

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

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

The seamen stationed in the entrance were astonished by the rapidity of the change. In less than a minute they found they were no longer blinded by the spindrift cast by each upward rush right into the interior of the lighthouse. The two nearest to the door looked out in wonderment. What devilment was the reef hatching now, that its claws should relax their clutch on the pillar and its icy spray be withheld?

Each wave, as it struck to westward of the column, divided itself into two roaring streams which met exactly where the iron rungs ran down the wall. There was a mighty clash of the opposing forces and a further upward rearing of shattered torrents before the reunited mass fell away to give place to its successor.

Full twenty feet of the granite layers were thus submerged and exposed whenever a big combler traveled sheer over the reef.

But these straightforward attacks were spasmodic. Often the eddies created by the rocks came tumbling pell-mell from the north. Sometimes they would combine with the incoming tide, and then the water seemed to cling tenaciously to the side of the lighthouse until it rose to a great height, swamping the entrance and dropping back with a tremendous crash. There were times when the northerly ally disdained to merge with its rival. Then it leaped into the hollow created by the receding wave and all about the lighthouse warred a level whirlpool.

Stanhope's plan was to rush the boat in when one of these comparatively less dangerous opportunities offered. He would spring for the ladder, run up if possible, but if caught by a vaulting breaker lock himself with hands and feet on the iron rungs and endeavor to withstand the stifling embrace of the oncoming sea. He was sure he could hold out against that furious onslaught once at least. He was an expert swimmer and diver, and he believed that by clinging limpet-like to the face of the rock he had the requisite strength of lungs and sinews to resist one if not more of those watery avalanches.

The rope around his waist was held from the tug. The instant he made his leap the men with him were to back water, the crew at the drag to haul for all they were worth and consequently pull the boat clear of the next wave ere it broke. That is why he selected a handy craft in place of the lifeboat offered to him as soon as his resolve was whispered ashore. It was on rapidity, quick judgment, the utilization of seconds, that he depended. The unwieldy bulk of the lifeboat not only detracted from these all important considerations, but made it more than probable that she would be capsized or touch the reef.

For the same reason he timed his approach on the rising tide. He could venture nearer to the lighthouse itself, and the boat could be rowed and dragged more speedily into safety. With him, too, were men who knew every inch of the Gulf Rock. He knew he could trust them to the end.

Although he had mapped out his programme to the last detail, Brand's inspiration in using the oil created a fresh and utterly unforeseen set of conditions.

Mountainous ridges still danced fantastically up and down the smooth granite slopes, but they no longer broke, and it is broken water, not tumultuously heaving seas, that an open boat must face.

With the intuition of a born sailor, ready to seize any advantage given by human enemy or angry ocean, Stanhope decided in the very jaws of opportunity to abandon his original design totally and shout to the men he saw standing in the entrance to heave him a rope. He would have preferred the danger of the jump. He almost longed to endure the fierce struggle which might ensue before he reached those waiting hands. He thought he would have his reward in the tense joy of the fight, in bringing salvation to Enid and those with her, in seeing her sweet face again after these days and nights of vigil.

But the paramount need was to succeed. The extraordinary and, to him, quite inexplicable change in conditions which he had studied during tortured hours passed on the bridge of the Falcon or the Trinity tender made it possible to remain longer in the vicinity of the rock than he had dared to hope. Therefore he knew it was advisable to adopt the certain means of communication of the thrown rope in preference to the uncertainty of his own power to reach and climb the ladder.

Flinging out his right arm he motioned to the men in the lighthouse to be ready to heave a coil. The wind was the chief trouble now, but he must chance that.

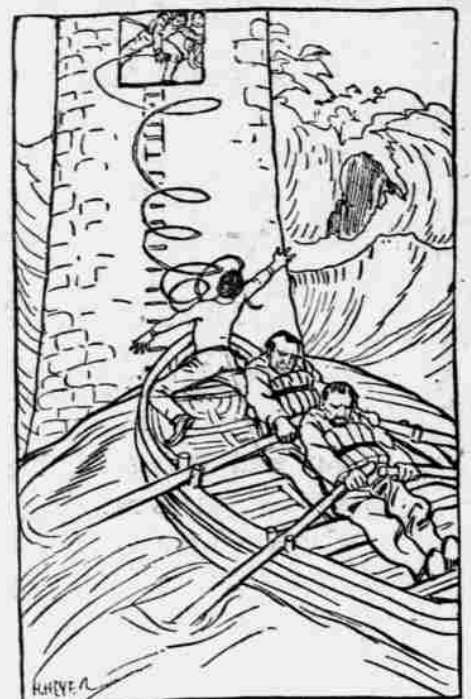
"Vast pulling," he yelled over his shoulder as a monstrous wave pranced over the reef and enveloped the column.

