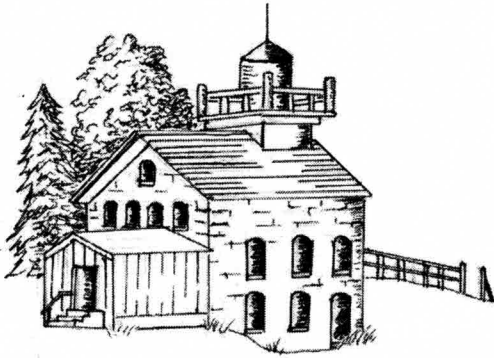


# Trapped

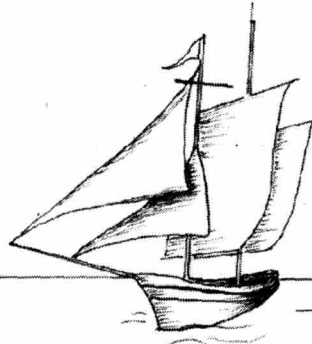


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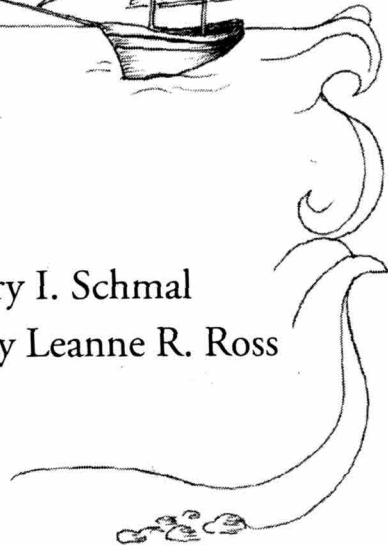




# *in the Tower*



by Mary I. Schmal  
Illustrated by Leanne R. Ross



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Dedicated to Dan with whom life has  
afforded me a wondrous adventure.  
With all my love, this one's for you!



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Book 2: *Moon Glow and Twisted Brew*

Lillian Elisabeth  
Bates (12)



(twins)



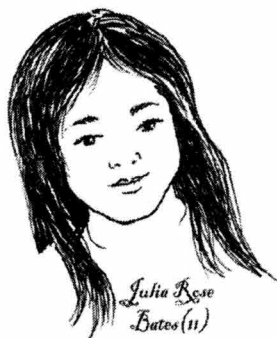
Luke Stephen Paul  
Bates (12)

Florence (Dollie) Delight  
Werde (10)

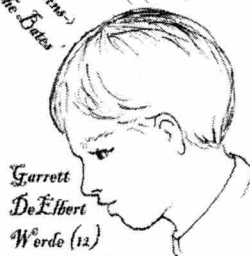


(cousins)  
of the Bates

# The Children of the Light



Julia Rose  
Bates (11)



Garrett  
DeLibert  
Werde (12)



Paulina Anne Bates (10)

Thomas Silas Charles  
Bates (9)

