

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT

By ... Louis Tracy, Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

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SYNOPSIS OF BLEEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—At daybreak an assistant keeper of the lighthouse, passing the gallery, discovers in the distance a ship in distress. Stephen Brand goes to the gallery. Upon reaching the ship he comes in contact with a shark, fights and kills it and goes aboard. He finds the body of a dead man and a strange bundle beneath the wall. Jones, the lightkeeper, lowers a basket and hauls Brand and his strange bundle safely up. The bundle contains a live baby, of which Jones assumes the care. In a part of the child's clothing are the initials "E. T."

CHAPTER II.—The little one is placed in the arms of the nurse. Brand has charge of Stephen Brand's child in Penzance. They call the child End Trevillion. The lightkeeper, Jones, and his wife, Mrs. Jones, are the parents of Stephen Brand and her adopted sister, End Trevillion, who later is known as the adopted daughter of the lightkeeper, Jones. The child is named End Trevillion. They are caught in a storm, during which they hear the signal for help coming from the rock. They reach the lighthouse in safety and find that two of the men, Jackson and Bates, have been hurt. Brand sends the men back with his. Jackson and Bates are lowered into the boat, and Brand starts for Penzance. The baby is not by Brand's side as he approaches the boat. On reaching the Daisy he turns back to assist with the injured men. From a lighthouse window End spies a boat approaching the rock. It is the Lapping, owned by a man named Lawrence. Brand is attracted to the sailor, Stanhope. He signals for the boat to land, and Stanhope and his crew step ashore. End spends the night at the rock. At dawn the lightkeeper, Jones, returns with a message. Brand makes a ship in great distress.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

It chanced just then that an emancipated woman embraced the granite column, hit the cornice and dislodged 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. He was the frantic sea leopine to a height of 140 feet and more, yet their father was treating the incident as the merriest joke of many a month.

No better cure for their hysteria could be contrived. Brand was obviously not acting. The hearty pulsations of laughter had restored his ruddy color. Evidently they were alarmed about nothing.

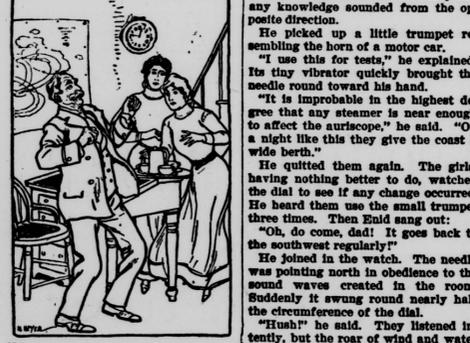
"Here, End, drink your parting cup!" he cried. "Have no fear. It is only the doctored doris before many another feast."

Feeling somewhat ashamed of themselves, though smiling very wistfully, they obeyed him. He slipped his cocoa with real nonchalance. Another wave turned a somersault over the lantern. Brand's only anxiety was to blow at the steaming liquid and cool it sufficiently.

Yet was he watching them and humming over the right course to adopt. He alone understood that to the novice the amazing order 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 sleep was folly. They must remain with him and be comforted.

"Being reasonable girls, of fine spirit under conditions less benumbing, it



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

"Here's to you, End. Still we live," he cried, and drained his cup.

"A sup-pup-ose so," she stammered.

"Better sup up your cocoa," said Constance. "Now I am quits with you for this afternoon."

"I'll tell you what," went on Brand confidentially. "In that locker you will find a couple of stout pilot coats. Put them on. As I cannot persuade you to leave me you must sit down, and it is cold in here. Moreover, for the first time in twenty-one years I will smoke on duty. I have earned a little relaxation of the law."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw that Constance, if not End, had not missed the subtle hint in his words. But she was quite as ready as he was to give no sign; helped her sister into the heavy reefer, and made herself comfortable in turn.

"Neither of you will ever regret tonight's experience—when it is nicely over," he said. "You are like a couple of recruits in their first battle."

"I am sure," began End.

A huge wave, containing several hundred tons of water, smote the lighthouse and carried over their heads. The house that was founded upon a rock fell not, but it shook through all its iron bound tiers, and the empty cups danced on their saucers.

Not another word could End utter. She was paralyzed.

