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Louis I racy.

The girls agreed that this was a captal idea. Constance went upstairs. in the first room she inquired: "Is Mrs. Vansittart here?" "Yes," said a sweet but rather quer

A lady, who had already appropria ed the lower bunk, raised herself or

grateful after the freezing effect of ing for troubling me." the gale on people literally soaked to | Constance laughed. the skin.

The girl, not unmoved by curiosity, she said. Vansittart. A woman of forty, no about her?" preserved she may be, is in a sorry her to him?" clearly chiseled. The eyes were large fall off a house.' Isn't he funny?" and lustrous, the mouth firm, the nose . "I think he is splendid," said Con- engine-power in proportion." and chin those of a Greek statue. Just stance. haps cruel disposition. A charming ters.

"Do you want me?" asked the know.' stranger, with a new interest, and still smiling. Constance found herself tration inspired the man who first wondering if the smile were not cultivated to hide that faintly caught suggestion of the bird of prey. But the question restored her mental poise. "Only to say that Mr. Pyne-" she

"Charlie! Is he saved?" Mrs. Vansittart certainly had the faculty of betraying intense interest.

of you owe your lives to his daring? was naught but granite and from bars. and a shaft twenty feet longer, what

shrinking woman, averse to the sud- she found uneasiness among the men. den stare of others. "I know nothing," she murmured.

saloon. How the people fought. They were not human. They were tigers, fierce tigers, with the howls and the baleful eyes of wild beasts." the stark pillar which flinched from no assault bewildered them. It was This outburst was as unexpected as her staccato question. Constance bent

"It was all so horrible. Oh, God!

over her and placed a gentle hand on she said, soothingly. "Indeed, it must have been very terrible. It was dread. amldst the black turmoil: "I can't ful enough for us, looking down at things through a mist of foam. For you- But there! You are one of

the few who escaped. That is every-thing. God has been very good to She was stooping low and holding the lantern in her left hand. The slight flush of excitement yielded noises.

to a ghostly pallor. With surprising energy she caught the girl's arm.
"Who are you?" she whispered.
"Tell me, child, who are you?" "My father is the lighthouse-keeper," said Constance. "I am here quite by chance. I—"

"But your name! What is your "Constance Brand." "Brand, did you say 2 And your fa-

ther's name?" "Stephen Brand. Really, Mrs. Vansittart, you must try to compose yourself. You are over-wrought, and-" no harm in it. She was about to say "feverish." Indeed, that was a mild word. The strange glare in Mrs. Vansittart's eyes it should be dangerous I will come

Constance was then frightened be-youd question. She feared that the seizure might be a serious one, under the circumstances. To her great re-lief, another woman, who could not help overhearing the conversation and witnessing its sequel, came to the

"Don't be alarmed," she said. "Mrs. Vansittart is very highly strung. Bhe fainted in the saloon. She does not realize that Mr. Pyne not only saved her, but nearly every woman here, when the door was broken open. Now, don't you worry, my dear, I will look after her. You have a great deal to do, I am sure."

Constance realized that the advice was good. She could not attend to one and neglect many.

Tolling the women of the plan to the policy of the plan to the properties.

Tolling the women of the plan to t

Are you one of those to whom every meal is another source of suffering?

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets will help your disordered stomach to digest any reasonable meals, and will soon restore it to such perfect constant of the plan to dry their under-clothing in sections, so bad that he could scarcely make a sound, and I thought he would surely strangle. He grew worse, and had frequent bad attacks, so I began using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Scarcely half a bottle was used when the strangling sufferers in the hospital required more drastic measures. The little girl she derfully soothing effect, and when he

Two of Brand's spare suits and a grand medicine for salt rheum." couple of blankets enabled the two injured women, who were able to walk,
to get_rid_of_their_wet garments is
and Turpentine bears the portrait
and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.,
the famous receipt book author.

lockers of Jackson and Bates made it hours it will be daylight, and if the possible for the men who most needed sea falls he will come and open the attention to be made comfortable by the invaluable hospital orderly.

By sheer inspiration she had utter-

Constance was kept busy flying up and down to the kitchen, whilst Enice having met all immediate demands in the matter of a hot beverage and something to eat, supplemented her

Pyne worked like a Trojan. As each pile of sodden garments was delivered to him he squeezed out as much water as possible with his hands and then illed himself to the task of baking them dry. He did this, too, in a very efficient way, speedily converting the kitchen into a miniature Turkish bath At the end of an hour, he had succes ad so well that more than one-half the females were supplied with toler ably dry and warm under-clothing. With their heavier garments, of

course, nothing could be done. Once, on the stairs, Enid detained Constance for a moment's chat.
"Mrs. Vanistiart is odd," she said.

Constance, so taken up was she with many errands, had forgotten the

"How thoughtless of me," she cried. "Is she better?" The little apartment, like every | "Yes. But when I went in just now part of the building, save the rooms to give her her clothes, she said to were abreast of the Bishop La reserved by Brand's directions was me: 'Are you the sister of the otherpacked almost to suffocation. This, of Constance Brand?' It was no time if harmful in one respect, was benefi for explanations, so I just said 'Yes.' cial in another. The 'mere animal She gave me such a queer look, and warmth of so many human beings was then smiled quite pleasantly, apologiz-

"Perhaps she knew dad years ago,"

plight under such conditions. Con "I told him she had fainted when Atlantic forty times a year for upwhite and haggard, yet animated and Guess she can faint as easy as I can alterations, although they added fifty

now there were deep lines across the base of the high forehead. The thin lahed. The first big wave of the relips, allied to a transient hawk-like treating tide enveloped the lighthouse I have never even heard her name begleam in the prominent eyes, gave a and smote it with thunderous silence. fore."

