

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1903.

# The Pillar of Light

BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

THIS STORY IS PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE TELEGRAPH IN THIS TERRITORY

## CHAPTER XII.

Preparations.

Pyne found Enid rosy-red and inclined to be cheerful. The dying light of day was still strong enough in the service-room to permit these things to be seen.

"No bad news, I hope?" he inquired, though the sight of Stephen Brand, seated at his desk and placidly writing, was reassuring.

"The question stood here to an extent. It is nothing of any consequence," she said, and darted a look at him. "I have forwarded the application after an acquaintance of eighteen hours," observed Brand with equal deliberation.

"They're two powerful fine girls," said Pyne, steering clear of the point. "They have just been telling me how Miss End happened along. It reads like a fairy tale."

"She was given to me by the winds and waves, yet she is dear to me as my own child. I shall miss her greatly—if all goes well here."

"I've cottoned on to both of them something wonderful. But I don't intend intruding into private affairs, how comes it that Miss Enid is being telegraphed for? Of course I can understand the gentleman being in a hurry. I would feel that way myself if the conditions were favorable."

Pyne could be as solid as a red Indian when the occasion demanded it. Brand found no hint in his face of the hidden thought in his words.

"Have they said anything to you of a man named Stanhope?" inquired the lighthouse-keeper, resuming the story in a hurry.

"Yes, they pointed him out to me this morning. In the navy, I think. Fellow with a title, and that sort of thing."

"No. His name is Stanhope. He is a knight, being an earl's daughter, but his father was a knight. He has been paying attention to Enid for a year and more, to my knowledge, and his mother's exceeding indignation, I fancy."

"That is where we on the other side have the pull of you."

"Have you? I wonder. However, Lady Margaret's views are not troubled me. I will deal with her when the time comes. At present it looks fairly certain that Master Jack has settled matters on his own account. I may be mistaken, of course. How do you interpret this?"

He closed the journal and handed to Pyne a memorandum taken down by letter by a sailor as Brand read the signal.

"Mother sends her love to Enid."

"Did mother ever convey her love to Enid before?" asked Pyne.

"No."

"Then I call that neat. I take my hat off to Stanhope. He and mamma have had a heart-to-heart talk."

Brand leaned his head on his hands, with clenched fists covering his ears. There was a period of utter silence until the lighthouse-keeper rose to light the lamp.

Pyne watched him narrowly.

"I may be trespassing on delicate ground," he said at last. "If I am, you are not the sort of man to stand on ceremony. In the States, you know, when the authorities want to preserve a park section they don't say: 'Please do not walk on the grass.' They put up a board which reads: 'Keep off.' We never kick. We're used to it."

"My notice-board," if required, will be less curt, at any rate," replied Brand, and they faced each other. Though their words were light, no pleasant conceit lurked in their minds. There was a question to be asked and answered, and it held the issue of life and death.

"What did you mean just now by saying, 'if all goes well here'?" Is there any special reason why things should not go well?"

The young Philadelphian might have been hazarding an inquiry about a matter of trivial interest, so calm was he, so smooth his utterance. But Brand had made no mistake in estimating this young man's force of character, nor did he seek to temporize.

He extended an arm towards the reef. "You hear that?" he said.

"Yes."

"It may be that way for weeks."

"So I have been told."

"By whom?"

"Mr. Emmett told me."

"Ah! He and I have discussed the matter already. Yet I imagine that neither he, nor any other man in the place save myself, grasps the true meaning of the fact."

"I've been theorizing," said Pyne. "It occurred to me that this light isn't here for amusement."

He looked up at the lamp and smiled. The pillar, in those days, must have been a haunt of illusions. Light Brand had made, and Pyne himself in the case of Mrs. Vanstatter, thought he caught an expression familiar to his eyes long before he had seen that clear-cut, splendidly intelligent face.

But there was no time for idle speculation. He glanced into the well of the stairs to make sure that no one was ascending.