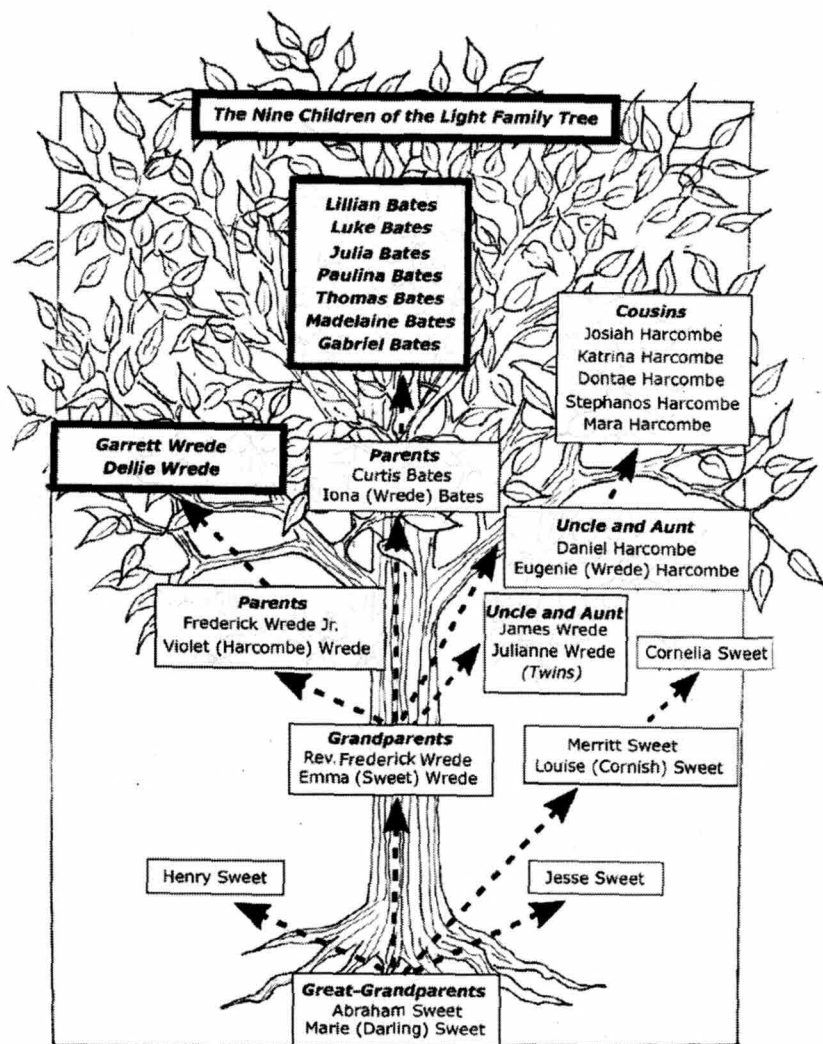


Gabriel Merritt  
Bates (8)

(twins)



Madelaine Kathryn  
Bates (8)



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# Foreword

On the northernmost tip of an island in Wisconsin, seven children in one family live together at Cobblestone Lighthouse. Two visiting cousins make the group nine.

As with children everywhere, each is different and special. Each struggles. Each wishes to discover. Some are gifted with a unique ability to show joy, gentleness, meekness (kindness), goodness, and faith (faithfulness). Some have a particular need to show love, to find peace, and to learn long-suffering (patience) and temperance (self-control). In short, to understand God's free spiritual gifts.

Over the course of approximately a year, these nine children have learned to understand who they are as "Children of the Light." As children of lighthouse keepers in 1884–1885, they long to be loved, to find acceptance, and to have fun. They also learn their importance as children of an even greater Light.

*Trapped in the Tower* shows the struggle and discovery of Luke Bates. He is twelve years old at the time of his adventure. He struggles in his journey against impatience and the darkness of selfishness to know long-suffering or patience. It is also the story of Garrett Wrede. Although imperfect as we all are, Garrett is a kind soul of twelve, filled with the God-given gift of gentleness. He is an example to his siblings, cousins, and all those who know him. The nine cousins are guided by family, and friends, and us. This is their story.

E. C., A. C., S. C.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is long-suffering (patience), gentleness..."

(Galatians 5:22, KJV)

# Prologue

*Thursday, November 27, 1884*

Bundled up against the cold, Luke, Garrett, Three Leaning Trees, and Thomas left Cottage Parakaleó in a flash. They headed straight for the Tivvy home at the base of the slope below Village Galena. They had to run fast to do some inquiring and quick searching before the evening's event. As they sped down the snowy path that led past the General Store toward the village, Garrett grabbed Luke's arm.

"Luke, the shot tower looks open! Wonder what's up."

"Or who's inside. Maybe old man Tivvy." Luke cringed at the thought.

