

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy,
 Author of
 "The Wings of the Morning"
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Constance was deeply touched.

The eyes danced mischievously. "Unfortunately, by the accident of birth, I am deprived of the sense of humor," she said.

"It seems to be in the family all right," he hazarded, looking at Constance.

"Alas," said Enid, "I am an American."

"I'll smile now, if that is all," said Pyne.

"But, please, I am not joking a little bit. When you go ashore you will probably hear all about me, so I may as well take the wind out of the sails of gossip. I am a mere waif who came sailing in out of the west one day in a little boat which must have come from the new world, as no one appeared to have lost either me or it in the old. Dad picked us both up and adopted me."

explained Constance. "It may be a message from Jack. You go, Enid."

Enid hurried away. She had scarcely reached the next floor before Mrs. Vansittart, who seemed to have moods in full compass, said sweetly:

"Convey my deep obligations to Mr. Brand, won't you, Charlie? Indeed, you might go now and write out the text of my message to your uncle. Some early opportunity of dispatching it may offer."

"All right," he said in the calm way which so effectually concealed his feelings. "Shall I escort you to your room?"

"By no means. I came here quite unassisted. Miss Brand and I can chat for a little while. It is most wearying to be pent all day and all night in one little room. Even the change to another little room is grateful."

am unnerved. There, child! Forgive me for troubling you. And—kiss me, will you, and say you wish me well?"

She moved nearer, as if driven by uncontrollable impulse. Constance, not prepared for such an outburst, was nevertheless deeply touched by this appeal for sympathy.

"I wish you all the joy and happiness which I am sure you deserve," she said, stooping to kiss the wan, shrinking face held up to her.

Mrs. Vansittart burst into a paroxysm of tears and tottered toward the door.

"No, no," she gasped as Constance caught her by the arm. "Do not come with me. I am—shaken. It will pass. For God's sake, let me go alone!"

CHAPTER XII.

PYNE found Enid rosy red and inclined to be tearful. The dying light of day was still strong enough in the service room to permit these things to be seen.

"No bad news, I hope?" he inquired, though the sight of Stephen Brand seated at his desk and placidly writing was reassuring.

The question steadied her to an extent.

"It is nothing of any consequence," she said and darted past him.

Brand looked up from his journal. He smiled, though the American thought there was a hint of pain in his eyes.

"I am going to lose one of my girls," he said. "Oh, no; this is not a loss by death, but by marriage. If I were a Frenchman I would describe it as gaining a son. Enid has just received what is tantamount to a proposal."

"By flag wagging?" Pyne was naturally astounded.

"Yes. You would not expect one of the people from the Chinook to be so enterprising."

"I—don't—know," said Pyne, punctuating each word with a deliberate nod.

"Well, in any case, I would not have foregone the application after an acquaintance of eighteen hours," observed Brand, with equal deliberation.

"They're two powerful fine girls," said Pyne, steering clear of the point.

"They have just been telling me how Miss Enid happened along. It reads like a fairy tale."

"She was given to me by the winds and waves, yet she is dear to me as my own child. I shall miss her greatly—if all goes well here."

"I've cottoned on to both of them something wonderful. But, if I am not intruding into private affairs, how comes it that Miss Enid is being telegraphed for? Of course I can understand the gentleman being in a hurry. I would feel that way myself if the conditions were favorable."

Pyne could be as stolid as a red Indian when the occasion demanded it. Brand found no hint in his face of the hidden thought in his words.

"Have they said anything to you of a man named Stanhope?" inquired the lighthouse keeper, resuming the entry in his diary after a sharp glance upward.

"Y-yes. They pointed him out to me this morning; in the navy, I think; fellow with a title and that sort of thing."

"No. His mother is Lady Margaret Stanhope, being an earl's daughter, but his father was a knight. He has been paying attentions to Enid for a year and more to my knowledge and to his mother's exceeding indignation, I fancy."

"That is where we on the other side have the pull of you."

"Have you? I wonder. However, Lady Margaret's views have not troubled me. I will deal with her when the time comes. At present it looks fairly certain that Master Jack has settled matters on his own account. I may be mistaken, of course. How do you interpret this?"

