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THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ... Louis Tracy,
Author of "The Wings of the Morning"
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A few words may cover a vast amount of exertion. Before the second line, with its running gear, was safely stayed around the body of the lantern—even the iron railing might give way—a precious hour had elapsed, and Stanhope was impatiently stamping about the bridge of the tender, though none knew better than he that not an unnecessary moment was being lost.



"I see you are ready for the party."

At last a signaler stationed on the tug was able to ask: "What shall we send first?" "The answer came back: "Water, milk, bread."

All night tinmiths had labored to inclose food and clothing in water tight cylinders ready for transport, and the shining packages now began their voyaging from the tug's bow beam to the lofty gallery, three-fourths of the journey being through the sea. When the first consignment reached the rock another lusty cheer boomed from the watching vessels.

Stanhope at least could picture the scene in progress behind the grim granite walls—Constance and Enid, with others whom he did not know, serving out generous drafts to thirsty and famished women and men, helping themselves last, and hardly able to empty the eight gallon supply of fresh water before they were called on to distribute a similar quantity of milk.

Some intensely exciting knowledge had mastered stoicism. His eyes were distended, his lips quivering. He leaned with one hand on the kitchen table. In the other he had clutched his uncle's letter.

Constance stood near to him. That he, of all the men she had ever met, should yield to an overpowering emotion startled her greatly.

She caught his arm. "Mr. Pyne," she said softly, "if—it is any ill tidings—you have received—we are indeed sorry for you."

He pulled himself straight and gave Constance such a glance that she hastily withdrew her hand. It seemed to her that he would clasp her in his arms forthwith without spoken word. Her action served to steady him, and he laughed, so softly and pleasantly that their fear was banished.

"Girls," he said slowly, "I have been parachuting through space for a minute or so. I'm all right. Everybody is all right. But my head swims a bit. If I come back forgetting my name and the place where I last resided, remember that once I loved you."

He left them. He could not trust himself to say more.

"That letter was from his uncle, I suppose," said Enid, awe-stricken.

"It must be something very dramatic which would make him act so strangely. Why has he run away? Was he afraid to trust us with his news?"

There was a sharp vehemence in Constance's voice which did not escape her sister's sharp ears.

"Connie," said Enid quietly, "as sure as Jack loves me, that man is in love with you."

"Enid!"

But the other girl laughed with a touch of her saucy humor.

"Why did he look at you in that way just now? Didn't you think he was going to embrace you on the spot? Confess!"

"It was at you he was looking."

"Not in the way I mean. He gazed at me as if I were a spirit. But when you touched him he awoke. He might have been asleep and suddenly seen you near him. I wonder he didn't say, 'Kiss me, dearest,' and then I will be sure it is not a dream."

Constance discovered that she must defend herself.

"Mr. Pyne hardly conveyed such unutterable things to me," she said, conscious that a clean face betrays a flush which smudges may hide. "Have you had a letter from Jack that you can interpret other people's thoughts so sweetly?"

"No, dear. Jack has not written. I have found out the cause. His mother expresses the hope that he will be the first to convey her good wishes. So I think he meant to try to bring the rope himself. Dad knew it and Mr. Pyne. That is why they did not tell us."

Constance gathered her letters into a heap. The tiny pang of jealousy which thrilled her had gone.

"Eighty-one hungry mouths expect to be filled to repletion tonight," she said. "No more gossip. What curious creatures women are! Our own affairs are sufficiently engrossing without endeavoring to pry into Mr. Pyne's."

"Connie, don't press your lips so tightly. You are just dying to know what upset him. But, mark my words, it had nothing to do with any other woman."

Wherein Enid was completely mistaken; she would never commit a greater error of judgment during the rest of her days.

When Pyne quitted the kitchen his intent was to reach Brand without delay. As he passed Mrs. Vansittart's bedroom he paused. Something had delighted him immeasurably once the first shock of the intelligence had passed.

He seemed to be irresolute in his mind, for he waited some time on the landing before he knocked at the door and asked if Mrs. Vansittart would come and speak to him.

"Are you alone?" she demanded, remarking invisible.

"Yes," he said.

Then she appeared, with that borrowed shawl still closely wrapped over head and face.

"What is it?" she said wearily.

"You have had a letter from my uncle?" "Yes, a charming letter, but I cannot understand it. He says that some very important and amazing event will detain him in Pensance after we reach the place. He goes on—but I will read it to you. I am quite bewildered."

She took a letter from her pocket and searched through its contents until she found a paragraph. She was about to read it aloud when some one came down the stairs. It was one of the officers, yet Mrs. Vansittart was so flurried that she dropped the sheet of paper and bent to pick it up before Pyne could intervene.

