

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER 1,-At daybreak an assistant keeper of the lighthouse, discovers they refused to eat apart from him. in the distance a ship in distress. Steph- the dinner, in three courses, was a en Brand agrees to swim out to it. In breathless affair. Going up and down doing he comes in contact with a shark which he kills and boards the ship. He finds on board the body of a and pudding, while one carried the dead man and a strange bundle under a tray and the other swung a hand lansail, Jones the lighthouse keeper low-ers a basket and hauls Brand and his tion. They were cheerful as grigs strange bundle safely up. II .- The over it. bundle contains a live baby of which | Enid, whose turn it was to bring up which Jones assumes charge. Letters the plates of taploca, pleaded guilty to "E T" are found on chile's clothing. a slight sensation of nervousness. Baby is placed in charge of nurse who bas charge also of Stephen Brand's children. Child is named "Enid Trevilto the lighthouse with an old fisherman named Ben. They are caught in a storm and as they near the lighthouse hear the safely and find that two men have been "When you quitted the door level for back with Ben. IV-Jackson and Bates worry about impossible grabs." are lowered into the boat and Ben takes | Constance looked at her watch, them back to Penzance. The Daisy is met by Lieutenaut Stanhope who is devotedly in love with Enid. He assists in caring for the wounded men -- V Enid spies a boat approaching the rock. the Lapwing. Brand discovers that it is sailed by Stanhope. He signals for them not to land, and Stanhope returns to Penzance. The girls spand the p." night at the rock. VI—During the TI night a furious storm renders, sleep im- like, ship in distress

Brand urging the claims of his adopted daughter would be two very different and make everything spug. Don't stir

Of course all Penzance knew that he yeas a gentleman, a scientist in a small way and a man of means. Otherwise Constance and Enid would not have occupled the position they held in local so. | thoughtfully; clety. Those una quainted with English ways ofttimes make the mistake of rating a man's social status by the means he possesses or the manner of his life in London. No greater error could be committed. The small, exclusive county town, the community which registers the family connections of many generations, is the only re-

liable index. Here to be of gentle birth and breeding-not bad credentials even in the court of King Demos-confers Brahmanicel rank, no matter what the personal fortunes of the individual.

Brand, It is true, did not belong to a Cornish county family, but there were those who conned him shrewdly. They regarded him as a well meaning crank, yet the edict went forth that his daugh ters were to be "received," and received they were, with pleasure and admiration, by all save such startled elderly mammas as Lady Margaret Stanhope, who expected her good looking son to contract a marriage which would re-

store the failing fortunes of the house. All unconscious of the thoughts flitting through his brain, for Brand was busy trimming a spare lamp, the two girls amused themselves by learning the semaphore alphabet from a little handbook which he found for them.

When the night fell, dark and lowering, the lamp was lighted. They had never before seen an eight wicked concentric burner in use. The shore lighthouses with which they were acquainted were illuminated by electricity or on the catoptric principle, wherein a large number of small Argand lamps, firmly. with reflectors, are grouped together.

To interest them, to keep their eyes and ears away from the low water orgy of the reef, he explained to them the capillary action of the oil. Although they had learned these things in school, they had not realized the exactness of the statement that oil does not burn, but must first be converted into gas by the application of heat. On the Gulf Rock there were nearly 3,000 gallons of colza oil stored in the tanks beneath, colza being used in preference to paratfin because it was safer, and there was no storage accommodation apart from the lighthouse.

Requiring much greater heat than mineral oil to produce inflammable gas, the colza had to be forced by heavy pressure in the cistern right up to the edge of the wicks and made to flow evenly over the rims of the burner. else the fierce flame would eat the metal disks as well.

He read them a little lecture on the rival claims of gas and electricity and demonstrated how dazzlingly brillfant the latter could be on a dark, clear night by showing them the fine light on the Lizard.

"But in hazy weather the oil wins," he said, with the proper pride of every man in his own engine. "Fishermen salling into Penzance along a course equidistant from the two points tell me that if they can see anything at all on a foggy night they invariably catch a dull yellow radiance from the rock, while the Lizard is invisible. The oil has more penetrative power. Its chemical combination is nearer the mean of nature's resources."

