search to his treet. The second section of the control of

Their (reason)

Entered interested that a last of an evel should be complied. Then, things of the lasthouse tracks are the countries of the lasthouse reason against a countries on the lasthouse reason against a countries on the last of the last o

If was french that there were thereseem enters and man, inclining sleeseem, thirty-three attems passengers, or
which thirty-three attems passengers, or
which strongers were women, consiting
the two little gard, and sorter men and
see women from the attempt.
"It part secul, on a Prittin ship, too
the clave to built so large on the har'
the three to built so large on the har'
that he Emment health, "but it
conduct he helped. The passengers had
be for introduced through the conduct
the manual three to be the conduct three to be the conduct
the manual minerals."

The state of the s

tay?"

"Zo, sir; a passenger, servy of Cy"Zo, sir; a passenger, servy of Cy"Zo. Trull, the Pulladelphian milbearing. Havery you hased of Trull'
less was a lady or least, a Mrs.
'santhurt, what was contact bear to
serry old Trull, to people said, and
the weekler was thad to take place is
less must week. Young Pyper was
other as essent.
"In the just! What a terrible thing?"
The chief offer placed down the
senter late and thepped his thigh
with week yellow gasted down the

Same world be nuttered; "good

With that he devested himself to plant out the watches. Seen he and the seet that the seed that the

Taranti Taranti of do you think of their be

nif: "I group I'm tierd.

Maried as special of day have deline streeting women in the delines. He was improve out an overland her at the door. It

WY.



death.

The singing consed as suddenly as it began. Mr. Emmet and the purser were varning the first watch.

The interruption did not seem to belp Mrs. Vandstart. She spoke awkwardly, checking her thoughts as though fearrhy she might be misundersteed or say too much.

"I am bother," she explained; "quite recovered. I gave up my bunk to one who needed it."

"I am sure we are all doing our best to help one mother," volunteered Enid.

"But I am restless. The sight—of your sister—aroused vague memories.

"But I am restless. The sight-of year sister—aroused vagus memorias. Its yea mind—I find it hard to explain —your name is familiar. I knew—some people—caffed Brand—a Mr. Stephen Brand—and his wife."

She halted, seemingly at a loss. Enid, etriving helplessly to solve the reason for this unexpected confidence, but quite wishful to make the explanation easier, found herealf interested.

"Yes," she said. "That is quite possible, of course, though you must have been quite a girl. Mrs. Brand died meany years ago."

namy years ago."

Mrs. Vansittare dinched from the feeble rays of the lantern.
"That is so—I think I beard of—of
Mrs. Brand's death—in London, I
fency, but they had only one child."
Einid laughed.

Finish laughed.
"I am a mere nobody," she exid.
"Dad adopted me. I came here one day in June. nineteen years ago, and I must have looked so feriorn that he took me to his heart, thank God?"

Another selema chord of the hymn Another solemn chord of the hymn Souted up to them:

"Let all thy converse be sincere. Thy conscience as the needay clear."

The rest of the verse evaded them.

Probably a door was closed.

Mrs. Vansitart seemed to be greatly perturbed. Enid, intent on the occupation of the moment, believed their little chat was ended. To round it off, so to small, the wastern and the statement. to speak, she went on quickly:
"I imagine I am the most mysterious

"I imagine I am the most mysterious person fiving—in my early history, I mean. Mr. Brand saw me floating toward this lighthouse in a deserted boat. I was meanly dead. The people who had been with me were gune—either starved and thrown into the sea or knecked everboard during a collision, as the boat was hadly damaged. My linen was marked 'K. T.' That is the only definite fact I can tell you. All the rest is guesswork. Evidently no-body cared to claim me, and here I am."

Mrs. Vanelitart was leaning back in the deep gloom, supporting herself against the deor of the bedroom. "What a remance!" she said faintly. "A vague one, and this is no time to gossip about it. Can I get you say-thing?"

Enid feit that she really must not prolong their conversation, and the other woman's exclamation threatened further talk.

though she was almost unconscious when unbound from the rope and carried into the service room.

And at that mement, not knowing it she had been near to Stophen Srand, might have spoken to him, looked into

she had been near to Stophen Brand, might have spoken to him, looked into his face. What was he like? she wondered. Had he aged greatly with the years? A lighthouse hosper! Of all professions in this wide world how came he to edopt that? And what ugly trick was fate about to play her that she should be east ashow on this describe ruck where he was in charge? Gould she avoid his? End she been injudicious in betraying her knowledge of the past? And how marvelous was the illiconous between Constance and her father? The chivatrons, high mindels youth she had known came back to her through the mists of time. The calls, proud eyes, the firm month, the wide expanse of forebeed were his. From her mether—the woman who didd many years ago," when she, Airs, Vansitzart, was "quite a ger?—the girl shorted the clear profile, the weather dark brown heir and a grace of disconnent income of the seem in English-woman.