Then he approached nearer to Pyne and said in an intense whisper:

"It is folly to waste words with you. I have reasoned this thing out and now I will tell you what I have decided. I will take the watch from eight until twelve. At twelve you will relieve me, and I will go below to secure provisions and water sufficient to maintain the lives of my daughters, you and myself for a few hours longer than the others. By right, if I followed the rules I have promised to obey, I alone should live. That is impossible. A Spartan might do it, but I cannot abandon

It is oft-times easy for a man to decide upon a set course, but hard to follow it. "A week!" he murmured. "Perhaps ten days! That is all. I pray Heaven I may not go mad before they die!"

Pyne, watching the light, knew that Brand had succeeded. The lighthouse gradually the watch dispersed.

"Where is the board?" asked Pyne, making believe that they were playing some comedy.

"Hidden in the kitchen lockers. I could obtain only distilled water. You must persuade the girls in the morning that something went wrong with the apparatus."

As opportunity offered, Brand transferred the tin to the lockers of the service-room. Pyne, who missed nothing, shook his head when it became evident that the last assignment was safely stored away.

"Not much there," he commented.

"I will take no more!" was the fierce cry.

"You ought to."

"I refuse, I tell you! Don't torture me further."

"Any chance of a row in the morning?"

"The purser, Mr. Emmett, must guard when the store-room is opened."

"I acted my role well. I built up the vacancies with empty tin."

"My father," cried Pyne pityingly, "you deserve to win through."

"I think my heart will break," muttered Brand. "But look! The lamp! It needs a new glass."

Indeed, a fresh glass seemed to be springing up. The wind-blown having gone, the index was useless. It was not until a burst of spray descended the lantern that Brand knew of a change taking place. The wind was backing round towards the north.

The barometer fell slightly. It portended either more wind and dry weather, or foul, hurricane or calm, all things seemed to be the ungovernable blundering of blind chance.

When the rock was left in peace after the fall of the tide, Pyne promised to keep the light in order if Brand would endeavor to sleep until day-break. Rest was essential to him. He would assuredly break down under the strain if the tension were too long maintained, and a time was coming when he would need all his strength, the kind of woman old and young, and ailing, birdlike creature—when the cage is gilded.

Brand sprang to his feet and rushed up to the trimming-stage. When his hands were on the lamp he felt surer of himself. It gave him strength during the hurricane and it would strengthen him now.

"There can be no exceptions," he said harshly. Pyne waited until the lighthouse-keeper rejoined him.

"I ought to have put my proposition before you first and made a speech afterwards," he said. "Constance and Enid will join you here when you say the word, but I will be on the other side of the barricade."

"Nonsense!" cried Brand. "You have no right to thrust away the chance that is given you. You saved all these people once. Why should you die uselessly?"

"What! Suppose it pans out that way? Suppose we live a couple of weeks and escape. Am I to face the old man and tell him—the truth? No, sir. You don't mean it. You wouldn't do it yourself."

"What about that shark the girls told me of. I can guess just what happened. He wanted the light refreshment in the boat. Did you scold him when you saw him? No. You are younger than you look. Brand, but that bluff doesn't go."

"Thank Heaven, we have twenty-four hours yet!" murmured Brand.

"It will be all the same when we have only twenty-four seconds. Let us fix it that way right now. Don't you see, it will be easier to deceive the girls? And there's another reason. Brand, and I have a three-score desperate men boxed up down below. When they begin to die on reefs, they will be trouble. A few of us, really, to take charge, will be helpful. Brand, if you have to die, you will die quick, you know."

Brand closed his eyes in sheer fright. In that way he tried to shut out the vision. "Be it so," he gasped. "May the Lord help us."

It was the responsibility that mastered him. Judges on the beach often break down when they sentence a criminal to death, but what judge, humane, tender-hearted and God-fearing, ever pronounced the doom of seventy-eight people snatched from a merciful death to be stepped in horns?

