THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
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Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At daybreak an assistant keeper of the lighthouse, pacing the gallery, discovers in the distance a ship in distance. Stephed 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 him 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 lighthouse 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 fore mast 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. IV—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 in 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.

CHAPTER XVII.

STEPHEN BRAND and the two girls passed silently down the broad stairs of the hotel unaccompanied by any of the others. There was nothing incomprehensible in this or any savor of discourtesy.

In the first place, Mr. Traill was so profoundly shocked by the lighthouse keeper's revelation that he collapsed into a chair and remained there, bowed and wordless, for many minutes. Both Pyne and Stanhope did move toward the door, but Enid, watchful, self sacrificing, eager to save those she loved from further pain, telegraphed an emphatic order to Stanhope to remain where he was, and Pyne murmured to him:

"Guess she's right, anyhow. We'll all feel a heap better in the morning."

The person who exhibited the clearest signs of distress was Lady Margaret. Her position was one of extraordinary difficulty. Three of the actors in the breathless scene which had been sprung on her with the suddenness of an explosion were absolute strangers in her life before that evening.

Brand she knew indeed, but only by sight. She had met Constance and Enid occasionally, at arm's length, so to speak, regarding them truly as dangerous young persons where marriageable sons were concerned. Enid had justified her suspicions, and her ladyship had yielded so far as to give her approval to an engagement she could not prevent.

Circumstances had conspired to force her hand. Stanhope, being an outspoken young man, had made no secret of his desperate resolve to rescue Enid, so the newspapers supplied the remainder of the romance, and even Lady Margaret herself had contributed to it under the magnetic influence of the hour.

It was one thing, however, to be thrilled with the adventures of the rock bound people, but quite another to figure prominently in connection with a social scandal of the first magnitude. She knew Penzance too well to hope that the incident would sink into oblivion. Obviously the matter could not rest in its present stage. She must expect disagreeable disclosures, significant head shakings of those who knew little and wanted to know more. All the tea table artillery of a small town would be focused on her defensive position were she loyal to the girl whom her son had chosen as his helpmate.

This same son, too, after he had recovered from the amazement of Mrs. Vansittart's dramatic departure and Brand's admission, betrayed a composure that was distinctly irritating.

"You won't mind if we smoke, mother," he said. "The situation requires tobacco. Don't you feel like that, Pyne?"

"If Lady Margaret doesn't object, I admit that different sorts of poison might act as tonics," answered Pyne. "Here, uncle; try a brandy and soda. Lady Margaret, a glass of champagne. I've been expecting a disturbance, but didn't look for it tonight."

"Why do you say that, Charlie?" asked Mr. Traill, rising and stretching

"It was hanging around, just as one prophesies a storm after an electrical feeling in the air. Mrs. Vansittart recognized Brand and made her calculations accordingly. Let us give her the credit due to her. As soon as she discovered him, the marriage project was off."

"I had that kind of impression myself. Glad I mentioned it to you now."

"Of course you are. I'll bet any reasonable man that Mrs. Vansittart intended to leave Penzance tomorrow as soon as she had made you understand that she could not, under any circumstances, become my aunt."

A ghost of a smile flitted across Mr. Traill's face. His nephew's way of putting things was delightfully unequivocal.

"What we are apt to lose sight of," continued Pyne, "is the manner in which Brand received what must have been a staggering blow. He met his wife tonight after a separation of more than twenty years. And how he took it! When he spoke it was really in her behalf. The thing is too amazing. Of course, now that the thunder and lightning have started, the sky will clear all the sooner."

"Unhappily, such affairs do not arrange themselves so readily," snapped Lady Margaret. She was becoming more angry with each wave of reflection. "Young men like you do not realize the effect of such—such unpleasant exposures of family life. How will the early history of her parents affect the future of Constance Brand? As for the other girl"—

Her ladyship threw up her hands in helpless abandonment. To her mind the adoption of poor Enid, the sea waif, assumed a darker appearance now that Brand's matrimonial adventures revealed sinister features.

Jack Stanhope caught her by the shoulder.

"Mother," he cried, "before you say another word let me tell you something you ought to know. Enid is Mr. Traill's daughter!"

Now, this good woman loved her son dearly. All her thoughts were of him and for him. Her look of blank incredulity yielded to the confirmation she saw writ on all three faces.

