the wedding which was soon to follow. Jack Beaumont was called away on business, to return on

GUADALUPE SHRINE.

THE MOST DEARLY BELIEVED SPOT IN OLD MEXICO.

Thousands from all over the country make pilgrimages to the Little Village each year. The story that is handed down by Tradition.

There is no spot in all Mexico so dearly beloved as the little town of Guadalupe, which is two and a half miles north of the City of Mexico.

The little village has only 3,000 souls, but many more thousands visit the place on certain days in the year when pilgrimages are made to the holy shrine of Guadalupe.

The 1st of January and the 12th of each month the faithful visit this place and toll up the hill on which it is said that the virgin Guadalupe appeared to Juan Diego, an Indian boy.

According to tradition, Juan was tending over the hill of Tepeyac on his way to the city on the morning of Dec. 9, 1531, and as he reached the eastern slope of the hill he heard sounds like music. He stopped to listen, and at that moment a cloud appeared and in the midst of it a beautiful lady. She told him to go to the bishop in her name and to tell him that it was her wish that a church should be built on that spot, where she would always be found to give aid to all in trouble. Juan Diego hurried to the bishop with the story of the virgin, but no attention was paid to it. Upon his return home the lady appeared again in the same spot and urged Juan to go again to the bishop.

The following day was the Sabbath, and after mass Juan found the bishop and repeated the message once more. The bishop told him to bring a sign from the virgin. Juan saw the virgin again upon his return home, and she promised to give him a sign, which she did on Dec. 12 as he was going to confession. He passed this time near the foot of the hill, where she appeared once more, and while in conversation with Juan she stamped her foot by way of emphasis, and water flowed at once from the dry, barren hillside, and two holy wells mark that spot today.

The virgin then told Juan to climb to the summit of that barren rocky hill and he would find roses growing there, which he was to gather and carry in his "tilma" to the bishop. Juan did as he was told and found the loveliest roses growing just where she had told him to search for them. He gathered them all and placed them in his "tilma," a sort of blanket.

When he arrived at the house of the bishop and opened the blanket, the roses fell to the floor, and a picture in colors appeared on the blanket representing the virgin as she had appeared to Juan. The bishop felt on his knees in prayer and awe, and with a promise to build a chapel on the spot the virgin had designated.

Bishop Zumarraga set about to build the church, and when it was completed the "tilma" was placed above the altar in a frame of gold and silver.

That little chapel has since been replaced by the magnificent church to be seen today. There are also two other churches to mark the spot on which the roses were gathered on the summit and at the holy well where the virgin last appeared to Juan. This miracle was recognized in 1603, and in 1754 it was fully sanctioned and confirmed by a papal bull. Later, in 1824, congress decreed Dec. 12 to be a national holiday.

Hidalgo took a picture of Guadalupe for his standard, around which rallied the first army of the revolutionists, and the happy issue that her assistance gave to that war endeared her still more to the people. This picture on the "tilma" is a wonderful piece of work. Artists from all over the world have examined it and have testified that it is of no known style of painting. The Indian garments of the figure are a coarse weave. The picture appears on both sides of the cloth and is as bright as new, although said to be over 300 years old. The Church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, in which this marvelous picture hangs, is said by experts to be one of the richest and handsomest on earth today. Its treasures are counted by millions. It was dedicated May 1, 1709, and is 184 feet long by 122 feet wide. It has a vaulted roof, supported by Corinthian columns. The whole is surmounted by a dome, the lantern of which is 125 feet above the floor. The building cost \$1,181,000. The jewels, gold and silver plate and other rich belongings nearly all belong to the government and are estimated at \$2,000,000 more.

The church possesses a very costly crown for the virgin. It is of solid gold and weighs many pounds. There are six shields on the crown for the six archbishops of Mexico, and they are all surrounded by diamonds. There are a number of angels, each having an immense ruby on the breast, while the rest of the surface of the crown is covered with sapphires and emeralds. This crown is surmounted by the Mexican eagle, holding aloft a large diamond cross.

The poor pilgrims are not able, many of them, to form an idea of the richness of this church, with its communion rail and balustrades from the sanctuary to the choir of solid silver. They are three feet high, with a top molding a foot wide and a still more massive base. The sacred vessels are all of pure gold embedded with precious stones. The choir has some fine carvings done in ebony and mahogany. The finest is a basso relievo above the stalls, illustrating the litany of the virgin.

Artists were brought from France to paint the frescoes on the walls, and the paintings and statues were the work of the best European artists and sculptors. The organ in itself represents a small fortune.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Moore sang. In singing his own songs Moore altered the arrangement of the airs and sang the first part of each verse twice over at the beginning instead of as a refrain at the end. In that glorious song of his, "Oh, the Light Enticing," Moore's own singing of it was a matchless treat. With head upraised, he seemed almost to revel in the fresh morning light as he gazed on the "sight entrancing," and his eye sparkled as "flies arrayed with helm and blade" seemed to pass before him, while a deeper feeling awoke as the passion of the song came upon him.

