

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy,
Author of
"The Wings
of the Morning"
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Edward J. Clode

Then take him downstairs and give him the. You must have found my conversation interesting, Mr. Pyne, while I was eating, but before you go let me add a word in season. Stand or fall each must abide by the common rule.

Pyne, with the guilty feeling of a detected villain, explained to Constance how the cup might be rescued.

"I shall keep a close eye on you in future," she announced as they went below.

"Do," he said. "That is all I ask for."

"I am a very strict person," she went on. "Dad always encouraged us in the sailor's idea of implicit obedience." "Kick me. It will make me feel good," he answered.

Entering the second bedroom, where Elsie and Mamie were seated contentedly on the floor, she stooped and kissed them. And not a word did she say to Enid as to the reason why Mr. Pyne should be served with a second breakfast. She knew that any parade of his unselfishness would hurt him, and he, on his part, gave her unspoken thanks for her thought.

Conversation without words is an art understood only by master minds and lovers, so these two were either exceptionally clever persons or developing traits of a more common genus, perhaps both.

CHAPTER XI.

THE tribulations which clustered in beelike swarm in and around the Gulf Rock lighthouse during those weary hours were many and various. Damp clothing, insufficiency of food, interior temperatures ranging from the chill draft of the entrance passage and stairways to the partial suffocation of rooms with windows closed owing to the incursions of the rising tide—this unpleasant aggregate of physical misery was seriously augmented by an ever increasing list of sick people, an almost total absence of any medical comforts and a growing knowledge, on the part of those not too despondent to think, that their ultimate relief might be deferred for days rather than hours.

No mere man can understand, and a woman of ordinary experience can but dimly imagine, the difficulty and arduousness of the task undertaken by Constance and Enid.

To cook and supply food for eighty-one persons with utensils intended for the use of three, to give each separate individual an utterly inadequate portion, so skillfully distributed that none should have cause to grumble at his or her neighbor's better fortune—here were culinary problems at once complex and exhaustive.

By adopting fantastic devices, bringing into service empty jam pots and sardine tins, they found it was possible to feed twenty at a time. This meant the preparation of four distinct meals, each requiring an hour's work. Long before the last batch, which included themselves, was lamenting the absurd discrepancy between appetite and antidote in the shape of anything to eat, the first was ravenous again.

The women complained the least. In the occupants of the two bedrooms the girls encountered a passive fortitude which was admirable. It was an extraordinary scene which met their eyes when they entered either of these stuffy apartments. Many of the rescued ladies had not given a thought to changing the demitoid of evening wear on board ship for more serviceable clothing when the hurricane overtook the vessel. They all, it is true, possessed cloaks or wraps of some sort, but these garments were still sodden with salt water and therefore unwearable, even if the oppressive warmth in each room rendered such a thing possible. Their elegant costumes of muslin, cotton, silk or satin were utterly ruined. Lucky were the few whose blouses or bodices had not been rent into tatters.

Some of the worst sufferers in this respect were now the best provided. Blankets and sheets had been ruthlessly torn up and roughly stitched into articles of clothing. Mrs. Vansittart, for instance, who first suggested this via media, wore an exquisite Paris gown and a loose dressing jacket arrangement of yellow blanket, the component parts of which she persuaded two other women to sew together on the model provided by her own elegant figure.

A few quick witted ones who followed her example exhausted the available stock, and pillowcases and rugs would have undergone metamorphosis in the same way had not Constance come to the rescue by impounding them, declaring that they must be reserved for the use of those sufferers who needed warmth and rest.

The men passed their time in smoking, singing, yarning and speculating on the chance of the weather clearing. Ultimately, when the banging of the waves again made the column feel unsafe, a small section began to plan petty attempts to pilfer the provisions. It is the queer mixture of philosopher and beast in the average human being that makes it possible for the same man in one mood to risk his life quite voluntarily to save others and in another to organize selfish theft.

After an ingenious seaman had been detected in an attempt to risk the

storeroom lock, and when a tray of cold ham was deliberately upset while a football scrimmage took place for the pieces, Mr. Emmett stopped these ebullitions by arming the watch with assorted weapons from the workshop and issuing stern orders as to their use in case of need.

Here again the warring elements which form the human clay were admirably displayed. On duty, under the bonds of discipline, the coarse grained foremost hand who had gobbled up a surreptitious lump of fat pig during the first successful scuffle would brain the daring rascal who tried to better his condition by a similar trick a second time. Discipline sometimes converts a skulker into a hero.

