

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ... **Louis Tracy,** Author of "The Wings of the Morning"
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The light increased it its first warning. Steel gony were sky and water, somber the iron bound land, while the whereabouts of the sun became a scientific abstraction. There the heliograph was useless, and Brand, helped by some of the sailors, commenced to flaunt his flag signals to the watching telescopes on the faroff promontory of the Land's End. The Falcon, strong hearted trawler, was plunging toward the rock when the first line of gay bunting swung clear into the breeze. And what a message it was—in its jerky phrases—its profound uncertainties—for communication by flag code is slow work, and Brand left much to an easier system of talk with the approaching steamer.

to the rock yesterday. Connie would not let him come.
"Ah," said Pyne.
"I forbade him," explained Constance, "because he has only three days' leave from his ship, and I



"It must be nice to be a friend of yours."

thought he should give the first afternoon to his mother instead of playing poodle for Enid.
"How dare you call Jack a poodle?" was the indignant exclamation.
"Allow me," drawled Pyne. "I'm very glad your sister classified him."
Constance suddenly felt her face and neck aflame. Pyne was standing on her left, Enid on her right. The quiet jubilation of Pyne's voice was so unmistakable that Enid for one instant withdrew her eyes from the distant ship. A retort was quick on her lips, until she bethought her that the American's statement might have two meanings.

Being tactful withal, she chose her words while she bubbled forth:
"He promised to take us for a drive today. That is the dot and dash alpha-beta father and he are using. If dad requires all the dots I'm sure Jack is monopolizing the dashes. He must be furious about this gale."
Constance, who wanted to pinch Enid severely, had reverted to her normal healthy hue by this time. She dropped her glasses.
"We are shamefully wasting precious minutes here," she said. "Enid, you and I ought to be in the kitchen."
Then she glanced with cold self-possession at Pyne, who was whistling softly between his teeth as he piled the duster.

"As for you," she said, "I never saw any one work so hard with less need."
He critically examined the shining burner.
"We Americans are taught to be strenuous," he said smilingly. "That is the only way you can cut in ahead of the other fellow nowadays, Miss Brand."
She almost resigned the contest. That unhappy explanation had delivered her bound into his hands. Yet she strove desperately to keep up the pretense that their spoken words had no ulterior significance.

"Such energy must be very wearing," she said.
"It is—for the other man."
"But in your case it is unnecessary. My father believes we will be here at least forty-eight hours." Then she became conscious that again she had not said exactly what she meant to say.
"So you, at any rate, need not wear your fingers to the bone," she added hurriedly.
"Guess it must be a national vice," he said, with irritating complacency. "Just now I feel I have a regular hustle on."
"Your example equals your precepts. Enid, tear yourself from the attractive spectacle. There are eighty-one ravenous people to be fed."
"Sorry you haven't hit upon the real reason of my abounding industry," said Pyne, who skipped down the ladder first to give the girls a helping hand as they descended.

"Please tell us. It may be inspiring," said Constance.
"I'm going to ask the boss if I can't take a turn as scullery maid when I'm through here."
"Then I veto the idea now," she answered. "Enid and I have had a most comfortable nap, and I am certain you have not closed your eyes all night. I will make it my personal business to see that both my father and you lie down for a couple of hours immediately after breakfast."
"Or else there will be a mutiny in the kitchen," chimed in Enid.
"Connie," she whispered when they were safely out of hearing from the service room, "I never saw a worse case. Talk about the young men suddenly smitten you read of in novels!" Her sister whirled round.
"How can you be so silly?" she blazed forth.
"Why did you libel Jack so readily?" tittered Enid.
The other, utterly routed, went on in dignified silence. She did not speak again until they surveyed the store apportioned for the coming feast.