She burst into tears.

"Apparently I am the last person to be taken into anybody's confidence," she sobbed.

"Madam," said Mr. Traill, bending over her, "in this instance at least you have no cause to feel aggrieved. Neither the girl herself, nor her sister by adoption, nor Mrs. Vansittart, to whom, until the past half hour, I considered myself to be engaged, is aware of the undoubted fact which your son has just told you. Let me say that I, as her father, am proud to think she has won the affections of such a man as Stanhope. There is no reason why you, his mother, should not be equally satisfied with the pedigree and prospects of my daughter."

His calm assumption of a rank equal if not superior to her own was convincing to a woman of her temperament. Assuredly that evening was a memorable one to her ladyship. The repose of Vere de Vere was rudely shocked for once. Nevertheless the knowledge that her lifelong ambition had been realized in a way little dreamed of by any of those most concerned was in itself consoling. Mr. Traill, quite unconsciously, loomed large in the social eye of Penzance, and the widowed lady had not been so long withdrawn from the wealth worshiping world of London as to be wholly unleavened with the worship of the golden calf.

So it was with quickened interest that she set herself to listen to the story of Enid's parentage, and, if her fear of local gossip mongers shrank as her perception of Enid's real social position increased, much may be forgiven to the motherly sentiment that no wife can be too good for an excellent son.

Meanwhile Brand and the sorrow laden girls, ushered by obsequious servants to the entrance hall, were constrained to comfort themselves with true British phlegm in view of the interest caused by their appearance.

The hour was not late, about 9:30. Even while the hall porter was summoning a cab the news spread, within and without, that the lighthouse keeper and his daughters, whose exploits filled the minds of all men, were standing near the door.

Several people, complete strangers, came to them and offered warm congratulations. A smart journalist pressed forward and wove his own complimentary utterances into an interview. A crowd gathered quickly on the pavement. Policemen, those marshals of every English demonstration, cleared a path for them through the throng. So, with smiling words on their lips and anguish in their hearts, they made a triumphal exit. How little could the friendly enthusiasts who cheered them realize that these three had been atrophied by the deadly malevolence of fate in the very hour when a great achievement had ended happily.

Enid suffered almost as keenly as Brand and his daughter. Their joys and sorrows were hers. The startling nature of Brand's avowal rendered it difficult for either Enid or Constance to piece together certain fragmentary memories of Mrs. Vansittart's odd behavior during her enforced sojourn on the rock. So thoroughly had she shattered those dimly outlined impressions by the quietly vivacious charm of her manner at dinner that they both experienced a jumble of sensations. A terrified woman, in wet and torn clothing, cowering in the gaunt interior of a storm girt lighthouse, is a very different being when attired in expensive garments and surrounded by the luxuries of a first class hotel.

It was a relief to drive to their cottage in silence, yet, so easily moulded is our human clay, it was a greater relief when the tension of the noisy rattle of the cab was relaxed. It cost some effort to assure Mrs. Sheppard, a buxom, motherly soul of sixty or thereabouts, that they could not possibly eat any supper. The effort was forthcoming. They pleaded weariness, and at last they were alone.

Constance knelt by her father's side when he dropped listlessly into the armchair placed in his accustomed corner.

"Now, dad," she said, bravely unemotional, "there will be no more tears. Tell me all that I ought to know."

Enid drew a hassock to his feet and seated herself there, clasping her hands about her knees.

"Whatever she did I am sorry for her," said the girl decisively. "And she cannot have been a really bad woman, dad, or you would not have loved her once."

Brand sighed deeply. His strong will had deserted him for a little while. He shrank from the ordeal before him. Why should he be called on to sully the mirror of his daughter's innocence by revealing to her the disgrace of her mother?

Constance caught something of the dread in his soul.

"Don't tell me if it hurts you, dad. I am content to bear more than I have borne tonight if it lessens your sufferings," she whispered.

He placed an arm around each of them.

"It is God's will," he said, "that I should have to face many trials at a period when I expected nothing but some few years of quiet happiness."

"Nothing in this world can part us from you," said Constance.

"Oh, nothing," agreed Enid solemnly, nestling closer. Her earnestness was helpful. He smiled wistfully.

"You forget, Enid, that there is a grave chance of you, at any rate, leaving me for another," he said.