Brave hearts! What infinite pene said "Noblesse oblige!" Constance looked in at the kitchen Pyne loomed through a fog of steam. "Pay no heed to these-" she was interrupted by another mighty thump

and cataract roar- "these blows of Thor's hammer." she cried. "Play me for an anvil," he returned She descended to the depths, to re-The girl attributed the nervous start, assure the men. Talking with shrill the quick color which tinged the white cheerfulness at each doorway was cheeks, to the natural anxiety of a easy. It helped her to go down, down, woman who stood in such approximate feeling stone and iron trembling as degree of kin to the young American. every surge was hurled many feet full pelt to land the mails at South-above her head. At last, she stood ampton twelve hours ahead of schesympathy. "Don't you know that all on the lowest floor. Beneath her feet dule. With that awful sea liftin' her, The addendum was a kindly one. mouth, but not with fear. She was dred passengers an' crew." No doubt, Mr. Pyne had meant her to proud of the lighthouse, strong in the convey such a message. Mrs. Vansit- knowledge of its majestic strength. tart, it was evident, had received a Nevertheless, in this place, the shock. Perhaps she was a timorous, source of her own sense of security,

They were all sailors in this lowest habitable region. Their pre-conceived ideas had been rudely reversed. The shall I ever forget that scene in the ship, the noble structure which defied the storm by yielding to its utmost fury, had for them no terrors. But impossible to believe that it could withstand the strain. Ha! Listen to that. The battering-ram of ocean applied to a thin shaft of stone. Surely "You must try to forget all that," it must be pounded into fragments. Said one, with indefinite bellow

stand this, mates." "Up aloft for me!" cried another. "Let's die with our eyes open, anyhow," chimed in a third.

But a light flashed in the rolling orbs of the man who was already on the stairs. Astounded, he drew back. Constance stood in their midst, a mere girl, radiant, smilingly uncon-cerned, addressing them in calm Suddenly, Mrs. Vansittart's eyes mere girl, radiant, smilingly uncongleamed again with that lambent light cerned, addressing them in calm wards, broken only by the fitful

"Sorry your quarters—so very un-pleasant. Only last a—couple of hours. Twenty-five years-far worse gales. Want any more cocoa?"

"Thank you kindly, miss, we're quite comfortable." This from the man who wished to die with his eyes

"Please, miss, may we smoke?" said he who couldn't stand it. Constance hesitated. Blithely unswept through the storm-tossed fold, she pondered the problem. She saw "Yes," she said. "Smoke by all

strange glare in Mrs. Vansittart's eyes amazed her. She shrank away but only for an instant. With a deep sigh, the lady sank back on the pillow and chinted. Child Almost Strangled

You never know what minute a child will develop a bad cold or be

drastic measures. The little girl she stripped with her own hands and clothed her in one of Brand's flannel that he had any throat trouble. We shirts and a commandeered reefer have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment yacket.

the crowded room beneath, and the back and let you know. In a rew

ed the formula destined to annihilate the necromantic bluster of the hammering waves. Open the door! So this ponderous racket was a mere lidal trick, a bogey, which each passing minute would expose more thor-

yer," growled one who had not spoken hitherto. There was a chorus of approval. Constance gave a little gulp. The cultured and delicate lady lying in the bunk above had not spoken so. "Indeed," she gasped, "God has plessed some of us this night." Then she fled, further utterance

Nearer the sky, Brand tended the and discussed matters with chief officer Emmett. The sailor, with the cree directness of his class, told how the Chinook had made an

sxcellent voyage from New York un-til she ran into bad weather about tour hundred miles west of the Likard. "It seems to me," a said, "as if we dropped onto the track of that hurricane after it had curved away to the norrard, and that the d--d thing swooped down on us again when we Brand nodded. This surmise a treed with his own theory of the storn

indicated by the sea. Mr. Emmett held out a clenched fiat with thumb jerked towards the reef "I wouldn't breathe a word if he wasn't gone," he said, "but the old man was drivin' her too hard. I knew it, an' the chief knew it"-he meant the held the light so that it illumined Mrs. "What do you think Mr. Pyne said chief engineer-"but he wouldn't listen to either Mac or me. Fact is, he was fair crasy to set up a new record for the boat. She's been crossin' the stance saw a beautiful face, deathly you delivered his message. He said: | wards of twenty years, and the recent feet to her length, only increased her

"You surprise me," broke in Brand.

momentary glimpse of a harsh, per Screams came from the women's quar "You know her well enough all the same," said the other ruefully. "This impression. Instantly Constance was them they have nothing to fear. They altered; an they rechristened her, aware of having seen Mrs. Vansittart must expect these things to happen too-always a d-d unlucky thing to before. So vivid was the fanciful idea for nearly two hours. Tell them what to, I say. Bless your heart, man, she that she became tongue-tied. dad said. Twenty-five years, you to the old Spinors Boyal Ehr What's is the old Frincess Royal. Eh? What's

He guffawed mournfully at Brand's involuntary exclamation. "Certain! Well, surely I ought to know. I have passed most of my service with the company in her, and when I took a crew to Cramp's to navigate her to New York after she was smartened up I little imagined l would see her laid by forever the next time we saw the lights of Old England. My goodness, even what was left of the old girl ought to know her way better'n that."

"But what did really happen?" "Drivin' her I tell you-drivin' her He asked me to—to say he was all right, and—that he hoped you were not utterly collapsed."

Here was solidity. How grateful to could you expect? Poor Perkins! A could you expect?

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