At last his iron will predominated. The knowledge that the path of duty lay straight before him cheered his stricken soul. No man could say he erred in trying to save his children. That was a trust as solemn as any conferred by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity.

He placed a hand on Pyne's shoulder, for this youngster had become dear to him.

"Had I a son," he said, "I should wish him to be like you. Let us strive to forget the evil we have done. Branding is useless. It needs be, you will take charge of the lower deck. There is starvation allowance for three more days at the worst. But I hate the thought of the new scale tomorrow."

"It may not be necessary."

"Candidly, I fear it will. I know the Cornish coast too well. When bad weather sets in from the southwest at this season it holds for a week at the lowest computation."

"Is there no other way? Can nothing be done out there?"

"Able men, the best of sailors, the most experienced of engineers, have striven for half a century to devise some means of storm communication with a rock lighthouse placed as this is. They have failed. There is none."

"That's good," cried Pyne quite pleasantly. "Where is your pouch? I feel like a snooker. If I hadn't fired that question at you I should have wasted a lot of time in hard thinking."

Brand had to scheme that night to reach the store-room unobserved. The Falcon, steaming valiantly to her observation post near the buoy, aided him considerably. He permitted the night watch to gather in the service-room whilst he supplied the men with tobacco, and stationed the officer on the gallery to observe the trawler in case she showed any signal lights.

Since the attempt on the lock Constance gave the key to her father after each visit. For the rest, the inmates of the pillar were sunk in lethargy of unsatisfied hunger. Constance and Enid, utterly worn out with fatigue, were sound asleep in the kitchen, and the tears coursed down the man's face as he acted the part of a thief in securing the measured allowance of flour and bacon for one meal. The diet of one hungry meal for eighty-one people gave twenty-seven hungry meals for three. He ought to have taken more, but he set his teeth and refused the ungrateful task.

A Clear Skin and A Bright Eye Usually Indicate Health.

Wheeler's Botanic Bitters

Insures good health by cleansing the Blood, Stomach and Liver. Cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, Bloating, Headache, Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and all Irregularities.

PRICE 35 CENTS AT ALL DEALERS. And wholesale by all Wholesale Druggists.

known the inspiring news to all hands, but refrained, because he feared ultimate failure. Beneath his feet was a human volcano. Stirred too deeply, it might become active and dangerous.

So the apathetic multitude in his charge, hungrily awaiting a scanty morsel of food, which only provoked what it failed to gratify, must content with the long statement written out by the purser and read by him at the door of each room.

Pyne took to Mrs. Vanstatter the news of his uncle's presence on the steamer. "If you would like to see him," he said, "I have no doubt Mr. Brand will let you stand on the gallery for a little while."

She declined, excusing herself on the ground of reporters.

"In this high wind," she said, "it will be very cold out there, and any further exposure would make me very ill. I am being cheered by people who are dividing their last crust with you."

"How do we know that? Dose girls—they are chokin' me Mr. Pyne all day long. They can't do it and be hungry, like us."

"You unmitigated ass!" said the disgusted officer. "There is food here for three people. They have fed eighty-one of us for two days and will keep us going several days more. Can't you figure it out? Isn't it a miracle? Here! Who's for guard and who not? Let us quit fooling."

And the doubters were silenced for the hour.

The hymn-singer endeavored to raise a chorus. He was not greeted with enthusiasm, but a few faint spirits came to his assistance. A couple of hymns were solemnly rendered, and again silence reigned.

"Say when," observed Pyne solemnly when he entered the service-room to find Brand trimming the spare lamp.

"Not tonight," said Brand.

"Why not? Haven't you been brook at any moment downstairs?"

"What has occurred? I heard something of a dispute when the watch mustered at eight o'clock."

"Things are worse now. One of the men found a gallon of methylated spirit in the work-shop."

"Good Heavens! Did he drink any of it?"

"He and his mates have emptied the tin. He is hopelessly drunk—the others are quarelsome. The next thing will be a combined rush for the store-room."

"Why did you not the second officer tell me?"

