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. XV—Provisions and mail matter are ferried to the lighthouse. In a letter to Brand Mr. Traill states that the initials E. T. on Enid's little vest stand for Edith Traill, his daughter, who it was thought was lost with her mother on board the wrecked vessel nineteen years previous. XVI—The lighthouse prisoners are taken to Penzance in a lifeboat, where Mr. Traill gives a dinner to Mrs. Vansittart, Lady Margaret, Stanhope's mother, Constance, Enid, Stanhope and Pyne. Brand arrives at the hotel later and meets Mrs. Vansittart and finds that she is his wife. XVII—Brand tells Constance of her mother and Enid of her father. Mrs. Brand goes to Brand's house, where she becomes ill. XVIII—Lady Margaret and Stanhope leave the hotel. Mr. Traill and Pyne remain, and Mr. Traill tells Pyne the story of the wreck from which both Enid and Pyne were rescued. During the night they hear of Mrs. Vansittart's illness at Brand's house. The next day Enid visits the hotel and meets her father.

Chapter XVIII—Continued.

Every Parisienne, some Americans, a few Englishwomen, possess this gift. Constance had it, and Lady Margaret knew now that it was a lineal acquisition from her mother. The discovery enhanced the belief, always prevalent locally, that Brand was a gentleman born, and her ladyship was now eager for her son's assistance in looking up the "Landed Gentry" and other works of reference which define and glorify the upper ten thousand of the United Kingdom. Perhaps that way light would be vouchsafed.

Being a little narrow minded, the excellent creature believed that a scandal among "good" people was not half so scandalous as an affair in which the principals were tradesmen "or worse."

She confided something of this to her son as they drove homeward and was very wroth with him when he treated the idea with unbecoming levity.

"My dear boy," she cried vehemently, "you don't understand the value of such credentials. You always speak and act as if you were on board one of your hectoring warships, where the best metal and the heaviest guns are all important. It is not so in society, even the society of a small Cornish town. Although I am an earl's daughter, I cannot afford to be quietly sneered at by some who would dispute my social supremacy."

As each complaisant sentence rolled forth he laughed quietly in the darkness.

"Mother," said he suddenly, "Mr. Traill and I have had a lot of talk about Enid during the past two days. I have not seen you until this evening before dinner, so I have had no opportunity to tell you all that has occurred."

"Some new intrigue, I suppose," she said, not at all surprised by his manner, curious though it was that the dowager Lady Tregarthen or Mrs. Taylor-Smith might say when quietly started.

"Well, it is, in a sense," he admitted. "You see, we are jolly hard up. It is a squeeze for you to double my pay, and, as I happened to inform Mr. Traill that I was going to marry Enid, long before he knew she was his daughter, it came as a bit of a shock to discover that Enid's father wanted to marry her with Enid's fortune on her wedding day. Now the question to be discussed is not whether the adopted daughter of a poor lighthouse keeper, who may be Lord This-and-That in disguise, is a good match for me, but whether an impecunious lieutenant in the royal navy is such a tremendous catch for a girl with a great fortune."

Lady Margaret was stunned. She began to breathe quickly. Her utmost expectations were surpassed. Before she could utter a word her son pretended to misunderstand her agitation.

"Of course it was fortunate that Enid and I had jolly well made up our minds somewhat in advance, but it was a near thing, a matter of flag signals—otherwise I should have been compelled to consider myself ruled out of the game. Therefore, during your tea table tactics, if the dowager, or that old spitfire, Mrs. Taylor-Smith, says a word to you about Brand, just give 'em a rib roaster with Enid's two hundred thou', will you? While they are reeling under the blow throw out a gentle hint that Constance may ensnare Traill's nephew. 'Ensnare' is the right word, isn't it? The best of it is, I know they have been worrying you for months about my friendship with 'girls of their class.' Oh, the joy of the encounter! It must be like blowing up a battleship with a tuppenny hapenny torpedo boat."

So her ladyship—not without pondering over certain entries in the books of the proudly born, which recorded the birth and marriage of Sir Stephen Brand, ninth baronet, "present whereabouts unknown"—went to bed, but not to sleep, whereas Jack Stanhope never afterward remembered undressing, so thoroughly tired was he, and so absurdly happy, notwithstanding the awkward situation divulged at the dinner.