He closed the journal and handed to Pyne a memorandum taken down letter by letter by a sailor as Brand read the signal:

"Mother sends her love to Enid."

"Did mother ever convey her love to Enid before?" asked Pyne.

"No."

"Then I call that neat. I take off my hat to Stanhope. He and mamma have had a heart to heart talk."

Brand leaned his head on his hands, with clinched fists covering his ears. There was a period of utter silence until the lighthouse keeper rose to light the lamp.

Pyne watched him narrowly.

"I may be trespassing on delicate ground," he said at last. "If I am, you are not the sort of man to stand on ceremony. In the States you know, when the authorities want to preserve a public building they don't care how they walk on the ground. They put

up a board which reads, 'Keep off. We never kick. We're used to it.'"

"My notice board, if required, will be less curt, at any rate," replied Brand, and they faced each other. Though their words were light, no pleasant conceit lurked in their minds. There was a question to be asked and answered, and it held the issues of life and death.

"What did you mean just now by saying, 'If all goes well here?' Is there any special reason why things should not go well?"

The young Philadelphian might have been hazarding an inquiry about a matter of trivial interest, so calm was he, so smooth his utterance. But Brand had made no mistake in estimating this youngster's force of character, nor did he seek to temporize. He extended an arm toward the reef.

"You hear that?" he said.

"Yes."

"It may boil that way for weeks."

"So I have been told."

"By whom?"

"Mr. Emmett told me."

"Ah! He and I have discussed the matter already. Yet I imagine that neither he nor any other man in the place save myself grasps the true meaning of the fact."

"I've been theorizing," said Pyne. "It occurred to me that this light isn't here for amusement."

He looked up at the lamp and smiled. The pillar in those days must have been a haunt of illusions, for Brand, like Constance and Pyne himself in the case of Mrs. Vansittart, thought he caught an expression familiar to his eyes long before he had seen that clear cut, splendidly intelligent face.

But there was no time for idle speculation. He glanced into the well of the stairs to make sure that no one was ascending.

Then he approached nearer to Pyne and said in an intense whisper:

"It is folly to waste words with you. I have reasoned this thing out, and now I will tell you what I have decided. I will take the watch from 8 until 12. At 12 you will relieve me and I will go below to secure provisions and water sufficient to maintain the lives of my daughters, you and myself for a few hours longer than the others. By right, if I followed the rules I have promised to obey, I alone should live. That is impossible. A Spartan might do it, but I cannot abandon my girls and yet retain my senses. I trust you because I must have a confederate. If the weather does not break before tomorrow night we must barricade the stairs—and fight—if necessary."

His face was drawn and haggard, his eyes blazing. He shook as one in the first throes of fever. He seemed to await his companion's verdict with an overpowering dread lest any attempt should be made to question the justice of his decree.

"Yes. I figured it out that way, too," said Pyne. "It's queer, isn't it, to be in such a fix when there's all sorts of help within call, so to speak? We might as well be in a mine closed up by an explosion. And, I'll tell you what, I'm real sorry for you."

Brand, collapsing under the strain, sank into a chair.

Additional Local.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Savage left yesterday for Salem, where they will remain during the fair. Mr. Savage is superintendent of the pavilion and Mrs. Savage has charge of the needlework department.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Garrow returned Friday evening from a week's visit in Portland.

Rav. and Mrs. M. S. Bush reached home Saturday from a several weeks' outing at points on the coast.

Because people call him out of bed in the dead of night, have him summoned to the telephone from the housetop where he is painting, and send him letters by special delivery, all to inquire when the public school opens, Prof. Holmes, the good natured principal, is almost a nervous wreck, and to save the wear and tear on his fragile form he has requested that the Gazette announce to the world that the Corvallis public school will open on September 17th. Will everyone interested please sit up and take notice, and give the principal time to recuperate?

Four hundred chairs have just arrived from Portland for the various rooms at the college. They were ordered by O. J. Blackledge, who received Saturday nearly two car loads of new furniture for his establishment.