She blushed.

"That is the worst of girls getting married," she protested. "They are

He placed an arm around each of them.

supposed to be delighted because they are going to live with strange people. Girls who are of that mind cannot be happy at home. If I thought that being married to Jack implied separation from you and Constance"—

"You would give him up and weep your eyes out." He pressed her pouting lips together as he went on: "Now, my dear ones, I wish both of you to be prepared for very unexpected changes. Two most important events in your lives have taken place within a few hours. Constance, if you saw your mother tonight, Enid also saw her father. I have known for two days that Enid's father is Mr. Traill."

For an instant, it must be confessed, Constance and Enid alike feared that the mental and physical strain he had undergone had temporarily deranged him. It was not sheer incredulity, but real terror, he saw in their eyes. Somehow, their self effacement in his behalf touched him more keenly than anything else had done during this troubled period.

He bowed his head. A strong man in agony cannot endure the scrutiny of loving eyes.

"Enid," he said brokenly, "my words to you must be few. Good fortune needs but slight explanation. The proofs of any statement I do not possess, but Mr. Traill's letter to me could not have been written by such a man if he were not sure of his facts. Here it is. Read it aloud."

He handed her her father's plain spoken communication. Constance, incapable of deeper depths of amazement than those now probed, looked over her sister's shoulder. Together they deciphered the somewhat difficult handwriting of a man whose chief task for years had been to sign his name.

This drawback was good in its result. They persevered steadily to the end. Then Enid, the comforter, broke down herself.

"It cannot be true, dad!" she cried. "I have been one of your daughters all my life. Why should I be taken from you now?"

"I believe it is quite true," said Brand quietly, and the need there was to console her was beneficial to himself. "Mr. Traill speaks of proofs. You have met him. I exchanged barely a word, a glance, with him, but it is not believable that he would make these solemn statements without the most undeniable testimony."

"Indeed, Enid," murmured Constance, "it sounds like the truth, else he would never have spoken so definitely of my father's first claim on your affections."

Brand stroked the weeping girl's hair.

"One does not cry, little one, when one is suddenly endowed with a wealthy and distinguished relative. Now, I did not spring this revelation on you without a motive. If a cleavage has to come let us at least face every consideration. Providence by inscrutable decree ordained that my wife and I should meet after twenty-one years. That cannot have been a purposeless meeting. In my careless youth, when I assigned all things their scientific place, I have scoffed at presentiments and vague portents of coming evils. I retract the immature judgment then formed. During the height of the hurricane when I feared the very lantern would be hurled into the sea I was vouchsafed a spiritual warning. I could not read its import. These things baffle a man, especially one whose mind leans toward materialism. Nevertheless I knew, though not in ordered comprehension, that my life was tending toward a supreme crisis. As the storm died, so I became normal, and I attributed a glimpse of the unseen to mere physical facts. I was wrong. The coming of that ill fated vessel was heralded to me. I lacked the key of the hidden message. Now I possess it. On board that ship, Constance, was your mother. How strange that her advent should be bound up also with the mystery of Enid's parentage!"

"Father, dear, if you can bear it, tell me of my mother. She knew me, and that is why she asked me to kiss her."

"She asked you to kiss her?" Each word was a crescendo of surprise.

"Yes. One night she came to me. Oh, I remember. She wished Mr. Pyne to telegraph to his uncle. When he quitted us to take the message she, too—how weird it all seems now!—admitted that she experienced something of the intuitive knowledge of the future you have just spoken of."

"I am not surprised. Poor Nanette! She was always a dreamer in a sense. Never content, she longed for higher flights. She was a woman in ambition ere she ceased to be a child. When I married her she was only eighteen. I was ten years older. My thought was to educate her to a somewhat higher ideal of life than the frivolities of a fashionable world. It was a mistake. If a girl harbors delusions before marriage the experience of married life is not a cure, but an incentive. A less tolerant man would have made her a safer husband."

Constance would listen to nothing which would disparage him.

"I hate to be unjust to her even in my thoughts, but where could she have found a better husband than you, dad?"

"Millionaire, indeed!" protested Enid, breaking in with her own tumultuous thoughts. "I would not exchange you for twenty millionaires."