When the state of the tide permitted, storm shutters were opened and a free draft of air allowed to enter through the door. Then all hands eyed the sea anxiously. The wind was strong and piercing, and the reef maintained its ceaseless roaring. Whenever a window opened toward the land there was a small crowd waiting to peep through it. At last the sense of orderliness gradually permeating the inmates of the lighthouse actually resulted in the formation of queues, with stated intervals for moving on. There was a momentary relief in looking at the land. The cliffs, the solitary white houses, the little hamlets half hidden in cozy nooks, seemed to be so absurdly near. It was ridiculous to imagine that help could be long deferred. The seaward passing of a steamer, carrying flowers from the Scilly Isles to Penzance for Covent Garden, caused a flutter, but the sight of a Penzance fishing smack scudding under jib and close reefed foresail between the rock and Guttenbras point created intense excitement. Noah, gazing across the flood for the return of the dove with the olive branch, could not be more pleased than these castaways in their granite ark when the brown sailed boat came within their view.

The window in the coal cellar opened fair toward the Land's End, and the grimy occupants of this compartment could look their fill at the messenger of life. A rich New Yorker in vain offered \$100 to any man who gave up his place in the line after he himself, by the operation of the time limit, was remorselessly sent away from the narrow loophole. Dollars and pounds sterling have a curiously depreciated value under such circumstances.

The men of the watch were always questioned for news by the unemployed majority. They related the comings and goings of the Falcon, carried sympathetic inquiries from story to story, promiscuous passing to and fro being forbidden owing to the narrowness of the stairs, and seized every trifling pretext on their own part to reach the topmost height and feast their eyes on the extensive panorama visible from the storm-girt gallery. Had they watched the coast line less and the reef more their observations would have had value.

Quite early in the day the purser handed to the occupants of each room a full list of passengers and crew, with the survivors grouped separately. In only three instances were husband and wife both saved. The awful scene in the saloon accounted for this seeming discrepancy. Dazed men and senseless women were wrenched from each other's clasp either by the overwhelming seas or during the final wild fight for life at the head of the companion stairway. A wreck, a fire in a theater, pay little heed to the marriage tie.

The third and last meal of the day was eaten in silence and gloom. All the spare lamps were diverted to the kitchen, because Brand, during a further detailed survey of the stores, made in company with Mr. Emmett and the purser, discovered that there was an alarming deficit of fresh water in the cistern.

In the hurry of the earlier hours a serious miscalculation had been made in transmuting cubic feet into gallons. It became an instant necessity to use every heating appliance at command and start the distillation of a drinkable fluid.

The Gulf Rock light did not possess a proper apparatus. The only method that could be adopted was to improvise a coil from canvas sewed into a tube. The exterior was varnished and wrapped in wet cloths to assist the condensation of the steam; hence, every kettle and pot being requisitioned for this paramount need, cocoa could be supplied to the women alone, while the taste of the water even thus disguised was nauseating. No more potatoes could be boiled. Raw, they were almost unmeatable. And potatoes happened to be the food most plentiful.

The genuine fresh water, reduced to a minimum in the cistern, was only a little better in condition unless it was filtered, and Brand decided that it ought to be retained for the exclusive use of those seriously ill. Patients were multiplying so rapidly that the hospital was crowded, and all fresh cases as they occurred perforce remained where they were.

Neither Constance nor Enid felt the time hang heavily on her hands. Both were too busy, though the new ordinance regarding the food supply transferred their attention from active seeking in the replenishing of stores,

which must be kept full of salt water at boiling point.

Pyne was an invaluable assistant. In the adjustment of refractory canvas tubes over hot spouts, in the manipulation of the condensing plant so that it might act efficiently, in the trimming of lamps and the stoking of the solitary coal fire he insisted on taking to himself the lion's share of the work.

He always had a pleasant quip or funny story to brighten their talk. "You can conquer trouble with a grin," he said. "Worry doesn't cut ice." Enid, of course, chaffed him about his American accent, which, she protested, she would acquire after a week's practice.

"It is so quaint to our ears," she went on. "I never before grasped the reason why Mark Twain makes me laugh. All he does is to act as a phonograph. Every American is a born humorist."

"There's something in that," admitted Pyne. "We do try to disinter a joke. Say, have you girls ever heard how an English professor explained the Yankee drawl?"