A party in from Alesia, Saturday, stated that quite a shower of rain had fallen over there that morning, completely laying the dust from Alesia to Philomath. Corvallis felt only half a dozen sprinkles.

Asa Alexander and family left yesterday for the Ireland hop yard where they will camp for the picking season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Green of Portland were guests over Sunday of Corvallis relatives.

W. L. Reed, who resides north of town, is again recovered from his attack of typhoid fever. George Reed, a son, is now suffering with the same ailment.

She Found Relief.

If you are troubled with liver complaint and have not received help read this. Mrs. Mary E. Hammond, Moody, Texas. "I was in poor health—with liver trouble—for over a year. Doctors did me no good and I tried Herbine, and three bottles cured me. I can't say too much for Herbine, as it is a wonderful liver medicine. I always have it in the house. What would you wish." Sold by Graham & Wardman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Peak of Alesia spent Sunday and yesterday with relatives in Corvallis.

Miss Mell Elgin returned Sunday evening from a week's vacation at Newport. She has resumed her position in Kline's store, where her seaside complexion is the envy of all observers.

Ernest Shessgreen of Portland visited Corvallis relatives and friends this week.

George Brown, who has typhoid fever in a mild form, is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Sarah Stewart and family and Mrs. Ninez Francisco left yesterday to go into camp at Ireland's hop yard.

Mrs. Ruth Looney and her son and daughter left Friday, after a visit with Mrs. Sarah Baldwin in this city. They reside in Tacoma.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Starr were to arrive yesterday from Junction City for a visit with Corvallis relatives. Mr. Starr is constantly on the road, as organizer for the M. W. A.

Mrs. C. C. Woodworth left yesterday for her home in Portland, after a visit in Corvallis with relatives and friends.

Miss Mary Sutherland began moving yesterday into the Jesse Mooes house on Water street.

Burd Croft returned Saturday from St. Johns, where he has been employed for several months.

Mrs. C. C. Chipman and children, Mrs. Prudence Chipman and Charles Chipman's young folks went into camp yesterday at Taylor's hop yard, for the season.

Wisconsin Road Plan.

Wisconsin has a new road law under which it expects to build a large mileage of new, hard roads. The new law provides that each township of a county may build one mile of road each year, and one-half of the expense is borne by the county at large. The cost is limited to \$1,000. The road may be built on the petition of fifty freeholders. Ten days after the filing of the petition the town supervisors appoint an engineer and two disinterested freeholders, who start the work by examining the road which must be accurately described in the petition. It is easy to see if half the townships succeed in building new roads or improving them, one half of the expense of which must be borne by the entire county, the other townships which have been taxed to meet the expense, will start a similar improvement and will start the work, one-half of the expense of which must be borne by the townships that already have taken the initiative and have been improved. Under the workings of the new law all of the townships soon will commence building a mile a year and keep it up until the entire country has a system of hard roads.—Ex.

For Sale.

Twenty head of horses and mules aged from 2 to 4 years. Four miles south-west of Albany on the Oakville road. Route 3, Albany, Or.
 B. L. TAYLOR.

Real Estate Transfers.

M D Allen to J W Watters, 158.88 acres south west of Monroe; \$2000.

State of Oregon to Howard Morley 449 95 acres near Wells; \$562.44.

U S to S N Lilly; patent; 160 acres west of Bellefontain.

Chas Evens and wife to Thomas Warren, 60 acres in Alesia; \$600.

J B Smith and wife to H T Martin and wife, 38 acres west of Albany; 1750.

Samuel King to Lillie J King, q c d, lots 11 and 12, block 18, Corvallis; \$1.

M P Burnett, sheriff, to M P Totten, Sheriff's Deed; 160 acres Alesia; \$465.67.

A D Perkins to J K Weatherford, 160.58 acres; \$1000.

M E Harris, et al, to M E and J G Morris, lots 5 and 6, block 1, Dixons add to Corvallis; \$725.

M J Stacy and husband to Willamette Valley Co, right of way; \$1.00.

J W Foster and wife to A R Norwood, 46.41 acres south of Corvallis; \$100.



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