The Gate Keeper

"In Faith, In Hope, In Charity, and with Fidelity."

Conducted by E. L. Thorpe.

Petition Defective—State Grange in Session at Hood River—Good of the Order.

The University of Oregon referendum petition has been filed with the secretary of state at Salem with enough names to fill the requirements of the law. Linn and Marion counties furnished the bulk of the list, but the movement was not authorized by the State Grange nor any of its officers. It seems, however, that the university appropriation is safe because of a defect in the title, which does not comply with the law. Attorney General Crawford has the matter under consideration and has concluded that the defect is fatal. By mistake the framers of the pettiion took the title of the bill instead of the title of the act. The attorney general holds that the title is a part of the measure, and a failure to copy it correctly is a violation of the law. Acting upon this opinion the secretary of state will refuse to file the petitions and the university appropriation bill will become a law.

Altogether different, however, is the fate of the two petitions filed by the State Grange upon the question of referring the compulsory pass law and the armory appropriation bill. The petition filed contained over 8000 names, and the petitions are in legal form. They will come before the people at the general election in June, 1908, for final settlement. In the meantime the two laws are inoperative and will be held in abeyance until their fate is known. The State Grange, in session this week at Hood River, took occasion to impress upon the voters the necessity of sustaining the movement because of the fact that there are not available funds with which to carry out the provisions of the laws if they are allowed to stand.

The Oregon State Grange met at Hood River on Tuesday morning last and will close tonight at a late hour. The officers, members and visitors will be at home by Sunday evening, all well satisfied with their trip and their experiences. Features of the week were a reception by the city on Tuesday evening; exemplifications of the first and third degrees on Wednesday evening by a team of 53 people from Evening Star Grange; memorial services in honor of the State Grange on Thursday; conferring the fifth and sixth degrees on 200 candidates on Thursday evening, followed by a banquet and a trip up Hood River valley on the afternoon of the the same day. Today—Friday—is being devoted to hard work clearing up all unfinished business. Coming so late in the week, a report cannot be given here of the actual legislation done, but it will be reported in a modified form in the next issue of The Herald. The Gate Keeper is in attendance and will have much to say hereafter concerning it of importance to the order. Matters of great moment were brought up each day of the session and referred to the proper committees for report upon the last day. Hence they cannot be given in this issue. The crowd was a big one, the enthusiasm great and the hospitality of the Hood River people was unlimited. No one regrets going, and each one is anxiously awaiting next year's session, knowing that the same good time will be had wherever the State State Grange meets.

GOOD OF THE ORDER.

Visitors from this vicinity to Hood River this week include Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shattuck, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Littlepage, Mrs. Annie Crasswell and Mrs. John Sleret. About 100 persons are there from Multnomah county, many of them staying the whole week.

Hood River berries were late this year and came high, but the grangers up there redeemed their promise to the visitors and exerybody had a feast.

The reception committee at Hood River was untiring in its efforts to make all visitors feel at home. All of them are grangers. They are: Pine Grove Grange—Julia A. Hunt, Peter J. Mohr; Olalla Grange—C. L. Capple, C. D. Nickelsen; Franklin Grange—D. N. Byerlee, Mrs. W. Eddy; Mountain View Grange—G. A. McCurdy, J. Wickham; Mount Hood Grange—E. L. Rood, Jim Wishart; Odell Grange—Tom Lacy, C. C. Masiker.

The next important grange event for Multnomah people will be the meeting of Pomona at Corbett with Columbig Grange on June 19. That is an ideal place for a midsummer gathering and the attendance will be large. Considerable important business will come up for disposal, and, following the State Grange so closely, it will be interesting.