"Or maybe his wife, Mrs. Tivvy," Garrett added, offering hope to the situation.

Racing down the hill from the General Store, the boys took the path to the shot tower. From a distance, they saw someone exit the front door. The figure, obviously a woman, was turning around, bending over, and attempting to lock the door.

"Mrs. Tivvy?" shouted Luke.

She turned and paused, holding a scarf close about her neck against the frosty air. The four boys ran toward her.

"Teacher!" Three Leaning Trees called out. "We have important question. Maybe you have answer."

"Come into the tower where it is warmer, boys," invited the gracious lady.

"Mrs. Tivvy, we have no time to explain." Luke went straight to the point. "We are missing a black stone smoking pipe, and it's here in the tower." Luke looked toward Garrett for help.

## TRAPPED IN THE TOWER

"We must return Chief Black Stone's peace pipe for tonight's ceremony," Garrett added.

"If we have no pipe," explained Three Leaning Trees, "no point in ceremony tonight. My father will be angry."

Luke ruffled his hair, a scared look painted across his face. "Mrs. Tivvy," Luke continued, his voice agitated, "Chief Black Stone was already upset with me recently. We have to find his peace pipe." Luke gulped before continuing, "I left it in here somewhere!"

"We'll find it. It has to be here." Garrett tried to soothe Luke's worry.

Luke was not to be comforted. "Tonight's ceremony will be a chance to bring the Nektosha people and the island people together as friends. Mrs. Tivvy, if we don't find that pipe, I could start a real war this time for losing it!" Luke hung his head in shame, thinking how he had nearly started a war by unintentionally injuring Three Leaning Trees's little brother. The situation had been resolved, but at that time, Chief Black Stone was fierce with anger, because Luke had endangered his son's life.

The shot tower manager's wife looked from one desperate face to another.

Then, Luke's face lit up with a smile. "I remember where I left the pipe!" he proclaimed. He stretched his neck around Mrs. Tivvy whose back stood against the circular wall near the door. He saw what he was looking for, the part of the wall that jutted out to form a ledge. But then, his heart skipped a beat. He felt sick and weak. The little shelf where he had left the pipe was empty!

# Chapter 1

## *The Mighty Shot Tower*

*Cobblestone Island in Lakeshore County, Wisconsin  
Thursday, October 9, 1884*

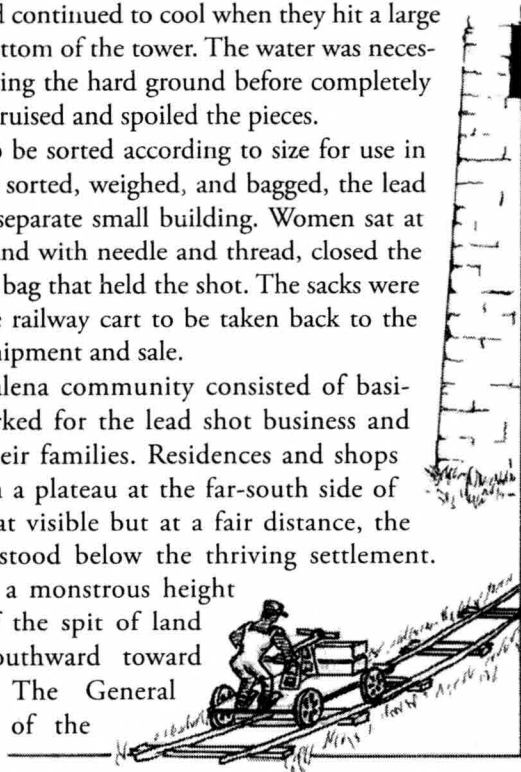
Lead shot rained downward in a silvery shower inside the great tower. Large, bold words painted on the top of the tall structure announced to passing sailing vessels and steamships that this shot tower belonged to the family DePere. Well-known owners of a lead-mining operation in Galena, Illinois, Bertrand DePere; his wife, Gwendolyn; and their young daughter, Lucinda, had settled on Cobblestone Island in 1875. Bertrand now manufactured shot pellets using lead shipped north from his Illinois mine. He had previously worked at the shot tower in Dubuque, Iowa, before it closed. Moving to Lakeshore County, he had built his own mighty shot tower and established a thriving business. A plus for Bertrand was that the crisp, clean air was better for his health. Nearly a decade ago, the DePeres had founded Village Galena on Cobblestone Island, Gwendolyn, purposefully dropping the word "Village" and referring to the small community they had created as simply "Galena." Calling the settlement Galena made it sound like a larger and more important place like its counterpart in Illinois. Truthfully, Village Galena was nothing close to its twin to the south which had been an established, booming mining town for years. But in her mind, Gwendolyn DePere found that *her* Galena was as important or even more important just from the fact that she lived there.

