## POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1905.

ered some dark tooth of the reef, he heard great sinuous, shining body rose half out to restore his senses. So Jim's question

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 stituted. And women! Bah! A hard look

CHAPTER I.

and night long the great bell of the light-ouse, slung to a stout beam projecting enward beneath the outer platform, had amaged the man within the lantern, now seaward beneath the outer platform, had tolked its warning through the tog. The monotonous tighter of the clockwork at-tachment that governed it, the sharp and livelier click of the occulting bood's ma-chinery, were the only sounds which al-ternated with its deep bourn. The tre-mendous clang sent a thrill through the grant column itself and pealed away into the murky void with a tremolo of pro-the murky void with a tremolo of pro-

the anurky void with a tremolo of pro-found diminutions. Diverhead, the mighificent lanteri, its eight-ringed circle of flame burning at full pressure, illumined the drifting vapor with an intensity that seemed to be born of the stady gratite pillar of which it was the titting diadem. Hard and strong externally as the everilsting rock on which it stood, waplete within with burnished steel and polished brass, great cylinders and power-ful pumps, —the lighthouse thrust its glow-ing torch beyond the reach of the most daring wave. Cold, dour, defiant it looked. Yet its superhuman eye sought to pierce the very heart of the fog, and the furnace-white glare, concentrated ten thousand-fold by the encircling hive of the dioptric lane, flung far into the gloom a silvery cloak of moon-like majesty. At this hour a two-knot current swept At this hour a two-knot current swept

Ians, flung far into the gloom a silvery cloak of moon-like majesty.
At last an irresistibe ally sprang to the ansistance of the unconquerable light.
About the close of the middle watch a gentle breeze from the Atlantic followed the tide and swept the shivering wraith landward to the northeast, whilst the first beams of a June sun completed the destruction of the routed specter.
So, once more, as on the dawn of the third day, the waters under the heaven were gathered into one place, and the dry land appeared, and behold, it was good.
On the horizon, the turquoise rim of the

were gathered into one pinet, and ago d.
ind appendix into ago d.
On the horizon, the turquoise rim of the start and a sail training over the stark and a sail training over the stark and a sail training over the stark. It is color, with the sun shinng on gate is and instant the stark and only missed and on

through the oil-room, the library and of-free, to the first bedroom, in the lower bunk of which lay Mr. Jones, keeper and chief, recovering from a sharp attack of

During one fearful night in the March equinox, when the fierce heat of the lamy within and the icy blast of the gale without had temporarily deranged the occult ing machinery, Jones experienced an anxwatch. Not for an instant could he

came into his eyes. His mouth set in a forego attendance on the lamp. Owing t the sleet it was necessary to keep the light at full pressure. The surplus oil, driver up from the tanks by weights weighing

happy vessel striving against the exterior turnoil of wind and wave. So Jones passed four hours with his head

and shoulders in the temperature of a Turkish bath and the lower part of his ody chilled to the bone. He thought nothing of it at

This was duty. But at intervals, through out the rest of his life, the sciatic nerve would remind him of that lonely watch this morning he was convalescent after a painful immobility of two days.

painful immobility of two days. Watching the boat, Jim centered her in the telescopic field, and looked anxiously for a sharp arrow-shaped ripple on the surface of the sea. The breeze which had vanquished the fog now kissed the smiling water into dimples, and his keen sight was perplexed by the myriad wavelets. Each minute the constion of affairs on hoard became more defined. Beneath some

board became more defined. Beneath some oars ranged along the starboard side he

boots on the iron stairs as he descended of the water, and a powerful tail struck fell on his ears with the meaningless sound the side of the boat a resounding whack. Jim's first expletive died in his throat "He's done it!" Jones heard him say. "He's ripped him. Oh, bully! May the Lord grant there's only one." For a single instant they saw the

hair and face of the man above the sur-face. The shark whirled about and rushed. Brand sank, and again the giant man-eater writhed in agonized contortions and "A what-a?" roared the sailor, whose

baat. "Glory be!" quavered Jones, who was a Baptist. Lying in the bottom of the boat, wrap-gles had rumpled into a roll beneath the Jim was about to chant his thanks in other terms when his attention was caught was impossible to estimate forthwith owoars ranged along the starboard side he could see several tins, such as contain bis-cuits and compressed beef. The shapeless mass in the bows puzzled him. It was partly covered with broken planks from the damaged portion of the upper works, and it might be a jib-sail fallen there when the mast broke. The birds were busy and excited. He did not lake that. Nearly half an hour passed. The Prin-cew Royal, a fine vessel of yacht-like pro-portions, sprinting for the atternoon train, was about eight miles away, sou'west by workt According to measure to infeatures the courd and the difference of the sea, where it sank instantly. So higher intellect, had only missed his op portunity by being too precipitate, whilst

by the way she is yelling at Jones."

