

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy,
 Author of
 "The Wings of the Morning"
 Copyright, 1904, by
 Edward J. Clode

(This story was commenced in the issue of November 30th. Those subscribing at once will on request receive a copy of that date.)

The man was scared and blistered by wind and wave until he had attained a touch outward semblance to his craft. Nevertheless, man and boat

looked reliable. They were sturdy and strong; antiquated, perhaps, and greatly in want of a new coat, but shaped on lines to resist the elements together for years to come. Ben Pollard and his plichard driver, Daisy, were Cornish celebrities of note. Not once, but many times, had they been made immortal—with the uncertain immortality of art—by painters of the Newlyn school.

The girl, an animated cameo, to which the shabby picturesqueness of old Ben in his patched garments and old Daisy in her unkempt solidity supplied a fitting background, merited the tacit approval she received from the pipe smokers.

Flaxen haired, blue eyed, with a face of a delicate, flowerlike beauty, which added to its mobility charm by the healthy glow of a skin brightened and deepened in tone by an abiding love of the open air, she suggested, by her attire, an artistic study of the color effects derivable from the daintily trusted little plant which gave the boat its name. She wore a coat and skirt of green cloth, lightly beamed and cuffed with dark red braid. Her large white hat was trimmed with velvet of a tone to match the braid, and her neatly fitting brown boots and gloves were of the right shade. Beneath her coat there was a glimpse of a knitted jersey of soft white wool, this being a tribute to the season, though a winter in Lyonesse can usually shrug its comfortable shoulders at the deceitful vagaries of the Riviera.

That she was a young person of some maritime experience was visible to the connoisseurs above at a glance. She was busily engaged in packing the spacious lockers of the Daisy with certain stores of apples, oranges and vegetables—ranging from the lordly new potato (an aristocrat at that time of the year) to the plebeian cabbage—and her lithe, active figure moved with an ease born of confidence in the erratic principles of gravitation as collided and arranged by a rocking boat.

Pollard, too, was overhauling his gear, seeing that the mast was securely stepped and the tackle run free. While they worked they talked, and, of course, the critics listened.

"Do you think the weather will hold, Ben?" asked the girl over her shoulder, stooping to arrange some clusters of daffodils and narcissus so that they should not suffer by the lurch of some heavy package when the boat keeled over.

"The glass be a-fallin', sure, missy," said the old fellow cheerily, "but wif the wind backin' round to the norrad it on'y means a drop o' wet."

"You think we will make the rock in good time?"

"We 'ud do our best, Miss Enid." She sat up suddenly.

"Don't you dare tell me, Ben Pollard, that after all our preparations we may have to turn back or run for inglorious shelter into Lamorna."

Her mock indignation induced a massive grin. "A mahogany table breaking into mirth," was Enid's private description of Ben's face when she smiled.

"Do know the coast as well as most," he said. "Farther go, stronger blow, 'ee know."

"And not so slow, eh, Ben? Really, you and the Daisy look more tubby every time I see you."

Thus disparaged, Pollard defended himself and his craft.

"Me an' Daisy 'll sail to Gulf light quicker'n any other two tubs in Penzance, missy. Her be a long run at this time o' year, but you'm get there all right, I 'sperct. Wif a norrad breeze we'm be safe enough. 'If the wind makes 'ee c'n see et comin', 'ee know."

She laughed quietly. Any reflection on the spanking powers of his plichard driver would rouse Ben instantly.

"As if I didn't know all you could teach me," she cried, "and as if any one in all Cornwall could teach me better."

The old fisherman was mollified. He looked along the quay.

"Time we'm cast off," he said. "Miss Constance be a plaguy long time fetchin' them wraps."

"Oh, Ben, how can you say that? She had to go all the way to the cottage. Why, if she ran—"

"Here she be," he broke in, "an' she b'ain't runnin', neither. Her's got a young man in tow."

What announcement would straighten the back of any girl of nineteen like unto that? Enid Trevillon turned and stood upright.

"Why, it's Jack!" she cried, waving a delighted hand.

"So it be," admitted Pollard, after a surprised stare. "When I look landward my eyes b'ain't so good as they was."

He stated this fact regretfully. No elderly sea dog will ever acknowledge to falling vision when he gazes at the level horizon he knows so well. This is no pretense of unwilling age; it is

wholly true. The settled chaos of the shore bewilders him. The changeful sea cannot.

