ing at once will on request receive a copy bay beyond Carn du. Save a scudding of that date)

CHAPTER 1 .- At daybreak an assistant keeper of the lighthouse, discovers transport liner from London-there in the distance a ship in distress. Stephen Brand agrees to swim out to it. In so doing he comes in contact with a shark which he kills and boards the ship. He finds on board the body of a the reality when they saw the irregular dead man and a strange bundle under a sail. Jones the lighthouse keeper lowers a basket and hauls Brand and his strange bundle safely up. II.—The bundle contains a live baby of which which Jones assumes charge. Letters "E T" are found on chil.'s clothing. Baby is placed in charge of nurse who has charge also of Stephen Brand's children. Child is named "Enid Trevillion. Hi .- Eighteen years late , Constance, daughter of Brand, and Enid go to the lighthouse with an old fisherman named Ben. They are caught in a storm to tear, rend, utterly destroy its invisi-and as they near the lighthouse hear the ble fetters. Sometimes, after an undanger signal from the rock. They land usually impetuous surge, a dark shape. safely and find that two men have been trailing witch tresses of weed, showed burt. Brand sen's the injured men for an instant in the pit of the calback with Ben. IV-Jackson and Bates dron. Then a mad whirl of water are lowered into the boat and Ben takes | would pounce on it with a fearsome them back to Penzance. The Datsy is spring and the fang of rock would be met by Lieutenant Stanhope who is devotedly in love with Enid. He assists in caring for the wounded men.

way. Their voices and footsteps held them spellbound. They listened sounded hollow, It was to the floor mutely. beneath that Bates had fallen.

a don't think I like living in a light- ense: house," cried Enid. "It gives one the creeps."

"Surely there are neither ghosts nor ghouls here," said Constance. "It is atom of its solid granite."

But Enid was silent as they climbed the steep stairs.

her father's bedroom.

"That is where they brought me when I first came to the rock," she whispered. "It used to be Mr. Jones' room. I remember dad saying so."

Constance, on whose shoulders the reassuring cloak of science hung somewhat loosely, placed her arm around her sister's waist in a sudden access of

"You have improved in appearance since then, Enid," she said.

"What a wizened little chip I must have looked. I wonder who I am." "I know who you soon will be if you don't take care."

Enid blushed prettily. She glanced at herself in a small mirror on the wall. Trust a woman to find a mirror in any apartment.

"I suppose Jack will ask me to marry him," she mused.

"And what will you reply?"

The girl's lip parted. Her eyes shone for an instant; then she buried her face against her sister's bosom.

"Oh, Connie," she wailed, "I shall hate to leave you and dad. Why hasn't Jack got a brother as nice as himself?"

Whereupon Constance laughed loud and long.

The relief was grateful to both. Enid's idea of a happy solution of the domestic difficulty appealed to their easily stirred sense of humor.

"Never mind, dear," gasped Constance at last. "You shall marry your Jack and invite all the nice men to dinner. Good gracious! I will have the pick of the pavy. Perhaps the admiral may be a widower."

With flushed faces they reached the region of light. Brand was writing at a small desk in the service room. "Something seems to have amused

you," he said. "I have heard weird peals ascending from the depths." "Connie is going to splice the ad-

miral," explained Enid. "What admiral?"

"Any old admirel." "Indeed I will not take an old admiral," protested the elder.

"Then you had better take him when he is a lieutenant," said Brand, This offered too good an opening to

be resisted. "Ewd has already secured the lieutenant," she murmured, with a swift

glance at the other. Brand looked up quizzleally. "Dear me," he cried, "if my con-

gratulations are not belated"-Enid was blushing again. She threw

her arms about his neck. "Don't believe her, dad," she said. "She's jealous!"

Constance saw a book lying on the table, "Regulations For the Lighthouse" Service." She opened it. Brand stroked Enid's hair gently and resumed the

writing of his daily journal. "The Elder Brethren!" whispered Constance, "Do they wear long white

"And carry wands?" added the recovered Enid. "And dress in velvet cloaks and

backled shoes?" "And"-"And say 'boo' to naughty little girls who won't let me complete my diary,"

shouted Brand. "Be off, both of you. Keep a lookout for the next ten minutes. If you see any signals from the mainland or catch sight of the Lance-

They elimbed to the trimming stage of the lantern, which was level with should he? They were not pleasant the external gallery. Obedient to in-

(This story was commenced in the is structions, they searched the Land's sue of November 30th. Those sudscrib- End and the wide reach of Mount's sail or two beating in from the Lizard and a couple of big steamers hurrying from the east-one a transatlantic was nothing visible. In the far diswhite patches glistening against the hull of a Penzance fishing smack. "Oh, Connie, the reef!" said Enid

suddenly in a low voice, They glanced at the turbid retreat Letters of the tide over the submerged rocks. The sea was heavier, the noise louder. now that they listened to it, than when they arrived in the Dalsy, little more than an hour earlier. Some giant force seemed to be wrestling there, raging against its bonds, striving feverishly

smothered ten feet deep. For some reason they did not talk. They were fascinated by the power, the grandeur, the untamed energy of They passed into the narrow stair- the spectacle. The voice of the reef