At the proper time he banished them to the kitchen to prepare dinner, a feast diverted from the hour of noon by the chances of the day. He adopted every expedient to keep them busy, to tire them physically and mentally, to render them so exhausted that they would sleep in blissful calm through

the ordeal to come

As he could not leave the lamp, and five flights of stairs with soup, joint

"I could not help remembering." she lion. III.— Eighteen years later, gon- steps there were beneath me. I felt

canger signal from the rock. They land times in the dark," was Brand's recipe. Brand sends the injured men the third ascent you would cease to

> "Only 8 o'clock! What a long day if has been!" she commented.

"You must go to bed early. Sleep in my room. You will soon forget where you are. Each of the bunks is comfortable. Now I will leave you in charge of the lamp while I go and lock

They laughed. It sounded so home

At dawn Brand makes out a "Any fear of burglars?" cried Enid. "Yes; most expert cracksmen-wind Brand the lighthouse keeper and and rain and-sleet," he added quietly. "I must fasten all the storm shutters until I wake you in the morning." "Poor old dad!" sighed Constance.

'What a vigil!" He was making new entries in the weather report when she remarked



"It is high water about half past 1, He nodded, pretending to treat the

question as of no special import. "From all appearances there will be

heavy sea," she went on, "Just an ordinary bad night," he said

house in a gale?" she persisted, Then Brand grasped the situation

"So that your slumbers may peaceful," be said, "I will call your kind attention to the fact that we Gulf Rock light has appeared every night during the past twenty-five years, or since a date some four years before you were born, Constance. It contains 4,000 tons of granite and is practically monolithic, as if it were carved out of a quarry. Indeed, I think its builder went one better than nature. Here are no cracks or fissures or undetected flaws. The lowest course bolted to the rock with wrought iron clamps. Every stone is dovetailed to its neighbors and clasped to them with iron, above, below and at the sides. If you understand conic sections I could make clearer the scientific aspect of the structure, but you can take it from me you are far safer

"That sounds very satisfactory," murmured Enid, sleepily. "I am overwhelmed," said Constance, who grasped the essential fact that he

here than on a natural rock many

times the dimensions of this column."

had not answered her question. Soon after 9 o'clock he kissed them good night. They promised not to sit up talking. As a guarantee of good behavior. Enid said she would ring the electric bell just before she climbed

Into her bunk. The signal came soon and he was glad. He trusted to the fatigue, the fresh air, the confidence of the knowledge that he was on guard, to full them into the security of unconscious-

The behavior of the mercury puzzled him. In the barometer it fell, in the thermometer it rose. Increasing temperature combined with low pressure was not a healthy weather combination in January. Looking back through the records of several years, he discovered a similar set of conditions one day in March, 1891. He was stationed then on the northeast coast and failed He tried to look out into the heart

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stance connected with the date, so he consulted the lighthouse diary for that year. Ah! Here was a possible explanation. The chief keeper, a stranger to him, was something of a meteor-

He had written: "At 4:15 p. m. the barometer stood at 27.13 degrees and the thermometer at 45.80 degrees, There was a heavy sea and a No. 7 gale blowing from the S. S.-W. About 5 o'clock the wind increased to a burricane and the sea became more violent than I have seen it during five years' experience of this station. Judging solely by the clouds and the flight of birds. I should imagine that the cyclonic center passed over the Scilly isles and the Land's End." Then next day:

"A steady northeast wind stilled the sea most effectually. Within twentyfour hours of the first signs of the hurricane the channel was practicable for small craft. A fisherman reports that the coast is strewn with wreckage."