"My methods cannot have been so ill considered if they have brought me two such daughters," he said, with a mournful smile. "But, there! I am only deluding myself into a postponement of a painful duty. My secret must out—to you, at any rate. When I married your mother, Constance, I was an attache at the British embassy in Paris. Her maiden name was Madeleine Nanette de Courtray. Her family, notwithstanding the French sound of her name, was almost wholly English. They were Jersey people, recruited from British stock, but two generations of English husbands were compelled to assume the style De Courtray owing to entailed estates on the island. There is something quaint in the idea as it worked out. The place was only a small farm. When we were married the stipulation lapsed, because it was more advisable for me to retain my own name. I was then the heir to a title I can now claim. I am legally and lawfully Sir Stephen Brand, ninth baronet of Lesser Hambledon, in Northumberland."

"And you became a lighthouse keeper!"

It was Enid who found breath for the exclamation Constance braced herself for that which was to come. That Stephen Brand was a well born man was not a new thing in their intelligence.

"Yes, a cleaner of lamps and transmitter of ships' signals. Have we been less happy?" A most vehement "No!" was the answer.

"Don't run away with the idea that I was, therefore, endowed with ample means. There are baronets poorer than some crossing sweepers. The estate was encumbered. During my father's life, during my own until five years ago, it yielded only a thousand a year. Even now, after fifteen years of retrenchment—you both forget that while I was stationed at Flamborough Head I was absent for a few days to attend my father's funeral—it produces only a little over £3,000. Enough for us, eh, to enjoy life on? Enough to satisfy Lady Margaret's scruples, Enid, as to her son's absurd notion of matrimony? Enough, too, Constance, to mate you to the man of your choice, whatever his position?"

"Dad," murmured Constance, "is there no hope of the old days coming back again?"

"Who can tell? These things are not in mortal ken. I need hardly say that my allowance of one-third of the family revenues was barely sufficient to maintain a junior in the diplomatic service. Yet I married, heaven help me, in the pursuance of an ideal, only to find my ideal realized, after much suffering, on lonely rocks and bleak headlands. With strict economy we existed happily until you were born. My wife at first was sufficiently delighted to exchange Jersey society for Paris and the distinguished circle in which we moved there. But you were not many months old until a change came. A Frenchman, a rich fop, began to pay her attentions which turned her head. I do not think she meant any harm. People never do mean harm who accomplish it most fatally. I did that which a man who respects himself loathes to do—I protested. There was a scene, tears and wild reproaches. Next day the crash came. She endeavored to mislead me as to an appointment. God knows I only wished to save her, but it was too much to ask me to pass over in silence the schemes of a libertine, though he, too, was infatuated by her beauty. I discovered them in a clandestine meeting, and—and—my blood was hot and the country was France. We fought next morning, and I killed him."

Constance bent her head and kissed his right hand. Here at least was a lineal descendant of nine generations of border raiders, who held their swords of greater worth than musty laws.

Brand's eyes kindled. His voice became more vehement. The girl's impulsive action seemed to sanctify the deed.

"I did not regret, I have never regretted, the outcome of the duel. He was mortally wounded and was carried to his house to die. I fled from Paris to escape arrest, but the woman in whose defense I encountered him behaved most cruelly. She deserted me and went to him. Ask Mrs. Sheppard. She was your English nurse at the time, Constance. It was she who brought you to England. I never met my wife again. I believe, on my soul, that she was innocent of the greater offense. I think she rebelled against the thought that I had slain one who said he worshiped her. Anyhow, she had her price. She remained with him, in sheer defiance of me, until his death, and her reward was his wealth. Were it not for this we might have come together again and striven to forget the past in mutual toleration. The knowledge that she was enriched with that man's gold maddened me. I could not forget that. I loathed all that money could give—the diamonds, the dresses, the insane devices of society—to pour out treasure on the vanities of the hour. By idle chance I was drawn to the lighthouse service. It was the mere whim of a friend into whose sympathetic ears I gave my sorrows. It is true I did not intend to devote my life to my present occupation. But its vast silences, its isolation, its seclusion from the petty, sordid, money grabbing life ashore, attracted me. I found quiet joys, peaceful days and dreamless nights in its comparative dangers and privations. Excepting my loyal servant and friend, Mrs. Sheppard, and the agent and solicitors of my estate, none knew of my whereabouts. I was a lost man and, as I imagined, a fortunate one. Now, in the last week of my service—for I would have retired in a few days, and it was my intention to tell you something, not all, of my history, largely on account of your lovemaking, Enid—the debacle has come, and with it my wife."