"No," they cried. "He said it represented the effort of an uneducated man to make a speech. Every time his vocabulary gave out he lifted his voice to show he wasn't half through with his ideas."

"Oh," said Constance, "that is neither kind nor true, surely." "Well," agreed Pyne slowly, "that is the view a friend of mine took of the remark. So he asked the professor if he had a nice agreeable sort of definition, all ready for use, of the way Englishmen clipped their syllables. The other fellow allowed that he hadn't pondered on it. 'I guess,' said my friend, 'it represents the effort of an educated ass to talk English.'"

Though the laugh was against them, they were forced to snigger approval.

"I think," said Constance, "that our chief national failing is pomposity, and your story hits it off exactly. In one of our small Cornish towns we have a stout little mayor who made money in cheese and bacon. He went to see the Paris exhibition, and an Exeter man, meeting him unexpectedly at the foot of the Eiffel tower, hailed him with delight. 'Hello, Mr. Mayor'—he began. 'Hush,' said the mayor, glancing around mysteriously. 'I'm 'ere incog.'"

None who heard these light hearted young people yelling with merriment would imagine that they had just dined off a piece of hard baked bread made without yeast and washed down with water tasting of tar and turpentine.

"Now, Miss Enid, your turn!" cried Pyne.

(To be Continued)

Will Extend.

A dispatch sent out from Albany a few days ago is as follows:

That the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad means business in its recent announcement that it would extend the road from Yaquina to Newport is demonstrated by the fact that Manager Guy V. Talbot yesterday went to Newport to personally attend to securing some of the right of way. A sawmill company is said to be placing blocks in the railroad's progress in this respect. Though the proposed route of the extension has not been determined, it is generally believed that it will follow the bay as nearly as possible the five miles to the summer resort city. There has been considerable speculation as to the route, and it is having a considerable effect on real estate transfers at Newport.

For the last few weeks there has been a boom in building sites in Newport and the hill which lies between the town and the big Summer settlement near the beach. The announcement that the road was to be extended has stimulated the already active market.

If the extension should enter Newport via Nye Creek it is predicted that the big hotels and business houses would all have to move, as the town now exists, it is claimed, practically as a base of supply for the big city of Summer cottages at Nye Creek. But if the road reaches the resort via Newport, and does not go over to Nye Creek, there will be no change in the present situation. The real estate market is thus affected.

The extension of the C. & E. will indeed mean greater things for Newport. The new road now stops at Yaquina, and it is necessary to make the remainder of the trip by boat. This naturally necessitates considerable trouble and delay.

Miss Belle Ranney left Wednesday for Condon, where she is to teach in the public school the coming year. Miss Ranney is a highly successful teacher and her friends wish her good luck in the new field.

SHOT A BEAR.

And Laughed When it Rolled Down Hill.

John Bauer recently had the chance of a life time to distinguish himself and he made the most of it. It is now settled beyond a doubt that John is the fleetest foot racer in Corvallis, if not on the whole Pacific coast. It all happened out on a lone mountain side, a mile from camp, last week while John, a lad of 18 or 20, was at Yachats with his uncle, Mike Bauer, the popular Corvallis tailor.

Mike had gone fishing and John decided to go out for bear, so shouldering a 22-rifle he sallied forth. He went along whistling and finally up on the side of the mountain he saw his game. The 22 spit out a bullet and down came Mr. Bear, rolling over and over, straight towards the hunter. John stood still and smiled, and as the bear kept rolling, the smile developed into a chuckle and the Corvallis boy slapped his knee and shouted, "I've got him, oh, I've got him!" But alas for the uncertainty of all things earthly! By this time the grizzly had reached the foot of the hill and then something dawned on the sportsman. It was the tardy idea that Mr. Bear had simply been rolling down hill to reach him more quickly, and not because the little 22 had inflicted a fatal wound, and as the hairy form righted itself, scrambled to its feet and made straight after John, the latter let an ear-piercing shriek and bolted. The way the slender youth cleared the stumps and fallen trees, tore through the underbrush, splashed through creeks and flew along the level stretches for camp would have turned Sprinter Floyd Williams green with envy had he been there. And at every step young Bauer let a yell that made the hills echo, until the bear, evidently satisfied that he was out classed, gave up the chase and took to the brush again.