Pyne, left with his uncle, set himself to divert the other man's thoughts from the embarrassing topic of Mrs. Vansittart.

He knew that Brand was not likely to leave them in any dubiety as to the past. Discussion now was useless, a mere idle guessing at probabilities, so he boldly plunged into the mystery as yet surrounding Enid's first year of existence.

Mr. Traill, glad enough to discuss a more congenial subject, marshaled the ascertained facts. It was easy to see that here at least he stood on firm ground.

"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 others, were rescued, and that was all. Your father was a strong man and he could swim well. He might have been rescued 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."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington for the county of Skagit.

Anacortes Shingle Company, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. Washington Farmers Publishing Company, a corporation; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

No. —

Notice of Application for Judgment Foreclosing Tax Lien.

The State of Washington to the said Washington Farmers Publishing Company, a corporation; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, the above named Defendants:

You are hereby notified that application will be made to the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for the county of Skagit, for judgment foreclosing tax lien upon the following described real estate, situated in the county of Skagit, State of Washington, and particularly described as follows, to wit:

The north 12 25 acres of lot two, and the north 11.92 acres of lot three, all in section twenty-six, township thirty-six north, range one east of Willamette Meridian, in said Skagit county.

That the name of the owner or reputed owner of said real estate so far as the same can be ascertained from the records of said Skagit county is the Washington Farmers Publishing Company, a corporation, and that said real estate is so assessed upon the said records.

That said application will be made by the above named plaintiff, Anacortes Shingle Company, a corporation, the owner of delinquent tax certificate No. 1854, dated October 1st, 1906, issued by the Treasurer of said Skagit county for the amount of $26.75, the same being for taxes levied for the years 1900 to 1904, both inclusive.

That plaintiff will make application for the foreclosure of said certificate, together with interest on said sum at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum from October 1st, 1906, and also for the sum of $4.15 taxes for the year 1905, paid by plaintiff on October 1st, 1906, together with interest thereon at the same rate from said October 1st, 1906.

And you, and each of you, are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this notice and summons, to wit: within sixty days after the 14th day of December, A. D. 1906, exclusive of the said first date of publication and defend the above action or pay the amount due; and, in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered foreclosing the lien of such taxes, interest and costs against the lands and premises hereinbefore described.

Process may be served upon the undersigned, attorneys for plaintiff, whose residence and postoffice address is Mount Vernon, Skagit county, Washington.

SMITH & BRAWLEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Date of first publication, Dec. 14, 1906.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for the county of Pierce.

Highland Land Company, a corporation of the State of Washington, with its principal place of business at Everett, Washington, Plaintiff, vs. Mary A. Abbott and John P. Abbott, her husband; Commercial Bank, of Tacoma, a corporation; Bank of Everett, a corporation; Puget Sound Dressed Beef and Packing Company, a corporation, et al, Defendants.

Summons.

No. 24,576.

The State of Washington to Mary A. Abbott, and John P. Abbott, her husband; Commercial Bank, of Tacoma, a corporation; Bank of Everett, a corporation; Puget Sound Dressed Beef and Packing Company, a corporation, et al., Deiendants:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty (20) days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid; and serve a copy of your answer or other pleading upon the undersigned, attorneys for the plaintiff, at the address 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 is filed with the Clerk of the said Court.

REYNOLDS & GRIGGS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Office and Post Office Address: 506-10 Bank of California Building, Tacoma, Pierce county Washington.

First publication, Dec. 14, 1906.

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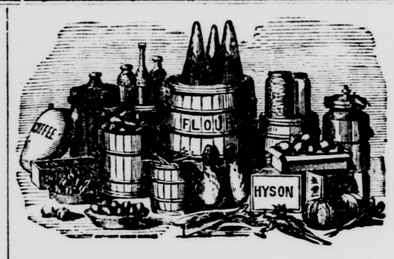

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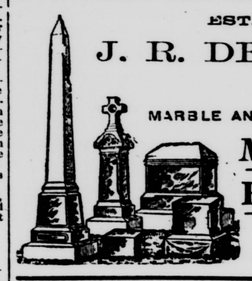
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