"Oh, bother!" she cried. "I am dreadfully nervous, even now that we are in no further peril. This is what I wish you to hear."

Nothing but the most amazing and unlooked-for circumstances would cause me to ask you to postpone the date of our marriage for at least a month after you reach shore. This is not the time nor are your present surroundings the place for telling you why I make this request. Suffice it to say that I think—indeed, I am sure—a great happiness has come into my life, a happiness which you, as my wife soon to be, will share.

The American, while Mrs. Vansittart was intent on her excerpts from his uncle's letter, studied all that was visible of her face. That which he saw there puzzled him. She had suffered no more than others, so he wondered why she wore such an air of settled melancholy. Throughout the lighthouse gloom was dispelled. The sick became well, the lethargic became lively. Even the tipplers of methylated spirits, deadly ill before, had worked like Trojans at the rope, as eager to rehabilitate their shattered character as to land the much needed stores.

What trouble had befallen this woman, so gracious, so facile, so worshipful in her charm of manner and utterance during the years he had known her, that she remained listless when all about her was life and joyance, she, the cynosure of many eyes by her costumes and graceful carriage, covering from recognition? Here was a mystery, though she had repudiated the word, and a mystery which, thus far, defeated his subconscious efforts at solution.

She lifted her eyes to his. Her expression was forlorn, compelling pity by its utter desolation.

"What does he mean?" she asked plaintively. "Why has he not spoken clearly? Can you tell me what it is, this great happiness which has entered so strangely into his life and mine?"

"I have never met any man who knew exactly what he meant to say and exactly how to say it better than Cyrus J.," said Pyne.

"But he has written to you surely. Does he give no hint?"

"His letter is a very short one. To be candid, I have hardly made myself acquainted with its contents as yet."

"You are fencing with me. You know, and you will not tell."

Her mood changed so rapidly that Pyne was not wholly prepared for the attack.

"It is a good rule," he said, "never to pretend you can handle another man's affairs better than he can handle them himself."

He met her kindling glance firmly. The anger that scintillated in her eyes almost found utterance, but this clever woman of the world felt that nothing would be gained, perhaps a great deal lost, by any open display of temper.

She laughed scornfully.

"Mr. Trull is certainly the best judge of those worthy of his confidence. Excuse me if I spoke heatedly. Let matters remain where they were."

"Just a word, Mrs. Vansittart. My uncle has written you fairly and squarely. He has not denied you his confidence. If I understood you, he has promised it to the fullest extent."

"Yes, that is true."

"Then what are we quarreling about?"

He laughed in his careless way to put her at her ease. She frowned meditatively. She who could smile in such a dazzling fashion had lost her art of mte.

(To be Continued)

Serious Situation.

Portland is facing a fuel famine. Indications now are to the effect that there will be the greatest scarcity of coal and wood this Winter ever known in the history of the city. Already prices have begun to soar, and it is possible that the shortage will cause the poor people of Portland to be hit hard before the cold season is over. The only kind of fuel available now is slabwood, and so great is the demand for this that orders taken today cannot be filled for two weeks. Coal, four-foot fir and oak, are nearly out of the market and dealers cannot say when they will be able to supply the demand, even at advanced figures.

As an example of how prices are advancing, green slabwood that could be procured on demand at \$1.50 per load a few weeks ago, has gone up to \$1.75, while dry slabwood commands \$2.50 a load. Four-foot fir is now worth \$4.50 a cord against \$4 a month ago. Coal is valued at \$8.50 a ton, a rise of 50 cents in a few weeks.

The cause of the shortage in fuel lies in the scarcity of cars needed in the transportation of wood from local interior points,

and of coal from Rock Springs, Wyo. "We are 500 tons short of our orders already," said Manager Reeves, of the Rock Springs Coal Company. This shortage has been more pronounced since the first of September, when housekeepers began ordering their winter supplies of fuel. We have tried to get cars in every way we could think of, but all the railroads report a famine in the supply of both box and flat cars, and none of them know when the situation can be relieved."—Telegram.

Additional Local.

Mrs. Devine leaves today for Ashland to visit relatives.

"Shorty" Miller is one of the old students who arrived yesterday to re-enter OAC.

Mrs. Charles Beach leaves tomorrow for Portland where she will visit friends and attend the Methodist Conference that convenes in that city next week.

Mrs. G. B. Smith expects to leave Monday for Portland to attend the M. E. conference. Rev. C. H. Fee goes down on Tuesday for the same purpose.

Subject at the Church of Christ next Sunday morning: "The Theory and Practice of Christianity." Evenings, "Leaving Home." Special sermon to young people.