Multnomah Grange held its regular meeting in Campbell's hall May 24 with 17 members in attendance. Applications for membership were received from Mrs. Charles Wheeler and Newton Hedin. Brother and Sister Scovill requested a demit, which was granted, as they are moving to a new home. The grange is sorry to lose them. The building committee reported that they had purchased one-fourth acre for which they will pay $150 from Mr. and Mrs. Cameron for a building site. The property is on the main road passing through Pleasant Home and is thought by the committee to be the choicest building side for a hall in Multnomah county. The grange is well pleased with their selection and very enthusiastic about building a hall soon.

Short Rotation of Crops.

Every farmer realizes the value of a short rotation of crops in maintaining the fertility of the soil. Yet it is not at all uncommon to seed to timothy and clover and mow the field for three or four consecutive years till every vestige of clover has disappeared and nearly all the value of the clover plant as a renovator of the soil is lost, says a writer in Ohio Farmer. I believe sowing timothy with the clover is all right. I always practice it. Then I am quite sure of a catch, and I get more and better hay. There are also other advantages which space forbids I should enumerate here. I believe, though, that the meadow should be mowed but once and never more than twice before plowing.

Farm Brevities.

The cow that you think the most of may be the very one you ought to get rid of. Find out about that. Test all your cows. Don't be satisfied with once. Keep at it till you know. Then do something about it.

If you do not own a good saddle horse, get one. The landscape looks fairer and the outlook in life much more cheerful from the back of a horse after a half hour's ride than from any other point of view. It is not necessary that you should keep a horse exclusively for riding. He may be used for other purposes, only look out for one that is gaited for the saddle as well. The farmer is entitled to the best that is going.—Farm Journal.

Handy Boat For General Use.

The plank boat illustrated herewith is made for general farm work and is used in winter to draw manure from the yard and stable to the field. It is constructed of four ten inch crooked maple planks two and a half inches thick, with an 8 by 2½ inch frame

HOMEMADE BOAT.

pinned and bolted on for sides. It has an iron clasp made of old wagon tire bent and bolted or clinched, nailed across the top of the back end and top of the sides, as indicated, to hold them firmly in place. The front end has a 2 by 8 inch piece bolted on top.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Growing Cauliflower.

The cauliflower is a plant which cannot stand stagnant water, but needs plenty of moisture to keep growing. I use grass or sod land except when using a piece of old ground for second crop and which has not been used the previous year for cabbage, turnip or cauliflower. For the main crop I always use sod land. I rotate every five years. For fertilizers I use stable manure, preferring the horse manure on low land and cow manure on high land.—W. H. T. Massachusetts.

The PILLAR OF LIGHT

By LOUIS TRACY,

Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

"Your father, as you know, was a noted yachtsman, Charlie," he said. "Indeed, he was one of the first men to cross the Atlantic in his own boat under steam and sail. Twenty years ago in this very month he took my wife and me, with your mother, you and our little Edith, then six months old, on a delightful trip along the Florida coast and the gulf of Mexico. It was then arranged that we should pass the summer among the Norwegian fiords, but the two ladies were nervous about the ocean voyage east in April, so your father brought the Esmeralda across, and we followed by mail steamer. During the last week of May and the whole of June we cruised from Christiania almost to the North cape. The fine, keen air restored my wife's somewhat delicate health, and you and Edith throve amazingly. Do you remember the voyage?"

"It is a dim memory, helped a good deal, I imagine, by what I have heard since."

"Well, on the Fourth of July, putting into Hardanger to celebrate the day with some fellow countrymen, I received a cable which rendered my presence in New York absolutely imperative. There was a big development scheme just being engineered in connection with our property. In fact, the event which had such a tragic sequel practically quadrupled your fortune and mine. By that time the ladies were so enthusiastic about the seagoing qualities of the yacht that they would have sailed round the world in her, and poor Pyne had no difficulty in persuading them to take the leisurely way home, while I raced off via Newcastle and Liverpool to the other side. I received my last cable from them dated Southampton, July 20, and they were due in New York somewhere about Aug. 5 or 6, allowing for ordinary winds and weather.

