

Not on the Chart A Lighthouse Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The rain fell in long, slanting sheets and drummed against Joel Webster's slaking with a noise that muffled the throbbing of his engine. The motorboat rose on the crest of big waves and then dived down into pitchy blackness. It was night. He had lost his bearings an hour ago, when he had left Hadden harbor for the short trip down the coast after a catboat which had gone adrift, and now he was trying to find the harbor's mouth once more.

He tried to discern the familiar light that would set him on the right course, but the lighthouse seemed blotted out in the storm.

"I ought to be somewhere near the harbor's mouth by this time," he panted after he had recovered from a sneezing wave. He bent forward and peered ahead as if to pierce the blackness with his keen eyes.

"Seems as if I ought to see the ledge light unless—unless something's happened to Peter Langdon!" He inclined his ear, and close at hand he heard the roar of waves breaking on rugged rocks. "Good Lord, if it isn't the ledge and what light!"

The wheel spun around in his strong hands, and the motorboat put about until she was headed straight for the heaving waves. If Joel Webster had not known the ledge like a book he might have gone straight to destruction on the bristling rocks that encompassed the lighthouse. But his ear was trained to the voice of the sea, and at last he moored the boat safely and crawled along the platform until he came to the narrow iron stairway that led to a door above the highest water mark.

His repeated battering brought quick light steps across the floor and the sound of a frightened voice from within.

"Oh, is anybody there?" called the girl. "Yes!" he shouted back, but the wind tore the words away, and he had to repeat his cry again and again before she understood that his voice was not the cry of frightened gulls or the scream of the raging wind.

The door opened outward, and he staggered within the warm, cosy shelter of the sitting room. The girl was busy locking the door and so she did not look at him until he had removed his dripping sou'wester and pushed back the tangled hair from his wet forehead.

"Oh, it's you, Joel!" she faltered, with a little backward step of alarm.

"Yes, it's me," said Joel Webster simply. "I was out in the storm, and I noticed the lamp wasn't lighted. What's the matter?"

"It's none of your business what's the matter!" called an angry voice from the adjoining room. "Dora, is that fresh Webster boy in there?"

"Yes, it's me," repeated Joel for the second time. He drew near the communicating door and looked in on the recumbent form of a large, old man, who appeared to be suffering great pain. "What's the matter—hurt your back?" asked Joel bluntly.

"Breaks my leg," growled Peter Langdon ungraciously.

"Where's Marshall?"

"Went ashore this morning and hasn't come back. Drunk as a lord, I reckon," growled the lighthouse keeper. "Dora here tried to get the lamp going, but she couldn't, bless her heart!"

"I'm going to light the lamp for you, and when it's going good I'll come back and make you comfortable," announced Joel in a matter of fact tone.

Peter Langdon half-raised himself in bed and shook his fist at the young man.

"Don't you dare touch my lamp, Joel Webster! Didn't I warn you of these here premises a week ago? Didn't I say I wouldn't have you around here?"

Joel folded his arms and looked the late keeper in the eye. "Yes, you told me all that, Mr. Langdon, but that hasn't got anything to do with lighting the lamp tonight."

"It hasn't, eh? Why not?"

"Because what you said to me then has got to do with Dora. The only reason I came tonight was because I saw the light was out and I thought you were in trouble." Joel spoke firmly and without one backward glance at the girl who stood behind him.

"You leave that lamp alone!" commanded Peter wrathfully. "You needn't try to play the good Samaritan with me."

"You mean you're going to turn me out in this storm again?" asked Joel quietly.

"If you could get here you can get away," growled the keeper.

"Oh, father," cried the girl, "please don't speak like that!"

"You must hate me a lot, Mr. Langdon," said Joel slowly. "If I knew the reason why I'd be better satisfied."

He turned abruptly away and opened the door that led to the spiral stairway. "I'm going to light the lamp," he said over his shoulder, and without waiting for Peter Langdon's snarling remonstrance, he closed the door and ascended to the lamp room. In a few moments the four burners were sending

long red rays through the driving storm. A fog horn blared duly from the distance. It was very cold and very lonely up there, and Joel longed to go down to the cheery warmth of the room below, but he hesitated.