Beneath Brand wrote with scholarly

"Therefore I decided that it would best serve the interests of the board if I sent Bates and Jackson to Penzance in the boat in which my daughmodern, scientific, utilitarian in every | ter"-he paused an instant and added an "s" to the word-"fortunately happened to visit me. As I would be alone on the rock, and the two girls might be Once she stopped and peeped into helpful until the relief came, I retained

> He glanced at the weather glass in front of him and made a note: "Barometer falling. Temperature

> higher.' In another book be entered the exact records. A column headed "Wind direction and force" caused him to look up at the wind vane. He whistled

> "S. W.," he wrote, and after a secricane. "Bare poles," says the scale,

stood beside the silent watchers. The of Laburnum cottage. bay was nearly deserted. No sturdy tugboat was pouring smoke from her funnel and staggering toward the rock. Northwest and west the darkness was

spreading and lovering. He did not trouble to examine the reef. Its signs and tokens were too He adjusted a switch in the instrufamiliar to him. Its definite bellow or ment, multered threat was part of the pre-He had heard its voice too often to find

an omen in it now.

of you," he said quietly, "On what?" they eried in unison.

on a rock lighthouse. You will have

that rare privilege." Enid elapped her hands. "I am delighted," she exclaimed, "Will there be a storm, father?" ask-

ed Constance. miracle will enable the tug to reach us before tomorrow, and miracles are not frequent occurrences at sea."

"I know of one," was Enid's comment, with great seriousness for her. He read her thought.

"I was younger then," he smiled. "Now I am fifty, and the world has

CHAPTER V.

in a deserted boat?" "Yes, if you insist on accuracy as to

"And I was 'estimated' as a year old as to her fate? I fear I could not have daughter.

been of much account in those days." "My dear child, I have always told you that the boat had been in collision during the fog which had prevailed for several days previously. Those who were caring for you were probably

knocked overboard and drowned." "But alone, utterly alone! That is the strangeness of it. I must be an American. Americans start out to hustle for themselves early in life, don't they?"

"Certainly in that respect you might claim the record."

Brand had not told her all the facts of that memorable June morning. Why

190			EM				Chapter
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	BAT	30
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1
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30	31		136			1	

memories to him. Why cumber her also with them? For the rest he had drawn up and read to her long ago a cue and the steps taken to discover her

"I entered on an active and useful career with no such halo of glory." broke in Constance. "I am just plain not poor, but fespectable. Mother died

a year after my birth, didn't she, dad?" we lost her." he answered, bending over the clockwork attachment of the fog bell to wipe off an invisible speck of dust. Since his first term of service a rule," said Brand. "I suppose I differ on the rock the light had changed from an occulting to a fixed one.

"She is buried there, isn't she?" the girl went on. "How strange that amid our journeying we have never visited

"If I were able to take you to ber graveside, I would not do it," said Brand. "I do not encourage morbid sentiments even of that perfectly natural kind. Your mother to you. Constance, is like Enid's to her-a dear but visionary legend. In a degree it is always so between loved ones lost and those who are left. Truth, honor, work these are the highest ideals for the individual. They satisfy increasingly. Happy as I am in your companionship, you must not be vexed when I tell you that the most truly joyful moment of my life was conferred when my little friend here first responded accurately to external influences."

He laid his hand on an object resting on a table by itself. It looked like an anerold barometer, but the others knew It was the marine auriscope to which he had devoted so many patient hours.

"Is it in working order now?" asked Constance instantly, and Enid came nearer. Together they examined the small dial. It was equipped with an arrow headed pointer and marked with the divisions of the compass, but without the distinguishing letters,

These three understood each other ond's thought inserted the figure 6. exactly, By insdvertence the conver-The sailor's scale, ye landsman, differs sation had touched on a topic concernfrom yours. What you term a gale at ing which Brand was always either set he joy ully halls as a fresh breeze. vague or silent. Both girls were quick those whistles," she cried in wonder. No. 6 is a point above this limit, when a well conditioned clipper ship can carry single reefs and topgailant sails in alluded to either by the lighthouse chase full and by. No. 12 is a hur- keeper or by the elderly Mrs. Sheppard, who looked after them in in-Slowly mounting the iron ladder, he fancy and was now the housekeeper

> Constance was annoyed. How could she have been so thoughtless as to course," he announced. "I may as cause her father a moment's suffering | well take in the decorations." by bringing up painful reminiscences But he helped her, being master of himself.