ness which overcame me. The brandy has man's lips for days so far as a settled that." were concerned

Not only Jones and Spe Up he went, as though returning from son, the third assistant, who was taking urmur- his month ashore, together with the super-

of the steamer's stren. "What is it, mate?" repeated his fellow-keeper, more insistently. "You ain't hurt anyways, are you?" "It is a baby," said Brand, in a curious the steamer's strenge repeated his fellow-"By jingo, he's a plucked 'un," murnur-ed Jim, admiringly. "He ought to be skip-per of a battleship, finitead of housemaid of a rock-light. Dash them sea-crows! I do hate 'em " numeraries who helped to preserve the I rotation of two months rock duty and one do hate 'em.' He seized an oar and lunged so hard and they liked and looked up to-had locked

ly vacant way. "A baby!" shricked Jones, stretched out "A baby!" shricked Jones, stretched out true at a cormorant which was investigat-over the crane above their heads. over the crane above their heads. the shark's liver, that he knocked the ing the shark's liver, that he knocked the the open the diary for anyone. Yet so helpful was he—so entertaining

Having made the canvas ship-shape, Jim settled the next pressing question by seiz-ing an empty tin and sluicing the fore part. Then he passed a rope under the after thwart and reeved it through a ring-bolt in a rock placed there for mooring purposes in very calm weather like the resent.

present.

indeed a ticklish task landing or embark-

ed. Braad sank, and again the giant man-eater writhed in agonized contortions and the sea chowed masses of froth and dark blotches. The flutterings of the birds be-came irregular and alarmed. Their wheel ing flights partly obscured events below. The gulls, screeching their fright, or ii might be interest, kept close to the water, and the cormorants sailed in circles aloof. Jones was pallid and streaming with per-spiration. "I wouldn't have had it happen for fifty quid," he groaned. "I wouldn't have madi it for a hundred," "I wouldn't have madi it for a hundred," "I wouldn't have fail thore are int another eser the cap'n 'Il win. There ain't another eser primordial thesis, he left the foragers ships. alone. Hauling the sail out of the water, In private, they discussed him often,

ashore, soon realized that Brand-whom

When the Trinity tender paid her fell into the boat and kept her alive-how mere idle curiosity on my part impelled me to swim out and investigate matters." When the Trinity tender part inperiod monthly visit to the lighthouse she was moored to a buoy three cables' lengths away to the northwest. If there was the least suspicion of a sea over the reef it was least suspicion of a sea over the reef it was that there might be a shark in her wake, or you wouldn't have taken the knife. An'

indeed a ticklish task tanding or eliberry ing stores and men. Ucse-hauled, the boat would fill for-ward as the tide dropped. This was mat-terless. By that time all her movable con-tents—she appeared to have plenty of tin-ned meat and biscuits aboard but no wat-er—would be removed to the store-room. The sailor was sorting the packages— wondering what queer story of the deep

The sailor was sorting the paraged wondering what queer story of the deep would be forthcoming when the recent his-tory of the rescued child was ascertained "Is there nothing left to help us?" "Only this."

when Brand hailed him. "Look out there, Jim. I am lowering an his waistcoat pocket. It was of the safety-"What's the ax for, cap'n?" was the sharrock.

natural query.. "I want to chop out that shark's teeth. They will serve as mementoes for the girl.""No. I fancy that this craft was rig-"No. I fancy that this craft was rig-They will serve as mementoes for the girl if she grows up, which is likely, judging Brand passed a hand wearily across Brand passed a hand wearily across his ventory, eliciting grunts of agreement as each item was ticked off. A clang of metal beneath caught their eare—the opening of the stout doors, forty feet above high-water mark, from which a series of iron rungs, sunk in the granite wall, led to the rocky base. "Brand's goin' to swiam out. It's hardly worth while signalin' to the Land's End," No answer. Jim leaned well over and saw their associate, stripped to his under-sheath-knife slung across his shoulders, be oked towards the Gulf Rock for the sheath-knife slung across his shoulders, "I wish I had not been so 

The shark, churning the sea into a white foam, whirled away in blind pursuit of the death which was rending him. The man, unharmed but somewhat breathless, clam-bered over the folds of the sail into the

soul afresh with a beauty m expected presence, wafted thus strangely ing by the knowledge that a few from ocean wilds, the broken spar and tumbled canvas, betokened an accident and more familiar charme.

He was engaged, it is true, in the un-perchance a tragedy. "Jim!" he cried. His mate, engaged in shrouding th

round the action of number of poets and important with the seven drank in the mute glory of the scene, and, captive to the spell of the hour, he mutmured aloud: mover the lease he was quick on his feet. nevertheless, he was quick on his feet. "What do you make of that?" The sailor required no more than a ges-ture. He shaded his eyes with his right "Floating on waves of music and of light,