"That fellow—arrived—in the nick of time—to emphasize my remarks," said Brand, lighting his pipe. "This is your baptism of fire, if I may strain a metaphor. But you are far better situated than the soldier. He gets scared out of his wits by big guns which are comparatively harmless, and when he has been well pounded for an hour or so he advances quite blithely to meet the almost silent hail of dangerous bullets. So, you see, in his case, ignorance is bliss."

"Are we in bliss?" demanded Constance.

"You have been. The lighthouse has outlasted a hurricane such as has not visited England before in my lifetime. It is over. The wind has dropped to a No. 10 gale, and we have not lost even a bit of skin to my knowledge. Now the cannonade is beginning. Certainly

we may have the glass broken by a rare accident, but no worse fate can befall us."

A heavy thud was followed by a deluge without. They heard the water pouring off the gallery.

Constance leaned forward, with hands on knees. Her large eyes looked into his.

"This time, dad, you are not choosing your words," she said.

"I am sorry you should think that," was the reply. "I selected each phrase with singular care. Never be misled by the apparent ease of a speaker. The best impromptu is prepared beforehand."

"You dear old lump," she cried.

Now the quiet deadness of the scene which followed the reappearance of End and herself from their bedroom was manifest to her. End, too, was looking from one to the other in eager striving to grasp the essentials of an episode rapidly grouping its details into sequence. Brand knew that if he parried his daughters' questioning they would be on their knees by his side forthwith, and he wished to avoid any further excitement.

"Please attend, both of you," he growled, with mock severity. "I am going to tell you something that will console you."

His voice was drowned by some part of the Atlantic whirling over the lantern.

"This kind of thing does not go on all the time," he continued. "Otherwise we should have five hours of spasmodic conversation. As soon as the tide rises sufficiently to gain an uninterrupted run across the reef we will have at least two hours of comparative quiet. About 4 o'clock there will be a second edition for an hour or so. I suppose that any suggestion of bed—"

"Will be met with a rebuff," he said.

"A nice pair of beauties you will be in the morning," he grumbled artfully.

Not even Constance was proof against this new burden of woe. She glanced around.

"You say that," she cried, "knowing that the nearest looking glass is yards away."

He pointed with his pipe.

"In the second drawer of the desk you will find a heliograph. It is only a toy, but will justify me."

They ran together and found the little circular mirror. The next wave passed unheeded. Smiling, he went up to the lamp. Even yet there was hope they might go to bed when the respite came.

After much talk of disordered hair, wan cheeks, rings round the eyes, cracked lips and other outrageous defects which a pretty woman mourns when divorced from her dressing table, Constance called him.

"Here is a queer thing," she said.

"Have you heard any steamer hooting?"

"No," he answered. Bending between the two of them, he saw that the point of the auriscope bore due southwest, though the last siren of which they had any knowledge sounded from the opposite direction.

He picked up a little trumpet resembling the horn of a motor car.

"I use this for tests," he explained. Its tiny vibrator quickly brought the needle round toward his hand.

"It is improbable in the highest degree that any steamer is near enough to affect the auriscope," he said. "On a night like this they give the coast a wide berth."

He quitted them again. The girls, having nothing better to do, watched the dial to see if any change occurred. He heard them use the small trumpet three times. Then End sang out:

"Oh, do come, dad! It goes back to the southwest regularly!"

He joined in the watch. The needle was pointing north in obedience to the sound waves created in the room. Suddenly it swung round nearly half the circumference of the dial.

"Hush!" he said. They listened intently, but the roar of wind and water was so deafening. They could hear naught else. He went to the southwest point of the glass dome, but the lantern was so blurred with rivulets of water that he could see nothing save a tawny vastness where the light fell on the flying spindrift.

To make sure he tested the auriscope again and with the same result.

"A vessel is approaching from the southwest," he announced gravely.

"Evidently she is whistling for help. I hope she will not attempt to approach too near the reef. I must have a look out."

He put on an oilskin coat and tied his hat around a sou'wester firmly by the neck his chin.

The small door of the lantern opened toward the bay, so he had no difficulty in gaining the gallery. The girls watched him forcing his way against the wind until he was facing it and gazing in the direction of the Scilly Isles.

"Perhaps some poor ship is in danger, Connie," whispered End.