Peter Langdon needed him sorely. Some one must relieve the injured man of the agonizing pain of his broken limb. Joel thrust prejudice aside and returned to the lower room and approached the bedroom door.

"You won't be blamed because your light's not burning," he announced cheerfully. "Now, Mr. Langdon, if you'll let me, I think I can fix that leg of yours so you'll be comfortable till a doctor gets out here in the morning. You know I've been quite handy about helping set broken limbs, and—"

"Get along with you!" ordered Peter fiercely. "I don't want you to come near me."

"Then I'll go ashore and fetch a doctor tonight," and Joel picked up his hat and shrugged into his oilskins. In an instant he had opened and closed the outer door and was gone into the stormy night.

Dora Langdon sank down beside the bed and hid her face in the blankets. "Oh, father," she cried, "why did you let him go? Perhaps he will be drowned!"

"What if he is?" demanded the man fiercely. "Would you care?"

There was a little silence while the girl's shoulders heaved with emotion. "Of course I'd care," she said in a muffled tone.

A look of pain wrinkled Peter's harsh features. "Then—then you must like him a lot," he said hoarsely.

"I do, father," she sobbed.

"I thought—maybe you'd be satisfied with just me," he said in a low tone. "I lost your mother when you were born, and I set store by you, Dora, thinking maybe you'd care enough about me to stay with me, but I've got to give you up to him. I hate the young Jackanapes!"

"Oh, father, dear, don't think I shall love you any less!" cried Dora, throwing her arms around his neck. "Don't you understand how anybody can care for more than one person at a time? When you loved my mother, couldn't you love your own mother too?"

Peter Langdon swallowed a lump in his throat and muttered under his breath. Dora could not bear what he said, but she felt that his mood was softening. "Don't worry about Joel, father," she pleaded. "You know he said the other day that he would never marry me without your consent, so you see you can keep me a prisoner here in your tower all my life if you wish."

"Would you be happy and contented to stay with me alone?" asked her father.

"I might not be entirely happy, father, but I would try to be contented," she said steadily.

There was silence between the two after that which lasted well into the night. The waves roared on the rocks at the base of the tower, and the wind screamed wildly as it chased the flying rain. Father and daughter were thinking of the brave young man with face set toward Hadden harbor. The older man's fierce jealousy had driven Joel forth into the wildest storm of the season. Would he reach the shore alive?

If he did not, how could Peter Langdon make up the loss to his daughter? He asked himself this question over and over as the long hours passed. Dora arose after awhile, and with white, set face she attended to little household duties that she might not be distracted by the acuteness of her anxiety. Now and then she administered a cordial to the suffering man on the bed, but after awhile he lay very quiet with closed eyes, and she thought he was asleep.

The sitting-room clock was chiming 3 when there came a beating at the outer door. Dora flew to open it with trembling fingers, and two storm-swept men entered the room. The girl ran and helped the doctor and Joel Webster to shed their oilskins and bringing them steaming bowls of ginger tea.

"Sensible little girl," approved Dr. Brown as he set the bowl on the table. "Now for your father, Dora."

Joel sat in the background, white and worn with the strain of his night-work. At least he could keep out of Peter Langdon's way until that man of wrath had been made comfortable. Perhaps then there might be a spare bed. Joel nodded gently off to sleep, sitting bolt upright in his chair.

"I want Joel to help," said Peter Langdon in a mild voice as the doctor made his careful examination, and it was a very happy Dora who gently shook Joel into wakefulness and whispered her father's request.

As the three busied themselves over the broken leg, Peter Langdon, quite unmindful of pain, uttered his thoughts aloud. "As soon as the sea goes down, doctor, I wish you'd bring the minister over. We're going to have a wedding here."

"O-ho!" smiled the physician. "So that's the way the wind blows, eh? Going to like a life ashore, Dora?"

Joel had found the hand of Dora's father and was gripping it gratefully. Before the girl could frame an answer to the doctor's question Joel spoke with the little authoritative air that Peter Langdon secretly liked.

"We're going to live right here with Mr. Langdon, if he'll let us. I'm going to get Marshall's job if I can—that is, if—"

"Father-in-law," supplied Peter with a grim smile.