"I had no difficulty in constructing s valling influence of the hour or day diaphragm which would intercept all sounds," he said. "The struggle came when I wanted an agent which would "This time I must congratulate both distinguish and register a particular set of sounds, no matter what additional din might be prevalent at the shell with unacknowledged excitement. same time. My hopes were wrecked so "Ladica sekiom if ever pass a night often that I began to despair, until I chanced to read one day how the high tension induction coll cauld be tuned to disregard electrical influences other than those issued at the same pitch My anxlety, until I had procured and experimented with a properly con "I think so. At any rate, only a structed coll, was very trying, I assure rou."

"I remember wondering what or earth it was," volunteered Enid. "It sounded like a mathematical snake." "And I am sorry to say that even yet I am profoundly ignorant as to its true

inwardness," smiled Constance. "Yet you girls delight in poets who bid you hearken to the music of the spheres. I suppose you will admit that the ear of, say, Ben Pollard is not tun-HEY descended into the service ed to such a celestial harmony. How: ever, I will explain my auriscope in a "Let me see," said Enid. "It sentence. It only listens to and indiwill be nineteen years on the cates the direction of fog horns, sirens 22d of next June since you found me and ships' bells. A shrill steam whistle

floating serenely toward the Gulf Rock excites it, but the breaking of seas aboard ship, the loud flapping of a propeller, the noise of the engines, of a the date. I might cavil at your se- gale, or all these in combination, leave | Constance. It unmoved." "I remember once, when we were Enid.

then? Isn't it a weird thing that a going from Falmouth to Porthalla in a year old baby should be sent adrift on fog, how dreadfully difficult it was to us for a drive tomorrow," said Conthe Atlantic in an open boat and never discover the whereabouts of another a word of inquiry made subsequently steamer we passed en route," said his

"Well, with this little chap on the bridge, the pointer would have told the captain unerringly. I don't suppose it will be thick while you are here, or you would see it pick up the distant blasts of a steamer long before we can hear them and follow her course right round the arc of her passage. It is most interesting to watch its activity when there are several ships using their sirens. I have never had an opportunity of testing it on more than three vessels at once, but as soon as I could deduce a regular sequence in the seemingly erratic movements of the indicator I marked the approach and driving spray. passing of each with the utmost ease." Stanhope, resigning the wheel to a

"Would that stop collisions at sea?" "Nothing will do that, because some ships' officers refuse at times to exercarefully compiled account of her res cise due care, but with my instrument on board two ships, and a time chart attached to the drums, there would be no need for a board of trade inquiry to determine whether or not the proper warning was given. To the vast ma-English, born in Brighton, of parents jority of navigators it will prove an absolute blessing."

"You clever old thing!" cried Enid. "You were thirteen months old when "I suppose you will make heaps of

money out of it." "The inventor is the last man to make money out of his inventions, as from the ordinary poor fellow inasmuch as I am not dependent for a live-Illicood on the success of my discovery."

"There's not the least bit of chauce of there being a fog tonight?" queried Enid so earnestly that a wave of merriment rippled through the room.

"Not the least. In any event, you two girls will be in bed and sound

asleep at 10 o'clock." "Perish the thought!" cried Constance. "Bed at 10, during our first and only night on a lighthouse!"

"You will see," said her father, "You cannot imagine how the clock dawdles in this circumscribed area. Work alone conquers it. Otherwise, men would quit the service after a month's experi-

"Ship abov!" screamed Enid. "Here comes the Lapwing round Carn du. Mr. Lawton must have lent her to bring the relief. How kind of him." "The Lapwing cannot approach the rock," said Brand. "I will signal 'Landing impossible today.' It will

save them a useless journey." He selected the requisite flags from a locker, the phrase he needed being coded. Soon the strong breeze was trying to tear the bunting from the cordage, and though they could not hear the three whistles with which the little yacht acknowledged the signal. they could easily see the jets of steam

through their glasses. Constance happened to overlook the table on which stood the auriscope. "This thing has actually recorded

"What sort of whistie has the Lapwing?" asked Brand. "A loud and deep one, worthy of a leviathan. It was a fad of Mr. Lawton's. They say his siren consumes more steam than his engines."

Her father laughed. "Anyhow, he is sticking to his

Undauntedly, but much flurrled by a sea ever increasing in strength as the force of the ebb tide encountered the resistance of the wind, the Lapwing held on. With wind and sea against her she would have made slow work of it. As it was, there was help forthcoming for both journeys unless the wind went back to the north again as rapidly as it had veered to the south-

west. She would not be abreast the rock for nearly hn hour, so Brand left the girls in charge of the lookout while he visited the oil room, 'A wild night such as he anticipated demanded full pressure at the lamp. If the air became supersaturated, breakage of the glass chimneys might take place, and he must have a good stock on hand. Water and coal, too, were needed. The double aceldent to Bates and Jackson had thrown into arrears all the ordinary duties of the afternoon watch.