Meanwhile, the dawdlers lining the wharf, following Enid's signals with their eyes, devoted themselves to a covert staring at the young people hurrying along the quay.

Constance Brand, being a young and pretty woman, secured their instant suffrages. Indeed, she would have won the favorable verdict of a more severe audience. Taller than Enid, she had the brown hair and hazel eyes of her father. To him, too, she owed the frank, self-reliant poise of head and clearly cut, refined features which conveyed to others that all important first good impression. Blended with Stephen Brand's firm incisiveness, and softening the quiet strength of her marked resemblance to him, was an essential femininity which lifted her wholly apart from the ruck of handsome English girls who find delight in copying the manners and even the dress of their male friends.

Her costume was an exact replica of that of Enid. She walked well and rapidly, yet her alert carriage had a grace, a subtle elegance, more frequently seen in America than in England. Her lively face, flushed with exercise, and, it may be, with some little excitement, conveyed the same transatlantic characteristic. One said at seeing her: "Here is a girl who has lived much abroad." It came as a surprise to learn that she had never crossed the channel.

The man with her, Lieutenant John Percival Stanhope, R. N., was too familiar a figure in Penzance to evoke unuttered comment from the gallery. A masterful young gentleman he looked, and one accustomed to having his own way in the world, whether in love or war. True type of the British sailor, he had the physique of a strong man and the adventurously cheerful expression of a boy.

The skin of his face and hands, olive tinted with exposure, his dark hair and the curved eyelashes, which drooped over his blue eyes, no less than the artistic proclivities suggested by his well-chiseled features and long, tapering fingers, proclaimed that Stanhope, notwithstanding his Saxon surname and bluff bearing, was a Celt. His mother, in fact, was a Tregarthen of Cornwall, daughter of a peer and a leading figure in local society.

One may ask, "Why should a youth of good birth and social position be on such terms of easy familiarity with two girls, one of whom was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper and the other her sister by adoption?"

Indeed a great many people did ask this pertinent question. Among others, Lady Margaret Stanhope put it often and pointedly to her son without any covert answer being forthcoming.

If she were denied enlightenment, although her maternal anxiety was justifiable, the smokers on the pier, as representing the wider gossip of the town, may also be left unsatisfied.

"This is a nice thing," he cried when he came within speaking distance of the girl in the boat. "I manage to bamboozle the admiral out of three days' leave and I rush to Penzance to be told that Constance and you are off to the Gulf Rock for the day. It is too bad of you, Enid."

Eye-rolls were raised and silent winks exchanged among the human sparrows lining the rails.

"So Master Jack came to see Miss Trevillon, eh? What would her ladyship say if she heard that?"

"Why not come with us?" The audacity of her!

"By Jove," he agreed, "that would be jolly. Look here. Wait two minutes until I scribble a line to the mater—"

"Nothing of the sort, Jack," interposed the other girl quietly, taking from his arm the waterproof cloaks he was carrying for her. "You know Lady Margaret would be very angry, and with very good reason. Moreover, dad would be annoyed too."

"The old girl is going out this afternoon," he protested.

"And she expects you to go with her. Now, Jack, don't let us quarrel before we have met for five minutes. We will see you tomorrow."

He helped her down the stone steps.

"Enid," he murmured, "Constance and you must promise to drive with me to Morvah in the morning. I will call for you at 11 sharp."

"What a pity you can't sail out to the rock with us today! Tomorrow is so distant."

The mix lifted her blue eyes to his with such ingenuous regret in them that Stanhope laughed, and pipes were shifted to permit the listeners above their heads to snigger approval of her quip.

"Dad will wig us enough as it is, Enid," said the other girl. "We are bringing him a peace offering of the fruits of the earth, Jack."

"Will you be able to land?"

"One never can tell. It all depends on the state of the sea near the rock."

Anyhow, we can have a chat and send up the vegetables by the derrick."

"We'm never get there thickey tide if we'm stop here much longer," interrupted Ben.

"Hello, old granpus! How are you?"

1906 DECEMBER 1906							
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	8
						1	15
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	22
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	30
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
30	31						

Mind you keep these young ladies off the stones."

"And mind you keep your tin pot off the stones," growled Pollard. "They was a-sayin' larst night her were aground at Portsea."

"They said right, Father Ben. That is why I am here."

Enid glanced at him with ready anxiety. There was nothing of the flirt in her manner now.

"I hope you had no mishap," she said, and Connie mutely echoed the inquiry. Both girls knew well what a serious thing it was for a youngster to run his first boat ashore.

