



CHAPTER II.

As Paul Armor crept back along the ledge his heart beat very fast. Up and down, in and out, panting, hurrying, he passed above the turmoil of waters.

In a few minutes, that seemed as many hours, he came down upon the beach. His blood was fairly leaping, and he ran along the sand pitching forward in his lameness, and looking pallid and wild in the moonlight.

A little way beyond his father's broken boat he came to a sort of landing. He remembered having seen a rope there. Yes, there it lay, coiled and wet, on the bow of a canoe.

He seized it with a joyous cry. But it was fastened to the boat! Instantly he fell upon his knees, and began pulling and tugging at the knot, using both fingers and teeth in his eagerness.

Then he seized the nut on the lower end of the boat that held the rope, and twisted it with all his strength. It turned; and in a moment he had it off, and, climbing upon the edge of the boat, he wound the rope about his shoulders and hands and lifted hard.

Suddenly, as he strained, the rusty bolt left its socket, and he plunged headlong from the boat's side upon the wet sand. Scrambling up, and snatching the rope, he hurried down the beach.

Without waiting to take breath, or steady himself, he plunged into the spray, and, climbing above the surf, took his dangerous way across the head. Onward he went, creeping along the dripping ledge, with clouds of mist rolling past him up the cliff, and now and then the moonlight breaking through upon him.

As he approached the beetling point that hid his father and the unknown child from view he paused with fluttering pulse and listened. No sound save the long rolling crash of the incoming surges met his ear. Tremblingly he crept on round the point and looked down; there they hung! and his heart gave a great leap at the sight.

The man with closed eyes seemed sinking down, but the child still held him fast about the neck. "Father! father!" shouted the boy, with warning voice, "I'm come! I've got the rope!"

The man roused himself with a pitiful smile and the boy made a hurried noise of the rope and cast it down. The father steeled himself and at length got the noose over the child's head and around its body.

Then he kissed her and said, falteringly: "I don't know who ye are, little thing, an' I can't made out a word ye've said, but ye've saved me so far, and mebbe if we get outer here ye'll keep me saved from something worse than this. Good-by!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed the woman. "I can't speak English; it's a foreigner!" and she put her faded shawl about it compassionately.

Suddenly the boy started up. "I'm goin' now, mother," he said. "I'm goin' after father!" and before the woman could comprehend he snatched the rope and ran up in the spray and was swallowed from her sight.

The act appalled her, and she sprang screaming after him, but she slipped on the wet rocks and the plunging surges beat her back. To her mother heart it was much as if he had passed into a billowing fire.

The moments seemed interminable, would he never come back from that battering, pounding gulf of foam and noise? A half hour of terror went by; then suddenly he burst out of the wreathing spray above her, with a cry much as if he had opened eyes in Heaven.

Behind him came his father, drooping and staggering forward, and husband and wife fell into each other's arms, and stood swaying and sobbing on the sand, while Paul crept away, sick and broken, and crying to himself.

Ah! he had been through great peril; he had done a noble deed; he had brought back his self respect; but had not the old hovering darkness come along with it? When Trace Armor, following his wife, bent his tall, shambing form and

went weakly in through the low doorway of his humble home, a bright fire of pine knots was flaming and popping in the fireplace, and a pot of coffee, sitting in the hot ashes at one corner of the fire, was breathing sweet fragrance from its mouth.

A wave of indescribable thankfulness swept through him at the sight. The children clustered about him with exclamations of wonder, and the mother, placing the little stranger in a chair before the pleasant flames, went into the other room. The giant-like father, rubbing his hands before the grateful blaze, looked at the children with a beaming face.

"Wal, my hearties," he said, "ye see I've brought ye a little sister." The child, as if somewhat frightened by the circle of roguish faces, put out her hands appealingly, and the big man drew her into his lap and crooned over her like a woman.

"Don't ye be afeared, little thing, don't ye be afeared," he said. "If y'r pap or nannym never come ye'll be always safe with us. We had a little gal once, almost y'r size an' left, an'—yes, she looked almost like ye. We called her Breeze, an' I guess we'll call ye Gale, for y'r almost like her."

The child looked trustfully up into his sympathetic face, but it was plain she did not understand him. "I reckon ye can't make me out, little bird, from the way ye look," he said; "but ye needn't be afeared, ye needn't be afeared."

The man swayed forward over his knees and groaned: "Lacy, I will if I kin!" But suddenly he threw himself back with a look of torture in his face. "I need it now! I'm a-burnin' up, Lacy!" he cried. "Ain't there any in the house? Jist a moment!"

A look of despair spread over the woman's face. "Trave, there ain't any," she said. "You must go to bed now, and sleep until y'r better," and she led him into the other room as if he was a trembling child.

When she came out again she asked for Paul, but none of the children had seen him, and she went anxiously to the door and looked out. The boy was limping slowly up the path with his father's rusted rifle on his shoulder. He had found it in the bottom of the water-logged boat.

"Breakfast is 'most ready, Paul," said the mother, and her voice was an infinitely tender caress. She did not praise him, but he saw an approval in her eyes too great for words.