"Father," asked Constance, "is my mother still your wife by law?"

"She cannot be otherwise."

"I wonder if you are right. I am too young to judge these things, but she spoke of her approaching marriage with Mr. Traill in a way that suggested she would not do him a grievous wrong. She does not love him as I understand love. She regards him as a man admirable in many ways, but she impressed me with the idea that she believed she was doing that which was right, though she feared some unforeseen difficulty.

Brand looked at her with troubled eyes. It is always amazing to a parent to find unexpected powers of divination in a child. Constance was still a little girl in his heart. What had conferred this insight into a complex nature like her mother's?

"There is something to be said for that view," he admitted. "I recollect now that Pyne told me she had lived some years in the western states, but he said, too, that her husband, the man whose name she bears, died there. My poor girls, I do, indeed, pity you if all this story of miserable intrigue, this squalid romance of the law courts, is to be dragged into the light in a town where you are honored. Enid, you see now how doubly fortunate you are in being restored to a father's arms"—

"Oh, no, no!" wailed Enid. "Do not say that. It seems to cut us apart. What have you done that you should dread the worst that can be said? And why should there be any scandal at all? I cannot bear you to say such things."

"I think I understand you, dad," said Constance, her burning glance striving to read his hidden thought. "Matters cannot rest where they are. You will not allow—my mother—to go away—a second time—without a clear statement as to the future and an equally honest explanation of the past."

This was precisely the question he dreaded. It had forced its unwelcome presence upon him in the first moment of the meeting with his wife, but he was a man of order, of discipline. The habits of years might not be flung aside so readily. It was absurd, he held, to inflict the self torture of useless imaginings on the first night of their home coming after the severe trials of their precarious life on the rock.

Above all else it was necessary to reassure Constance, whose strength only concealed the raging fire beneath, and Enid, whose highly strung temperament was on the borderland of hysteria.

He was still the arbiter of their lives, the one to whom they looked for guidance. He rebelled against the prospect of a night of sleepless misery for these two, and it needed his emphatic dominance to direct their thoughts into a more peaceful channel.

So he assumed the settled purpose he was far from feeling and summoned a kindly smile to his aid.

"Surely we have discussed our difficulties sufficiently tonight," he said. "In the morning, Constance, I will meet Mr. Traill. He is a gentleman and a man of the world. I think, too, that his nephew will be resourceful and wise in counsel beyond his years. Now we are all going to obtain some much needed rest. Neither you nor I will yield to sleepless hours of brooding. Neither of you knows that not forty-eight hours ago I made myself a thief in the determination to save your lives and mine. It was a needless burglary. I persuaded myself that it was necessary in the interests of the Trinity Brethren, those grave gentlemen in velvet cloaks. Enid, who would be horrified by the mere suggestion. I refuse to place myself on the moral rack another time. In the old days when I was a boy the drama was wont to be followed by a more lively scene. I forbid further discussion. Come, kiss me, both of you. I think that a stiff glass of hot punch will not do me any harm, nor you, unless you imbibed freely of that champagne I saw nestling in the ice pail."

They rose obediently. Although they knew he was acting a part on their account, they were sensible that he was adopting a sane course.

Enid tried to contribute to the new note. She bobbed in the approved style of the country domestic.

"Please, Sir Stephen," she said, "would you like some lemon in the toddy?"

Constance placed a little copper kettle on the fire. Their gloom had given way to a not wholly forced cheerfulness—for in that pleasant cottage sorrow was an unwelcome guest—when they were surprised to hear a sharp knock on the outer door.

At another time the incident, though unusual at a late hour, would not have disturbed them. But the emotions of the night were too recent, their subsidence too artificially achieved, that they should not dread the possibilities which lay beyond that imperative summons.

Mrs. Sheppard and the servant had retired to rest, worn out with the anxious uncertainties of events reported from the lighthouse.

So Brand went to the door and the girls listened in nervous foreboding.

They heard their father say:

"Hello, Jenkins, what is the matter now?"

Jenkins was a sergeant of police whom they knew.

"Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Brand, but an odd thing has happened. A lady, a

"Oh, Connie, it is she!"

stranger, met me ten minutes ago and asked me to direct her to your house. I did so. She appeared to be in great trouble, so I strolled slowly after her. I was surprised to see her looking in through the window of your sitting room. As far as I could make out she was crying fit to break her heart, and I imagined she meant to knock at the door, but was afraid."

"Where is she? What has become of her?"

Brand stepped out into the moonlight. The girls, white and trembling, followed.

"Well, she ran off down the garden path and tumbled in a dead faint near the gate. I was too late to save her. I picked her up and placed her on a seat. She is there now. I thought it best before carrying her here—to tell you"—

Before Brand moved Constance ran out, followed by Enid. In a whirl of pain the lighthouse keeper strode after them. He saw Constance stooping over a motionless figure lying prone on the garden seat. To those strong young arms the slight, graceful form offered an easy task.

Brand heard Enid's whisper:

"Oh, Connie, it is she!"

But the daughter, clasping her mother to her breast, said quietly:

"Dad, she has come home, and she may be dying. We must take her in."

He made no direct answer. What could he say? The girl's fearless words admitted of neither "Yes" nor "No."

He turned to the policeman.

"I am much obliged to you, Jenkins," he said. "We know the lady. Unless—unless there are serious consequences will you oblige me by saying nothing about her? But stay. When you pass the Mount's Bay hotel please call and say that Mrs. Vansittart has been seized with sudden illness and is being cared for at my house."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, saluting.

As he walked away down the garden path he wondered who Mrs. Vansittart could be and why Miss Brand said she had "come home."

Then he glanced back at the house into which the others had vanished. He laughed.

"Just fancy it," he said; "I treated him as if he was a bloomin' lord. And I suppose my position is a better one than his. Anyhow he is a splendid chap. I'm glad now I did it, for his sake and the sake of those two girls. How nicely they were dressed. It has always been a puzzle to me how they can afford to live in that style on the pay of a lighthouse keeper. Well, it's none of my business."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Living In Coral Houses.

The church built of coral is one of the curiosities of the Isle of Mahe, one of the Seychelles islands, in the Indian ocean. The Seychelles islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of the Old Testament, form an archipelago of 114 islands and are situated about 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles of Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the Isle of Mahe, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean and is nearly the center of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewed into square blocks, which glisten like white marble and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tinted green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fernlike leaves give pleasant and much needed shade. These palms grow as high as 100 feet or more, overtopping both the houses and the coral built church. They line the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.

The Boring of Glass.

Strong glass plates are bored through by means of rotating brass tubes of the necessary diameter, which are filled with water during boring. To the water there is added finely pulverized emery. It is said that thinner glass can be perforated with holes in an easier manner by pressing a disk of wet clay upon the glass and making a hole through the clay of the widths desired, so that at that spot the glass is laid bare. Then molten lead is poured into the hole, and lead and glass drop down at once. This method is based upon the quick local heating of the glass, whereby it obtains a circular crack, the outline of which corresponds to the outline of the hole made in the clay. The cutting of glass tubes, cylinders, etc., in factories is based upon the same principle.

Moderation In Exercise.

It is better to be lazy than dead, and it is probably just as comfortable. For obvious reasons the prescription to take moderate exercise is misleading and unsatisfactory. Most of us are constitutionally incapable of exercising moderately. We begin violently and end quickly. And what is moderate exercise? One philosopher who tried it for twenty years arrived at this conclusion: "Keep a pair of Indian clubs in your bedroom. Look at them frequently. Exercise by their suggestion." This has the merit of moderation. It is the same as to walking. Smell the morning, look down the long way that separates you from your business. Then take a car.—Detroit Free Press.

Anticipating Him.

"Katharine," said Bob as he brought his club chums down to the depot platform, "these are all my friends."

"Glad to meet you, gentlemen," replied the bride sweetly, "and I am so sorry that you are going to be sick."

"Sick?" echoed the crowd in astonishment. "Why should you think we are going to be sick?"

"Oh, because soon after the honeymoon a married man always finds a great many sick friends to sit up with."—Columbus Dispatch.

Not of Much Account.

The lord chief justice of England used to sing in the choir of a parish church. A woman once asked the verger to point out Sir Richard Webster as he then was. The verger replied, "Well, ma'am, that's the vicar and them's the curates and I'm the verger, but as for the choir, as long as they does their dooty we don't inquire into their hantecedents!"