John reached home Tuesday, but he has hardly caught his breath yet from his race, and next time he hunts for grizzlies he will not be deceived by any of their fool antics, nor will he attempt to bag such game with an air gun.

Broke Children's Bank.

A dirty sneak thief was abroad in Corvallis last Thursday, which was circus day in Albany. Or there may have been more than one of the sticky-fingered gentry "in" on the deal; but be that as it may, one of the meanest tricks was done in Corvallis that has come to light in many a day.

The three children of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Campbell had a savings bank that had been on duty about three years without having been emptied. No one knew just what amount it contained, but the estimate is anywhere from \$15 to \$30, principally in nickels, dimes, pennies and half dollars, with possibly a gold piece.

Thursday the Campbells attended the circus in Albany, leaving the doors at home unfastened. They returned that night and next morning Mr. Campbell found 33 cents in small change near the chopping block in the woodshed.

Further investigations resulted in the finding of the door to the savings bank. It was in the yard and had been bent almost double by a blow from an ax. Some small change was found in the yard and a few coins were picked up on the sidewalk. The rest of the bank has not been found and the money is gone.

Some one evidently familiar with the premises and with the fact that the bank was nearly full and was soon to be opened, must, it is thought, be the guilty parties. Suspicion is entertained by Mr. Campbell and the police, but what the outcome will be, is of course uncertain.

It is thought the job was done by "kids," and possibly by some who have out grown their kneepants.

Just in Time.

A fire near the intake of the Corvallis mountain water system threatened destruction to the timber in that locality for a time Tuesday evening. A message

reached this city that campers had left a fire which had sprung up and was spreading.

Floyd Bogue hurried to the scene in company with Ed Allen of Philomath, and they were just in time to check the flames which had consumed a big stump and were spreading in the underbrush. The boys carried water 150 yards and soon had the fire out, but heavy damage might have resulted in a few hours, as the breeze was carrying the blaze timberward.

Campers who move on and leave a spark of fire at such dry times as these, should be given a year's rest in Sing Sing or some other secluded spot, until their reasoning powers are sufficiently developed to render them safe and sane citizens to be at large.

Happily Wedded.

There was a happy wedding at the home of Mrs. Della Archerd in King

Valley, Wednesday August 22nd, when her sister, Miss Tesse Hall of that place was united in marriage to Walter Watkins of Jefferson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. J. Bartholomew, in the presence of quite a party of friends.

A sumptuous wedding dinner was served later at the McAllen home, and after congratulations the newly wedded pair left for their new home at Jefferson. The young people have the good wishes of a wide circle of friends.

Additional Local.

F. O. Gray left yesterday for Portland on a business trip. He returns Saturday.

Congregational Church: Sunday School at ten, Preaching service at eleven and eight. The regular services of the church will again be resumed. Morning sermon, "The Passing of Harvest Time." Evening sermon, "Self Discovery, or What is the Real Self?"

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Buster, of Alsea, were in Corvallis, Tuesday evening, enroute by private conveyance to In dependance.

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CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
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Pumpkin Seed -
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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Ability demands recognition.

Miss Clara Louise Marye, a graduate of the Holmes Business College, starts for China this week, all traveling expenses paid, to accept a position with a large lumber importing firm at Hongkong.

Miss Marye in a letter to the Holmes Business College says: "The small amount of money I expended with the Holmes Business College for tuition, I consider one of the best investments I could possibly have made."

Miss Marye is a young woman of character and fine business ability. Faithfulness and technical knowledge have finally won for her an enviable distinction, and she is kind enough to attribute to the Holmes Business College credit for having equipped her with one of those necessary requisites.

The Holmes Business College has started hundreds of young men and women on the road to wealth and preferment.

Send for free announcement folder giving detailed information about courses of study, tuition, etc. It is worth getting and worth keeping. Send in today, you will receive the folder by return mail, post-paid.

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Write direct to Principal, Room 604.

Don't Be Bine
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.

In Self-Defense

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was bitingly attacked, four years ago by piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since." Quickest healer of burns, sores, cuts and wounds. Twenty-five cents at Allen & Woodward's drug store.

Children in Pain

Never cry as do children who are suffering from hunger. Such is the cause of all babies who cry and are treated for sickness when they really are suffering from hunger. This is caused from their food not being assimilated but devoured by worms. A few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge will cause them to cease crying and begin to thrive at once. Give it a trial. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at Allen & Woodward's drug store.