

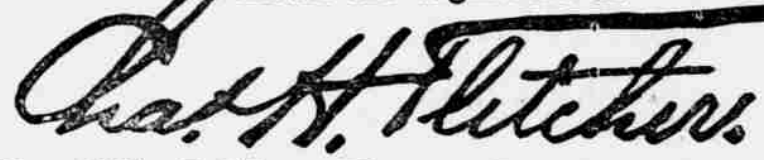
# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

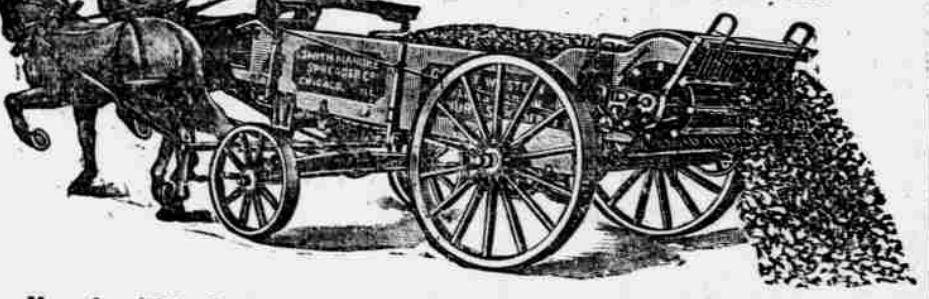
**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of**



The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

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## CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

# THE PILLAR of LIGHT

By Louis Tracy, Author of 'The Wings of the Morning' Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode

That she was a young person of some maritime experience was visible to the connoisseurs above at a glance. She was busily engaged in packing the spacious lockers of the Daisy with certain stores of apples, oranges and vegetables—ranging from the lordly new potato (an aristocrat at that time of the year) to the plebeian cabbage—and her lithe, active figure moved with an ease born of confidence in the erratic principles of gravitation as codified and arranged by a rocking boat.

Polard, too, was overhauling his gear, seeing that the mast was securely stepped and the tackle ran free. While they worked they talked, and, of course, the critics listened.

"Do you think the weather will hold, Ben?" asked the girl over her shoulder, stooping to arrange some clusters of daffodils and narcissus so that they should not suffer by the lurch of some heavy package when the boat keeled over.

"The glass be a-fallin', sure, missy," said the old fellow cheerily. "but wif the wind backin' round to the norrad it on'y means a 'drop o' wet."

"You think we will make the rock in good time?"  
"We'm do our best, Miss Enid."  
She sat up suddenly.  
"Don't you dare tell me, Ben Pollard, that after all our preparations we may have to turn back or run for inglorious shelter into Lamorna."

Her mock indignation induced a massive grin. "A mahogany table breaking into mirth," was Enid's private description of Ben's face when he smiled.

"He knows the coast as well as most," he said. "Farther go, stronger blow, 'ee know."  
"And not so slow, eh, Ben? Really, you and the Daisy look more tubby every time I see you."  
Thus disparaged, Pollard defended himself and his craft.

"Me an' Daisy 'll sail to Gulf light quicker'n any other two tubs in Penzance, missy. Her be a long run at this time o' year, but you'm get there all right, I 'spect. Wif a norrad breeze we'm be safe enough. If the wind makes 'ee 'n zee et comin', 'ee know."  
She laughed quietly. Any reflection on the spanking powers of his pilchard driver would rouse Ben instantly.

"As if I didn't know all you could teach me," she cried, "and as if any one in all Cornwall could teach me better."  
The old fisherman was mollified. He looked along the quay.  
"Time we'm cast off," he said. "Miss Constance be a plaguy long time fetchin' them wraps."

"Oh, Ben, how can you say that? She had to go all the way to the cottage. Why, if she ran"—  
"Here she be," he broke in, "an' she b'ain't runnin', neither. Her's got a young man in tow."  
What announcement would straighten the back of any girl of nineteen like unto that? Enid Trevillion turned and stood upright.

"Why, it's Jack!" she cried, waving a delighted hand.  
"So it be," admitted Pollard, after a surprised stare. "When I look landward my eyes b'ain't so good as they was."  
He stated this fact regretfully. No elderly sea dog will ever acknowledge to falling vision when he gazes at the level horizon he knows so well. This is no pretense of unwilling age; it is wholly true. The settled chaos of the shore bewilders him. The changeful sea cannot.