"During the night of July 21 when midway between the Scilly isles and the Fastnet they ran into a dense fog. Within five minutes, without the least warning, the Esmeralda was struck amidships by a big Nova Scotian bark. The little vessel sank almost like a stone. Nevertheless your father, backed by his skipper and a splendid crew, lowered two boats, and all hands were saved for the moment. It was Pyne's boast that his boats were always stored with food and water against any kind of emergency; but, of course, they made every effort to reach the ship which had sunk them rather than endeavor to sail back to this coast. As the Esmeralda was under steam at the time, her boilers exploded as she went down, and this undoubtedly caused the second catastrophe. The captain noticed that the strange ship went off close hauled to the wind, which blew steadily from the west, so he, in the leading boat, with your father and mother, you and my wife and child, followed in that direction. He shouted to four men in the second boat to keep close, as the fog was terrific. The bark, the John S., hearing the noise of the bursting boilers, promptly swung around, and in the effort to render assistance caused the second and far more serious catastrophe. The captain's boat encountered her just as the two crafts were getting way on them. Some one in the boat shouted, they heard an answering hail and instantly crashed into the bark's bows. The sail became entangled in the martingale of the bowsprit, the boat was driven under and filled, and the second boat crashed into her. All the occupants of the captain's boat were thrown into the sea. You were grasped by a negro, a powerful swimmer. He, with yourself and two sailors, were rescued, and that was all. Your father was a strong man, and he could swim well. He must have been stunned or injured in some way. The two sailors jumped from the second boat and clung to the bark's bobstays. The whole thing was over in a few seconds."

Mr. Traill rose and paced slowly to the window. Pyne stared into the fire. There was no need for either of them to conjure up the heartrending scene as the sharp prow of the sailing ship cleft through the seas and spurned the despairing hands clutching at her black walls.

Too often had the older man pictured that horrific vision. It had darkened many hours, blurred many a forgetful moment of pleasure with a quick rush of pain.

Even now as he looked out into the still street he fancied he could see Enid's mother smiling at him from a luminous mist.

He passed a hand over his eyes and gazed again at the moonlit roadway. From the black shadows opposite a policeman crossed toward the hotel, and he heard a bell ring. These trivial tidings restored his wandering thoughts. How the discovery of his lost child had brought back a flood of buried memories!

"It is easy to understand that I should be fanciful tonight," he said, returning to the cheery glow of the fire and the brightness of the room. "The whole story of the disaster centered in the narratives of the sailors and the negro. They all declared that both boats went down. The crew of the bark, who ran to starboard, as the leading boat was swamped and sank on that side, imagined they heard cries to port. But, though they lowered a boat and cruised about the locality for hours, they found nothing but wreckage. You, Charlie, when I went to St. John's five weeks later, could only tell me that you had felt very cold and wet. That is all I ever knew of the fate of the Esmeralda until, in God's good time, I met Stanhope on board the Falcon."

"Then the manner of Enid's rescue is conjectural?"

"Absolutely. But Stanhope, who is a sailor, and two men named Spence and Jones, who were Brand's colleagues on the Gulf Rock at that time, have helped me in building up a complete theory. It is quite clear that the second boat did not sink, as was reported by the captain of the John S. She was damaged and had her mast broken by the collision. In the darkness and confusion she would be readily carried past the bark, which was probably traveling four knots an hour. The two sailors in springing from her gunwale into the bobstays would certainly cant her considerable, and at the same instant my poor wife either threw her child into the boat with a last frenzied effort or some one caught the baby from her as she sank. The boat was seen by Brand floating in with the tide on the morning of the 30th of July. She had been nine days at sea. Some survivor must have given the little one nourishment in that time, as a twelve-months-old child could not possibly have lived. In all likelihood the bank of fog clung to the surface of the sea and followed the tides, as there was little or no wind on the days following the loss of the yacht.