Naturally the pair in the lantern found the progress of the yacht exasperatingly slow.

"A nice Lapwing," said Enid scornfully. "I will tell Mr. Lawton he ought to rechristen her the Bantam. All her power is in her crow." When Brand joined them matters be-

came livelier. More accustomed than they to the use of a telescope, he made "The two supernumeraries are there," he announced, "but I cannot see Lawton. Indeed, so far as I can make out, she is commanded by Stanhope, dressed in Ben Pollard's oilskins."

"He has left Lady Margaret!" cried "He never went home!" essayed

"Poor chap! He was going to take "To Moreah," explained Enid, with

a syllable emphasis meant for one pair "It is very nice of him to struggle on and have a look at us," said Brand. "He can come close enough to see us,

but that is all. Our small megaphone

will be useless." Indeed the Lapwing dared not approach nearer than the Trinity mooring buoy. By that time the three, protected from the biting wind by oilskin coats, were standing on the gallery. The reef was bellowing up at them with a continuous roar. A couple of acres of its surface consisted of nothing more tangible than white foam and

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sailor, braced himself firmly against the little vessel's foremast and began to strike a series of extraordinary attitudes with his arms and head.

"Why is he behaving in that idiotic manner?" screamed Enid. "Capital idea-semaphore-clever fel-

low, Jack," shouted Brand. Abashed, Enid held her peace. The lighthouse keeper, signaling in turn that he was receiving the mes-

sage, spelled out the following: "Is all well?"

"Yes." he answered. "Bates and Jackson reached bospital. Bates compound fracture. If weather moderates will be with you next tide."

"All right," waved Brand. The distant figure started again: "L-o-v-e t-o E-n-i-d"-Enid indulged in an extraordinary

arm flourtsh. "A-n-d C-o-n-s-t-a-n-c-e." "That spoils it," she screamed. "It .

ought to be only kind regards to you, Connie. I believe you are a serpent, "Do stop your chatter," shouted Brand, and he continued the message: "Weather looks very bad. Little hope for tonight. Lancelot due at 6, Will

see personally that no chance is lost. "Goodby," was the response.

The Lapwing fell away astern from the vicinity of the buoy. "Why is he doing that?" asked Constance, close to her father's ear.

"He is too good a sailor to risk turning her in that broken water. A little farther out there is greater depth and more regular seas." They watched the yacht in silence.

At last her head swung round toward the coast. When broadside on a wave hit her, and the spray leaped over her masts. "That gave them a wetting," cried Brand, and his calm tone stilled their ready fear. Indeed, there was greater

danger than he wanted them to know,

but the Lapwing reappeared, shaking herself and still turning. "Good little boat!" said Brand. The crisis had passed. She was headed, at full speed, for the bay. And not too soon. Ere she reached the comparative

shelter of Clement's island she was swept three times by green water. Inside the lantern, their faces ruddy with the exposure, their eyes dancing with excitement, the girls were voluble with delight. Could anything be more thrilling than their experiences that

"That semaphore dodge is too preclous to be lost," cried Enid. "Connie, you and I must learn the alphabet. You shall teach us this very evening, dad. Fancy me signaling you the whole length of the promenade: 'Just look at Mrs. Wilson's bonnet,' or 'Here come the Taylor-Smiths, Scoot!" Oh,

She whirled her arms in stiff jointed rigidity and mimicked Stanbope's fan-

tastic posing. . "Why should you scoot when you meet the Taylor-Smiths?" asked Brand. "Because Mrs. T.-S. hauls us off to tea and gives us a gallon of gossip

with every cup." "I thought your sex regarded gossip as the cream?" "Sex indeed! Old Smith is worse

than his wife. He doesn't say much but he winks. One of his winks, at the end of a story, turns an episode into a three volume novel."

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We put on wagons. Write for

replied. "And now for tea. Let us

have it served here." They voted this an admirable notion. The girls enlivened the meal by relating to him the doings and sayings of current interest ashore during the past two months. By a queer coincidence which he did not mention, his relief was again due within a week, just as on the occasion of Emes first appearance on the rock. The fact struck him as singular. In all probability he would not return to duty. He had completed twenty-one years of active service. Now he would retire, and when the commercial arrangements for the auriscope were completed he would take his daughters on a long promised continental tour unless indeed, matters progressed between Stanhone and Enid to the point of An

early marriage. He had foreseen that Stanhone would probably ask Enid to be his wife. He knew the youngster well and liked him. For the opposition that Lady Margaret might offer he cared not a fot. He smiled inwardly-as the convenient phrase has it-when he reviewed the certain outcome of any dispute between himself and her ladyship. He would surprise her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ine? Call on The Hera