"I'm not much hungry, mother," he said. "I'll get the tubs filled, so we can go to work when y'r ready."

When the poor meal was prepared he came in and ate a few bites in silence. The food choked him when he looked at his mother's care-worn face. Suddenly as they sat at the table, the father cried out wildly in the other room, and the wife ran in and they heard her struggling with him.

The children grew still and the little waif looked frightened and perplexed. (To be continued.)

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. DAVID WILEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR. All calls promptly attended to. TILLAMOOK, ORE.

C. E. HAWKE M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at Allen House, Tillamook, Oregon. Telephone No. 7.

G. O. NOLAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Deputy District Attorney of Tillamook County. Office in Alderson Hotel Building, Tillamook, Oregon.

T. H. GOYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office Opposite Court House, Tillamook, Oregon.

CLAUDE THAYER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TILLAMOOK, OREGON. W. J. MAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

DALY & HAYTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, DALLAS, OREGON. ROBERT A. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST. Rev. W. A. Dunnett, a Man Whose Good Work is Widely Known—He Relates Events in His Career of General Interest.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been the Grand Vice-Councillor of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templars council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor.

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21, 1898, he is speaking of his itinerant mode of life. In the early part of the summer of 1896, while in Brockville assisting the pastor of the Wall Street Methodist Church in evangelic work, he was speaking of his affliction at the time.

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21, 1898, he is speaking of his affliction at the time. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time.

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21, 1898, he is speaking of his affliction at the time. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time.

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21, 1898, he is speaking of his affliction at the time. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time.

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21, 1898, he is speaking of his affliction at the time. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time.

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21, 1898, he is speaking of his affliction at the time. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time.

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21, 1898, he is speaking of his affliction at the time. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time.

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21, 1898, he is speaking of his affliction at the time. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time.

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21, 1898, he is speaking of his affliction at the time. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time.

War News

If you want the latest news in detail of the American-Spanish conflict, subscribe at once for the

Oregonian

Fullest telegraphic reports, which can be relied on. Daily and Sunday, 85c per month; weekly, 12 pages, \$1.50 per year. Address

OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO. PORTLAND, OR.

Charles Peterson Barber

Shaving Hair Cutting Shampooing Hot and Cold Baths

Everything Strictly First Class

Edgar Latimer Barber & Hairdresser

Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing etc.

New Building, Next door to Post Office

JONES BROS Livery & Stage

when you want A Nice Rig and A Good Safe Team

that you can drive with comfort and enjoyment. Our patrons will find everything in first class shape and our prices reasonable.

CLARENCE TILDEWOOD

Nice dry wood of any kind, any quantity desired at lowest living rates.

WONDERFUL Cure of Chronic Diseases

THE ELEVATED VITA MEDICINE CO. Tacoma, Wash. about their great success and how they can cure you

Having a system of medicines founded on great discoveries of eminent scientists, and stating the fact that every disease has its own date and that if their specifics are used according to directions they will be cured.

Their remedies have completely cured cases such as Morphia and Opium Habit, Liver Troubles, Catarrh of the Bladder, Gonorrhea, etc.

These remedies are really all in one bottle, and contain no alcohol, and are perfectly safe.

When you wear begins to exceed your body you are going to fall sick. The organs are: nose of flesh, pale complexion, etc.

It is easy enough to test. Take a few bottles of Shaker's Food.

Sold by druggists at corners in all cities.

OCEAN PARK CAMPGROUND

John Malaney Sr. Prop. The finest Camp Ground on the Oregon Coast. The Situation is one of unusual beauty. It is protected from the wind. It is near a lovely beach. It affords fine bathing and boating facilities. It is near the best fishing in America. Supplies will be brought to your door. All prices are reasonable.

John Malaney Sr. Woods, Oregon

When You Want a First Class Wheel

One that will stand these roads, One that will not need repairs, A Particularly easy riding wheel, At a reasonable price, buy

A RAMBLER

The Rambler is a strictly first class wheel. It has stood the test for 19 years and stands today a the head of all.

See my Prices Model of 1897 - - - \$50.00 Model of 1898 - - - \$60.00 & \$75.00

All these wheels are fully guaranteed and all \$75.00 wheels are nickel plated. I also sell a fine second class wheel "The Ideal" for from \$35.00 to \$40.00.

JOHN BARKER. NELS THOMPSON. Furniture Store and Cabinet Shop

Keeps on Hand a Complete Stock of Furniture, Matting, Wall Paper, Window Shades, and Floor Oil Cloth.

All Kinds of Cabinet work-Turning-Scroll sawing etc. etc. done on short notice. Screen doors and Windows made to Order.

THE TILLAMOOK EDW. G. E. WIST Proprietor.

This Hotel has just been newly furnished and put in first class repair and is now by far the best in the city

EVERYTHING COMFORTABLE AND HOMELIKE. Terms Reasonable, Tillamook Ore.



Headquarters for Forest Grove Stage Line.

Allan House J. P. Allen, Prop.

First class accommodation at second class rate.

Best meals in the City Tillamook Ore