Though her heats that the test with the

Change her tenth chattered with the sai, Mrs. Transiture could not bring send to leave the reutifite stairway, so were the hyren stagers cheered by hearts with works of prains. By unity times was one among them who is only knew the words, but could de them mightly in the times of any old favories.

The country of a four-example by the stage to said two of cours of the may's correspond to her distracted our country land was a formal to be the said to be distracted our country of a stage of a recent when well as the got the tall refresh;

"Bates thin reput to bestere

So Constance passed her. Mrs. Vanfurther talk.

"No, thank you. You'll excuse me, I know. My natural interest"—
But Buid, with a parting smile, was halfway toward the next landing, and Mrs. Vansittart was free to re-enter the crowded-spartment where her fellow sufferers were wendering when they would see daylight again. She did not site. The darkness was intense, the narrow masses deefty, and the sittart noted the dainty manner in which she picked up her skirts to mount the stairs. She caught a glimpse of the miler made gown, striped silk underskirt, well fitting, low beeled, wide welted expensive boots. Trust a women to see all these things at a glance, with even the shifting glimmer of a storm proof lantern to aid the quick appraisement did not stir. The darkness was intense, the narrow passage drafty, and the column thrilled and quivered in an unnerstying manner. Bhe heard the clang of a door above and knew that Endd had gone into the second apartment given over to the women. Somewhere higher up was the glaring light of which she had a faint recollection, though she was almost unconscious

As the girl went out of her sight a reminiscence came to her.
"No wonder I was startled," she com-

muned. "That sailor's coat she wears selps the resemblance. Probably it is

way. Any one ascending made a com-plete turn to the right about to reach the floer of the room on any given landing and the foot of the ladder to

Hence the girl came unexpects

an, so thinly clad in the de

she dreaded recognition.

face to face with Mrs. Vansittart. The meeting startled ber. This pale wom

evening wear on shipboard, should not be standing there.

"No, no," said the other, passing a

nervous hand over her face. Con

stance, with alert intelligence, fancied

"Then why are you standing here? It is so cold. You will surely make

yourself ill."
"I was wondering if I might see Mr.

Brand," came the desporate answer, the words bubbling forth with unre-

"See my fither?" repeated the girl. She took thought for an instant. The lighthouse keeper would not be able to leave the lamp for nearly three hours. When dawn came she knew he would have many things to attend to-signals to the Land's End, the urrangement of supplies, which he had already mentioned to her, and a host of other matters. Four c'elect it the

other matters. Four o'clock to the

morning was an unconventional hour for an interview, but time itself was topsy turvy under the conditions prov-alcut on the Gulf Rock.

"I will ask him," she went on hur-riedly, with an uncomfortable feeling

that Mrs. Vansittart resented her in-

To the girl's ears the courtoous ac-

To the girl's ears the courtoous acknowledgment conveyed an edd note of menace. If the eyes are the windows of the soul surely the voice is its subtle gauge. The more transparently simple, clean minded the hearer, the more accurate is the resonant impression. Constance found herself reguely

perplexed by two jostling abstractions If they took shape it was in mute quee

tioning. Why was Mrs. Vansittart so

long buried memories, and why did her

But the fresh, gracious maldenhood in her cast saide those unwented studies in mind reading. "He has so much to do," she ex-

plained. "Although there are many of us on the rock tonight be has never

been so utterty alone. Won't you wait inside until I return?"

"Not unless I am in the way," plead-ed the other. "I was choking in there.

The air here, the space, are so grate-

anxious to revive or, it might be, p

dicial pause.

the next.

Then the loud silence of the lighthouse appalled her. The singing had was that off by a clos door. One might as well be in a temb as surrounded by this tangible dark-ness. The tremulous granite, so cold and hard, yet alive in its own grim strength, the murmuring commettee of wind and waves swelling and dying in ghostike echoes, suggested a grave, a vanit close scaled from the outer world, though pulsating with the far-away existence of heedless multitudes.

away existence of heedless multitudes. Thus, brooding in the gloom, a tortured soil without form and void, sho awaited the return of her messebgar.