## TRAPPED IN THE TOWER

The DePere shot tower business in Lakeshore County had thrived for the past nine years, with lead shot being shipped all over the country from this idyllic spot in northern Wisconsin. Lead ingots, or bars of pig iron, were transported by train from Galena, Illinois, to a port on Lake Michigan where they were shipped north to Cobblestone Island. From the Cobblestone Island's southwest dock, the lead bars were loaded onto a railway handcart and delivered to the shot tower. The ingots were placed in an elongated box and then hoisted by chain to a room at the top of the tower where they were thrown into a furnace and melted down. The liquid lead was poured into a copper colander or perforated pan, its holes the size of the intended shot. As the molten lead fell several hundred feet, it formed into little balls. The shot tower required a great height to allow the falling lead to become perfectly round. The spheres hardened and cooled as they fell and continued to cool when they hit a large tub of water at the bottom of the tower. The water was necessary because lead hitting the hard ground before completely cooling would have bruised and spoiled the pieces.

The shot had to be sorted according to size for use in muskets. After it was sorted, weighed, and bagged, the lead bits were taken to a separate small building. Women sat at a table in this place and with needle and thread, closed the mouths of each cloth bag that held the shot. The sacks were then loaded onto the railway cart to be taken back to the southwest dock for shipment and sale.

The Village Galena community consisted of basically those who worked for the lead shot business and those who served their families. Residences and shops huddled together on a plateau at the far-south side of the island. Somewhat visible but at a fair distance, the DePere shot tower stood below the thriving settlement. The tower stood at a monstrous height and rested north of the spit of land that juttied out southward toward Washburn Island. The General Store stood north of the

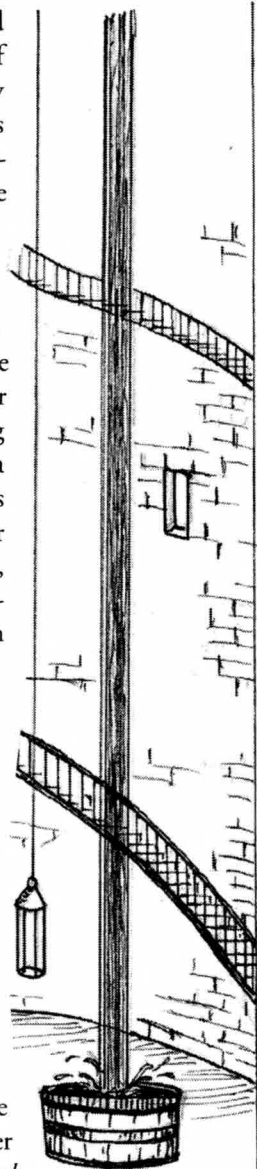


## THE MIGHTY SHOT TOWER

tower on a hillside. A boat dock was located below it so supply ships from the city of Emerald Bay on the mainland could easily bring household commodities and goods as needed. Ships bringing in lead ingots, however, came to the other larger dock at the far south side, just west of the residences and businesses atop the white dolomite or limestone bluff.