"Don't look so glum," he chuckled. "I am all right. Got a bit of kudos out



"Tomorrow is so distant."

of it, really. We fouled the Volcanic and strained our steering gear. That is all."

It was not all. He did not mention that during a torpedo attack on a foggy night he ran up to three battleships undefended by nets and stenciled his initials within a white square on five different parts of their sleek hulls, thus signifying to an indignant admiral and three confounded captains (dictionary meaning of "confounded") that these leviathans had been ingloriously sunk at their moorings by torpedoes.

"It sounds unconvincing," said Constance. "You must supply details tomorrow, Enid, that horrid pun of yours ruins the word."

"Are we also to supply luncheon?" chimed in Enid.

"Perish the thought. I have lived on sandwiches and bottled beer for a week. There! Off you go."

He gave the boat a vigorous push and stood for a little while at the foot of the steps, ostensibly to light a cigar. He watched Constance shipping the rudder while Enid hoisted the sail and old Ben plied a pair of oars to carry the boat into the fair way of the channel.

They neared the harbor lighthouse. The brown sail filled and the Daisy got way on her. Then she sped round the end of the solid pier and vanished, whereupon Lieutenant Stanhope walked slowly to the promenade, whence he could see the diminishing speck of canvas on the shining sea until it was hidden by Clement's island.

At last the devotees of twist and shag, resting their tired arms on the railing, were able to exchange comments.

"Brace o' fine gells, them," observed the acknowledged leader, a broken down "captain" of a mine abandoned soon after his birth.

"Fine," agreed his nearest henchman. Then, catching the gloom of the captain's gaze after Stanhope's retreating figure, he added:

"But what does that young spark want, turning their pretty heads for them. I should like to know?"

"They didn't seem partic'lar stuck on 'im," ventured another.

"The ways of women is curious," pronounced the oracle. "I once knew a gell—"

But his personal reminiscences were not of value. More to the point was the garbled, but in the main, accurate account he gave of the rescue of an unknown child by one of the keepers of the Gulf Rock lighthouse on a June morning eighteen years earlier.

Stephen Brand was the name of the man, and there was a bit of mystery about him and an adopted child in slant-up style, was it? A small villa they lived in, and a governess they had, and ponies to ride when they were big enough. The thing was ridiculous, wasn't it?

Everybody agreed that it was. People said Brand was a swell. Well, that might or might not be true. The speaker did not think much of him. He was a quiet, unobscured chap, though Jones, a Trinity pensioner, who kept the "Plichard and Seine" now,

wouldn't bear a wrong word about him and always called him "cap'n."

A pretty sort of a captain! But, then, they all knew what an old slow coach Jones was. They did. Jones' pints were retailed on the premises for money down.

Then there was Spence, lame Jim, who lived at Marazion. He told a fine tale about a fight with a shark before Brand reached the boat in which was the blessed baby—that very girl, Enid, they had just seen. Was it true? How could he say? There was a lot about it at the time in the local papers, but just then his own mind was given to thoughts of enlisting, as a British expedition was marching across the desert to relieve Khartoum, and cause Gordon's death.

No, Brand and the two girls had not dwelt all the time in Penzance. The light keepers went all over the kingdom, you know, but he had hit upon some sort of fog signal fad—Brand was always a man of fads; he once told the speaker that all the Polwanna mine wanted was work—and the Gulf Rock was the best place for trying it. At his own request the Trinity people sent him back there two years ago. Some folk had queer tastes, hadn't they? And talking so much had made him dry.

Then the conversation languished, as the only obvious remark of any importance was not forthcoming.

Meanwhile the Daisy sped buoyantly toward the southwest. Although she was broad in beam and staunch from thwart to keel, it was no light undertaking to run fourteen miles out and home in such a craft.

But old Ben Pollard knew what he was about. Not until the granite pillar of the distant Gulf Rock opened up beyond Carn du was it necessary to turn the boat's head seaward. Even then, by steering close to the Runnelstone, they need not, during two-thirds of the time, be more than a mile or so distant from one of the many creeks in which they could secure shelter in case of a sudden change in the weather.

Thenceforward there was nothing for it but a straight run of six miles to the rock, behind which lay the Scilly isles, forty miles away, and well below the boat's horizon.

So, when the moment came for the final decision to be made, Pollard cast an anxious eye at a great bank of cloud mounting high in the north.