"It makes me feel quite selfish. Here was I thinking of nothing but my own peril, yet that little machine there was faithfully doing its duty."

"It was not alone in its self abandonment. We shall never know, dear, how much father suffered when he sent us off with a feet on his lips. I am sure he thought the lantern would be blown away."

"And he with it! Oh, Connie!"

"Yes. He believed that that awful thing took place while we were below we might escape. I can see it all now. I had the vaguest sort of suspicion, but he hoodwinked me."

"Had we known we would not have left him!" cried End passionately.

"Yes, we would. Think of him striking his post. Was it for us to disobey?"

Overcome by their feelings, they stood in silence for a little while. But they are far better situated than the soldier. He gets scared out of his wits by big guns which are comparatively harmless, and when he has been well pounded for an hour or so he advances quite blithely to meet the almost silent hail of dangerous bullets. So, you see, in his case, ignorance is bliss."

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TO READERS OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:

Did you read the article published by The Ladies' Home Journal in May 1904, attacking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Have you seen the statement more recently made by Mr. Bok, the Editor of that magazine that his company "has not paid a single penny to Dr. R. V. Pierce's concern?"

Four days after the article in May 1904, appeared, Dr. Pierce's company sued The Ladies' Home Journal publishers for libel. The trial was had in April last. Dr. Pierce proved that the attack made by The Ladies' Home Journal was false. He proved that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does not, and never did contain either alcohol or any of the injurious drugs which The Ladies' Home Journal falsely stated it did contain. This was so conclusively shown that the attorneys for The Ladies' Home Journal were forced to admit it. The jury rendered a verdict against The Ladies' Home Journal in favor of Dr. Pierce's company for \$16,000.00. This was a complete vindication of Doctor Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription." It judicially established that the libel was wholly false, and without any justification.

Dr. Pierce, however, believed that his company is justly entitled to a verdict for a much larger sum. Through his attorneys he has, therefore, applied to the court for a new trial of the case. For this reason, and for this reason alone, has The Ladies' Home Journal not yet paid "a single penny to Dr. R. V. Pierce's concern." Dr. Pierce has simply chosen not to collect the judgment until the motion for a new trial has been decided.

In the light of these facts does not this boastful statement that it "has not paid a single penny to Dr. R. V. Pierce's concern" look like a cheap and common bluff, a half truth intended to mislead you?

During the trial of the libel suit against the above mentioned publishers, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Vice-President of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, stated under oath that the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription were wholly extracted from the following native roots: Golden Seal, Blue Cohosh, Lady's Slipper Black Cohosh and Union Root. These are the ingredients of proper strength. He was asked how he knew, as a physician and experienced medical man, that the "Favorite Prescription" was a cure for the diseases peculiar to women, such as "female weakness, watery pelvic catarrh, draining, leucorrhoea, irregular menstruation, nervous prostration, other diseases of the womanly organs," and he stated that he knew such was the fact because of his professional experience and the many thousands of women whose ills, to his personal knowledge, had been cured by this prescription.

This experience of Dr. R. V. Pierce was corroborated by the standard Medical Authorities of the several schools of practice endorsing the various ingredients in the strongest terms. Dr. R. V. Pierce being a member of these authorities as to the curative value of the ingredients of his prescription, works such as the United States Dispensary; The American Dispensary; Materia Medica; by Professor Finley Ellingwood of the University of Michigan; Chicago, "New Remedies," by Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Johns Hopkins University; "The Diseases of Women," by Prof. J. M. Peabody, M. D., of the University of New York; Prof. John King, Author of "Woman and Her Diseases," Prof. J. M. Peabody, M. D., Author of "Treatment of the Diseases of Women," Horatio C. Wood, M. D., Author of "The Diseases of Women," Bartholow, A. M., M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

All these recognized and standard authorities praise, in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient, which enters into the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce for the cure of women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, who had shrunk closely together the moment he retired.

"They are trying to steer clear of the reef," he shouted. "Twice they have got her head around, but the sea is too strong for them. I am afraid she is doomed."

Now they unquestionably saw the great body of the ship. Her funnels showed most clearly, making sharply defined black daubs on the heaving desert of froth. The plunging whirl of the masthead light were enough to prove her presence, whether a vessel was laboring in what might prove to be her final agony.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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