"He thought you had troubles enough. He is hopelessly drunk—the others are quarelsome. The next thing will be a combined rush for the store-room."

"Why did you not the second officer tell me?"

"He thought you had troubles enough. He is hopelessly drunk—the others are quarelsome. The next thing will be a combined rush for the store-room."

lighthouse did not possess a rope of sufficient length to be drawn back by the raft without the intervention of some human agency.

This was precisely the puny, half-declaring dodge that the reef loved to play with. Cat-like, it permitted the queer, flat-bottomed craft to approach almost within hail. Then it shot forth a clew of famous twine, the heavy raft was picked up as if it were a floating feather, turned clean over, and flung many fathoms out to sea, whilst both of its guiding cables were snapped with contemptuous ease.

The assistant-keeper kept floating by his jacket, was half-drowned, back through the breaking froth, whilst the wave which overturned the raft curled up a spiteful tongue and almost succeeded in dragging out several of the men stationed in the doorway.

With a clang the iron shutter was rushed into its place, and when the sailor was rescued the Trinity boat steamed away to try and secure the raft.

No joyous shout greeted the men more to dark forbidding, and the only comfort was the faint one to be extracted from the parting signal—

"Will try again next tide."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Before Dawn.

Discipline abated its bonds that night. For one thing Mr. Emmett felt ill. Although insured to hardship in the elemental strain, being of the stocky mariner race which holds the gruff Atlantic in no dread, he had never before been called on to eat sodden bread, to drink condensed steam flavored varnish, and to chew sustenance from the faint of raw bacon. These drawbacks, added to the lack of exercise and the constant wearing of clothes not yet dry, placed him on the sick list.

Again, there were ominous whispers of unfair division in the matter of food. It was not within the realm of accomplishment that the purser, Constance, Enid, and others who helped to apportion the cables could do better than in quality if not in quantity. The unfortunate ones growled, and talked of favoritism.

A crisis was reached when the second officer mustered the night watch.

When one steep leads the other will follow. A stout German from Chicago asked bluntly—

"Yehs do goat of blayin' at moun'ain gart? Dere is bud von ting to gart, and is der kichen."

Community of interest caused many to handle closely to him, and he was one who dared to say what they all thought. Their shuffled in support. The officer, faithful to his trust, was tempted to tell the man, but he thought of the circumstances warranted more gentle methods.

"Why are you dissatisfied?" he sternly demanded. "What do you expect? Are you fool enough to be angry with us? We are being cheered by people who are dividing their last crust with you?"

"How do we know that? Dose girls—they are chokin' me Mr. Pyne all day long. They can't do it and be hungry, like us."

"You unmitigated ass!" said the disgusted officer. "There is food here for three people. They have fed eighty-one of us for two days and will keep us going several days more. Can't you figure it out? Isn't it a miracle? Here! Who's for guard and who not? Let us quit fooling."

And the doubters were silenced for the hour.

**Free the Throat**

For nearly a century the successful remedy for throat troubles, such as Sore Throat, Croup, Hoarseness, Tonsillitis, Bronchitis, etc., has been

**JOHNSON'S ANTIMONY**

It may be used on the skin or taken into the stomach, and is equally effective in either case. It is a powerful antiseptic, and cannot resist it. Price 25c; three times as much per oz. At all drug stores.

J. S. JOHNSON & CO. BOSTON, MASS.

**I CURED MY RUPTURE**

I will show you how to cure yours FREE

"I was helped and benefited by your medicine for a bad rupture. No trust could be placed in any other medicine. I was not operated upon. I fooled myself and was cured by your medicine. I advise all ruptured men to try your medicine. It is the best I have ever used. I cured my rupture in ten days. A Free Trial of this marvelous Method sent Free to all who send for it. Write to—

**Dr. W. S. Rice, Box 726, Toronto, Ont.**

**Severe Chest Colds And Painful Coughs**

Demand Prompt and Active Treatment.