Residents of Village Galena also included scattered fishermen families, one fisherman contributing his talents as a cooper who made and sold fish barrels. Completing the small but thriving community were a kindly baker couple and family; as well as an off-and-on preacher; a crusty bachelor butcher; the former island schoolteacher, Regina Mason Zilkey, and her new husband, Benjamin Zilkey; and an old woman who had houses on both Cobblestone and Washburn Islands. One establishment not popular among the wives but enjoyed by their husbands, was a tavern operated by another bachelor. The women in Village Galena were consoled by the business only because it also served as an inn to provide rooms for visiting relatives.

The DePere mansion stood apart from the other residences, Gwendolyn DePere making sure its pillared front side offered a magnificent view of Lake Michigan from atop the bluff. In truth, Bertrand had his house built up high to keep his eye on the ore ships coming in. But to Gwendolyn, her home was all about appearances. Her house *had* to stand out from all the other



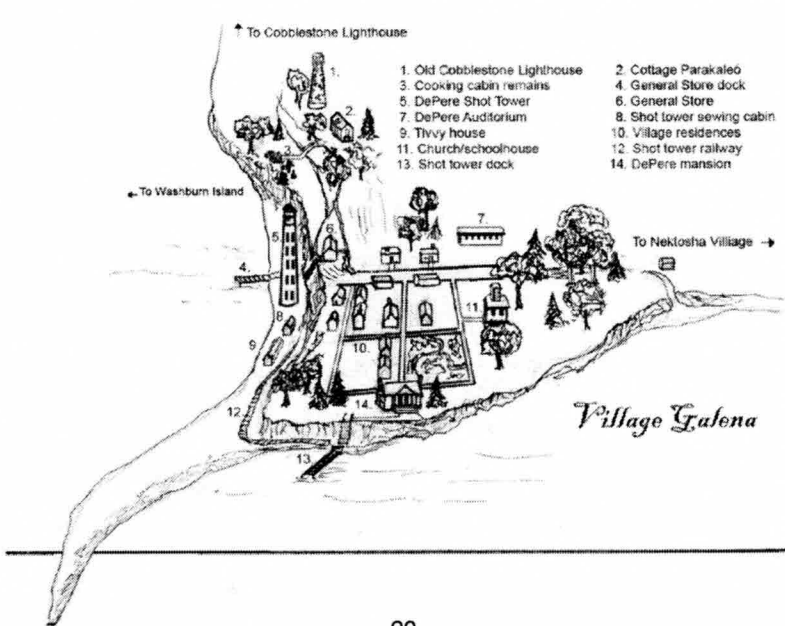


## TRAPPED IN THE TOWER

simpler structures of Galena. After all, she was “Queen of the Island” and deserving of such a dwelling.

The manager of the shot tower was Horatio Tivvy, whom Bertrand DePere had brought with him from Dubuque. A bit gruff and scary at times, “Hoodith,” as he was commonly called, was an intelligent and skilled man, and his workers acted quickly and efficiently under his leadership. His wife, Huldah, and their twelve-year-old son, Benedict or “Bennie,” lived in a modestly furnished but spacious house below the bluff. The couple had an interesting history, never having experienced slavery personally but having heard about it from their grandparents.

Both Huldah and Hoodith’s grandparents had served as slaves in a Boston household, and interestingly, both sets of grandparents had won their freedom by judiciary review in the 1700s. As a result, Huldah Brown’s parents and Hoodith Tivvy’s parents enjoyed employment rather than enslavement in Boston—at the same estate. The Browns had attended to all matters of life inside the house and the Tivvys all matters outside. Both Huldah and Hoodith had grown up together and had been taught how to read and write by the kind



## THE MIGHTY SHOT TOWER

employer's wife. Huldah was quick to learn and was skillful in reading and writing. By contrast, Hoodith learned to read half-heartedly because he preferred working with his hands. Hoodith and Huldah had been friends for as long as they could remember, although when she was eighteen, Huldah had taken an offer of employment in Dubuque, Iowa. Missing Huldah, Hoodith eventually traveled to Iowa to be with her and to enjoy employment in Bertrand DePere's lead mine in nearby Galena, Illinois. Hoodith and Huldah eventually married and, with their toddler son, moved to Cobblestone Island to be the manager of the DePere shot tower.