Stupid.

"I wish I was half as beautiful as Miss Brown," remarked the fair Edith to Mr. Green.

"Well, you are, you know," replied Green, thoughtlessly.

Then he wondered why she suddenly rose and left him.

Delicate Operation.

"Yaas," suddenly declared Cholly Braneless, "I'm going to work. I've made up my mind."

"You have?" exclaimed Miss Peppery. "My! What a delicate operation!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Bringing It Home.

Her Father—What are you and young Shortleigh going to live on in case you marry? His Daughter—Well, if you must know, papa, look in the mirror.

He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of men.—Burke.

Unslaked Lime.

Unslaked lime is useful in preventing rust because of its extraordinary capacity for absorbing moisture. Some careful workmen who take pains that their tools shall always be in the best condition make a practice of keeping a piece of lime in their tool boxes to absorb any moisture which might otherwise cause rust.

A Safety Match.

"Papa, what is a safety match?" Mr. Henpecked (looking carefully about to see if his wife is within hearing distance)—A safety match, son, is when a baldheaded man marries an armless woman.

Poor Fellow.

Mrs. Browne—He certainly does live high. It seems to me his whole thought is of his victuals. Mrs. Malaprop—That's the truth. He's jest what you might call a reg'lar ipecac.

It is with feelings as with water—the shallow murmur, but the deeps are dumb.—Raleigh.

Illinois Central
Excursion Rates

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central, to the points, and rates, as follows.

ON - AND ONE-THIRD FARE ON CERTIFICATE PLAN.

Omaha, Neb., Modern Brotherhood of America, Oct 8-14

Council Bluffs, Ia., National Convention Danish Brotherhood of America, Oct. 8-17.

Sioux City, Ia., Council of Iowa, Improved Order of Red Men, Oct. 9-10

Cedar Rapids, Ia., General Conference, United Evangelical Church, Oct. 1-18.

Boston, Mass., World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Oct. 17-23

ONE FARE PLUS $2.00.

Homeseekers' Excursion Rates to certain points in Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, on sale each Tuesday until and including December 1906.

Homeseeker's Excursion rates south, southeast, and southwest on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month until and including November 1906.

Rock Island, Ill., Farmers' National Congress, Oct. 9-13.

Atlanta, Ga., Home-coming of Georgians, Oct. 10 11, thirty day limit on tickets.

Buffalo, N. Y., International Convention of Christian Churches, Oct. 12-17.

Denver, Colo., American Mining Congress, Oct. 16-19.

ONE FARE PLUS FIFTY CENTS

Dubuque, Ia., Grand Lodge, Odd Fellows of Iowa, Oct. 15-20.

ONE FARE PLUS 25 CENTS.

Memphis, Tenn., Convention Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Oct. 18-21.

LESS THAN ONE FARE.

One way, second-class Colonists' Rates, to certain points in Montana, Utah, Idaho, British Columbia, Alberta Washington, Oregon, Arizona and California. Tickets on sale daily until Oct 31st.

New Orleans, La., Supreme Lodge, K. of P., Oct. 15 25. (Write for K. of P. Folder.)

Vicksburg, Miss., Dedication of Iowa Monuments in National Military Park, Nov 14-15.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dedication of Iowa Monuments in National Military Park, Nov. 19-20.

Shiloh, Battlefield, Dedication of Iowa monuments Nov. 23.

For particulars as to dates of sale, rates, etc., apply to any Illinois Central Ticket Agent, or address the undersigned.

H. J. PHELPS,
Division Passenger Agent,
Dubuque, Iowa.

NEW RATES TO BIENNIAL MEETING SUPREME LODGE K OF P, NEW ORLEANS, LA., OCT. 15-25 1906

For this occasion the I. C. R. R. will now sell excursion tickets Manchester to New Orleans and return, at a rate of $22.20 round trip. Dates of sale Oct. 11-12-13 and 14. Final return limit October 30. Liberal stop over privileges granted south of St. Louis and Cairo.

H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

GRAND LODGE ODD FELLOWS OF IOWA, DUBUQUE, IA., OCT. 15 TO 20, 1906.