Constance, after looking in at the hospital, want on to the service room. Her futher was not there. She glanced up to the trimming stage, expecting to see him attending to the lump. No. He had gone. Somewhat bewildered, for she was almost certain he was not in had gone. Somewhat bewildered, for she was almost certain he was not in any of the lower apartments, she climb-ed to the little door in the glass frame. Ah! There he was on the landward Ah! There he was on the landward able of the gailery. What was the matter new? Surely there was not another result in distress. However, being relieved from any dublety as to his whereabouts, she went back to the service room and gave berself the luxury of a moment's rest. Oh, how sired she was! Not until size ast down did she realize what it meant to live as she had lived and to do all that she had done during the past four bours.

one during the past four hours. Her respite was of short duration, rand, his elighne gleaming with wet,

"Rello, sweetheart! What's up now?" he eviced in such cheerful voice that the knew all was well.

"That was canetly what I was going to ask you," she said.

"The Falcon is out there," he repited, with a side ned toward Mount's bay, Constance knew that the Paton was a study steam trawier, a builden little skip, built to face staything in the ships of gales.

"They can do nothing, of course," the connectated,

"No. I stood between them and the

continuented,

"No. I stood between them and the light for a mentid, and they ortiferatly insierated that I was an the lookent.

or a fantorn dipped soverag thisse, whiles I interpreted as merning that they will return at daybreat. Now that are of to Pensamen again."

"They covered sortely then?"

"Licpted a rea or two, no doubt. The wind is temperate, but the sea is remained notations of his otheries. Constance suddenly fer a strong dislictly matter to rise. Being a strong willed

rowing person, the sprang up instantly. forming person, one sprang up any and for the came to ark you if you can see ... Yes, Vensitiart, she raid.

"Mrs. Vensitiart," he cited, with a commine surprise that thrilled her with

wreck were in no way comparable. It would have been well for her could rice only realise the promise of the byran, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exconding and eternal weight of giery."

Not so run hirs. Vansitiart's jumile. a pleasure she assuredly could not ac-Not so ran hirs. Vansitiant's jumile of thoughts. 'The plans, the schemes, the builded odifice of many years, threatened to fall in rule about her. In such bitter mood there was no consolation. She accept not to find apiritual succes, but bowalled the catastrophe wisch had befailen her.

If assuredly contributed to that "affiliction which is but for a moment" that Constance should happen just then to run up the stairs toward the hospital. Each flight was so contrived that it curved across two-thirds of the superficial area alloited to the stairway. Any one according made a com-"Yes. She asked if she might bave a cord with you."

He throw his hands up in comic do-

"Toll the good lady I are up to my eyes in work. The oil is running low. I must hie ere to the pump at once. I have my journal to fill. If there is no sun I counct heliograph, and I have a host of signals to look up and get ready. And a word in your car, Comple, dear. We will be 'at home' on the rock for the next forty-eight home. Give the lady my very deep respects and usk tier to allow me to send for her when I have a minute to spare some bours

She klased blm. "You dear old thing." she cried. "You will tire yourself to death, I am sure."

He cannot her by the chin.
"Mark my words," he laughed. "You will feet this night in your bones lenger than I. By the way, no matter who goes hungry, don't propare any break-fast until I come to you. I suppose the kitchen is your beadquarters?" "Is anything wrong?" she cried, raising her lantern just as Enid did when she encountered the sallors.

"Tes, 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 youngater. That reminds me. Tell him to report himself to Mr. Rumett as my assistant-if be cares for the post, that is."

He did not see the ready spirit of mischief that danced in her eyes. She pictured Mr. Pyne "fixing things" with

Mr. Emmett "nighty quick."

When she reached the first bedroom floor Mrs. Vansittart land gone.

"I thought it would be strunge if she stood long in this draft," mused Constance. She opened the door. The lady she sought was leaning disconsolate ngninst a wall.

"My father" - she began.
"I fear I was thoughtless," interrupted Mrs. Vansittart. "He must be greatly occupied. Of course I can see him in the morning before the ressel comes. They will send a ship soon to take us

"At the carliest possible moment,"
was the glad answer. "Indeed, dad
has just been signaling to a tug which
will return at daybreak."

There was a joyous chorus from the other inmates. Constance had not the requisite hardthood to tell them how they misconstrued her words.
As she quitted them she admitted to

herself that Mrs. Vansittart, though disturbing in some of her moods, was really very considerate. It never oc-curred to her that her new acquaint-ance might have suddenly discovered the exceeding wisdom of a proverb concerning second thought. Indeed, Mrs. Vansiturt now bitterly

regretted the impulse which led her to betray any knowledge of Stephen Brand or his daughter. Of all the follies of a warward life, that was immeasurably the greatest in Mrs. Van-sittart's critical scule.