Huldah now enjoyed "giving back" by teaching English and especially poetry to Three Leaning Trees, the oldest son of the Cobblestone Island's Nektosha chief. The Tivvy home was conveniently located near the railway that transported lead to and from the shot tower.

Another manager, Elliott Scarsley, took care of day-to-day business at the General Store. He, too, had ties with Bertrand in Dubuque. About eight years ago, he and his wife, Margaret "Peggy" Virginia, had joined the thriving community on Cobblestone Island because they needed an apothecary. He was educated in making medicines and prescriptions and ably took care of the physical needs of the island people. He conveniently lived in rooms above the store, alone now since his wife, whom he alone referred to as Peggy, had suddenly passed away the year before. A lonesome man now in his empty-of-wife apartment atop the General Store, he seemed to be haunted by his wife's absence. Since her untimely death, Mr. Scarsley's personality and demeanor had changed dramatically. He was gradually growing more dour and sour because of Peggy's death. He felt responsible that she had taken an overdose of a medicine he had prescribed for her.

An Indian settlement stretched along one portion of the southeast shore and north of this Nektosha nation lived a man who worked for the government. Curtis William Bates, a lighthouse keeper, enjoyed life with his wife, Iona, and their seven children which had, since summertime, expanded to nine. The two extras were Curtis's and Iona's niece and nephew who lived not too far away on Berrie's

## TRAPPED IN THE TOWER

Island in Emerald Bay, southwest of Cobblestone Island. Since early June, the two extra children had enjoyed the company of their seven Bates cousins. The two cousins' time away from home allowed their father ample chance to focus on his work as keeper of Berrie's Island Lighthouse. It also provided the welcomed chance for their mother to rest from a mysterious illness that plagued her. The care of nine children during the summer was, at times, a challenge for Iona Bates, but when circumstances became overwhelming, she would call upon the help of eighteen-year-old Priscilla Rhoades. Priscilla lived with her family and the sizable group of other African-American families who resided on Washburn Island's southwest side. Priscilla would come over by ferry boat when help was needed, sometimes staying at Cobblestone Lighthouse for a week at a time.

The children, although close, enjoyed certain friendships within the group of nine. Luke and Lillian Bates were twelve-year-olds and naturally bonded over being twins. Luke, however, especially enjoyed adventures with his twelve-year-old cousin Garrett Wrede. Luke also enjoyed the company of his fun-loving eight-year-old brother, Gabriel. As for Lillian, she and her eleven-year-old sister, Julia, were seldom apart. Paulina Bates enjoyed being friends with her Wrede cousin, Florence "Dellie" Delight. Both ten-year-olds thrived together whenever they had something artistic to plan or create. Gabriel's twin, Madelaine or Maddie, had the unique ability to chum with anyone since her delight was—people of any age or background. Maddie was also unusually content to be by herself at times. Then there was Thomas. He was nine, but as Lillian often suggested, "was nine going on thirteen." Thomas was deeply intelligent. His reputation of fierce independence and unwavering curiosity set him apart, and he sometimes caused a conflict among his siblings and cousins. But despite the similarities and differences, the nine were quickly recognizing their status as Children of the Light and bonding as such even during challenging situations.

This ninth day of October fairly shouted that autumn had arrived to the fullest, as the colorful leaves finally began to drop due to a dry wind that blew hard from the south.

## THE MIGHTY SHOT TOWER

Luke Bates stood just inside the mighty rounded shot tower, his cousin, Garrett Wrede, holding tight to the doorway as he leaned inside. Luke's younger brother, Gabriel, had joined the two older boys and stood with one foot inside the tower and one foot outside.