Brand mused over the entries for awhile. With his night glasses he peered long into the teeth of the growing storm to see if he could find the double flash of the unguificent light on the Bishop Rock, one of the Atlantic breakwaters of the Scilly isles. It was fully thirty-five miles distant, but it flung its radiance over the waters from a height of 143 feet, and the Gulf Rock lamp stood 130 feet above high water mark. A landsman would not have distinguished even the nearer revolutions of the St. Agnes light, especially in the prevalent gloom, and wisps of spindrift were already striking the lantern and

blurring the glass. Nevertheless he caught the quick flashes reflected from clouds low, but unbroken. As yet there was a chance of the incoming tide bringing better weather, and he bent again over the record of the equinoctial gale in 1891. Soon he abandoned this hope. The growing thunder of the reef as the tide advanced gave the first unmistakable warning of what was to come. As a mere matter of noise the reef roared its loudest at half tide. He understood now that a gale had swept across the Atlantic in an irregular track. Howsoever the winds may rage the tides remain steadfast, and the great waves now rushing up from the west were actually harbingers of the flerce blast which had created them.

Of course the threatened turmoll in nowise disconcerted him. It mucht be that the rock would remain inaccessible during many days. In that event the girls would take the watch after the lamp was extinguished, and they must learn to endure the monotony and discomforts of existence in a storm bound lighthouse. They would be nervous unquestionably - perhaps he had forgotten how nervous-but Brand v

a philosopher, and at present he was most taken up with wonderment at the curious blend of circumstances which resulted in their presence on the rock that night.

Ha! A tremor shook the great pillar. He heard without the frenzied shriek of the first repulsed roller which flung ttself on the sleek and rounded wall. Would the girls sleep through the next few hours? Possibly, if awake, they would attribute the vibration of the column to the wind. He trusted it might be so. Shut in as they were, they could not distinguish sounds. Everything to them would be a confused hum, with an occasional shiver as the granite braced its mighty heart to re-

sist the enemy. But what new note was this in the outer chaos? An ordinary gale shuddered and whistled and chanted its way past the lantern in varying tones. It saug, it piped, it bellowed, it played on giant reeds and crashed with cymbals. Now-he looked at the clock, after midnight-there was a sustained screech in the voice of the tempest which he did not remember having heard before. At last the explanation dawned on him. The hurricane was there, a few feet away, shut off from him by mere sheets of glass. The lighthouse thrust its tall shaft into this merciless tornado with grim steadfastness, and around its smooth contours poured a volume of unearthly melody which seemed to surge up from the broad base and was flung off into the darkness by the outer sweep of the

The wind was traveling seventy. eighty, mayhap a hundred miles an hour. Not during all his service for In earlier travels through distant lands had he ever witnessed a storm of such fury. He thought he heard something crack overhead. He looked aloft, but all seemed well. Not until next day did he discover that the wind vane had been carried away, a wrought iron shank nearly two inches thick having snapped like a piece of worsted at the place where the tempest had found a

fault. to remember any remarkable circum- of the gale. The air was full of flyine foam, let the sea was beaten flat. second time.

If the growing monster beneath tried to fling a defiant crest at the tornado the whole mass of water, many tons in weight, was instantly torn from the surface and flung into nothingness. Some of these adventurers, forced up by the reef, hit the lighthouse with greater force than many a cannon ball fired in battles which have made history. Time after time the splendid structure winced beneath the blow.

If Stephen Brand were ever fated to know fear he was face to face with the ugly phantom then. The granite column would not yield, but it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the entire lantern might be carried away and he with it.

He thought, with a catching of his breath, of the two girls in the tiny room beneath. For one fleeting instant his mortal eyes gazed luto the unseen. But the call of duty restored him. The excessive draft affected the lamp. Its ardor must be checked. With a stendy hand be readjusted the little brass screws-they were so superbly Indifferent to all this pandemoniumjust little brass screws, doing their work and heeding naught beside. Suddenly there came to him the triumphant kn i ledge that the pure white beam of the light was bewing its path through the savage assailant without as calmly and fearlessly as it lit up of moonlight and soft zephyrs.

"Thank God for that!" he murmured aloud. "How can a man die better rific gale with the trite remark: than at his post?"