The great danger in troubles of this class is "delay." Don't neglect a Cough or Cold, it can have but one result. It leaves the throat and lungs, both affected—Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Asthma, Catarrh and Consumption will surely follow the neglect to cure.

The first dose of

**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP**

will ease the cough, soothe the inflamed throat and loosen the phlegm.

Mrs. Joseph Paradis, Blackwell, Ont., writes:—I had such a bad cold I could hardly breathe. I noticed Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertised, so had my husband get me two bottles—I had only used one before I was cured. I recommended it to a friend, and two bottles cured her after other remedies had failed—we both keep it in the house now and would not be without it. It is the best cough medicine I have ever taken."

Price 25 cents per bottle.

**Have you a Garden?**

Also, get particulars of our new Catalogue. Our catalogue of seeds and flowers is the most complete and up-to-date ever published. It is free to all who send for it. Write to—

**Dr. W. S. Rice, Box 726, Toronto, Ont.**

**WILL NOT LIMIT SPEED OF TRAINS**

Bill to Regulate it Through Towns and Villages Voted Down in Parliament—Other News of the House.

**STEAMER LOST, BUT CREW WAS SAVED**

Azores, March 27.—There arrived here today the crew of the Norwegian steamer Coringa, which was lost at sea while bound to Halifax (N. S.) with a cargo of coal, from Barcelona and Cadiz. One of the men died before reaching this place. The Coringa was abandoned in a sinking condition on March 18, thirteen days after she was launched from Cadiz, in lat. 42° North, lon. 30 West.

A London dispatch received at Halifax March 24 stated the bare fact that the Coringa had been lost.

The Coringa was an iron steamer of 1,126 tons net, built at Dumbarton, Scotland, in 1897, and owned by the Coringa Steamship Co., Ltd., of London. She was captained by Mr. W. W. Wilhelmsen, managing owner, of London. The Coringa was being sold to Norwegian account she was known as the British steamer Bangalore.

**KAISER THE GUEST OF PORTUGAL'S KING**

Lisbon, March 27.—The steamer Hamburg, with Emperor William on board, anchored here late this afternoon. King Charles, Crown Prince Louis Philippe, Duke of Braganza and the Duke of Oporto, brother of the king and his suites, Foreign Minister Villaca and Marine Minister Moreira, went on board the vessel and escorted the emperor ashore. After presentations at the landing stage the royal procession was formed and proceeded through crowded and magnificently decorated streets to the palace, being led by the reception all along the route was of the most enthusiastic character.

**BOLD ROBBERY AT OTTAWA**

Retired Civil Engineer Held Up by Three Men in His Library and Robbed.

Ottawa, March 27.—(Special)—T. C. Keefe, an eminent retired civil engineer, who stays at Retford, a suburb of the city, was held up by three masked burglars in his library this evening and robbed of his gold watch and \$35, which he had on his person.

Keefe was sitting alone when the three desperadoes entered and covered him with their revolvers. There were other parties in the house in addition to the servants but the robbers escaped unheard. As soon as they got out Keefe telephoned the police, who are now endeavoring to hunt the robbers down. Keefe's house stands by itself some distance from any other residence, overlooking the Ottawa river.

**Indicted for Manslaughter.**

Cornwall, March 27.—(Special)—"True bill" for manslaughter was returned tonight by the grand jury against Allan Loney, hockey player of Maxville, who killed Alcey Lupton in a hockey match at Maxville Feb. 24. Loney pleaded not guilty tonight, and his trial will begin tomorrow.

**Desperate Conditions in Armenia**

London, March 27.—Letters and consular reports received in London from Van and other parts of Armenia state that the situation there is steadily growing worse. Business is at a standstill; few crops have been sown and kindred raids on Armenian villages are unrestricted. One of the latest letters says:—

"The government is demanding taxes with relentless severity and seizing cattle, farming implements and even bedding and household necessities. There is no sign of improvement. General ruin of the country is foreboding."

A movement is spreading through Van for the recognition of St. David's Day as a public holiday.