

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

By
Louis Tracy,
Author of
"The Wings of the Morning"
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This was readily agreed to.
"Now, this is the deal I will make," he said when the two were isolated. "I will meet you all here in an hour's time. I will be interviewed, sketched, snaphotted, give you locks of my hair, my autograph, my views on the far east, the next presidential election and the fiscal question if you bind yourself to one thing."

"And that is?"
"Among the passengers saved from the Chinook is a Mrs. Vansittart. She is very ill and is being cared for by Mr. Brand and his daughters. Make no reference to her in any way whatever beyond including her name in the published lists. Promise that, and I'll talk a page."

"I am sure I can agree without consulting my colleagues," said the surprised reporter.

"Come along, kids," said Pyne. "I am delivered bound to the torture."

He passed out into the street, when Elsie's sharp eyes, searching for a shop, suddenly caught sight of Enid hurrying toward the hotel.

The child ran to meet her, and Enid, flushed with excitement, began to explain that Mrs. Vansittart was in bed suffering from collapse and in a feverish state. The doctor's verdict was that she was in some danger, but would recover if carefully tended and kept in absolute quiet.

"Is Constance with her?" asked Pyne.



A delighted youngster clinging to each hand.

"Yes."
"And where is Mr. Brand?"
"He will be here soon. He asked me to call—and tell you—and Mr. Traill—what had happened."

Enid's speech was not prone to trip. Pyne's eyes gleamed into hers.

"Mr. Brand asked you to see my uncle?" he said cautiously.

"Yes," she faltered.

"Did he say anything else?"

"Yes—cousin."

"Let me take you right in. I guess it would make a sensation if I—here, Mamma, just hug Miss Enid good and hard for me, will you?"

While the children waited in the hall he accompanied the girl up the stairs and threw open the door of the sitting room.

"Here is somebody you want to see, uncle," he cried and rejoined the little ones.

"Hoo-roosh!" he yelled. "Now let's buy a toy store."

Enid and her father faced each other for some seconds in silent bewilderment. Then Mr. Traill rose and came near to her. She did not know what to do or say. This tall, stately man was one who should be dearer to her than any one else in the world. She was his daughter, yet they were strangers one to the other.

"I—I— How could she utter conventional words in such a moment? Her lips quivered, and tears trembled in her eyes. Then he knew. The lace around her white neck was fastened with a little gold brooch bearing a four leaf shamrock in emeralds. He looked at her with a profound reverence and caught her by the shoulders.

"My dear," he murmured, "you are very like your mother."

"I am glad," she said and kissed him.

CHAPTER XIX.

WEEK passed. In the flicker memory of the outer world the story of the Gulf Rock light-house was becoming mellow with age. Men now talked of war in Africa, of the yellow peril, of some baccharat squabble in a West End club.

But its vitality lingered in Penzance. There were side issues which Pyne's device had kept from the public ken, but which the town's folk pondered. Lady Margaret Stanhope, obeying her son's behests, tantalized her friends by smiling serenely and telling them nothing when they pestered her with questions—that is to say, she spoke not one word about the lady who was being nursed back to health in the light-house keeper's cottage, but filled their souls with bitterness when she hinted at marvels concerning Constance and Enid.

In such a small place, where every man's affairs are canvassed by his neighbors, it was impossible to prevent an atmosphere of mystery from clinging to Mrs. Vansittart. Again,

the gossips were greatly concerned about Enid. For a young woman "in her position" to be engaged to an officer in the royal navy and admitted to the sacred ranks of the aristocracy was a wonderful thing in itself. But that she should be on open terms of the greatest intimacy not alone with the elderly Mr. Traill, but with his good looking nephew, even calling the latter Charlie and treating him as a near relative, was an amazing circumstance only surpassed by the complacency with which Lady Margaret and her son regarded it.

The actors in this comedy seemed to be sublimely indifferent to public opinion. That was the worst of it. Enid was escorted about the town by each and all of the men at all hours. Now she was at the hospital cheering Bates and Jackson or the injured people from the wreck, now arranging for the departure of some of the poorer survivors when they were able to travel, now flitting over to Marazion to see Jim Spence, and once actually visiting Mr. Jones, the innkeeper.