The ring of iron beneath caught his ears. He turned from the lamp, Constance appeared, pale, with shining eyes. She carried the lantern. Behind her crept Enid, who had been crying. She strove now to check her tears.

benefit?" said his daughter, with a fine through the inferno of Spion kop. attempt at a smile.

Enid. "Why does it how! so?"

CHAPTER VI.

says a good deal for Stephen is a fine thing for a man in a waiting for the chloroform, ent of supremest danger to be called on to comfort a weeping woman,

Well were they molded, by men whose conscience need harbor no reproach of dishonest craftsmanship. They were being tested now almost beyond endurance.

in prayer. Gladly would Constance and Enid have sunk on their knees and besought the Master of the winds to Brand, believing that a catastrophe to save the girls' lives be must neither alarm them nor lose an unnecessary instant.

To desert the light-that was impossible personally. If given the least warning he would spring toward the iron rall that curved by the side of the stairs to the service room and take his chance; otherwise he would go with the lamp. There was no other alternative; the girls must leave him at once. The laugh with which he greeted their appearance gave him time to

scheme. "I ought to scold you. but I won't," descend to the kitchen and make three

nice cups of cocoa?" Just think what it cost him to speak in this bantering way, careless of words, though each additional syllable

might mean death to all three. His request had the exact effect he calculated. For once Constance was deceived and looked her surprise. Enid, more volatile, smiled through her tears. So it was not quite as bad as they imagined, this gale. Their father could never be so matter of fact asked. In the face of real peril to all of them. Cocoa! Fancy a man giving his thoughts to cocoa while they were expecting the lighthouse to be hurled into the English channel!

He turned again to manipulate brass screws.

"Now, do not stand there shivering," he said, "out harden your hearts and go. Use the oil stove. By the time It is ready".

"Shivering, indeed!"

Constance, of the viking breed, would let him see that he had no monopoly of the family motto, "Audeo." She, too, could dare.

"Down you go, Enid!" she cried. "He shall have his cocoa, poor man!" He looked over his shoulder and eaught his daughter glancing at him

from the well of the stairs. "Bad night!" he shouted cheerfully, and he cheated her quick intelligence a The Eastwood Nurseries The Pioneer in bast-

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They were gone. Perchance it was his last sight of them in this life. Three • Watches and Jewelry times the stalwart framework creaked. Once it moved so perceptibly that the curtain rings jingled. Then he remembered the words of Isalah:

"For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against

The blast of the terrible ones! What . PORTLAND, . . OREGON vivid pen picture of the awesome . forces of nature! How long would this tornado continue? Already it must have strewed its path with havor at sea and on land. His physical senses were elevated to the supernatural. He seemed to acquire abnormal powers of sight and hearing. He could see the trees bending before the wrathful wind, hear the crashing tiles and brickwork as houses were demolished and people hurled to death. But there was no ecstasy of soul, no mental aititude. the ocean wilds on a midsummer night. In quick reaction came the fanciful memory of the hardy old salt who cheered his shipmates during a ter-

> "I pity the poor folk ashore on a night like this."

What a curious jumble of emotions tostled in his brain. A step from the sublime to the ridiculous! Not even a step. They were inextricably interwoven, the woof and the warp of "Is this sort of thing normal, or a things. He recalled the odd expression special performance arranged for our of an officer who had passed unscathed

"I had no sense of fear," said he, "Oh, dad, I am so frightened!" cried "but my teeth began to ache." Brand, a student, even of himself,

discovered that his dominant sensation was one of curiosity. "If it has to be," said his nervous

Brand's courage that he was system, "let it come quickly." He felt, able to laugh just then, but it like a man lying on the operating table Suddenly the bright flame of the lamp lessened. The use that was his

The next minute might be their last. Second nature caused him to raise the Of that he was fully conscious. Even wicks and admit more draft. Even before the girls reached his side he felt while his deft fingers arranged the a curious lifting movement of the complex burner his ear caught a whole frame of the lantern. Steel and change in the external din. The shrick glass alike were yielding to the sus- of the wind dropped to a thunderous tained violence of the wind pressure. growl. This was a gale, not a tempest. God be praised, the crisis had passed! The hurricane had lasted thirty-five

minutes. A similar tornado sufficed to wreck one-half of the city of St. Louis. This one, as he learned afterward, Some natures would have found relief swept around the south of Ireland, created a tidal wave which did great damage to the Scilly isles and the headlands of the south coast, yet spent spare them and those at sea. But itself somewhere in the North sea. Dwellers in inland cities were amazed was imminent, decided that in order and incredulous when the newspapers spoke of its extraordinary violence. A truth is harder to swallow than a lie all the time.