For this occasion the I. C. R. R. will sell excursion tickets Manchester to Dubuque and return at a rate of one and one third fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale Oct. 14 to 17 inclusive. Return limit Oct. 22.

H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

HARVEST HOME FESTIVAL AT AMES IA., OCT. 6th.

The Chicago Great Western Railway will sell round trip tickets to Ames, Ia., at very low rates. A very interesting and instructive program has been arranged. Everybody invited. Ask the Great Western Agent for time of trains, etc.

S. GREVE, G. A. A.

40-w1.

EXCURSION RATES AND TRAIN SERVICE TO THE CEDAR RAPIDS EXPOSITION AND HORSE SHOW

During the week of the Cedar Rapids Exposition and Horse-Show, the Illinois Central will provide extra coaches on regular trains, and will sell excursion tickets october 1st-6th inclusive, limited to oct. 8th for return, at a rate of $1.25 from Manchester and will run a

SPECIAL TRAIN- OCT. 4

only, to leave Manchester at 7:30 a. m. on that date, and arrive at Cedar Rapids 9:00 a. m. There will also be a

SPECIAL TRAIN RETURNING OCT 3, 4 AND 5TH ONLY

which will leave Cedar Rapids 11:00 p. m. on each of these three dates.

H. J. PHELPS,
Division Passenger Agent,
I. C. R. R. Co.

LOOK HERE!

If you want a

FIRE PROOF SAFE

of the best make, see E. J. Conger, Manchester, or write him to call upon you and submit styles and prices. None better.

Respectfully,

E. J. CONGER.

A. L. SEVERTSON

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Makes suits and overcoats up-to-date. Now is the time to be looking around for a

SPRING SUIT

You will need one before long.

Our New Spring Stock

Is complete in all the late styles and we carry the biggest and best line of woolen piece goods in this vicinity. Come in and look us over in our new locoation and we can fit you out right.

In the Fargo Express Bdg.

A. L. SEVERTSON.

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:40 a.m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:47 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 6:15 a. m.

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 7:48 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No. 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:48 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:10 a. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 8:55 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:20 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P., No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:22, arrives at Manchester at 9:45 a. m.

Train No. 8, leaves Manchester at 2:00 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 2:30 p. m. connects with C. G. W., No. 4, east bound, and No. 9, west bound. Returning leaves Oneida at 2:35 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 3:00 p m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:25 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:28 p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:45 p. m.

J. L. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

Through tickets for sale at Manchester to all points in North America.

TRAINS WILL STOP ONLY AT

Belknap's Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch Franklin Street Crossing, Sly's Crossing, Miller's Crossing, Twin Crossing, Westbrook Crossing.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.
TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:31 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 1:41 a m
No 401 11:44 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 3:41 a m
No 33 †5:58 p m	....Clipper....	No 34 †8:55 a m
No 5 † 8:30 a m	...Fast Mail...	No 6† 11:18a m
No 3 2:40 p m	.Day Express.	No 4 3:38 p m
No 21 7:27 a m	Ft Dodge Ex	No 22 7:50 p m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No. 322 5:45p.m	...*Passenger...	No. 365 9:00 a.m
No 334 8.15a.m	..†Passenger..	No. 335 6:00 p.m
No. 360 1:00p.m	...†Freight....	No. 360 3:15 p.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt

No. 5 Runs to Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul
No. 3 Runs to Ft. Dodge only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City, Sioux Falls, St Paul and Minneapolis and No. 2 from same points.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:48 a.m
Day Express daily......4:13 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday......11:25 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday......11:25 a.m
Day Express daily......9:34 p.m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily......5:47 a.m
For information and tickets apply to
C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

Baths
Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE.

The name and the syymtoms may be different but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel.

8tf

G. D. GATES.

A. J. HESNER,

Successor to Geo. H. Keyes.

Hesner's Shop is the place to get a SQUARE DEAL IN

BLACKSMITHING

All of the old customers, who patronized me when I ran the independent blacksmith shop on the West side, are invited to again give me their work. I am now the proprietor of the shop on Franklin street, formerly owned by George H. Keyes.

A. J. HESNER.

Why do you fret and grumble,
Why don't you take a tumble,
Use Beacom's Picnic Pills,
They will drive away your ills
Try them. 25 cents. All druggists. 50tf

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S. J. Maley.

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith shop.