"Aye, aye!" sang out his crew. Up went the boat on the crest and a fearsome cavern spread before his eyes, revealing the seaweed that clung to the lowest tier of masonry. In the same instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of a lofty billow rearing back from the rocks on the north.

Down sank the boat until the door of the lighthouse seemed to be an awful distance away. She rose again, and Stanhope stood upright, his knees wedged against the wooden ribs. One piercing glance in front and another to the right showed that the antagonism of the two volumes of water gave the expected lull.

"Pull!"

The boat shot onward. Once, twice, three times the oars dipped with precision. These rowers, who went with



The rope whirled through the air.

their backs turned to what might be instant death, were brave and staunch as he who looked it unflinchingly in the face.

"Heave!" roared Stanhope to the white visaged second officer standing in the doorway far above him.

The rope whirled through the air, the boat rose still higher to meet it, and the coil struck Stanhope in the face, lashing him savagely in the final spite of the baffled gale which puny man had conquered.

Never was blow taken with such Christian charity.

"Back!" he cried, and the oarsmen, not knowing what had happened, bent against the tough blades. The tug's sailors at the drag, though the engines grinding at half speed were keeping them grandly against the race not more than 150 yards in the rear, failed for an instant to understand what was going on. But their captain had seen the cast and read its significance.

"Haul away!" he bellowed in a voice of thunder and, to cheer them on, added other words which showed that he was no landsman.

Stanhope deftly knotted the lighthouse line to the loop taken off his waist. He cast the joined cords overboard.

"Thank God!" he said, and he looked up at the great pillar already growing less in the distance.

Now from the kitchen, owing to its height above sea level and the thickness of the wall pierced by the window, as soon as the boat came within fifty yards or so of the lighthouse the girls could see it no longer.

When it dropped out of sight for the last time Constance could not endure the strain. Though her dry tongue

clicked in her mouth, she forced a despairing cry.

"Enid," she screamed, "lean out through the window! Is it your place?"

"I cannot! Indeed I cannot! He will be killed! Oh, save him, kind Providence, and take my life in his stead!"

Constance lifted the frenzied girl in her strong arms. This was no moment for pulling fear.

"If I loved a man," she cried, "and he were about to die for my sake I should count it a glory to see him die." The brave words gave Enid some measure of comprehension. Yes, that was it. She would watch her lover while he faced death even though her heart stopped beating when the end came.

Helped by her sister, she opened the window and thrust her head out. To her half dazed brain came the consciousness that the sea had lost its venom. She saw the boat come on, pause, leap forward, the rope thrown and the knot made.

As the boat retreated she caught Stanhope's joyous glance. He saw her and waved his hand. Something he said caused the two rowers for the first time to give one quick glance backward, for they were now scudding rapidly away from the danger zone. She knew them; she managed to send a frantic recognition to all three.

Then, in an almost overpowering reaction, she drew back from the window and tears of divine relief streamed from her eyes.

"Constance," she sobbed, "he has saved us! Look out. You will see him. I cannot."

Yet, all tremulous and breathless, she brushed away the tears and strove to distinguish the boat once more. It appeared a vague blot in the mist that enshrouded her.

"Constance," she said again, "tell me that all is well."

"Yes, dear. Indeed, indeed, he is safe."

"And do you know who came with him?"

Yes, then, the answer—Ben Pollard

and Jim Spence—in the 'Daisy'. Yes, it is true. And Jack planned it with them. They have escaped; and we, too, will be rescued. It is God's own doing. I could thank him on my knees for the rest of my life."

CHAPTER XV.

THE twisted strands of tough hemp might have been an electric cable of utmost conductivity if its powers were judged by results. When willing hands had carefully hauled in the rope until the knot could be unfastened and the end secured to the cord connecting the gallery with the entrance, a man was dispatched to warn Brand that all was in readiness for the next step.

The rough sailor was the messenger of the gods to those who waited on each story. As he ran upward, climbing the steep stairs with the nimbleness of a monkey, he bellowed the great news to each crowded doorway. Seeing the girls in the kitchen, though already his breath was scant, he blurted out:

"It's all right, ladies! He's done the trick!"

On the next landing pallid women's faces gleamed at him.

"Rope aboard!" he gasped. "They're tryin' on legs o' mutton now."

Yet again he was waylaid on the floor above. Hard pressed for wind he wheezed forth consolation.

"Just goin' to haul the bottled beer aboard," he grunted.

It would never do to pass the hospital without a word.

"Beef tea an' port wine swimmin' here," he panted.

Brand was peering through the lantern door, awaiting this unwashed Mercury, who caught sight of the lighthouse keeper ere his shaggy head had emerged from the well.

The man stopped, almost spent. He gave an offhanded sailor's salute.