"If father-in-law will consent," smiled Joel.

"You'll get it," said Peter hurriedly. "Why, this light was out the chart tonight till Joel came and fixed her up."

"And I was off your chart until tonight, too," grinned Joel.

Bohemian's Rocky Mass.
The Rocky mass of Frachov, near Jasin, in northern Bohemia, is a veritable natural curiosity. It has been well described as a gigantic "freak in stone." To enter the labyrinth without a guide is a perilous proceeding, for an unwary adventurer would probably speedily be lost in the tortuous windings of the maze, where the paths are so narrow and crooked and the cliffs on the side so high that the explorer soon loses all idea of locality. In days of early persecution the Moravian and Bohemian brethren's secret prayer meetings used to be held here, just as the early Christians assembled to worship in the catacombs. The cliffs are honeycombed with cells, and at the far end of the maze is a rocky cauldron, where in the old days a robber-baron lived and took toll of all wayfarers. The shape of some of the rocks is very curious. There are, for instance, the "bishop and miter," the "Madonna and the child" and many others.—London Sketch.

Portugal's Prison of Silence.
Entombed in a grim castle on the outskirts of Lisbon are some of the most miserable men on earth. These are inmates of Portugal's "prison of silence." In this building everything that human ingenuity can suggest to render the lives of its prisoners a horrible, maddening torture is done. The corridors, piled tier on tier five stories high, extend from a common center like the spokes of a huge wheel. The cells are narrow, tomblike, and within each stands a coffin. The attendants creep about in felt slippers. No one is allowed to utter a word. The silence is that of the grave. Once a day the cell doors are unlocked, and the half-thousand wretches march out, clothed in shrouds and with faces covered by masks, for it is part of this hideous punishment that none may look upon the countenance of his fellow prisoners. Few of them endure this torture for more than ten years.—Manchester News.

Blooms From Split Bulbs.
A novel experiment is that of growing two hydrant bulbs together. Two bulbs are selected which are known to flower about the same time, although in other respects the more inferior is the better. Each is cut from the crown to the base with a sharp knife in such a way that the central shoot is exposed but not injured. The two larger portions of the bulbs are then tied together, the cut portions facing one another. The double bulb is then potted in the usual way. If all has gone well a single stem comes up, while the flower may be blue on one side and pink on the other, according to the colors of the bulbs. The result is highly mystifying to gardeners who are not "in the know." The experiment is often carried out by the Dutch growers and rarely fails if carefully executed.—London Strand.

When the Plow Handles Fight You.
A city man was driving in the country and stopped to ask the way of a farmer who was plowing in a field. Noting the perspiration beading the farmer's forehead—the city man inquired:

"Plowing pretty tough sort of work ain't it?"

"Nope," said the farmer. "Only long in the middle of the afternoon when the plow handles get to fighting a feller."

"What do you do then?"

"Oh, just fight back."

As the city man drove on he thought that a farmer's work is a good deal like that of anybody else. There are times in every business when the plow handles fight the man that holds them.—Farm Machinery and Power.

Command or Entreaty.
Speaking of epiphanies, there is in an old Kentucky cemetery a tombstone inscribed to the memory of one Sarah Cole, long known to her husband and the other citizens of her community as "Aunt Sally." During her life there were floating rumors to the effect that she kept "Uncle John," her husband, in that somewhat circumscribed space known to the knowing as "under her thumb." In any event, his fellow townsmen like to tell that it was on the 31st of May that Uncle John's marble memorial was erected, bearing the inscription: "Sleep on, Aunt Sally, till the resurrection morn!" and that it was on the 1st of June that David John was married to Miss Vi Davis, the village dressmaker.—Exchange.

Made Things Cheerful.
"Have you done your share toward making life more cheerful for anybody?" asked the genially serious person.

"I have. I gave a crowd of people the time of their lives this morning. My hat blew off and I chased it two blocks!"—Washington Star.

Suspicious.
At the Ancestral Castle—Old Retainer (confidentially)—Yes, sir, most of us in the servants' hall 'as been in the hearl's family for forty years. The Earl's Father in law (from Chicago)—Well, I'm sorry for you, but you can't get any forty years' back wages out of me.—Puck.

