

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

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

"You are right," she said slowly. "I am just a hysterical woman, starting at shadows, making mountains out of molehills. Forgive me."

As Pyne went up the stairs his reflections took this shape:
"The old man shied at telling her outright. I wonder why. He is chock full of tact, the smoothest old boy I ever fell up against. He thinks there may have been little troubles here, perhaps. Well, I guess he's right."

In the service room he found Brand cleaning a lamp calmly and methodically. All the stores had been carried downstairs and the storeroom key given over to the purser.

"I am glad you have turned up," said the lighthouse keeper. "Oblige me by opening that locker and taking back the articles I purloined recently. Tell him the truth and say I am willing to eat this stuff now for my sins."

Pyne noticed that Brand's own letters lay in a small pile on the writing desk. With two exceptions, they were unopened. As a matter of fact, he had glanced at the superscriptions, saw that they were nearly all from strangers and laid them aside until night fell and the lighting of the lamps would give him a spare moment.

"I'll do that with pleasure," said the American, "but there's one thing I want to discuss with you while there is a chance of being alone. My uncle says he has written to you."

"To me?"
"Yes. It deals with an important matter too. It concerns Enid."

"Mr. Traill has written to me about Enid?" repeated Brand, stopping his industrious polishing to see if Pyne were joking with him.

"That's so. See, here is his letter. It will tell its own story. Guess you'd better read it right away."

The young man picked up one of the sealed letters on the table and handed it to the other.

Setting aside a glass chimney and a wash leather, Brand lost no time in reading Mr. Traill's communication.

Save that his lips tightened and his face paled slightly, there was no outward indication of the tumult the written words must have created in his soul, for this is what met his astonished vision:

Dear Mr. Brand—I hope soon to make your acquaintance. It will be an honor to meet a man who has done so much for those near and dear to me, but there is one reason why I am anxious to grasp your hand which is so utterly beyond your present knowledge that I deem it a duty to tell you the facts—prepare you, in a word.

Circumstances have thrown me into the company of Lieutenant Stanhope. We had a kindred inspiration. He, I understand, is in effect if not in actual fact, the accepted tutor of your adopted daughter, known as Miss Enid Trevillion. I, although an older man, can share his feelings, because I am engaged to be married to Mrs. Vansittart, a lady whom you have, by God's help, rescued. Hence Mr. Stanhope and I have almost lived together, ashore and abroad, during these troubled days. Naturally, he spoke of the girl he loves and told me something of her history. He described the brooch found on her clothing, and a Mr. Jones, retired from the lighthouse service, who was present when you saved the child from speedy death. Inform me that her linen was marked "E. T."

These facts, combined with the date and Mr. Jones' description of the damaged boat, lead me to believe that the girl is my own daughter, Edith Traill, whom you have mercifully preserved to gladden the eyes of a father who mourned her death and the death of her mother for nineteen years.

I can say no more at present. I am not making inferences not justified in other ways; nor am I setting up a father's claim to rob you of the affections of a beautiful and accomplished daughter. I will be content—more than content—if she can give to me a tithe of the love she owes to you, for, indeed, in Mr. Stanhope and in all others who know you, you have eloquent witnesses. Yours most sincerely,
CYRUS J. TRAILL.

P. S.—Let me add as an afterthought that only my nephew and you have received this information. The agonized suspense which the ladies must have endured on the rock is a trial more than sufficient to tax their powers. If, as I expect, Mr. Stanhope meets you first, he will be guided wholly by your advice as to whether or not the matter shall be made known to your Enid—to my Edith—before she lands.

Brand dropped the letter and placed his hands over his face. He yielded for an instant to the stupor of the intelligence.

Pyne came near to him and said, with an odd despondency in his voice:
"Say, you feel bad about this. Guess you'll hate our family in future."

"Why should I hate any one who brings rank and fortune to one of my little girls?"

"Well," went on Pyne anxiously, "she'll be Mrs. Stanhope, anyhow, before she's much older."

"That appears to be settled. All things have worked out for the best. Most certainly your excellent uncle and I shall not fall out about Enid. If it comes to that we must share her as a daughter."

Pyne brightened considerably as he learned how Brand had taken the blow.

"Oh, bully," he cried. "That's a clear way out. Do you know, I was beginning to feel scared. I didn't count a little bit on my respected uncle setting up a title to Enid!"