At last a part of the secret eked out. Enid went with her father to ask how Mr. Emmett, the sick chief officer, was getting on. They found him smoking in the front garden of the house in which Brand had lodged him.

He started when he saw them approaching, and his weather beaten face wore the puzzled look with which he regarded Enid one night on the light-house stairs.

Traill noticed the sailor's covert glances at Enid, so he said:
"By the way, Mr. Emmett, you were on the Britannic when my wife and I, her sister and two children came to England before the Esmeralda was lost?"

"Yes, sir." He paused.
During many an Atlantic crossing he and Mr. Traill had talked of that last joyous journey when he, a boy who had just joined the service, sat at their table, as was the custom of junior officers in those years.

Mr. Traill smiled. He knew what was in the other man's mind.

"Do you see a likeness in this young lady to any one you have ever known?" he asked.

"Well, sir, I hope it will not hurt your feelings, and it's a good many years ago now, but I could have sworn—well, I must out with it. She is the living image of your wife."

"Indeed that cannot hurt my feelings, as she is her daughter."

"Her daughter! Your daughter!" gasped Emmett.

A small serving maid with the ears of a rabbit was listening spellbound at the open window. Here indeed was a choice tidbit for the milkman and the postman and the butcher's and grocer's boys. From this lower current the stream of talk flowed upward until it reached the august drawing room of Mrs. Taylor-Smith.

She drove in frantic haste to Lady Margaret's villa and fired questions broadside.

"Oh, yes," said Jack's mother suavely. "It is quite true. Of course I have known it from the first. According to present arrangements, the marriage will take place in the spring. Enid's marriage settlement will be nearly a quarter of a million."

Like most women, she loved that word. A million, even in fractions, is so glib, yet so unattainable.

The only person who was slightly dissatisfied with the progress of events was Pyne. Constance never appeared. She shared with Mrs. Sheppard the care of her mother. Enid, blithe and glib in the public eye, did the housekeeping and represented the household.

Brand, too, save for a couple of visits to the hotel, remained invisible. He did not mention Mrs. Vansittart's name. He was pale and worn, a man at war with himself. The young Philadelphia—for Pyne's family home was in the Quaker City, though his estate lay principally in New York—was not pleased by the slight signs perceptible behind the screen of Brand's reserve.

"Constance takes after her father," he told himself. "There may be trouble about her mother. In the scurry I may get left. I must think this out."

At last came a day of warm sunshine when Enid announced that the invalid by the doctor's orders was carried downstairs.

"Has Mr. Brand seen her yet?" asked Pyne.

"No," replied Enid, with a little cloud on her fair face. "He never mentions her. And how we wish he would. He is suffering, but keeps silent, and neither Constance nor I can make any suggestion."

"But what will be the outcome?"

"How can I tell? That night after we left the hotel he told us the story of his married life. It did not seem to be utterly impossible to straighten matters, but we knew nothing of her career during so many years. Was she married again? I have asked my father. He believes she was, but is not certain."

"Father" was Mr. Traill; Brand remained "dad." Thus did Enid solve the difficulty.

"Is she aware that Constance knows she is her mother?"

"We think so. Indeed we are sure."

she has been so ill and is yet so fragile that we dare not excite her in the least degree. So Constance has been very careful, but every look, every syllable, shows that her mother is in no doubt on that point."

"It's a pretty hard nut to crack," said Pyne. He blew cigar smoke into rings. Seemingly the operation aided reflection.

"Say, Enid," he went on, "if the weather is fine tomorrow do you think Connie would come out for a drive?"

"I don't know. Certainly she needs some fresh air. What between her anxiety and her mother's illness they are beginning to look like sisters."

"Just mention to Connie in her father's presence that if the sun shines at 11 I will be along in a dogcart. Mrs. Vansittart will be downstairs by that time."

"Yes."