No Need to Show.
"You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your house."

"It isn't necessary. She knows!"—Houston Post.

Home Vaudeville.
"What's the trouble now?"

"Dispute between our parier maid and our cook as to which is the head of the household!"—Washington Herald.

Buying Versus Observing.
To buy wisely has its true satisfaction, but just "buying" seems to have irresistible attraction for the human mind. We were spending a golden hour at the top of a great headland. Far below the sea showed opal color and violet light. The clay of the cliff ranged in tone from black, through red, blue and yellow, to a creamy white; patches of sweet fern and delicate grasses grew in the crannies, glowing green, giving accent and harmony to the golden beach. The white curl of the surf were like poetry and music, and yet among the people who journeyed that day to enjoy a fair place only a few had time to go out on the cliffs and revel in color and beauty, because at a neat little stall there was a collection of perishable souvenirs for sale, and so great was the demand for them that the buyers had no time to feast their eyes elsewhere—a proof that purchasing is more interesting to the majority than observing.—Elizabeth C. Billings in Atlantic Monthly.

Daredevil Photography.
A naval photographer gets many duckings and, after a time, takes them as a matter of course. Being thrown into the sea isn't considered by him at all a serious event. It is during battleship practice that he encounters grave dangers, for much of the work done at this time is from the tops of the fighting masts, which are at an elevation of 120 feet above the sea. During different practices I have taken my position in these masts in order to get detailed pictures. Once in these basket-like tops the question is how to "stick." The gunfire photographs it self. I suppose you wonder what I mean, but it is just this: Every time the big twelve inch guns fire the awful concussion they cause invariably gives the snap to the shutter of the camera, and the exposure is made.—E. Muller, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

Odd Bankruptcy Proceedings.
They had a peculiar way of going into bankruptcy among the Marwaris in India, now unhappily giving way to the less picturesque method of "the white man." When a man could not pay his bills he would summon his creditors. They were ushered into a room in which the tankur or house-hold god, was enshrined, but covered up with a cloth and with the face turned to the wall in order that it might not witness the scene that was to follow. The insolvent would then, in garb of mourning, lie on the floor, presenting his back to his creditors, who on a given signal would fall on him with shoes and slippers and belabor him till their wrath was exhausted. The beating finished, honor was declared to be satisfied all around.—Calcutta Journal.

Quaint Signs in Peru.
An Indian custom which adds a picturesque touch to the road sides between Cusco and Machu Picchu, in Peru, is the presence of quaint signs indicating what is for sale in the Indian huts. A small bunch of wheat or barley tied on the end of a pole and stuck out in front of the hut indicates that there is chicha, a native corn beer for sale within. A bunch of flowers on the end of a pole also has the same significance. A green wreath means that there is bread for sale, while a piece of white cloth or white paper waving in the breeze indicates that the wayfarer may here purchase aguardiente, a powerful white rum made of cane juice and containing a large percentage of raw alcohol.—Argonaut.

"Galley West."
The phrase "he knocked everything galley west" is credited to the United States by Webster's Dictionary. It has really a far wider extent, and there is no reason to credit it to this or any other solid land. It had its beginning in sailor English, essentially a migratory dialect of extent as wide as the unending sea. Galley west or, in its full form, galley west and crooked, means highly pigstye, all in confusion. It has the same sense of disordered direction as appears in other localities in sailor English, such as "Paddy's hurricane—straight up and down the mast" and "Lex Cox's traverse—twice around the scuttle butt and once around the mast."—St. Louis Times.

Quite Willing.
Kirby Stone—I hate to mention it, dear, but I must tell you that business has been awfully poor lately. If you could economize a little in dress—went something plainer.

Miss Stone—Certainly, dear! I shall order some plainer dresses tomorrow.—Puck.

His Protest.
The Dentist—Let me see. I'll have to treat four teeth—eight teeth—eighteen teeth.

Mr. Pildo—Hold on! Four teeth, eight teeth, eighteen teeth! What do you think I am—a comb?—London Telegraph.

His Ignorance.
"I don't suppose you know what becomes of all the pins?"