"Say, you feel bad about this."

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY were interrupted. Elsie, with her golden hair and big blue eyes, pink cheeks and parted lips, appeared on the stairs. At that time was visible was her head. She looked like one of Murillo's angels.

"Please, can Mamie 'n' me see the man?" she asked, a trifle awed. She did not expect to encounter a stern faced official in uniform.

"What man, dearie?" he said, and instantly the child gained confidence, with that prompt abandonment to a favorable first impression which marks the exceeding wisdom of children and dogs.

She directed an encouraging sotto voce down the stairs:

"Come right 'long, Mamie."

Then she answered, clasping the hand Pyne extended to her, but eying Brand the while:

"The man who brought the milk."

She wondered why they laughed, but the lighthouse keeper caught her up in his arms.

"He has gone away, sweetheart," he said, "but when he comes in the morning I shall send for you, and you will see him. You are the little girl who was injured, eh? Are you getting better?"

Elsie, having seen Mamie safely extracted from the stairway, became voluble.

"My elbow is stiff, but it doesn't hurt. I was feelin' pretty bad 'fore the milk came, but Mamie an' me had a lovely lot an' some beautiful jelly. Fine, wasn't it, Mamie?"

"Squizzit!" agreed Mamie.

"I think I'd like being here if there was more room," said the child. "An' why isn't there any washin'?" Mamie an' me is always bein' washed 'cept when we're here."

"Surely you have not kept your face as clean as it is now ever since you left the ship?"

"Oh, no," put in Mamie. "We've just been rubbed with a hanky."

"And sent out to pay a call?"

"Not 'zactly," said truthful Mamie.

"Mr. Pyne told us to wait near the door."

"That's an old story now," intervened Pyne quickly. "Climb up on my shoulder and have a look at the sea. Perhaps there may be a ship too."

"What did Mr. Pyne tell you?" whispered Brand, pretending to make a secret of it with Elsie.

"There didn't seem to be 'nuff to eat," she explained seriously. "So Mr. Pyne kep' a bit of biscuit in his pocket, an' Mamie an' me had a chew every time we saw him."

"H'm," murmured the man, glancing up at his young friend as he walked around the trimming stage with the delighted Mamie. "I suppose he asked you not to tell anybody?"

"We wasn't to tell Miss Constance or Miss Enid. An' they tole us we wasn't to tell him about the sweet stuff they put in our tea. That is all. Funny, isn't it?"

Brand knew that these little ones were motherless. His eyes dimmed somewhat. Like all self contained men, he detested any exhibition of sentiment.

"I say," he cried huskily to Pyne, "you must escort your friends back to their quarters. No more idling, please."

"An' you will really send for us tomorrow to see the milkman?" said Elsie. Notwithstanding his sudden gruffness she was not afraid of him. She looked longingly at the great lamp and the twinkling diamonds of the dioptric lens.

"Yes, I will not forget. Goodbye, now, dearie."

The visit of the children had given him a timely reminder. As these two were now, so had his own loved ones been in years that might not be recalled.

The nest would soon be empty, the young birds flown. He realized that he would not be many days ashore before the young American to whom he had taken such a liking would come to him and put forward a more enduring claim to Constance than Mr. Traill made with regard to Enid. Well, he must resign himself to these things.

though no man ever lost two daughters under stranger conditions.

When Pyne returned, Brand was ready for him. The struggle was sharp, but it had ended.

"I would like you to read your uncle's letter," he said. "I am clear in my own mind as to the right course to adopt. If Mr. Traill wishes to win Enid's affections he will not take her by surprise. Indeed, he himself recognizes this element in the situation. You will not rush away from Pensance at once, I take it?"

"No, sir," said Pyne, with a delightful certainty of negation that caused a smile to brighten his hearer's face.

"I may not get clear of the rock for several days. There is much to place in order here. When the relief comes I must help the men to make things shipshape. Meanwhile, Stanhope—or Constance, whom you can take into your confidence—will smooth the way."

"No, sir," interrupted Pyne, even more emphatically. "When you come to know my uncle you will find that he plays the game all the time. If Enid is to be given a new parent, the old one will make the gift. And that's a fact."

Brand waived the point.

Funeral Sunday.

The funeral of the late John McGee, notice of whose sudden death last Thursday already appeared in these columns, was held Sunday. There were brief services at the residence a mile south of town, at 2 p. m., and the remains were taken to the Catholic cemetery for interment.