Meanwhile, the dawdlers lining the wharf, following Enid's signals with their eyes, devoted themselves to a covert staring at the young people hurrying along the quay.  
Constance Brand, being a young and pretty woman, secured their instant suffrages. Indeed, she would have won the favorable verdict of a more severe audience. Taller than Enid, she had the brown hair and hazel eyes of her father. To him, too, she owed the frank, self-reliant poise of head and clearly cut, refined features which conveyed to others that all important first good impression. Blended with Stephen Brand's firm incisiveness, and softening the quiet strength of her marked resemblance to him, was an essential femininity which lifted her wholly apart from the ruck of handsome English girls who find delight in copying the manners and even the dress of their male friends.  
Her costume was an exact replica of that of Enid. She walked well and rapidly, yet her alert carriage had a grace, a subtle elegance, more frequently seen in America than in England. Her lively face, flushed with exercise, and, it may be, with some little excitement, conveyed the same transatlantic characteristic. One said at seeing her: "Here is a girl who has lived much abroad." It came as a surprise to learn that she had never crossed the channel.

ships underlined by nets and stenciled his initials within a white square on five different parts of their sleek hulls, thus signifying to an indignant admiral and three confounded captains (dictionary meaning of "confounded") that these leviathans had been ingloriously sunk at their moorings by torpedoes.

"It sounds unconvincing," said Constance. "You must supply details tomorrow. Enid, that horrid pun of yours ruins the word."  
"Are we also to supply luncheon?" chimed in Enid.  
"Perish the thought. I have lived on sandwiches and bottled beer for a week. There! Off you go."

He gave the boat a vigorous push and stood for a little while at the foot of the steps, ostensibly to light a cigar. He watched Constance shipping the rudder while Enid hoisted the sail and old Ben piled a pair of oars to carry the boat into the fair way of the channel.

They neared the harbor lighthouse. The brown sail filled and the Daisy got way on her. Then she sped round the end of the solid pier and vanished, whereupon Lieutenant Stanhope walked slowly to the promenade, whence he could see the diminishing speck of canvas on the shining sea until it was hidden by Clement's island.

At last the devotees of twist and shag, resting their tired arms on the railing, were able to exchange comments.  
"Brace o' fine gells, them," observed the acknowledged leader, a broken down "captain" of a mine abandoned soon after his birth.  
"Fine," agreed his nearest henchman. Then, catching the gloom of the captain's gaze after Stanhope's retreating figure, he added:  
"But what does that young spark want, turning their pretty heads for them, I should like to know?"  
"They didn't seem partic'lar stuck on 'im," ventured another.

"The ways of women is curious," pronounced the oracle. "I once knew a gell"  
But his personal reminiscences were not of value. More to the point was the garbled, but, in the main, accurate account he gave of the rescue of an unknown child by one of the keepers of the Gulf Rock lighthouse on a June morning eighteen years earlier.  
Stephen Brand was the name of the man, and there was a bit of mystery about him too. They all knew that a light keeper earned a matter of £70 to £80 a year—not enough to maintain a daughter and an adopted child in slap-up style, was it? A small villa they lived in, and a governess they had, and ponies to ride when they were big enough. The thing was ridiculous, wasn't it?

Everybody agreed that it was. People said Brand was a swell. Well, that might or might not be true. The speaker did not think much of him. He was a quiet, unsocial chap, though Jones, a Trinity pensioner, who kept the "Pilchard and Seine" now, wouldn't hear a wrong word about him and always called him "cap'n." A pretty sort of a captain! But, then, they all knew what an old slow coach Jones was. They did. Jones' pints were retailed on the premises for money down.

Then there was Spence, lame Jim, who lived at Marazion. He told a fine tale about a fight with a shark before Brand reached the boat in which was the blessed baby—that very girl, Enid, they had just seen. Was it true? How could he say? There was a lot about it at the time in the local papers, but just then his own mind was given to thoughts of enlisting, as a British expedition was marching across the desert to relieve Khartoum, and cause Gordon's death.

No, Brand and the two girls had not dwelt all the time in Penzance. The light keepers went all over the kingdom, you know, but he had hit upon some sort of fog signal fad—Brand was always a man of fads; he once told the speaker that all the Polwena mine wanted was work—and the Gulf Rock was the best place for trying it. At his own request the Trinity people sent him back there two years ago. Some folk had queer tastes, hadn't they? And talking so much had made him dry.

Then the conversation languished, as the only obvious remark of any importance was not forthcoming.  
Meanwhile the Daisy sped buoyantly toward the southwest. Although she was broad in beam and stanch from thwart to keel, there was no light undertaking to run fourteen miles out and home in such a craft.

But old Ben Pollard knew what he was about. Not until the granite pillar of the distant Gulf Rock opened up beyond Carr du was it necessary to turn the boat's head seaward. Even then, by steering close to the Runnelstone, they need not, during two-thirds of the time, be more than a mile or so distant from one of the many creeks in which they could secure shelter in case of a sudden change in the weather.

