POOR DOCUMENT

The Pillar of Light

Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

"Yes," she said. "That is quite possible, of course, though you must have been quite a girl. Mrs. Brand died many years ous hand over her face. Constance, with alert intelligence, fancied she dreaded

Mrs. Vansittart flinched from the feeble recognition.

"That is so—I think I heard of—of Mrs. Brand's death—in London, I fancy. But—is so cold. You will surely make yourself ill."

Brand's death—in London, I fancy. But—they had only one child."

Enid laughed.

Tam a mere nobody," she said. "Dad opted me. I came here one day in func, nineteen years ago, and I must have "See my father?" repeated the girl. She

house keeper would not be able to leave the lamp for nearly three hours. When dawn came, she knew he would have many hings to attend to, signals to the Land's and, the arrangement of supplies, which he had already mentioned to her, and a

the Gulf Rock.

"I will ask him," she went on hurriedly, with an uncomfortable feeling that Mrs.

Vansitart resented her judicial pause.

GRATTER 17.

The venture of the property of th

"Yes, though Enid has had far more of Mr. Pyne's company. She is cook, you know."

"Is Pyne there too?"

"He is laundry-maid, drying clothes."

"I think I shall like him," mused Brand. "He seems to be a helpful sort of youngster. That reminds me. Tell him to the tiny bits of linen tossed about on the tiny bits of linen tossed ab

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anhope's stalwart figure, clad in oilins, was clearly defined as he stood alone
on the port side of the Falcon's small
bridge, reading off the signals and sending
hack spasmodic twitterings of the flags
which he, also, had procured, to indicate
that each word was understood.

"Who is the skipper of the tug?" inquired Pyne quietly.

The Falcon, knowing the uselessness of
attempting to creep close to the Gulf Rock,
had gone off with her budget to startle
two continents. Stanhöpe's last message
was one of assurance. He would
do all that lay in man's power.
The lighthouse soon quieted down
to a state of passive reaction.
Pyne, refusing to be served earlier,
carried his own and Brand's scanty meal
on a tray to the service-room.

quired Pyne quietly.

"You mean Jack," cried Enid. "He is not the captain. He is an officer of the Boyal Navy, our greatest friend."

"Jack is his front warm a large of the grand's scanty meal on a tray to the service-room.

The unweaved lighthouse-keeper was on the balcony, abswering a kindly signal from the Land's End, where the coast-