"And if Connie comes out with me you just find an errand in town. Rope Jack into the scheme or any old dodge of that sort. Take care Mr. Brand knows of it. By the way, send Mrs. Sheppard out too."

"What in the world—"

"You're just too pretty to think hard, Enid. It causes wrinkles. Do as I ask, there's a good girl."

Enid was delighted to find that Brand strongly supported the suggestion that Constance should take the drive. Pyne, sharp on time, drew up a smart pony in front of the cottage and did not twitch a muscle when Constance, veiled and gloved, ran down the pathway.

"Excuse me getting down," said Pyne. "I dispensed with a groom. I guess you know the roads round here."

She climbed to the seat beside him.

"It is very good of you to take this trouble," she said, and when he looked at her a slight color was visible through the veil.

"How is your mother?" he asked abruptly.

He felt rather than saw her start of surprise.

She did not expect the relationship to be acknowledged with such sudden candor.

"She is much better," she assured him.

"That's all right," he announced, as if a load were off his mind, and then, somewhat to her mystification, he entertained her with the news.

Elsie and Mamma had quitted Penzance the previous evening, an aunt having traveled from Boston as soon as the first tidings of the wreck reached her.

"She was a young, nice looking aunt, too," he said cheerfully. "And I was powerful fond of those two kiddies."

"The association of ideas might prove helpful," she suggested, with a touch of her old manner.

"That is what struck Elsie," he admitted. "She said she didn't know why I couldn't marry Aunt Louisa right off, and then we could all live together so nicely."

"Oh! And what did the lady say?"

"She thought it was a great joke until I said that unfortunately I had made other arrangements. Then she guessed her nieces had got a bit out of hand."

"Have you seen the poor fellow whose arm was broken? Enid has not had a moment to give me details of events since we landed."

From that point their conversation dealt with generalities. Soon the girl perceived his intent. His sole desire was to place her at her ease, to make her realize that no matter what troubles life held they could be vanquished if faced with a smile. She responded to his mood and enlivened the drive with comments on the people they met and the houses and villages they passed. For two hours the world went well because it was forgotten.

Enid, the conspirator, waited until the pair in the dogcart were out of sight. Then she went to the little room at the back of the cottage where Brand pretended to be busily engaged in compiling a scientific account of his auriscope.

"I am going out, dad," she said, trying to appear unconcerned.

"All right," he answered, laying down his pipe.

"I only came to tell you because Mrs. Sheppard is out too."

Obviously Enid was determined that if Pyne's calculations were worth anything they should have fair play.

"Oh," he commented sharply, "but the maid is in?"

"Yes. She is such a stupid girl in some things. If—if our guest rings you will hear her. Would you mind asking Mary what it is in case she gets muddled?"

He glanced at her. She was pulling on her gloves and vastly bothered by a refractory button.

"If I hear the bell I will inquire," he said, and she escaped, feeling quite wickered.

When he was alone he did not resume his task. In the next room, separated from him only by a brick wall, was his wife. A wall! Why should there always be a wall between them? It was not of his building. Had she made it impassable during the long years? And what would be the outcome now that Constance was in daily communication with her mother? The doctor had kindly ignorance had told him that Mrs. Vansittart was convalescent and would be able to travel in a few days. In response to a question the doctor added that the lady herself asked when she might be moved.

What was her plan? Mr. Traill that day had written him a sympathetic letter, mentioning the fact that Mrs. Vansittart had voluntarily rescinded her promise to marry him and indeed, judged by the light of present knowledge, had determined on that course since she first knew that her former husband was living.

Suddenly Brand pushed back his chair from the desk at which he sat.

"The young dog!" he growled. He had, in fact, followed the exact mental

process which Pyne mapped out for him. The letter, the drive, Mrs. Sheppard's absence, Enid's uneasy wriggling at the door, were all parts of an ordered plan. He was to be given an opportunity of seeing his wife and disentangling the twisted strands of twenty years. He rose impatiently and paced the room quietly withal lest the woman in the next room should hear him. A decision had been forced on him. He could shirk it no longer.

