THE PILLAR of LIGHT

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

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I—At daybreak an assistant keeper of the lighthouse, pacing the gallery, discovers in the distance a ship in distress. Stephen Brand agrees to swim to it. 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 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 Jones assumes the care. On a part of the child's clothing are the initials "E. T." The little one is placed in care of the nurse who has charge of Stephen Brand's child in Penzance. They call the child Enid Trevillion. III—Eighteen years later Constance Brand, daughter of Stephen Brand, and her adopted sister, Enid Trevillion, go to the lighthouse with an old fisherman, Ben Pollard, in a sailboat named Daisy. 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 Ben. IV—Jackson and Bates are lowered into the boat and Pollard starts for Penzance. The Daisy is met by Lieutenant Stanhope, who is devotedly in love with Enid. He has started out for the light house in answer to the signal for help. On meeting the Daisy he turns back to assist with the injured men. V—From a lighthouse window Enid spies a boat approaching the rock. It is the Lapwing, owned by a man named Lawton. Brand discovers that it is sailed by Stanhope. He signals for them not to land, and Stanhope returns to Penzance. The girls spend the night at the rock. VI—During the night a furious storm renders sleep impossible. At dawn from the lighthouse gallery Brand makes out a ship in great distress. VII—Charles A. Pyne, a young man on board, throws a rope from the foremast to Brand, and by means of a pulley seventy-eight people are saved before the ship sinks. VIII—Mrs. Vansittart, Pyne's aunt, is strangely moved at sight of Constance. IX—Mrs. Vansittart inquires about Stephen Brand and his daughter and seeks to meet Brand, but fails. X—Stanhope in the Falcon approaches the lighthouse at daybreak in an effort to rescue Enid and Constance, but is unable to land on account of high seas. Brand signals news of the disaster. Constance and Pyne become well acquainted. XI—The Falcon puts back to Penzance, but returns the next day, bringing Mr. Traill, whom Mrs. Vansittart is journeying from America to marry. He sends messages to Mrs. Vansittart and to Pyne, his nephew. XII—Stanhope has signaled from the boat his proposal to Enid. The food is giving out, and starvation threatens, when two boats arrive, the Falcon and another, but even with a raft it is impossible to reach the rock. XIII and XIV—Stanhope decides to row to the lighthouse and signals to Brand. Brand tries in vain to persuade him not to. Stanhope, with Ben Pollard and Jim Spence, reaches the rock in safety and connects a rope after a desperate struggle.

Chapter XIV—Continued.

The rope around his waist was held from the tug. The instant he made his leap the men with him were to back water, the crew at the drag to haul for all they were worth and consequently pull the boat clear of the next wave ere it broke. That is why he selected a handy craft in place of the lifeboat offered to him as soon as his resolve was whispered ashore. It was on rapidity, quick judgment, the utilization of seconds, that he depended. The unwieldly bulk of the lifeboat not only detracted from these all important considerations, but made it more than probable that she would be capsized or touch the reef.

For the same reason he timed his approach on the rising tide. He could venture nearer to the lighthouse itself, and the boat could be rowed and dragged more speedily into safety. With him, too, were men who knew every inch of the Gulf Rock. He knew he could trust them to the end.

Although he had mapped out his programme to the last detail, Brand's inspiration in using the oil created a fresh and utterly unforeseen set of conditions.

Mountainous ridges still danced fantastically up and down the smooth granite slopes, but they no longer broke, and it is broken water, not tumultuously heaving seas, that an open boat must fear.

With the intuition of a born sailor, ready to seize any advantage given by human enemy or angry ocean, Stanhope decided in the very jaws of opportunity to abandon his original design totally and shout to the men he saw standing in the entrance to heave him a rope. He would have preferred the danger of the jump. He almost longed to endure the fierce struggle which might ensue before he reached those waiting hands. He thought he would have his reward in the tense joy of the fight, in bringing salvation to Enid and those with her, in seeing her sweet face again after these days and nights of vigil.

But the paramount need was to succeed. The extraordinary and, to him, quite inexplicable change in conditions which he had studied during tortured hours passed on the bridge of the Falcon or the Trinity tender made it possible to remain longer in the vicinity of the rock than he had dared to hope. Therefore he knew it was advisable to adopt the certain means of communication of the thrown rope in preference to the uncertainty of his own power to reach and climb the ladder.

Flinging out his right arm he motioned to the men in the lighthouse to be ready to heave a coil. The wind was the chief trouble now, but he must chance that.