Up clattered Enid with the steaming beverage, Constance, the lantern bearer, providing the rear guard.

"I do believe it is blowing worse than a month. ever," said Enid, striving desperately to be unconcerned. In reality the angry wind was no longer able to behead acting. The hearty pulsations of laughthe waves. With a rising tide and the gale assisting there would soon be a dently they were alarmed about nothsea worthy of Turner in his maddest ing.

"Good gracious, dad," cried Conhe cried. "Are you plucky enough to stance, "how pale you are! And your the dochan doris before many another forehead is wet. What have you been feast." doing?"

Brand hastily mopped his face with a handkerchief. "During some of the heavy gusts,"

he explained, "I was compelled to turtied a somersault over the lantern. stand on the trimming stage. And-the Brand's only anxiety was to blow at micrometer valve required adjust- the steaming liquid and cool it suffi-She eye 1 him narrowly. The margin

of suspicion was wider. "There is nothing else wrong?" she

He approached and kissed her ear. "Since when did my little girl begin to doubt me?" he said quietly.

Her eyes filled. Even the hint of a represch from him was intolerable. For the life of her she could no longer control the flood of terror which welled up beyond restraint.

"Forgive me, dad," she murmured, "but I thought, and I still think, that we were and are in a position of the utmost peril. I can't help knowing that it is high water about 2 o'clock It is now only a quarter to 1. The worst is not over. Do you think I cannot read your dear face! Dad, if there

is danger don't send us away again." Tears were streaming down her white cheeks. Enid, holding the tray in speechless bewilderment during this outburst from her proud and self reliant sister, set it down on the writing desk with a crash.

"Oh, dear," she wailed, "I don want eny cocoa if we're gug-gug-going to be

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Certainly if Stephen Brand had imagined two minutes earlier that he was about to laugh long and londly in a genuine surrender to an uncontrollable spasm of mirth he would have feared lest his wits were leaving 191. Yet be laughed now until his vision was blurred. And the wonderful relief of it! What a tonic after the ordeal he had endured!

It chanced just then that an emancipated wave embraced the granite column, hit the cornice and deluged the lantern, its disintegrated mass striking the glass with force enough to break any ordinary window. The astounded girls could not refuse the evidence of eyes and ears. Here was the frantic see leaping to a height of 140 feet and more, yet their father was treating the

No better cure for their hysteria could be contrived. Brand was obviously not ter had restored his ruddy color. Evi-

incident as the merriest joke of many

"Here, Enid, Crink your parting cup!" he cried. "Have no fear. It is only

Feeling somewhat ashamed of themselves, though smiling very wistfully, they obeyed him. He sipped his cocoa with real nonchalance. Another wave

ciently. Yet was he watching them and hammering out the right course to adopt. He alone understood that to the novice the amazing ordeal from which the lighthouse had successfully emerged was as naught compared with the thunderous blows of the waves, the astounding reverberations of the hollow pillar, the continuous deluge of spray striking the lantern, which the infuriated sea would inflict on them.

To urge any further effort to sleen was folly. They must remain with him and be comforted,

Being reasonable girls, of fine spirit under conditions less benumbing. It

was better that they should grasp the facts accurately. They would be timid. of course, just as people are timid during their first attempt to walk 'twixt rock and cataract at the falls of Niagara, but they would have confidence in their guide and endure the surrounding

pandemonium. "Here's to you, Erid. Still we live,"

he cried, and drained his cup. [TO BE CONTINUED.]