"Pyne has contrived this," he muttered. "He thinks he can see more clearly into the future than a man twice his age. Enid is in the plot too. And Connie! No, not Connie. Dear heart! She is sworn with anxiety, yet she has never once mentioned her mother to me since she carried her in to the house like an ailing child."

Back and forth he walked, wrestling with the problem. See his wife he must and before she quitted Cornwall. Was it advisable in her present state of health to take her by surprise? Pyne evidently thought so. And the doctor! Good heavens! Was the doctor in the thing too?

At last he tugged at the bell.

"Mary," he said, "ask Mrs. Vansittart if she feels able to see Mr. Brand." There; it was done.

Mary, rosy cheeked and soft of speech, dreading only Mrs. Sheppard's matronly eye, knocked at the door of the sitting room. He heard her deliver his message. There was no audible answer. He was lamenting his folly, hoping against hope that so ill results might be forthcoming to the invalid thus taken by surprise, when he caught Mary's formal "Yes'm," and the girl came to him.

"Please, sir," she said, "the lady says she is anxious to see you."

He walked firmly to the door, opened it and entered. He had made up his mind what to say and how to say it. It would be best to ask his wife to discuss matters in a friendly spirit and for their daughter's sake agree to some arrangement whereby Constance should see her occasionally. There need be no tears, no recriminations, no painful raking through the dust heaps of the vanished years. The passion, the agony, of the old days was dead. Their secret had been well kept. It was known only to those whom they could trust, and they might part without heartburnings, while Constance would be spared the suffering of knowing that her mother and she were separated forever.

These things were well ordered in his brain when he looked at his wife. She

was seated near the window, and her beautiful eyes, brilliant as ever, were fixed on his with harrowing intensity. They shone with the dumb pain of a wounded animal.

He walked toward her and held out his hand. Her illness had brought out certain resemblances to Constance. She looked younger, as some women do look after illness. Surely he could not, even had he harbored the thought, use cruel words to this wan, stricken woman, the wife whom he had loved and for whom he had suffered.

(To be Continued)

Washingtons "At Home."

The Washington members kept open house at their hall Monday evening and 50 guests enjoyed the hospitality of the lodge. Present on this happy occasion was Mrs. Adams of Portland, drill mistress of the order, who came to Corvallis for the especial purpose of putting on the new drill work which is said to be very pretty.

An interesting program was rendered which included a reading by H. H. Cronise; recitation Miss Nellie Newton; instrumental solo, Mrs. E. E. Jackson; vocal duet and encore, Misses Hazel Kyle and Mabel Hubler; harp solo and encore, Levi Wooster, with accompaniment by Miss Edna Wooster; and recitation, O. A. Tozier.

Games and merrymaking followed by a substantial and appetizing luncheon concluded a very pleasant evening.

The Order of Washingtons is comparatively new among the lodges of Corvallis, but already there is a good membership and the order is particularly popular because of the social features so often enjoyed.

Foley's Kidney Cure

cures kidneys and bladder right

Additional Local.

No more taxes can be paid at the sheriff's office for ten days. In accordance with the law the delinquent tax roll was turned over to Clerk Vincent, Wednesday morning, by Sheriff Burnett for the former to verify and issue warrants for the delinquent taxes. The collectible taxes in Benton amount to \$77,000 and this year the list shows a delinquency of only \$1,895.75, and most of this will be paid before the property is advertised. In ten days the roll will be returned to the sheriff and collection of taxes will proceed until the latter part of November, when the delinquent list will be advertised.

For Sale—Two lots with seven room house and barn; desirable location. Call on or address Mrs. M. McKinney, Corvallis. 83 11

Mrs. Josie Millhollen arrived in Corvallis, Tuesday, from Hood River and left Wednesday for a week's visit with relatives in Philomath.

W. G. Emery left Wednesday for Vancouver, after a week's visit with old friends in Corvallis. "Billy" says he does not expect to be in Corvallis again until the U. of O. football game.