"Look at all those steps!" Luke shouted. "And I thought one-hundred-and-fifty-four steps to the lake at our lighthouse was a lot."

"There must be hundreds of steps going up there," exclaimed Gabriel, having now stepped completely inside. His eyes scanned the circular stairway hugging the sides of the inside tower which rose from ground level and led to a trapdoor at the top. His mouth lay open in wonder. His face showed the astonishment of an eight-year-old.

"And, boy, is it hot in here," added Garrett, moving inside to join his cousins.

The three looked at a huge tub of water that lay before them, an incessant shower of lead shot pelting into it.

"Looks like summer rain," commented Luke. A bright sun shone through various windows around the circular tower.

"We'd better leave before Mr. Tivvy finds us," cautioned Luke who stepped back outside, Garrett and Gabriel following close behind. "I always wanted to see what it looks like in here, and now, I know. The General Store surely is open again by now. The note on the door said Mr. Scarsley would be right back. We need to get going."

"Yeah, we'd better go and buy those things for Mother and get back to the lighthouse," added Gabriel, always feeling an urgent sense of duty when given a task to complete. He tended to fight between an urgency to do the right thing and a desire to plunge into interesting things that distracted him.

"Hey!" came a loud shout from behind. "What do you think you're doing in the shot tower?" The boys quickened their pace and were soon lost from sight as they ran up the hill toward the General Store. They left the angry DePere Shot Tower manager, Hoodith Tivvy, shaking his fist at the three intruders who had escaped his wrath. Hoodith Tivvy's booming voice frightened all three boys. They were content to keep their distance with a person they knew only by reputation, a status that begged, "Don't cross me!"

## TRAPPED IN THE TOWER

"Did Mr. Tivvy go back inside the tower?" inquired Gabriel as he and the other two hid around the corner of the General Store which stood sturdy and stately at the southeast slope of the land.

"Yes, he did! The coast is clear, so let's go into the store. I see the door is open." The boys came out of hiding. In fear of Mr. Tivvy, they had momentarily hidden from sight but had regained their courage to now do what they had come to do. On a directed mission after school from Mrs. Bates, they had walked a mile from home at their lighthouse to accomplish it. They raced up the wooden steps, crossed the porch, and entered to face another angry figure.

Elliott Scarsley stood behind the counter of the store he managed. Mrs. Gwendolyn DePere, whose husband owned both the General Store and shot tower, faced him. With her back to the boys, she chattered away as if the man listening was captivated by her latest gossip. The bored look on Mr. Scarsley's face told otherwise. Lucinda DePere, the twelve-year-old daughter of Gwendolyn and Bertrand, was seated in one corner of the store, reading. Her pretty, orderly curls quivered ever so slightly as she looked up to see the three boys enter. As if embarrassed, she walked over to her mother and suggested they get going home.

It was late afternoon. Mrs. Bates, who assisted her husband at Cobblestone Lighthouse a mile away, also served as schoolteacher for the island children. She had recently assigned a heavy dose of reading. Lucinda had not been studying but was reading for pleasure. The sudden appearance of her teacher's two sons and nephew reminded her that she had schoolwork to complete before the morning. She was also eager to get out of the fancy school clothes her mother had picked out for her to wear. Lucinda had recently learned how much she could accomplish when dressed appropriately, even if the task was as simple as studying. The starch in her ruffled dress itched, and she longed for the comfort of more casual attire. She felt a pang of longing as she sized up how relaxed the boys looked in their unfussy outfits of loosely fitting pants held up with suspenders, clothes they had also been privileged to wear to school that day.

## THE MIGHTY SHOT TOWER

Gwendolyn DePere sniffed in scorn as the three boys approached the counter. She mumbled something back to Lucinda, agreeing they had best be on their way.