"Elsie—oh!" she murmured. "What

a monstrous deal of people for a hair-penny worth of bread?"
"What is the use of repining?" sang Enid, with a fortissimo accent on the penultimate syllable. "For where there's a will there's a way. Tomorrow the sun will be shining, although it is cloudy today."
But Constance was not to be drawn a second time. Her clear brain was troubled by a formless shadow. It banished from her mind all thought of a harmless flirtation with the good looking youngster who had brought a blush of momentary embarrassment to her fair face.
How dreadful it would be to meet hunger with refusals! Perhaps there were worse things in the world than the midnight ordeal of an angry sea.
Indeed, when Pyne did join them in accord with his intention, he soon perceived the extent of the new danger. The stress of the night had only enhanced the need of an ample supply of food. Everybody, even the inmates of the hospital, was outrageously hungry, and the common allotment was half a cup of tea and half a ship's biscuit.
For the midday meal there would be two ounces of meat or bacon, one potato and another half biscuit with about a wineglassful of water. For supper the allowance was half a cup of cocoa and two ounces of bread, which must be baked during the day. Not quite starvation, this menu, but far from satisfying to strong men and worn-out women.
The Falcon, knowing the uselessness of attempting to creep nearer to the Gulf Rock, had gone off with her budget to stifle two continents. Stanhope's last message was one of assurance. He would do all that lay in man's power. The lighthouse soon quieted down to a state of passive reaction. Pyne, refusing to be served earlier, carried his own and Brand's scanty meal on a tray to the service room.
The unweary lighthouse keeper was on the balcony, answering a kindly signal from the Land's End, where the coast guards were not yet in possession of the news from Penzance.
He placed the tray on the writing desk and contemplated its contents ruefully.
"I guess that banquet won't spoil for keeping," he said to himself. "I'll just lie round and look at it until the boss quits making speeches by the yard."
A couple of minutes passed. Brand was hoisting the last line of flags, when the American heard faltering footsteps on the stairs.
"Don't follow so close, Mamie," said a child's voice. "My arm hurts just 'nuff for anything when I move."
A tousled head of golden hair emerged into the light. It was one of the two little girls, whom Pyne had not seen since they were swung aloft from the sloping deck of the Chinook.
Their astonishment was mutual. The child, aged about eight, recognized in him a playmate of the fine days on board ship. She turned, with confident cry:
"I told you so, Mamie. It was up. You said down. Here's the big glass house—and Mr. Pyne."
She quickened her speed, though her left arm was in a sling. Pyne, dreading lest she should fall, hastened to help her.
"It's all right, Mr. Pyne," she announced, with an air of great dignity. "I make one step at a time. Then I catch the rail. See?"
"You've got it down to a fine point, Elsie," he said. "But what in the world are those women folk thinking of to let you and Mamie run loose about the place?"
Elsie did not answer until Mamie stood by her side. Judged by appearances, Mamie was a year younger. Apart from the nasty bruise on Elsie's left arm and shoulder, the children had escaped from the horrors of the wreck almost unscathed in body and certainly untroubled in mind.
"Mamie came to my room for breakfast," explained Elsie at last. "We're awful hungry, an' when we axed for 'mother bixit Mrs. Taylor she began to cry. An' when I said we'd go an' find mamma she cried some more."
"Yes. We're awful hungry," agreed Mamie. "An', please, where's mamma?"
Pyne needed no further explanation. The little ones had lost their mother. Her disfigured body, broken out of all recognition, was tossing about somewhere in the undercurrents of the channel. None of the women dared to tell the children the truth, and it was a heartrending task to deny them food.
So they were permitted to leave their refuge, with the kindly belief that they would come to no harm and perchance obtain a further supply from one of those sweet faced girls who explained so gently that the rations must run short for the common good.
Pyne glanced up at the lantern. Outside he could see Brand hauling down the signal. He sprang to the tray and secured his half biscuit and teacup.
"Come along, Elsie," he said, crooking his left arm for her. "Follow close, Mamie. Mind you don't fall."
"Your mamma is asleep," he assured them in a whisper on the next landing. "She just can't be woke up for quite a long time."
Then he navigated them to the door of the second bedroom, where Mrs. Taylor was. He broke the hard biscuit in two pieces and gave one to each child.
"Here, Mamie, you carry the cup and 'so shares in the tea."
"I don't like tea," protested Mamie. "If I can't have coffee I want some milk."
"Well, now, you want a little bit, and you'll be tickled to death to see what I'll bring you. But drink the tea. It's good and hot. Skip inside, both of you."
He held the door partly open, and they vanished. He heard Mrs. Taylor say:
"Didn't I tell you those two little dears would do their own business

and had feasted earlier."
"But he had not," persisted Constance. "I wanted him to!"
She stopped. This impudent American had actually dared to wink at her, a confidential, appealing wink which said plainly, "Please don't trouble about me."
"You gave your tea and biscuit to somebody," she cried suddenly. "Now, who was it? Confess!"
"Well," he said weakly, "I did not feel—particularly hungry, so when I met those two little girls fooling around for an extra supply I—er—thought nobody would mind if—er—"
"Father," said Constance, "he has not had a mouthful!"
(To be Continued)

Additional Local.