Mrs. McGee was in Washington at the time of her husband's death, having been summoned to be at the bedside of a daughter who was very ill with typhoid fever. She arrived Friday and arrangements for the funeral were concluded after her return.

Mr. McGee was a native of Ireland and was 73 years of age. He had lived for many years in Benton county. The immediate survivors are John, Frank, and W. A. McGee and Mrs. Witham, all residents of Benton.

Notice of Proposed Street Improvements.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, that the Common Council of the City of Corvallis proposes to improve at the cost of the property fronting or abutting thereon and in the manner hereinafter specified, the following several portions of streets within said City of Corvallis, to-wit:

Harrison Street from the center of Eleventh Street Westward to a point opposite the North-west corner of fractional lot 7 in Lot "D" in Wilkin's Addition to said City.

Fourteenth Street from the center of South Street to a point opposite the North-west corner of Lot ten in Block thirteen in Jobs Addition to said City.

Center Street from the center of Eleventh Street to the center of Fourteenth Street.

Depot Street from the center of Oak Street to the center of Maple Street.

Oak Street from the North side of the County road leading to Philomath Northwesterly to the Corvallis and Eastern Railroad company's track.

Oak Street from the Corvallis and Eastern Railroad Company's track Northwesterly to the center of Adams Street.

Adams Street from the center of Ninth Street Westwesterly to the center of Oak Street.

Tenth Street from the North side of Washington Street to the center of Jefferson Street.

Fifth Street from the center of "B" Street to the center of Washington Street.

Van Buren Street from the center of Fifteenth Street to the center of Eighteenth Street (extended).

Harrison Street from the center of Second Street to the East side of Ninth Street.

Madison Street from the center of Eighth Street to the center of Ninth Street.

Monroe Street from the center of First Street to the center of Second Street.

Each such street or portion of street above described is proposed to be improved by grading the same by placing thereon along its center line, the whole distance of such proposed improvement, one cubic yard of gravel for each five lineal feet thereof and distributing and spreading such gravel to a uniform depth over a surface extending three feet on either side of such center line.

Within twenty days after the final publication of this notice, to-wit after October 5th, 1906, the owner or owners of any property adjacent to or fronting or abutting upon any such street or portion thereof proposed to be improved as aforesaid may make and file with the Police Judge of said City of Corvallis written objections or remonstrances to the proposed improvement of such street or portion thereof.

At an adjourned meeting of said Common Council to be held at the City Hall of said City on the 26th day of October 1906 at the hour of half past seven o'clock P. M., said Common Council will consider the making of each such proposed improvement as aforesaid, and if it shall determine to make any such improvement will proceed to ascertain and determine at such meeting the probable cost thereof, including the expenses incidental thereto, and to determine and declare and assess upon each lot or part thereof or parcel of land fronting or abutting upon such portion of street, or any such portion of street so to be improved, its proportionate share of such cost, and to take such other action as may be necessary or appropriate to make any such improvement.

This notice is given by J. Fred Yates, Police Judge of said City of Corvallis, by order of a resolution of the Common Council of said city passed September 22nd, 1906.

This Notice will be published in The Corvallis Gazette in the issue of September 25th 1906 and in each succeeding issue of said newspaper up to and including the issue of October 5th 1906, which is and shall be the final publication hereof.

Dated September 25th, 1906.

J. FRED YATES,
Police Judge of the City of Corvallis.

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MAY GO FREE.

In Spite of Trial—A Strange Ending to Insanity Case.

Unless Prosecuting Attorney Mackintosh can secure a writ of prohibition from the supreme court preventing Sheriff Smith from carrying out Judge Frater's order to take Esther Mitchell and Maud Hurt-Creffield to Oregon and turn them over to the superintendent of the insane asylum as soon as they reach Salem both women will probably be free inside of a few days. The finding of the insanity commission in King county has no effect in Oregon, and before the superintendent of the asylum there would have a legal right to confine them an insanity commission in Oregon must declare them insane.

If the superintendent of the Oregon asylum obeys the laws of Oregon, he will refuse to admit the women until they have been committed in Oregon. If he refuses to accept them, Sheriff Smith will have no authority to bring them back here for trial. A writ of habeas corpus sued out by the women as soon as they enter Oregon would prevent Sheriff Smith from even taking them to the asylum. The order of Judge Frater is not binding on any of the authorities in Oregon.