"'Vast pulling," he yelled over his shoulder as a monstrous wave pranced over the reef and enveloped the column.

"Aye, aye!" sang out his crew.

Up went the boat on the crest and a fearsome cavern spread before his eyes, revealing the seaweed that clung to the lowest tier of masonry. In the same instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of a lofty billow rearing back from the rocks on the north.

Down sank the boat until the door of the lighthouse seemed to be an awful distance away. She rose again, and Stanhope stood upright, his knees wedged against the wooden ribs. One piercing glance in front and another to the right showed that the antagonism of the two volumes of water gave the expected lull.

"Pull!"

The boat shot onward. Once, twice, three times the oars dipped with precision. These rowers, who went with their backs turned to what might be instant death, were brave and stanch as he who looked it unflinchingly in the face.

"Heave!" roared Stanhope to the white visaged second officer standing in the doorway far above him.

The rope whirred through the air, the boat rose still higher to meet it, and the coil struck Stanhope in the face, lashing him savagely in the final spite of the baffled gale which puny man had conquered.

Never was blow taken with such Christian charity.

"Back!" he cried, and the oarsmen, not knowing what had happened, bent against the tough blades. The tug's sailors at the drag, though the engines grinding at half speed were keeping them grandly against the race not more than 150 yards in the rear, failed for an instant to understand what was going on. But their captain had seen the cast and read its significance.

"Haul away!" he bellowed in a voice of thunder and, to cheer them on, added other words which showed that he was no landsman.

Stanhope deftly knotted the lighthouse line to the loop taken off his waist. He cast the joined cords overboard.

"Thank God!" he said, and he looked up at the great pillar already growing less in the distance.

Now from the kitchen, owing to its height above sea level and the thickness of the wall pierced by the window, as soon as the boat came within fifty yards or so of the lighthouse the girls could see it no longer.

When it dropped out of sight for the last time Constance could not endure the strain. Though her dry tongue

The rope whirred through the air.

clicked in her mouth, she forced a despairing cry.

"Enid," she screamed, "lean out through the window! It is your place."

"I cannot! Indeed I cannot! He will be killed! Oh, save him, kind Providence, and take my life in his stead!"

Constance lifted the frenzied girl in her strong arms. This was no moment for puling fear.

"If I loved a man," she cried, "and he were about to die for my sake I should count it a glory to see him die."

The brave words gave Enid some measure of comprehension. Yes, that was it. She would watch her lover while he faced death even though her heart stopped beating when the end came.

Helped by her sister, she opened the window and thrust her head out. To her half dazed brain came the consciousness that the sea had lost its venom. She saw the boat come on, pause, leap forward, the rope thrown and the knot made.

As the boat retreated she caught Stanhope's joyous glance. He saw her and waved his hand. Something he said caused the two rowers for the first time to give one quick glance backward, for they were now scudding rapidly away from the danger zone. She knew them; she managed to send a frantic recognition to all three.

Then, in an almost overpowering reaction, she drew back from the window and tears of divine relief streamed from her eyes.

"Constance," she sobbed, "he has saved us! Look out. You will see him. I cannot."

Yet, all tremulous and breathless, she brushed away the tears and strove to distinguish the boat once more. It appeared, a vague blot in the mist that enshrouded her.

"Connie," she said again, "tell me that all is well."

"Yes, dear. Indeed, indeed, he is safe."

"And do you know who came with him? I saw their faces—Ben Pollard and Jim Spence—in the Daisy. Yes, it is true. And Jack planned it with them. They have escaped; and we, too, will be rescued. It is God's own doing. I could thank him on my knees for the rest of my life."

CHAPTER XV.

THE twisted strands of tough hemp might have been an electric cable of utmost conductivity if its powers were judged by results. When willing hands had carefully hauled in the rope until the knot could be unfastened and the end secured to the cord connecting the gallery with the entrance, a man was dispatched to warn Brand that all was in readiness for the next step.

The rough sailor was the messenger of the gods to those who waited on each story. As he ran upward, climbing the steep stairs with the nimbleness of a monkey, he bellowed the great news to each crowded doorway. Seeing the girls in the kitchen, though already his breath was scant, he blurted out:

"It's all right, ladies! He's done the trick!"

On the next landing pallid women's faces gleamed at him.

"Rope aboard!" he gasped. "They're tyin' on legs o' mutton now."

Yet again he was waylaid on the floor above. Hard pressed for wind he wheezed forth consolation.

"Just goin' to haul the bottled beer aboard," he grunted.