There was an ominous drop in the temperature too. The rain he anticipated might turn to snow, and snow is own brother to fog at sea, though both are generally absent from the Cornish littoral in winter.

"Ben," cried Enid, breaking off a vivid if merciless description of a new disciple who had joined the artistic coterie at Newlyn, "what are you looking at?"

He scratched his head and gazed fixedly at the white battalions sweeping in aerial conquest over the land.

"She do look like snow," he admitted.

"Well, what does that matter?"

Without waiting for orders Constance had eased the helm a trifle. The Daisy was now fairly headed for the rock. With this breeze she would be there in less than an hour.

"It be a bit risky," grumbled Ben.

"We will be alongside the lighthouse before there can be any serious downfall," said practical Constance. "Surely we can make the land again no matter how thick the weather may be."

Ben allowed himself to be persuaded. In after life he would never admit that they were free agents at that moment.

"It had to be," he would say. "It wur in me mind to argy wif she, but I just couldn't. An' how often do us see snow in Caruwall? Not once in a blue moon." And who would dispute him? No west country man, certainly.

At a distance of five miles one small fishing craft is as like another as two Billiputians to the eye of Gulliver. In a word, it needs acquaintance and nearness to distinguish them.

As it happened, Stephen Brand did happen to note the Daisy and the course she was shaping. But, during the short interval when his telescope might have revealed to him the identity of her occupants, he was suddenly called by telephone from the oil room to the kitchen. When next he ran aloft in a wild hurry to signal for assistance, he found, to his despair, that the Land's End was already blotted out in a swirling snowstorm, and the great plain of blue sea had shrunk to a lenden patch whose visible limits made the reef look large by comparison.

With the mechanical precision of habit he set the big bell in motion. Its heavy boom came fitfully through the pelting snowflakes to the ears of the two girls and old Ben. The latter, master of the situation now, announced his intention to 'bout ship and make for Mount's bay.

"'Ee doan' ketch me tryin' to sail close to Gulf Rock when 'ee can't see a boat's length ahead," he said emphatically. "I 'd serve ladies both, but 'ee

IF NOT RIGHT WELCH MAKES IT RIGHT

Suits, \$7.45 to \$25.00

WELCH

The American Clothier

221-223 Morrison St., cor. First,
 Portland, - - - Oregon

The Eastwood Nurseries The Pioneer in eastern Multnomah Co.

E. P. SMITH, Proprietor, Gresham, Ore.

One- and Two-Year Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Rose Bushes and Flowers.

Write for Catalogue or for Latest Prices on Anything You Want.

Watches and Jewelry
 - REPAIRING A SPECIALTY -
 All Work Guaranteed.
 For Special Bargains in Watches, See

Fred D. Flora,
 WATCHMAKER and JEWELER

191 Morrison St.,
 PORTLAND, - - - OREGON
 Near Pap's Restaurant.

Two Small Tracts for Sale.

5 1-2 acres improved, running water, seeded to timothy and clover, on Sandy road, 1-4 mile east of Cleone.

6 1-2 acres, all improved, seeded, 4-room house, well, good fenced garden, orchard, plenty of all varieties of fruit, 1 mile east of Cleone on Sandy road, one mile west of Troutdale. Write or see Major H. W. Love, Troutdale, Ore.

NOTICE.

I have at my place near Harlburt, one red two-year-old bull and one spotted heifer two years old. Owners call and pay for advertising. M. D. Johnson, Troutdale, Ore. R. F. D. No. 2.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.—A span of unbroken 3 year-old colts and a fine 6 year old driving mare will trade for cows. Enquire. Paul Dunn, Cottrell, Oregon.

The Herald is better prepared than ever to do your job printing in first-class style at low rates.

Sell Your
CREAM
 - to -
VETSCH & SONS,
 Boring, Oregon

We put on wagons. Write for Prices.

THE HERALD, ONE YEAR, \$1

Watkins Paubalar Stock Food Watkins Flavoring Extracts
 Watkins Vegetable Anilide Linctament
 COUGH CURE AND LAXATIVE. SPICES AND TOILET ARTICLES

C. H. LANE,
 TRAVELING SALESMAN FOR
 THE J. R. WATKINS MEDICAL COMPANY

RESIDENCE ROBERTS AVENUE GRESHAM, ORE.

Imhoff & Minar,
 Marble and Granite Monuments

ALL KINDS OF CEMETERY WORK

335 East Morrison Street,
 Portland, - - - Oregon