The site of the new A. J. Johnson brick is a scene of activity these days. W. O. Heckart has begun operations and quite a force of men are busy, although a scarcity of laborers is reported. The contract for the concrete work has been sublet to Ed Felton.

Plans are in progress now for a big reception to students, the affair to be given by the Epworth League of the M. E. church on October 5th. The occasion will be a pleasant one, further particulars of which will be given later.

The busiest people in town these days are the city draymen. From dawn until dark they are ordered here, there and everywhere and with loaded trucks are met on every corner. The occasion for the rush is the influx of students, each of whom has from one to a dozen boxes, bundles and trunks to be carted about, and also an increase in all lines of business about town which naturally comes after each harvest.

Prune picking began at the big orchard Monday and is being hurried as much as possible as the fruit is ripening rapidly and falling. About twenty pickers are



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NEW CONSUL AT HARBIN
Fred D. Fisher, an Oregon boy, is appointed Consul at Harbin, Manchuria. He is the only Oregon boy who has ever been Consul. He is only 25 years old. He was educated at the Holmes Business College in Albany and is now in Harbin, Manchuria, in the Far East of the Orient. He is the youngest Consul ever appointed in the world. He is the only Oregon boy who has ever been Consul. He is only 25 years old. He was educated at the Holmes Business College in Albany and is now in Harbin, Manchuria, in the Far East of the Orient.

Mr. — took a course in shorthand, was employed by the O. R. & N. Co., went to China, and now occupies the high position of Consul at Harbin, won by sheer merit.

Mr. — took bookkeeping and stenography at the Holmes Business College, was engaged with a Portland machinery house for a few years, and now enjoys a lucrative position with the U. S. Government in the Philippines.

Mr. — took a course at the Holmes Business College, went to Japan and founded an enormously successful business of his own. This man's success is the result solely of technical and practical training which enabled him to grasp opportunities and mould them to his purpose.

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employ- and many more are needed. The crop has been sold to Leslie brothers of Albany, one of whom is operating the drive, while Robert Johnson is in charge of the picking. The orchard is one of the best places in Ben on county just now.

Carpenters are now figuring on plans for an addition 24 by 36 feet which is to be added to the south side of the Christian church. The addition will be for a lecture room, to be connected with the main room by folding doors, by which means the two rooms can be thrown into one large auditorium when required. If the good weather continues work on the addition will be commenced at once, but in case of early rains it is possible the improvement may not be made until spring.

At the college armory tonight there is to be a big reception given in honor of the new students, by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. The public generally will attend and a jolly time is certain to be enjoyed. The usual program and refreshments will be features.

James Withycombe, who ran for governor on the Republican ticket at the last state election, is at the Imperial hotel. Mr. Withycombe lives at Corvallis and is in Portland on a brief business visit. Since his arrival at the Imperial he has been visited by many friends who flocked to the hotel when his arrival became known.—Wednesday's Post and Journal.

After so long a time and so much discussion by residents of the locality, a good cross walk has finally been put in near the C & E depot and Mrs. Wilkins's residence. There is still need, however, of new sidewalk in order to save students a four blocks' walk across or a tramp through the mud around lots. The matter is mentioned by request of dwellers in that part of town.

John De Lee, a well-known resident of Renton county for many years, died very suddenly yesterday forenoon while en route to Corvallis. With his family, Mr. McGee resides on the Barnett place south of town. He had been feeling bad for a few days but was not considered really

ill, and yesterday morning he got into the buggy with a friend to ride to Corvallis. When about at Mary's river bridge Mr. McGee's head suddenly dropped onto his shoulder and he was gone. The body was brought to the morgue and a physician summoned, but it was too late. Mr. McGee was about 60 or 65 years of age and has a family. No particulars of the funeral had been learned up to the Gazette press hour.

Because there is no provision made by the city of Corvallis for a burying place for dead animals, a new-comer declares that he will "leave the blasted town as soon as he can get out." He says he had intended to buy property in Corvallis but he'll be "darned" if he will now, but that he will go where there is a cemetery for defunct horses and other brutes, with a sexton to dig the grave and a suitable harness for carting away the deceased. It all came about through the death of a horse belonging to said new-comer. A drayman was engaged to cart the carcass to the Swick place below town, but no horse could be had and the owner had to stand in the boiling sun, in thistles waist high, and dig and dig and dig and dig until a hole large enough for the carcass had been made. And now the grave digger says he will not pitch his tent in such a "blooming town as Corvallis."

Presbyterian Church, M. S. Bush pastor. Bible School, 10 a. m., Worship 11 a. m., Subject, "The Knowledge of God." C. E. meeting 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Subject, "The Church Give an Uncertain Sound?"

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. Publish where you wish." Sold by Graham & Wortham.

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