It would never do to pass the hospital without a word.

"Beef tea an' port wine swimmin' here," he panted.

Brand was peering through the lantern door, awaiting this unwashed Mercury, who caught sight of the lighthouse keeper ere his shaggy head had emerged from the well.

The man stopped, almost spent. He gave an offhanded sailor's salute.

"Haul away, sir!" he yelled, and his voice cracked with excitement. Indeed, they who remained quite coherent on the Gulf Rock, on the ships, and even on the cliffs nine miles away, were few in number and to be pitied exceedingly. There are times when a man must cheer and a woman's eyes glisten with joyous tears, else they are flabby creatures, human jellyfish. The steamboats snorted with raucous siren blasts, and although the hoarse shouting of men and the whistling of steam were swept into space by the north wind in its rage, those on shore could read the riddle through their glasses of the retreating boat and the white vapor puffs.

The first to grasp Stanhope's hand when he swung himself onto the deck of the tender was Mr. Cyrus J. Traill. "Well done, my lad!" he cried brokenly. "I thought it was all up with you. Did you see her?"

"Yes, but only for a second."

"You thought it best not to join them?"

"You know that I would gladly go now and attempt it. But I dared not refuse the better way. I can't tell you what happened. Something stilled the sea like magic. Look at it now."

Assuredly the waves were breaking again around the pillar with all their wonted ferocity, but one among the Trinity house officers noticed a smooth, oily patch floating past the vessel.

"By Jove!" he shouted, "Brand helped you at the right moment. He threw some gallons of colza overboard."

Traill, a bronzed, spare, elderly man, tall and straight, with eyes set deep beneath heavy eyebrows, went to Jim Spence and Ben Pollard where they were helping to sling the Daisy up to the davits.

"I said five hundred between you," he briefly announced. "If the rope holds and the three people I am interested in reach the shore alive I will make it five hundred apiece."

Ben Pollard's mahogany face became several inches wider and remained so permanently, his friends thought, but Jim Spence only grinned.

"You don't know the cap'n, sir. He'll save every mother's son—an' daughter too—now he has a line aboard."

Then the ex-sailor, chosen with Ben from among dozens of volunteers owing to his close acquaintance with the reef, bethought him.

"You're treatin' Ben an' me magnificent, sir," he said, "but the chief credit is due to Mr. Stanhope. We on'y obeyed orders."

The millionaire laughed like a boy.

"I have not forgotten Mr. Stanhope," he said. "I am sure your confidence in Mr. Brand will be justified. You watch me smile when I ante up your share."

On board the tug and on the gallery of the lighthouse there was no time for talk. The vessel, with the most skillful handling, might remain where she was for about four hours. She was already more than a hundred fathoms within the dangerous area marked by the buoy, and there was much to be done in the time.

The strongest rope, the best wire hawser, has its well defined limit of strain, and the greater the length the greater the tension. From the buoy itself naught save a chain cable would hold in such a sea. The tug must operate from the nearer base. She was pitching and tossing in a manner calculated to daunt any one but a sailor, and the slightest mistake made by the skipper, the burly oilskinned man balancing himself on the bridge with his hand on the engine room telegraph, would snap any line ever twisted.

So, briefly, this was the procedure adopted. A stout rope was bent on to that carried to the rock by Stanhope. With this was sent a whip, thus establishing a to and fro communication. The rope itself, when it had reached the rock, was attached to a buoy and anchored. Thus it could be picked up easily if the thin wire hawser next dispatched should happen to break.

A few words may cover a vast amount of exertion. Before the second line, with its running gear, was safely stayed around the body of the lantern—even the iron railing might give way—a precious hour had elapsed, and Stanhope was impatiently stamping about the bridge of the tender, though none knew better than he that not an unnecessary moment was being lost.

At last a signaler stationed on the tug was able to ask:

"What shall we send first?"

And the answer came back:

"Water, milk, bread."

All night tinsmiths had labored to inclose food and clothing in water tight cylinders ready for transport, and the shining packages now began their voyaging from the tug's trawl beam to the lofty gallery, three-fourths of the journey being through the sea. When the first consignment reached the rock another lusty cheer boomed from the watching vessels.

Stanhope at least could picture the scene in progress behind the grim granite walls—Constance and Enid, with others whom he did not know, serving out generous drafts to thirsty and famished women and men, helping themselves last, and hardly able to empty the eight gallon supply of fresh water before they were called on to distribute a similar quantity of milk.