But what would you? It is not often given to a woman of nerves, a woman of volatile nature, a shallow worlding. yet versed in the deepest wiles of intrigue, to be shipwreeked, to be pluched from a living hell, to be strong through a harricane to the secure insecurity of a dark and beilow piline standing on a Calvary of storm toracil waves, and then, while her senses swam in atmost bewilderment, to be confronted with a living ghost. Yet that was precisely what had

Fate is grievous at times. This haven of refuge was a place of torture. Mrs. Vansittart broke down and wept in her distress.

> [TO BE CONTENUED.] AUTO'S RECORD RUN.

From San Prancisco to New York In Pifteen Days and Six Hours, From the city hall, San Francisco, to Herald square, New York, in fifteen days and six hours by automobile is the remarkable record ride accomplished by L. L. Whitman in a six cylinder Franklin car of thirty horsepower. That performance cuts seventeen days eighteen hours from the best provious record from seast to coast.

His feat at once establishes the high of the American automobile has attained and signalizes the practicability and efficiency of the six cylinder type of engine for motor vehicles of high

Whitman's start from San Francisc was made at 0 o'clock on the night of Aug. 2, or 9 o'clock in the evening by Kew York time. Ills route took him over nearly 4,000 miles, and the loge of time he experienced through haps met with was close on to three days. Crossing California to Sacraments he began the ascent of the Herra Nevada mountains, a climb of 7,000 feet. He spproached the time n making the ascent required by the Union Pacific's overland limited for the climb, averaging ten miles an hour, although delayed nearly half a day by getting into the quickyands near Hum-boldt Shik. He reached Ogden in four lays, but found his way through Idaho slocked by swollen rivers.

blocked by swolles rivers.

An erosating the Green river he lost six hours through the ear becoming subinserged, but he extricated it and elimbed to the greatest altitude at Oheney, Wyo. Omaha was reached to the days, and another long delay was occasioned by the rains in Iowa. The reached Chicago in eleven days.

From Chicago to Kew York he expected to surpase the time made by

From Chicago to New York be expected to surpase the time made by Bert Holocuthe in his record run of fifty-eight hours and forty-three relations and was deing west until he mot with his disastrons accident on the horder line between Chic and Pennsylvania. Here, at Connecet, he was resident as derive with a ctone will encous side and a hodge on the other, when a sudden, unexpected swerve cent his machine into the wall and ladly twisted the front wissis and steering gent and demoliated the cent. It negatived thirty-six hours to offset populates.

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3 Wooden Boxes full assorted Wire Hair Pins
1 Good round or flat Corset Lace
1 Htick Oig-a-dig Stick
Blue

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Lead Pencil
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Spool Durning Cotton
Yards Ribbon
Dozen Coller Buttons
Battenburg Rings
Comb 2 Sattenburg Kings
1 Comb
1 Cake Soap
1 Tooth Brush
33 Fish Rooks
1 Tape Measure
1 Yard Soutsche Braid
1 Yard Ribbon
1 Pair Ladies' Hose Sup-Yard Wash Braid 1 State Pencil
2 Pair Shoe Laces
3 Pieces Whalebone
1 Spool Thread
1 Yard Casing
1 Pan

Hair Brooch

l Fancy Hat Piu 1 Box Slate Pencils, 4 in box
Thimble, closed end
Pair Slipper Laces
Arm Band
Cuff Button
Dozen good Pearl Buttons Handkerchief Lead Peneils Button Hooks Button Hooks
Bonnet Pin
Box Inyisible Hair Pins
Linen Collar
Yard Shirring Cord
Crochet Hook
Pair Arm: Banda
Dozen Buttons
Crochet Hooks
Shaving Reash Crochet Hooks
Shaving Brush
Key-Chain and Ring
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Pencil Tablet
Pine Comb
Back Comb
Dull-Head Hat Pin
Check Board
Carpenter's Pencil
Roll Crepe Paper
Yard Wide Elastic

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Yard Belting Yard Belting Cedar Penell Bib Holder Rubber Band Yard Velvet Ribbon Fancy Card Fancy Hair Pin Rubber Braser Spool Turkey-Red Thread Large Hair Pin Sesh Pin Sesb Pin
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