His voice, one of infinite modulation, but of small compass, rose clear and thrilling to its highest pitch as he sang:

Go ask your deopot whether His armed bands could bring such And hearts as ours together.

His song was an inspired recitative, and he seemed to improvise as he ran his fingers over the notes, and as the tide of thought came over him it was poured forth in harmonious cadences of exquisite variety. Had he been tied to a chair, with the added doom of a proxy companion, he would have exploded and gone off like a rocket or a bottle of sparkling champagne. Westminster Review.

Medical workers agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 97 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but slight resistance.) Price \$1 for Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. June J. Fulton Co., 491 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

IGNORANT OF GEOGRAPHY.

How a German Pet Posers to an American Girl.

"A thing about Americans which has surprised me more than anything else," said a German artist who has been visiting in New York city for six months past, "is that with all your patriotism you know so little about the geography of your own country, to say nothing of the rest of the world."

There were several Americans in the circle, and they looked rather surprised. None of the men spoke. They knew that they were weak in geography and that there was a challenge which would have to pass.

"I'm not so ignorant as you are," said a young woman of twenty, who rushed into the breach with her head in the air.

"We do know the geography of our country," she said decidedly. "Of course we do. Every child learns it in school."

"Might I ask you a question or two?" the foreigner asked quietly. "The names of the capitals of some of your states, for instance?"

"Certainly, I'll be glad to answer." And she nodded confidently at the young American man who was already beginning to fear for her.

"What is the capital of Massachusetts?"

"Boston?"

"Boston? The prompt answer found the girl."

"And of North Carolina?"

"That seemed to puzzle her a little, and it was a full minute before she answered, 'Charlotte!'"

The foreigner smiled, but made no effort to correct her. "What is the highest mountain in the United States?" he asked.

"It's not fair to ask about mountains," she protested. "You said I didn't know the capitals."

"The capital of Illinois is?"

"Chi—Springfield, I mean."

"Of Montana?"

"For the life of her she could not think of a town in Montana. 'It's been an age since I studied geography,' she explained.

"Your answers were better than the average," said the man. "You got one right out of four. As I said, American geography surprises me."—New York Tribune.

MUSEL'S POWER.

Grimes—Yes, I'm fond of music. There's Timmerman, for instance—

Brady—You don't call his horn blowing music?

Grimes—It has been very enjoyable to me. I got Timmerman to keep at it night and day, and the result was that I bought the house next door for a thousand dollars less than the man who lived in it asked a week or two before.—Boston Transcript.

Two Sinners.

"It is very wrong to tell a falsehood," said his mother to little Jimmie, who had caught him in one.

"Then we're both offal sinners, ain't we, maw?" queried Jimmie.

"Both! What do you mean?"

"Why, you told Missus Smith yesterday that you hoped she'd call again, an' after she wuz gone you said you wished she'd never come again."—Ohio State Journal.

MINISTERS' MATS.

"Are you a minister's wife?" was a query encountered so frequently by a young matron in search of a maid that she sent a story.

"Why this mania to live under the droppings of the sanctuary?" inquired the matron or words to that effect.

Then it appeared that the minister's family is considered a most desirable place because of the opportunities for witness fees in wedding cases. There are few bridegrooms who come without a witness to be married who will not bestow a generous tip upon the girl who furnishes this small but necessary feature of the ceremony.—New York Tribune.

HOME LIFE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The decay of the home life is to be attributed partially to the influence on society of the invasion of Americans.

In the United States home life is almost unknown. The meaning of the word "home," as understood to Britishers, is a mystery to Yankees. To a certain extent we have always envied your home life, and I certainly agree with some of your correspondents that it would be disastrous for your country to lose the elevating and refining influences of the home.—Anglo-American in London Mail.

TO IMPROVE THE HORSE.

If some owners of horses would spend more for feed and less for whips, they would have more spirited animals.—Acheson Globe.

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ANOTHER PIONEER.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

When the San Francisco business man was investigating the Fulton Compound they heard that Dr. C. D. Zeile had used Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and was given up as incurable, and they waited on him and got him to take it. Now for the sequel. This letter was written 9 months later:

"522 Pacific St., San Francisco, Sept. 7, 1901.

Dear Sirs: I have conducted my own plan many times, using your Compound for 21 years, for 13 years, hence my associates must know some of the best old school physicians. I had chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes of long standing, which got so serious that in October 1898 the judgment of my medical friends was that three months would see the end. We all looked upon the mere suggestion of a cure as a quackery and a visionary. But I yielded to the earnestness of the parties, and the insistence of one of my family, and went on the Fulton Compound for Bright's Disease as a test. The first week I improved, but thought it a sudden change. But every week thereafter the improvement continued. The time for the fatal end passed and I was still going on. My urine continued till July, when the last trace of both albumen and sugar disappeared. I suppose I have cured the Compound. 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