"Haul away, sir!" he yelled, and his voice cracked with excitement. Indeed, they who remained quite coherent on the Gulf Rock, on the ships, and even on the cliffs nine miles away, were few in number and to be pitied exceedingly. There are times when a man must cheer and a woman's eyes glisten with joyous tears, else they are flabby creatures, human jellyfish.

The steamboats snorted with raucous siren blasts, and although the hoarse shouting of men and the whistling of steam were swept into space by the north wind in its rage, those on shore could read the riddle through their glasses of the retreating boat and the white vapor puffs.

The first to grasp Stanhope's hand when he swung himself onto the deck of the tender was Mr. Cyrus J. Traill.

"Well done, my lad!" he cried brokenly. "I thought it was all up with you. Did you see her?"

"Yes, but only for a second."

"You thought it best not to join them?"

"You know that I would gladly go now and attempt it. But I dared not refuse the better way. I can't tell you what happened. Something stilled the sea like magic. Look at it now."

Assuredly the waves were breaking again around the pillar with all their wonted ferocity, but one among the Trinity house officers noticed a smooth, oily patch floating past the vessel.

"By Jove!" he shouted, "Brand helped you at the right moment. He threw some gallons of colza overboard."

Traill, a bronzed, spare, elderly man, tall and straight, with eyes set deep beneath heavy eyebrows, went to Jim Spence and Ben Pollard where they were helping to sling the Daisy up to the davits.

"I said five hundred between you," he briefly announced. "If the rope holds and the three people I am interested in reach the shore alive I will make it five hundred apiece."

Ben Pollard's mahogany face became several inches wider and remained so permanently, his friends thought, but Jim Spence only grinned.

"You don't know the cap'n, sir. He'll save every mother's son—an' daughter too—now he has a line aboard."

Then the ex-captain, chosen with Ben from among dozens of volunteers owing to his close acquaintance with the reef, bethought him.

"You're treatin' Ben an' me magnificent, sir," he said, "but the chief credit is due to Mr. Stanhope. We only obeyed orders."

The millionaire laughed like a boy. "I have not forgotten Mr. Stanhope," he said. "I am sure your confidence in Mr. Brand will be justified. You watch me smile when I write up your share."

On board the tug and on the gallery of the lighthouse there was no time for talk. The vessel, with the most skillful handling, might remain where she was for about four hours. She was already more than a hundred fathoms within the dangerous area marked by the buoy, and there was much to be done in the time.

The strongest rope, the best wire hawser, has its well defined limit of strain, and the greater the length the greater the tension. From the buoy itself naught save a chain cable would hold in such a sea. The tug must operate from the nearer base. She was pitching and tossing in a manner calculated to daunt any one but a sailor, and the slightest mistake made by the skipper, the burly oldskinned man balancing himself on the bridge with his hand on the engine room telegraph, would snap any line ever twisted.

So, briefly, this was the procedure adopted. A stout rope was bent on to that carried to the rock by Stanhope. With this was sent a whip, thus establishing a to and fro communication. The rope itself, when it had reached the rock, was attached to a buoy and anchored. Thus it could be picked up easily if the thin wire hawser next described should happen to break.

(To be Continued)

Additional Local.

We hope to be pardoned for talking of ourselves a little. W. G. Emery, who has just returned from attendance at the convention of the Photographers' Association of the Pacific Northwest, held in Spokane, informs us that all the matter printed by us for the association during the last year was highly satisfactory. The 48-page program of the convention and the "Certificate of Merit" diplomas received praise on all sides, both as regards the excellence of the work and the price, and as a result Mr. Emery was advised by the executive body to engage us to do the same work for the association next year.

Elmer Taylor, who came in Saturday from Bellefountain, is very ill at the Occidental, and it is feared the ailment is typhoid, as he has been at the bedside of his brother, Walter Taylor at Bellefountain, who has been ill for many weeks.

Eight room house for rent. Inquire at Allen's drug store. 77

Chester Coffey, of the Corvallis studio, returned Tuesday from a two weeks' vacation visit with his parents at McMinnville. Miss Cheney, who had been in charge of the Corvallis studio, left Sunday for her home at McMinnville.

Miss Bertha Whitman, of Lebanon, the Misses Davison and Miss Nina Wall, of Southern Oregon were to arrive yesterday to enter OAC.

George Taylor had a horse drowned in the Willamette Saturday night. The accident happened at the ferry. Mr. Taylor was driving a colt to a cart and approached the ferry to assist in getting some stock onto the ferry boat. The colt became impatient and finally plunged into the river beside the boat, started to swim across but turned back and finally sank. Mr. Taylor alighted from the cart and was leading the animal at the time, which saved him from going into the water with the vehicle. The animal was at once dragged ashore and carted off to the boneyard.

Jack Dawson and family returned Sunday from their outing at Yachats.