"I should say not. I don't even know what becomes of all the battleships!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Hard Loser.
"Whatever became of that woman who was married on a bet?"

"She is now giving her time to a crusade against gambling!"—Judge.

Trouble Above.
The Sun—I'm going to strike for shorter hours. The Moon—I'll join you. I'm getting tired of so much night work.—New York World.

Two Fights For a Bride

Also Two Wedding Journeys

By OSCAR COX

John Murdock, landlord of the Antlers Inn, was standing on his porch ready to welcome the first summer visitor when the first summer visitor came down upon him with a rush. She was a young lady about twenty years of age mounted on a horse whose eyes were averse, nostrils wide open and sides covered with foam. Dashing up to where Murdock stood, she looked at the open door of the inn as if expecting some one to come out to meet her. Not seeing any one, she fired a volley of questions at the landlord:

"Is there a gentleman here waiting for me?"

"Has he been here?"

"No'm."

"Have you had any word from him?"

"No'm."

"Then I am undone."

Murdock stood gaping at her. Presently she spoke to him again:

"Are you married?"

"No'm."

"Would you have any objection to marry me?"

"I wouldn't be fit."

"Never mind that. Answer my question."

"Really married?"

"Yes, really married, but not to live with me. No; you won't do. Go find me a husband."

She gave him her hand that he might help her off her horse, threw the reins over a hitching post and directed him to bring any man in the place who was not married, together with a parson, if he could find one, and be quick about it. She would give the groom \$500. While speaking she kept looking up the road in the direction from which she had come, and when she had finished she listened.

The landlord put on his hat to go across lots to a house where he knew of a single man that needed money badly. Those were the days when everybody "biked," and a young fellow got up in a short coat, knickerbockers and woolen stockings came peddling along the road.

"I say, young fellow," said the landlord, "are you married?"

"No."

"Would you like to make some money that way?"

"What way?"

"By marrying a girl."

"What girl?"

"She's right over there at my house. Come and have a look at her."

"I don't mind."

The landlord went back by the shortest to the house, and the biker peddled there by the road. The young lady was out on the porch staring up the road. Turning, she saw the landlord and the bicyclist coming.

"Hurry up!" she called.

"This young man?" the landlord began.

"Yes, I know. Where's the parson?"

"I'll get him as soon as—"

"Get him now. Don't waste a moment. Oh, dear! I'm afraid we'll be too late."

The landlord hurried away again. The girl turned toward the young man.

"You're going to marry me, and I'll pay you \$500 for doing it."

"Not without some show of an explanation."

"We can't be married till the parson comes, so I'll give you what you ask. I'm an orphan. My guardian managed to get hold of me after father's death and tried to persuade me to marry him. I've been his prisoner for months. I have been told that as a married woman I'll have a better chance to fight him under the law, and I want a husband to protect me—that is, I wanted one and expected to meet one here, but he has disappointed me. My guardian has doubtless discovered my escape and is liable to be here at any moment. Hist! Is that wheel? No. When he comes I wish to be a wife, and I hope you'll have the pluck to prevent his dragging me back to that horrid—"

She stopped short, seeing the landlord coming with a man in white necktie.

"Come inside," she added.

The four of them went inside. Then the groom to be said:

"I'm ready to help you out of a scrape, but not for pay. And I insist on signing away any claim to what you possess before the marriage."

"Well, hurry up."

"Give me writing materials."

The landlord pointed to the office counter, where there were pens and paper, and the young man signed away the girl's fortune. Then he stood up beside her, and they were married. The groom lifted his bride's hand to his lips in a courtly manner and kissed it.

"Are you a gentleman?" she asked with some surprise.

"Don't I look like one?"

"Not in those clothes. You understood, didn't you, before the ceremony, that all I want of you is to get rid of my guardian? We are not to live together."

"Certainly not."

"Oh, heavens! Here he comes."

A galloping horse came clattering down the road, dragging a buggy after it. In the buggy was a man somewhat past middle age. He drove up to the hotel door and called out for the landlord.

"A young woman—a lunatic—has escaped. Seen anything of her?"

"There's a young lady here. She's just been married."