Thad Blackledge had an exciting time all by himself while camped over at Yachats last week. Thad shouldered his trusty Winches'er one day and went out into the mountains "to see what he could see" and a couple of big, shaggy bears were what he ran across. They looked as large as elephants to the Corvallis boy, but nothing daunted, he lifted his shooting iron and banged away. He wounded one of the grizzlies and later on he found where it had lunged about in the underbrush, but he did not find the carcass. The other bear took to its heels, and as it scrambled up the steep mountain side Thad blazed away ten times without injury to man or beast.
Miss Myrtle Shonkwer and Miss Florence Kohn departed yesterday for their homes in Portland, after a brief visit at the Jacobs home in this city.
The brick work is being carried on rapidly, on the new Taylor brick, and excavating for the foundation is in progress.
The Horning-Trine-Pernot-Keady camping party reached home about three o'clock yesterday afternoon. Mr. Trine was ill, and the return trip was very slow on his account.
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Garrow left Sunday for a visit in Portland.
Mrs. Eliza Starr and daughter of Junction are guests at the Wilbur Starr home at Bellefountain this week.
George Eglin, an old-time Corvallis resident, arrived in this city yesterday or a brief visit.

Real Estate Transfers.
W P Darby and wife to M S Darby, 74 acres near Inavale; \$1500.
Annie H Lane to C A Heath, q c d to 80 acres in Alsea; \$1.
O & C R R Co to W C Covell, agreement, 40 acres s w Monroe; \$120.
F Chalifoune and J E Zeigler to Caleb Wolf & Netter, hop sale, 15,000 lbs hops, 15 cts per lb.
C Siefert & hus to D Riker, 160 acres Kings Valley; \$800.
M McKenney to C C French, lot 3, block 4. Wilkins add Corvallis; \$1.
B F Hyland to C E Dinges, lots 3, 4, 9 and 10, block 4, Avery & Wells add Corvallis; \$600.

Visited Chintimini.
That there is no reason in longing for a visit to foreign countries for the sake of seeing grand scenery, when so much scenery is going to waste at home, seems to be an idea that is shared by many Corvallisites, and as a consequence each year sees more and more interest awakened in the home-land beauties. Trips to the mountains are much more common now than formerly, and all because people are beginning to realize that one need not hunt elsewhere for the masterpieces in Nature's picture gallery, when there are just as lovely spots in the Willamette Valley as can be found anywhere on earth.
With this rapidly-developing idea in mind, trips to Mary's Peak are now becoming common among Corvallis young people, and Saturday another party, in three divisions, left for that place. The first division left this city at 8 a. m. It consisted of a "grub wagon" loaded to the limit and carrying eleven passengers.
The second crowd left at two o'clock in the afternoon, in a hack, and a carriage load pulled out at four, all expecting to reach the summit of the mountain before morning.
The report of the trip had not reached Corvallis at the Gazette press hour, and no hair raising adventures had been heard of. If the personnel of the party, as given below, is not complete, it is because the reporter could not find enough people in town these dull days to tell the full story. So far as known those who made the trip were:
Misses Edna Thrasher, Essie Adams, Frances Gellatly, Louise Irwin, Mertie Harrington, Florence Adams, Gertrude McBea, Gretta Harrington, and Minnie Woldt, of Portland; Messrs. Otto Woldt, Roy Bell, Ross Adams, Bert Pilkington, Nash Taylor, Reuben Wells and Frank McGinnis. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. George Irvine.

Don't Be Blue
And lose all interest when help is within reach. Herbine will make that liver perform its duties properly. J. B. Vaughn, Elba, Ala., writes: "Being a constant sufferer from constipation and a disordered liver, I have found Herbine to be the best medicine for these troubles, on the market. I have used it constantly. I believe it to be the best medicine of its kind, and I wish all sufferers from these troubles to know the good Herbine has done me.—Sold by Graham & Wortham.