"Mark my words, Elliott," Mrs. DePere spoke loudly, "that Baines couple is up to no good." Elliott Scarsley had nothing to say in return and merely waved the two off as they turned away and stepped onto the porch. Gwendolyn shot a disapproving look at Luke. She had detected the smile exchanged between Lucinda and him. Without question, she disapproved of any friendship between "Island Princess" Lucinda and the Bates boy.

"Who is the Baines couple?" Gabriel asked harmlessly. He only meant to satisfy his curiosity. "And why are they up to no good? I can't recall a Baines couple, but the name sounds familiar. Do they live on Cobblestone Island or over on Washburn?" Not only was Gabriel full of questions, but he was full of goodness. He did not want anyone in Lakeshore County to be up to no good.

"They are the lighthouse keepers on Marble Island, not that I should be telling you anything about them," came the mean-spirited reply from Elliott Scarsley.

"Now, I remember! Thomas told us about them. He said they are a very mean pair—" Gabriel spoke gullibly, again meaning no harm by his open and honest admission.

"Hush, Gabe!" Luke scolded. "Mr. Scarsley doesn't need to know what Thomas has told us about any of that."

"Hopefully, sir," interjected Garrett, who wished to downplay a verbal fight coming on, "whatever 'no good' that Baines couple is 'up to' will somehow turn out for good. It's best we leave it at that." Elliott shook his head in wonder as he observed the obvious contrast between the DePere mother and child who had just left his store and the Bates bunch with whom he was presently conversing. Over the years, he had clearly seen how their outlooks on life differed. The two families varied like sand and water. The Bates family was a basket of juicy red berries, the DePeres a tower full of cold lead shot. One he could stomach; the other he could just as well spit out. But Mr. Scarsley was not about to let his harsh feelings toward the DePere

## TRAPPED IN THE TOWER

family be known. After all, Gwendolyn DePere was his boss at the store.

"It's none of your business, anyway!" Elliott barked back. "Now, what do you want in here?"

Luke pulled a mangled piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to the storekeeper. Elliott smoothed out the list and ran his finger down the numbered items. Elliott rolled his eyes as if supplying the northern lighthouse family with things they needed for survival was of great inconvenience to him.

With purchases made, the boys once again gathered on the outside porch. Luke stopped to gaze at the mighty shot tower in the distance. "Boy, I'd like to go back in there again. Doesn't old man Tivvy ever take a day off? We can never get in another peek with him always around. I want to race up all those stairs and take a look from the top of the tower. The view must be amazing and worth the climb."

Behind the store, a rustling noise broke Luke's concentration. Pleased beyond his wildest imagination with what he saw, his face broke out in a wide grin. A new friend whom he had recently met, a member of the Nektosha tribe, was crouched down as if spying on the three boys.

"Three Leaning Trees!" shouted Luke. "C'mon out of those bushes! Garrett, Gabriel, and I are about to go home. Why don't we walk together as far as your village? Then we can take the round-about way back to the lighthouse."



## Chapter 2

### *Where the Nektosha Live*

*Immediately following  
Thursday, October 9, 1884*

Three Leaning Trees walked well ahead of the other three boys as together, they crossed the island and headed for Nektosha territory on the eastern side of Cobblestone Island. Known to their sisters as “the boys,” Luke, Garrett, and Gabriel had never seen the Nektosha encampment and were filled with eager anticipation. Luke figured they could go where his friend led them and then easily return to the lighthouse by taking the eastern trail north. His mother wasn’t expecting them back until suppertime. They had to cross the island anyway to get home, so Luke figured they could meander through the Nektosha settlement on the eastern side rather than take the usual western trail home. It would be an adventure.

Luke wanted to see where and how Three Leaning Trees and his family lived. Here was his chance.

The four boys at last reached the settlement. A group of wigwams were arranged in a large circle on an expansive grassy plain with Lake Michigan gleaming in the background. Each structure had a birch bark roof, under which were tied neat reed mats. The houses were ready for the onslaught of