Prosecuting Attorney Mackintosh is determined that the women shall stand trial for the murder. He asserts that he will exhaust every legal means within his power to prevent their escaping trial by jury as the law provides. Mr. Mackintosh said this morning:

"If I were to submit to those two women being taken out of the state without trial I would be unfit to hold my office. Those two women are going to be tried, and I intend to do my utmost to have them tried. No insanity commission can prevent my bringing assassins to justice. If the jury wishes to turn them loose, that is their province."

"No court has a right to free them and make life unsafe in the community. I will not be a party to any such proceedings. The women will not leave this county until all my power is exhausted to prevent it. I shall apply to the supreme court for a writ of prohibition. I will ask the supreme court to aid in forcing Judge Frater to try the women."

Buying Pheasants.

In Corvallis, where more china pheasants are bred for market than in any other town probably in the state, the following item from the Albany Herald will be read with much interest:

"A carload of chinese pheasants will be shipped from Oregon to Kansas within a few weeks, and the Sunflower state will give the birds protection for five years. Raising china pheasants for export is one of the thriving infant industries of the Beaver state. Game Warden Travis has taken up the matter with Oregon fanciers, and has negotiated for the purchase of 1000 pairs of birds. The first figure was \$5 a pair, and by the time Mr. Travis had raised that sum the fanciers run the price up to \$7.50. This stopped the deal temporarily, but now Kansas wants the pheasants if they cost \$5 each."

Additional Local.

N. Young left yesterday for Eastern Oregon, after a few days' visit with his daughter, Mrs. A. J. Johnson, in this city.

Shipment of small goods just received at N. A. Fisher's music store. 79

Picking in the D. B. Taylor hop yard was concluded Saturday. The field of about 47 acres yielded 7,571 boxes. The hops were good, with no lice to do any harm.

A team belonging to Levi Oren had something of a mixup on a side street, Friday. The animals were attached to a woodshed and were driven by Albert Oren. One horse got a leg over the tongue and fell, after dragging Oren some distance, clinging to the line. The young man [was] considerably bruised and scratched and one arm is injured, while the horse was badly skinned and cut on one leg.

"Chie" Shannon arrived yesterday from Forest Grove to re-enter college.

LOST—A fine Maltese cat, white spot under throat. Reward. Return to Mrs. J. C. Fletcher, Ninth Street, Corvallis.

At the close of the Sunday evening service at the M. E. church there was an "acquaintance meeting" for half an hour that proved both pleasant and helpful to all, and it is hoped similar events may follow.

Artie Starr arrived home Sunday from a week's visit with friends at Monmouth.

The 17-months-old daughter of Recorder Emery Newton and wife was severely scalded, Saturday, at the family home west of Corvallis. A pail of hot water was standing on the table and the little one pulled it over, spilling the contents on face, arm and body. The burns are very severe but will not prove fatal, but the little one may carry the scars to her grave. A physician was summoned to dress the wounds and the child is getting along as well as could be expected.

New Zonophone records, 40 cents each at N. A. Fisher's. 79

A pleasant visitor in Corvallis over Sunday was Thomas Bilyeu, former OAC graduate and head of the wood work department at OAC for sometime, but now of the firm of Bilyeu & Hirstel, mechanical engineers, of Portland. Both boys are old-time students and are well and favorably known here. They are prospering beyond their fondest expectations and at present are getting out the largest dredge ever built, to be used on the Kalamia ditch. The machine has a capacity of taking out seven tons of earth per minute and is designed to dig the ditch in one year, although the length of the ditch is to be 100 miles. The dredge will be run by a five-drum logging engine, and will be one of the greatest inventions of the day. The Portland Journal recently gave a very fine write-up of the same. At present the boys are getting out the designs for all the Mt. Hood electric road that is to be built from Portland to Mt. Hood. Mr. Bilyeu was on a business trip to this city and left yesterday for the metropolis.

We will soon be ready for business in a new location, with new stock of goods. N. A. Fisher. 79

Well Worth Trying.

H. Brown, the popular pension attorney at Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to pensioning the best thing to get is Dr. Kage's New Life Pills." He writes, "they keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for Headache, Constipation and Bile disease. 25c. Guaranteed at Allen & Howard's drug store.



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