Why Fret and Worry
When your child has a severe cold. You need not fear pneumonia or other pulmonary diseases. Keep supplied with Ballard's Horehound Syrup—a positive cure for colds, coughs, whooping cough and bronchitis. Mrs. Hall, of Sioux Falls, S. D., writes: "I have used your wonderful Ballard's Horehound Syrup on my children for five years. Its results have been wonderful." Sold by Graham & Wortham.

Galveston's Sea Wall
Makes life now as safe in that city as on the uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton street in Waco, Texas, needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption for the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough for years which had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic coughs, la grippe, croup, whooping cough and prevents pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at Allen & Woodward's drug store. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

FOLEY'S HONORABLE
for children with sore throats

He regained the service room to find Brand sleeping the remains of his biscuit in an almost empty cup. The lighthouse keeper greeted his young friend with a smile.
"I suppose that you, like the rest of us, never had such an appetite in all your days," he said.
"Oh, I'm pretty well fixed," said Pyne, with a responsive grin.
"Then you are fortunate. There is usually a wretched little fiend lurking in a man's inner consciousness which prompts him to desire the unattainable. Now, I am a poor eater, as a rule, yet this morning I feel I could tackle the toughest steak ever cut off a superannuated cow."
"I don't deny," admitted Pyne, "that the idea of a steak sounds good. That is, you know," he went on languidly, "it might sort of appeal to me about 1 o'clock."
"I should have thought you could do with one now, especially after the hard night we have gone through. Perhaps you are a believer in the French system and prefer a light breakfast."
Brand finished the last morsel of biscuit and drank the cup dry.
"It's a first rate proposition—when you are accustomed to it," said Pyne. "But talking about eating when there's little to eat is a poor business anyway. Don't you find that?"
"I do indeed."
Brand rose and tapped the barometer, adjusting the sliding scale to read the tenths.
"Slightly better," he announced. "If only the wind would go down or even change to the norward."
"What good would a change of wind do?" inquired Pyne, greatly relieved himself by the change of topic.
"It would beat down the sea to some extent, and then they might be able to drift a buoy, with a rope attached, close enough to the rock at low tide to enable us to reach it with a cast of a grappling iron."
"Do you mean that we could be ferried to the steamer by that means?"
"That is absolutely out of the question until the weather moderates to a far greater extent than I dare hope at present. But, once we had the line, we could rig up a running tackle and obtain some stores."
"Is it as bad as all that?" said the younger man after a pause.
They looked at each other. The knowledge that all true men have of their kind leaped from eye to eye.
"Quite that bad," answered Brand. Pyne moistened his lips. He produced a case containing two cigars. He held it out.
"Let us go shares in consolation," he said.
Brand accepted the gift and affected a livelier mood.
"By lucky chance I have an ample supply of tobacco. It will keep the men quiet," he said. "By the way"—and he lifted a quick glance at Pyne—"do you know anything about chemistry?"
"Well—er—I went through a course at Yale."
"Can colza oil be converted into a food?"
"It contains certain fats," admitted Pyne, taking dubious stock of the question.
"But the process of conversion, the chemical reaction, that is the difficulty. Bisulphide of carbon is a solvent, and the fatty acids of most vegetable

oils can be isolated by treatment with steam superheated to about 600 degrees F."
Brand threw out his hands with a little gesture of helplessness. Just then Constance appeared.
"Dad," she cried, "did not Mr. Pyne tell you of my throat?"
"No, dear one. I am not living in terror of you, to my knowledge."
"You must please go to sleep, both of you, at least until 10 or 11 o'clock. Mr. Emmett is sending a man to keep watch here. He will not disturb you. He is bringing some rugs and pillows, which you can arrange on the floor. I have collected them for your special benefit."
"At this hour? Impossible, Connie."
"But it is not impossible, and this is the best hour available. You know quite well that the Falcon will return at high water, and you must rest, you know."
She bustled about with the busy air of a housewife who understood the whole art of looking after her family. But something puzzled her.
"Mr. Pyne," she inquired, "where is your cup?"
"I—er—took it down," he explained.
For some reason Constance felt instantly that she had turned the tables on him since their last encounter. She did not know why. He looked confused for one thing; he was not so stiff in speech for another.

FOLEY'S HONORABLE
for children with sore throats

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA
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 *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.



"Come along, Elsie."

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