"Married?"

"The man jumped from his buggy, hurried into the hotel and confronted the wedding party."

"Edith," he said, "I'm astonished. Come home with me."

"This young lady," said the groom, "is my wife, and she goes where she chooses."

"She'll go with me."

The new arrival was a large man, the groom rather slender and not above the medium height. The latter threw off his coat and stood in an appropriate costume for a fight. The guardian took no notice of him, but caught the girl by an arm and began to pull her toward the door, when the groom attracted her attention by a blow on the jaw. The other dropped the girl and went for his assailant like a bull after a red cloth.

The fight lasted ten minutes. The guardian, though he had plenty of muscle, knew nothing about boxing. The groom, on the contrary, had evidently been taking lessons in that art, for he kept out of the way of his opponent's blows and now and again got in one himself.

The others stood looking on, the girl with intense eagerness, for she felt that her fate depended on the result of the struggle. Once back in her guardian's hands, he might defy the law. Every time he made a lunge for her husband she gasped, and every time her husband got in a blow she danced for joy. The landlord, fearing that the woman was really a lunatic, did not care to mix himself up in the matter, and the parson was a man of peace.

Evidently the younger contestant was in training for some athletic event, or perhaps his devotion to his wheel gave him endurance, for as his stouter opponent lost his wind the other gained his own. But matters were still undecided when the latter got in a blow under the chin that threw his antagonist backward. He fell on the floor and, hitting his head against an oak chair, lay quiet.

"Come," said the wife; "let us be off before he gets on his feet again."

Leaving the fallen man to the care of the landlord and the parson, the groom lifted his wife on to her horse and, getting on his bicycle, in this incongruous fashion they rode away.

"Isn't this too ridiculous for anything?" said the bride. "If it were not a matter possibly of life or death with me I believe I should laugh."

"A prancing steed and a bike with a creak in the rear wheel aren't a well matched team, are they?"

They had not gone far before a horseman was seen galloping toward them. When they met he reined in and they also stopped.

"I feared I would be too late," said the newcomer.

"You are too late," said the girl.

"What do you mean?"

"In order to escape my guardian I was obliged to take a husband. This gentleman kindly offered to help me out."

"Maud," exclaimed the man, "you don't mean to tell me that you are married?"

"Married—not fifteen minutes ago. Why were you not at the Antlers when I arrived?"

"I thought I had plenty of time."

"What you thought doesn't help matters. Had it not been for this gentleman—my husband—I would now be going back to my place of imprisonment."

"You must get a divorce."

"If I do I don't know that I'll marry you."

"Maud!" reproachfully.

"See here," interrupted the groom, "where do I come in in this business?"

"You don't come in at all," said the other man angrily. "You go out."

"Perhaps I shall, but I've licked one man for my bride, and before I give her up I'll lick another."

"We'll see about that," said the other savagely, throwing himself off his horse. He was angry with himself for having been too late, and a man angry with himself is prone to be angry with every one else. He stalked up to the groom, who was standing by his wheel, and, shaking his fist in his face, growled:

"You'll help annul this marriage of I'll break every bone in your body."

"Harry!" exclaimed Maud. "You are acting like a fool. You can't bring about an annulment that way."

But before the last word was spoken Harry and the impromptu husband were pummeling each other unmercifully. Harry, whose tariffless had occurred from having stopped at a roadside to refresh himself, was by no means in the condition of his enemy and was knocked out in half the time required to do the guardian. After a fall he tried to rise, but, falling, sat in the road covered with dust and blood, the latter from his nose.

"Now, my dear wife," said the husband, "consider yourself free to go with this gentleman or with me. Which do you prefer?"

She looked at the spectacle sitting in the road, then at her champion.

"You—for the present at least."

Again the bicyclist mounted his wheel, and the two, leaving the discomfited man, proceeded on their wedding journey. Looking back, they saw him lurching toward his horse.

The improvised husband turned out to be a wealthy young man who, was about entering upon his world's work. After a season he and his wife agreed to stop certain annulment proceedings that had been started and went on a new wedding tour. But this time it was not in the ridiculous fashion of a horse and a bicycle. They took a parlor car.