A company of decidedly clever people played "Uncle Josh Perkins" at the Corvallis opera house before a large and very enthusiastic audience Wednesday night. The play is the old, familiar drama that bubbles over in fun and frolic from start to finish, yet withal has enough of pathos and heart interest to keep an audience thoroughly entertained. The play is one well suited to the average audience and the performers Wednesday evening met with hearty favor from the Corvallis theatre goers present. Uncle Josh and Hiram Green being special favorites. Everybody got his money's worth out of the entertainment, and Manager Groves will certainly continue to win patronage for himself and house by securing only the best theatrical attractions this season.

In stating the reasons for Whitman college calling off the game that had been scheduled with OAC, President Penrose of that institution wrote the OAC athletic managers this week that some of the OAC team men "are not bona fide students of OAC." In chapel Tuesday morning, President Gatch read the letter from Washington college and then announced that he stood ready to present President Penrose with \$100 for every member of the 1906 OAC team that the latter could pick out who was not a bona fide student of the Agricultural College. The statement met with warm approval from the student body, as the accusation of President Penrose against this year's team is wholly without foundation in fact.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Walters left Wednesday for a visit at the Bay.

Revival services begin at the Christian church next Sunday. At 11 a. m. the subject will be: "Come for all things now are Ready." Evening theme: "The Battle over the Grave." There will be special music by the chorus choir led by the orchestra. Meetings will continue indefinitely.

The work of putting a basement under the Christian church is now in progress. An addition is to be built to the church in the spring, as work was delayed this fall until it was deemed prudent to postpone the task until favorable weather comes again.

Hotel Post and Oaker, Charles Vossberg, takes for \$2,869.00

The latest theory in regard to the murder of Reno Hutchinson is that he was murdered by a former suitor of Mrs. Hutchison who vowed that she should never wed another. This theory is said to have sprung from an inquiry made immediately after the murder by Mrs. Hutchison as to the whereabouts of this former suitor.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Flint arrived yesterday from Roseburg for a visit at the home of Dr. and Mrs. B. A. Cathey in this city.

Regular services will be held at the Congregational church morning and evening, Sunday.

Horace Underhill has been appointed administrator of the estate of Abram Underhill, deceased.

Mrs. J. K. McCormick left yesterday for her home in Brownsville, after a five weeks' visit with her son and daughter in Alsea, and Mrs. J. Mason in this city.

Lyman Bundy, the wellknown OAC man, left Wednesday night for Walla Walla, being hastily summoned by the sad news that a younger brother had just died from an operation performed for appendicitis.

The cable of the county ferry broke yesterday while the boat was in mid stream. The only person aboard at the time was Mr. Montgomery, who succeeded in landing the boat near the Gal Thrasher residence.

E. L. Stranex and family came home from Seaside Wednesday evening where the former has been working during the summer for an electric company. The family left last night for Springfield, Lane county, where Mr. Stranex will continue in the employ of the same company.

Claude Buchanan and Miss Edith Berthold were married in Albany at 10 a. m. Wednesday morning, in the presence of only the bride's parents. The young couple returned immediately to the groom's home ten miles south of Corvallis. Both are members of highly respected families, and graduates of the same class at OAC.

Victor Simpson was taken back to St. Mary's hospital this week and another operation performed upon his leg by Drs. Ellis and Wallace. Several weeks ago while at work in his uncle's store in Corvallis he accidentally struck a knife in the calf of his right leg, and it was from the effect of this that two operations have been necessary to drain the leg for prevention of blood poisoning.—Albany Democrat.

Alumni football game tomorrow afternoon at OAC.

Real Estate Transfers.

Lucy L. Moses and husband to Morse Burnap, lot 4, block 26, Co add; \$750.

W W McDonald to W F Miller, one acre near Summit; \$50.

W H Leeper and wife to M S Hammond and wife, lot 65, blk 17, Philomath; \$475.

Evangelical Asso to United Evangelical church, South, of Philomath, property 1/2 acre; \$150.

Olive Reed and husband to Leonard Hovey; 140 acres near Wrenn; \$1,800.

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