Therefore there was nothing for it but a straight run of six miles to the rock, behind which lay the Scilly Isles, forty miles away, and well below the boat's horizon.  
So, when the moment came for the final decision to be made, Pollard cast an anxious eye at a great bank of cloud mounting high in the north.

There was an ominous drop in the temperature too. The rain he anticipated might turn to snow, and snow is own brother to fog at sea, though both are generally absent from the Cornish littoral in winter.  
"Ben," cried Enid, breaking off a vivid if merciless description of a new disciple who had joined the artistic coterie at Newlyn, "what are you looking at?"  
He scratched his head and gazed fixedly at the white battalions sweeping in serial conquest over the land. "Ee do look like snow," he admitted.

"Well, what does that matter?"  
Without waiting for orders Constance had eased the helm a trifle. The Daisy was now fairly headed for the rock. With this breeze she would be there in less than an hour.

"It be a bit risky," grumbled Ben.  
"We will be alongside the lighthouse before there can be any serious down-fall," said practical Constance. "Surely we can make the land again no matter how thick the weather may be."  
Ben allowed himself to be persuaded. In after life he would never admit that they were free agents at that moment.

"It had to be," he would say. "I wur in me mind to argy wif she, but I just couldn't. An' how often do we see snow in Cornwall? Not once in a blue moon." And who would dispute him? No west country man, certainly.  
At a distance of five miles one small fishing craft is as like another as two lilliputians to the eye of Gulliver. In a word, it needs acquaintance and nearness to distinguish them.

As it happened, Stephen Brand did happen to note the Daisy and the course she was shaping. But, during the short interval when his telescope might have revealed to him the identity of her occupants, he was suddenly called by telephone from the oil room to the kitchen. When next he ran aloft in a wild hurry to signal for assistance, he found, to his despair, that the Land's End was already blotted out in a swirling snowstorm, and the great plain of blue sea had shrunk to a leaden patch whose visible limits made the reef look large by comparison.

With the mechanical precision of habit he set the big bell in motion. Its heavy boom came fitfully through the pelting snowflakes to the ears of the two girls and old Ben. The latter, master of the situation now, announced his intention to 'bout ship and make for Mount's bay.

"'Ee doan' ketch me tryin' to sail close to Gulf Rock when 'ee can't zee a boat's length ahead," he said emphatically. "I be sorry, ladies both, but 'ee know how the tide runs over the reef, an' 'tes easy to drive to the wrong side of the light. We'm try again tomorrow. On'y the flowers 'll spile. All the rest!"

Crash! A loud explosion burst forth from the dense heights of the storm. The Daisy, sturdy as she was, seemed to shiver. The very air trembled with the din. Pollard had his hand on the sail to swing it to starboard when Constance put the tiller over to bring the boat's head up against the wind. For an instant he hesitated. Even he, versed in the ways of the sea, was startled. Both girls positively jumped, the sudden bang of the rocket was so unexpected.

"Mr. Brand must ha' zeed us," pronounced Ben. "That's a warnin' to we to go back."  
The words had scarce left his lips when another report smote the great silence, otherwise unbroken save by the quiet plash of the sea against the bows and the faint reverberations of the distant bell.

"That is too urgent to be intended for us," said Constance. "We were just halfway when the snow commenced."  
"I did not notice any vessel near the rock," cried Enid tremulously. "Did you, Ben?"

Pollard's slow utterance was not quick enough. Before he could answer a third rocket thundered its overpowering summons.  
"That is the 'help wanted' signal," cried Constance. "Ben, there is no question now of going back. We must keep our present course for twenty minutes at least and then take to the oars. The bell will guide us."  
"Oh, yes, Ben," agreed Enid. "Something has gone wrong on the rock itself. I am quite sure there was no ship near enough to be in trouble already."

"By gum, we'm zee what's the matter," growled Ben. "Steady it is, Miss Brand. Ef we'm in trouble I'd as soon ha' you two gells aboard as any two men in Penzance."  
At another time the compliment would have earned him a torrent of sarcasm. Now it passed unheeded. The situation was bewildering, alarming. There were three keepers in the lighthouse. The signal foreboded illness, sudden and serious illness. Who could it be?

In such a crisis charity begins at home. Constance, with set face and shining eyes, Enid, flushed and on the verge of tears, feared lest their own beloved one should be the sufferer.  
To each of them Stephen Brand was equally a kind and devoted father. He never allowed Enid to feel that she was dependent on his bounty. Only the other day, when she hinted at the adoption of an art career as a future means of earning a livelihood, he approved of the necessary study, but laughed at the reason.

(To be Continued)

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