"Again, there were provisions in the boat, but no water. Why? Either the water casks had started their staves when the smash took place or a careless steward had failed to fill them. The next thing is the identity of the boat. By the stupidity of a sailor one of the Esmeralda's lifeboats was burned to the water's edge in Norway. He upset a tin of petroleum while he was opening it, and a lighted match did the remainder. Indeed, he and another man at the oars narrowly escaped death. A boat was purchased, but accident or mischance prevented the Esmeralda's name being painted on it. There was a Norwegian port number on the stern board, and this was smashed away by the falling mast. As the sail was trailing in the water when the boat was found by Brand it is assumed that the survivor or survivors, who paid some heed to the child, suffered from injuries which prevented him or them from hauling it in. One man's body was found on board, and he had been dead many days. Finally we have the evidence of the child's clothing."

"The girls told me something of the story on the rock," said Pyne. "Gee whiz, I little dreamed that Enid—or Edith, I mean—was my first cousin!"

"You know that her garments were marked E. T. and that a little shawl was pinned about her with a gold brooch set with emeralds arranged as a four leafed shamrock?"

"No. I fancy that they were hindered in their yarn. Believe me, there was always enough to do in that wonderful place. Besides, I knew about the brooch. Had they mentioned it, I guess the gray matter at the back of my head would have become agitated by thought."

"Yes, of course. I am talking to you as if you were hearing this sad history for the first time."

"It is new enough. It has a fresh point of view, which is everything. Now, about that brooch?"

"I bought it in Bergen. I remember your poor father laughing about it. It was odd to find an Irish emblem in that out of the way little town. I have not seen it yet, but it is ludicrous to think that so many coincidences can affect two different children cast adrift about the same time in open boats at the junction of the St. George's channel and the north Atlantic."

"It's the kind of thing that doesn't occur with monotonous regularity," agreed Pyne. "By the way, I have just made an interesting discovery on my own account."

"What is it?"

"It might easily have happened that not Enid—sorry—I mean Edith—but I should have been the youngster cast adrift in that boat."

"Yes, that is so, of course."

"And I would have grown up as Constance's brother. Guess things have panned out all right as it is."

It was on the tip of his uncle's tongue to ask for some explanation of the very gratified tone in which Master Charles made this remark, but the head waiter entered solemnly, with the air of respectful and discreet decorum which only an English family butler or a head waiter can assume without burlesque.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," he said, "but I thought you would like to know about the lady in No. 11, Mrs. Vansittart."

"Yes; what of her?" demanded Traill, while Pyne found himself imagining that which caused his heart to beat more rapidly than even the fight for life in the saloon of the Chinook.

"She went out, sir, about an hour ago, and"—

"Has she not returned?"

"No, sir. A policemen has just called to say that she was taken ill and is now being cared for at Mr. Brand's house."

Uncle and nephew glared at each other as men do when they call the gods to witness that no madder words could be spoken. Before the waiter they perforce restrained themselves.

But Pyne shouted:

"Where is the policeman?"

"He is down below, sir. Shall I bring him up?"

Sergeant Jenkins, however, was too loyal in his friendship to Brand to tell them exactly how it came about that Mrs. Vansittart was sheltered in Laburnum cottage. He admitted that he directed the lady to the house in the first instance and that Mr. Brand told him subsequently to convey the stated message to the hotel.

Nevertheless he was the richer for a sovereign as he went out.

Mr. Traill helped himself to a whisky and soda.

"Here's to the reconciliation of Brand and his wife," he said, with a lighter tone and more cheerful manner than he would have deemed possible five minutes earlier.

Pyne followed his example.

"Say, uncle," he cried, "here's a queer item! When I first met Constance I spoke of Mrs. Vansittart, and I called her my prospective step-aunt."

"A very silly name too."

"Constance seemed to think that, or its feminine equivalent. She corrected me, 'You mean your fiancee's aunt,' she said."

"Oh, did she?"

"Yes, and here's to her being my fiancee's mother."