A large number of new members were taken into the M. E. church at the close of the services Sunday morning, and next Sunday there is to be a half hour's "acquaintance meeting," to give opportunity for new students and other strangers in the congregation to meet the members of the church personally.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Starr of Bellefountain, were visitors in Corvallis yesterday.

W. H. Malone, the Alsea merchant, was transacting business in Corvallis yesterday.

W. O. Heckart came down from Eugene yesterday, presumably to start operations on the A. J. Johnson building.

Miss Claire Starr of Bellefountain is returning to resume her studies at OAC. She is at the girls' hall.

A marriage license was issued yesterday to James Edward Watson of Kings Valley and Miss Hedwig Pazina of Summit. The bride-elect is a Bohemian.

Samuel Bowen of Alsea made final proof yesterday on his homestead, before Clerk Vincent. His witnesses were Ernest Sapp and John C. Ball.

Rev. G. H. Fesse of the local M. E. church is scheduled to deliver the address at the Epworth League rally in Portland, during the meeting of the Oregon Conference. The occasion will be a memorable one, and the honor of delivering such an address is one of which any speaker might well be proud.

Mrs. C. L. Tallman arrived Sunday from Marshalltown, Iowa, to join her husband who has been here for some time. They are to occupy a farm which Mr. Tallman recently purchased near the Sol King ranch, west of Corvallis.

Sam Hartsock, the well-known clerk at the Graham & Wells pharmacy, returned Saturday evening from his vacation visit in Portland.

Ellsworth Hanna started for Corvallis Friday evening, where he will take up his duties in the OAC where he left off last year.—Hood River News Letter.

The enrollment at OAC up to the noon hour yesterday was 302. On the same day last year, at the close of the day the number registered was 391. The prospects are good for a "big" year at the institution. Word received from Morrow and Sherman counties is that many students from that section will be unable to return to college this year because of hard times due to the shortage in the grain crops.

Come to Starr's. He would be pleased to show you fine napkins, plates and everything nice. 77

Charles Pernot states that the prune crop is immense this year, but as in every other line there is no help to be had in gathering the crops. Mr. Pernot picked 90 bushels Saturday in his orchard and said he could not miss them from the trees.

Lyman Bundy, the very popular football player, arrived Sunday to re-enter college, and hosts of friends and "sporting" admirers welcome him.

Good and Extra Good Boys' School Suits at Nolan's. 75-80

George Cooper has disposed of his interest in the dray business to J. W. Howard, who took possession yesterday morning. Mr. Cooper will farm, the coming year, on the place vacated by Emery Newton, who comes to Corvallis with his family to reside.

A. J. Johnson, Darrell, Cleo and Zeeta Johnson returned Saturday evening from a week's attendance at the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Real and Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin passed through Corvallis yesterday en route to the Coast for an outing.

Another cottage near the college is nearing completion. It is a neat structure containing six good sized rooms beside pantry and closets. It also has the mountain water. The owner is Charles Horton of this city.

Miss Rose Horton, formerly of this city, and who is now at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. F. Irwin, of Waterville, Wash., has a position in the public school of that city, where she receives a salary of \$65 per month.

The best display of Lowney's chocolates ever seen in Corvallis, at Starr's. 77

W. H. Franklin leaves today for his home at Mt. Vernon, Wash., after a day's business visit in this city.

Mrs. Richard Franklin left yesterday morning for her home at Anacortes, Wash., after a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blakeslee, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Young and Clum Reed left Saturday for Big Elk, on a hunting trip. Mrs. Young will visit relatives while there.

For bargains in tablets see Starr. 77

George Robinson is still confined at home by the injury which he sustained several days ago in an accident which happened as he attempted to jump on his wagon. Mr. Robinson placed his foot on the single-tree and as he lifted his weight his foot slipped, the sharp hook on the single-tree catching him in the flesh on the ankle, ripping it open for a couple of inches. The wound was

very painful and it will be a couple of weeks before the young man will be able to get about without crutches.

There was a scurrying among hop men to secure extra hop pickers Saturday, in order to take advantage of the good weather that prevailed. The Irelands took out a bus load to their yard at daylight Saturday morning and everywhere there was a general skirmish for extra help.

Mrs. Carl Porter and children left Friday for a visit with relatives at Brownsville. They accompanied home an aunt, Mrs. Florence Hale, who has been the guest of Corvallis relatives for some weeks.

Mrs. Clyde Hays went to Portland, Saturday, where she will spend two weeks visiting friends.

Rufus Skipton and family moved Saturday into the Fierstein property, now owned by Dr. Cathey.

Earl Davis and Roy Home arrived Friday from Gray's Harbor, to become students at OAC. They have rooms at the Thomas Bell home.

Mrs. Willard Ireland returned this week from a visit with her parents at Independence.

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