And then the bread, the cooked meat all cut in slices, the tinned soups and meat extracts, the wines—for Traill had taken charge of the catering, and his arrangements were lavish—what a feast for people almost on the verge of starvation!

The hours flew until the tug signaled that she must cast loose and back away from the reef. The tide was running westward now. Soon the danger would be active, and in any case the Gulf Rock was saved from the possibility of famine during the next forty-eight hours. So the hawser in its turn was buoyed, and Brand's parting instruction was not to attempt to reopen communication during the dark hours of the morning tide.

The wisdom of his advice was manifest. With farewell trumpetings the vessels scurried off to Penzance, and the telegraph office was kept open all night transmitting the word pictures of newspaper correspondents to thrill the world with full descriptions of the way in which the Gulf Rock's famished denizens had been relieved.

The last two packages ferried to the lighthouse contained not only warm woolen wraps for the women and children, but a big bundle of letters and telegrams.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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No. 3401.
Maria Burns, Mary Burns and John Burns, Plaintiffs, vs. John G. Haizman, John G. Haizman as Administrator of the estate of Amelia Haizman, deceased; David Wartman, Rose Beard, Bertha Murphy, Bertha Murphy as Guardian of Ralph Reichel and Walter Reichel; Walter Reichel, Ralph Reichel, and Edmund Wartman, Defendants:
The State of Washington to the above named David Wartman or Dave Wartman:
You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: within sixty days after the 12th day of October, 1906, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint of the plaintiffs, and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorney for plaintiffs, at his office below stated, and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint which has been filed with the Clerk of the said court.
The object of the above entitled action is to obtain partition among the owners thereof of the following described real estate: Northwest qr. of Northeast qr. and Southwest qr. of Northeast qr. and Southeast qr of Northeast qr. and Northeast qr. of Northwest qr. all in Section 30, Tp. 16 North, Range 2 East of W. M. in Thurston county, Washington.
JAS. J. ANDERSON,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.
Office: Rooms 311-312 Berníce Building, Tacoma, Wash.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston county.
Allen White, Plaintiff, vs. O. C. Merrifield and —— Merrifield his wife, and Frank Merrifield and —— Merrifield his wife, and all persons, if any unknown, claiming any interest or having any interest in the hereinafter described property, Defendants.
Summons.
Foreclosure of Tax Lien.
The State of Washington to O. C. Merrifield and —— Merrifield his wife, and Frank Merrifield and —— Merrifield his wife, and all persons, if any, unknown, claiming any interest or having any interest in the hereinafter described property, Defendants: You are hereby notified that Allen White is the owner and holder of certificate of delinquency numbered 1645, issued by the Treasurer of Thurston county, Washington, on the 10th day of September, 1906, for the sum of $6.42, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for the taxes for the years 1902 to 1905 inclusive, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon, upon real property assessed to and of which you are the owners or reputed owners, or in which you have or claim to have some interest or estate, and which said real estate is situated in Thurston county, Washington, and more particularly bounded and described to-wit: NW ¼ of SW ¼ of SE ¼ Sec. 9, Township 17 N., R. 1 West, W. M.
That plaintiff has paid taxes, other than those included in said certificate of delinquency, in the sum of $6.42, and which bear interest at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum. You are further notified that plaintiff will apply to the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston county, for a judgment for the amount of said delinquent certificate, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and foreclosing his lien against said property hereinbefore described.
You are hereby notified and summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: within 60 days after October 12, 1906, and defend this action in the court aforesaid, or pay the amount due; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered for the amount of said certificate of delinquency, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and foreclosing plaintiff's lien against the lands and premises hereinbefore described and the same will be ordered sold to satisfy said judgment.
Any pleading or process may be served upon the undersigned at the post office address below given.
P. M. TROY,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Post office address: Olympia, Wash.
Date of first publication, Oct. 12, 1906.

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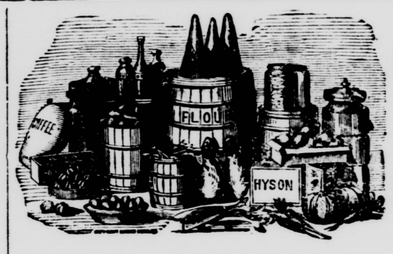

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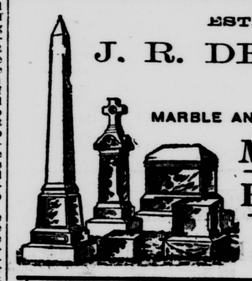
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