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With the morning came doubt. A maid who was given charge of the two children told Pyne that Mrs. Vansittart had been greatly upset the previous evening. The girl was sure that the lady had passed nearly an hour in tears kneeling by the side of the bed. Then, having regained control of herself to some extent, she rang for the maid and asked at what time the first train left for London next day. She ordered her breakfast at an hour which seemed to indicate her intention to depart by that train, said that she would leave instructions with Mr. Pyne concerning the children, and gave the maid two letters which she had written. These were to be delivered at 9 o'clock. What was to be done with the letters?

As they were addressed to Pyne and his uncle respectively, he soon settled that point.

His letter read:

Dear Mr. Pyne—I am leaving for London quite early, so I will not see you again in Penzance. I have supplied the little girls with all the garments they will need during the next few days. If, on inquiry, you ascertain that they have no relatives anxious, not merely willing, to take charge of them, I shall be most pleased to assume that responsibility. In that event, kindly write me, care of my bankers. Yours very sincerely,

E. VANSITTART.

The communication to his uncle was equally brief. Mr. Traill read it to him. It ran:

Dear Mr. Traill—I cannot marry you. Please forgive me. I did not realize when you honored me with your proposal that an insuperable obstacle existed. That is all—a lame explanation, but complete so far as it goes. A woman who has wrecked her life finds it hard to choose her words. Your sincere friend, E. VANSITTART.

They discussed these curt notes during breakfast.

"I do not like their tone," said Mr. Traill gravely. "They impress me as the hurried resolutions of a woman driven to extremeties. Were it not for her request about the children I should think what you thought last night, Charlie, when that policeman turned up."

"I must have telephoned my ideas to you mighty quick," was the retort.

"My dear boy, even at this moment we don't know what she intended to do. Why did she go out? What is the nature of her sudden illness? How comes it that she is at Brand's house?"

"I may be mistaken, but I think we will be given answers to all your questions in due time. Nothing really serious can be amiss or we should have heard of it from Brand himself. Now, will you remain on guard here while I go out with Elsie and Mamie? The one thing that matters in their little lives this morning is that I shall hurry up and go doll hunting with them."

"I will hold the fort until you return. You will not be long?"

"Perhaps half an hour. While I am out I will make some inquiries as to the condition of our other friends of the Chinook."

"By the way, many of them must be destitute. It is my desire, Charlie, to pay the expenses of any such to their destination and equip them properly for the journey."

"You are a first rater, uncle, but it'll make your arm tired if you O. K. the bill all the time. Now, here's a fair offer. Let me go halves."

"Be off, you rascal! You are keeping two ladies waiting."

With seeming anxiety to atone for the excesses of the week, the weather that morning justified the claim of Cornwall to be the summer land of England. The sun shone from a blue sky flecked with white clouds. The waters of Mount's bay sparkled and danced in miniature wavelets. The air was so mild, the temperature so equable, that it was hard to credit sea and wind with the havoc of the preceding days.

The Gulf Rock disaster did not stand alone in the records of the hurricane. Even the day's papers contained belated accounts of casualties on the coasts of Normandy, Holland and far-off Denmark. But nowhere else had there been such loss of life, while renewed interest was evoked by the final relief of all the survivors.

Pyne's appearance outside the sitting room was hailed with a yell. Notwithstanding her own perplexities Mrs. Vansittart had taken good care that the children were well provided for. They were beautifully dressed, and the smiling maid who freed them from control when the door opened said that they might go out without jackets, the day was so fine.

He descended the stairs with a cigar in his mouth and a delighted youngster clinging to each hand.

In the hall he encountered a dozen journalists waiting to devour him.

A delighted youngster clinging to each hand.

They had failed to penetrate the strategic screen interposed by the head waiter. Now the enemy was unmasked and they advanced to the attack.

Pyne was ready for them. He had already outlined his defense.

"Will one of you gentlemen, representing all, kindly give me a word in private?" he asked.

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, snapshotted, 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.

TO BE CONTINUED