



"I don't know," said the boy, without looking up. "He sold the fish he got yesterday, I guess."

After that they were silent. In a little time their meager supper was over, and darkness was thick without. It was singularly warm and still even for the mild California coast, and after putting the children to sleep the mother went out and listened. Paul was leaning upon the ruined wall with his face turned seaward, and nothing stirred the silence save a faint whispering of waters out in the darkness. The atmosphere seemed utterly benumbed. But suddenly as they listened there came a little puff of wind like something invisible fleeing before the storm, then a sort of seething rose far overhead, as if the clouds were turning in helpless fear about the ceiling of the sky, and the sea began to chop and pour like an unseen animal whetting its teeth in the darkness. In a moment the few remaining stars were engulfed, and in another moment there came a shivering crash, and the whole scene leaped into view.

"My God!" cried the woman, starting forward, and Paul, with a faintness rushing over him with thought of the wish he had made in his heart, knew that she was praying for his father, out in his double darkness of his evil weakness and the gathering terrors of the night.

Together they hurried in and made the doors and windows fast against the coming storm. In a moment it broke, and roared and lashed across the cliff for hours, while the mother, with white face, went to and fro, soothing the children, and turning now and then as if she would go out into the storm and find the one she feared might never come again. Paul's eyes followed her troubled face, with a look of pleading terror. Suddenly he seized the latch.

"Mother, I'm going to the shore!" he said. "No, child, no!" she cried. "Oh, mother, I must! I must! Father may come!" and he sprang out into the tempest.

At first he was thrown from side to side and dashed against the house by the wind, but presently got his feet and went reeling through the falling torrents down the hillside, and came upon the beach.

The sea seemed alive with leaping ridges as the lightning fell upon them, and all along the base of the head it burst at times into lurid fire. The boy drew back before it, but his father was out there—out there where all things rolled together in convulsion, and he clung in the teeth of the tempest, straining ear and eye upon the sea. Suddenly a ship burst into the glare. It seemed coming straight upon the shore, and the boy shouted with fear, but it veered and passed away into the darkness. But what was that leaping along the billows? There it shone in the glare; now all was swallowed up in night; there it came again—a boat! and he ran into the very arms of the billows to meet it as a long wave hurled it high upon the beach. With a leap he was beside it, and when the lightning came again he saw it was his father's boat, but—empty! A shock of horror passed through him; his wish had come true. The lightning fell about him, the ocean turned to froth, and the billows, bursting against the head, leaped up the shattered pillars in bluish, snowy sheets. But he gave no heed. Suddenly he seemed to hear voices calling. Now they seemed in the roaring wood across the bay; now far out to sea; then high up in heaven. It must be his fancy, he thought, or the winds wailing in the holes and hollows of the cliff. He passed around toward the front of the head and listened, but the blast roared in his ears, and the noise of the incoming flood was so great he could not hear distinctly.

How unspeakably fearful it was; his father out there in the yawning waters. A picture of the man more vivid than life came into the boy's excited mind; his tall stature, stooping shoulders, ragged clothes, and laughing, vagabond air; his native good humor, save when liquor made him harsh; his love for children, and dogs, and hunting, and how, when he did not drink, he was the best axman and the strongest man in all the region. Ah, how darkly it all had ended.

But presently, while he was thinking, the wind lulled, and a voice leaped out from the very lips of the head in a long, quivering cry for help. His blood bounded and stood still; then the cry came again, rising above the clashing elements like a peal of anguish. Ah, it was his father's voice; and his blood leaped forward again with a great thrill, and forgetful of his lameness he ran in close to the bursting rollers and began to climb the face of the head. It seemed an attempt fit for something mad for all below him lay a boiling abyss, lashing and thundering and leaping after him; but he had no time for fear; was not his father calling for someone else out there in that abyss of noise and commotion?

He knew every hole and shelf in the face of the precipice, and soon by the aid of the lightning flashes he was on a ledge leading toward the voice. It was a frightful place. Once he slipped and hung over the edge of the shelf, very close to death. A thick sweat broke out upon him, and his heart jared his side with every stroke. After that he crept forward more carefully,

feeling his way with trembling hands. Thoughts and images were flying through his brain; the children sleeping in the hut, his mother stooping at the fireplace trying to kindle a fire, the stove in the shed filling with water from the storm, and the millman's shirts to be dried and ironed on the morrow. Suddenly the clouds broke open to a great height, and there swam the moon in peaceful fields of violet, the serrate edges of the long rift shining like a cake of silver broken apart.

The rain had almost ceased; only a few drops fell into the boys' white face as he lifted it up to the light, and the voice broke out afresh. He shouted a reply, but seemingly could not reach the father's ear, and trembling and panting he crept onward. In a moment he came to a jutting point, and, creeping carefully around it, emerged upon a little platform of stone. There the shelf came apparently to an end, and as he turned about in blinding eagerness to find a further way, the voice sprang out almost from beneath his feet. He all but leaped into the sea with joy and fright.

In an instant he was down upon his knees peering over the brink, and there, almost in reach of his hand, was his father's upturned face! He was standing upon one foot in a break in one of the pillars that leaned against the cliff, with his arms about its shattered top, and upon its top and within the protecting circle of his arms, sat a thin-faced, yellow-haired child.

It was the strangest, wildest picture Paul Armor had ever seen. "Oh, father, don't ye let go! I'll save ye!" he cried. With the first look the child stretched out her arms to him, and a light that was more than the radiance of the moon broke over the man's face.

"It tuck a sight of hollerin' to raise ye, son!" he said, half weeping in his joy and weariness. "I'd 'bout made up my mind to let go and slide down among the fish. I guess I'd done it only this little shiverin' thing kep' holdin' me

round the neck." And the man's bloated cheeks were trickling with tears. He seemed to break down now that help had come. But what help? A lame boy, trembling and turning impotently about the ledge, while the liquor-weakened man, dizzy at times, and seeming to see all things go round and round, clung there with the billows tugging at his feet.

"I might mobby get outen here but for the child," he said. "But I feel purty wabblin', son. If I let go I'll leave her sittin' here, an' mobby ye ken fish her up some way."

"Oh, father!" cried the boy, with straining eyes, "don't ye let go! I'll save ye!"

"I won't let go if I ken help it, son," said the man faintly. "But y'd best get a rope, mobby ye ken save the child, if ye can't save me."

"Yes, father!" And Paul had started on his perilous journey across the face of the cliff again.

(To be continued.)

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Strange Happening to Her Four-year Old Daughter—Did not Realize the Danger Until too Late.

From the Bulletin, Freeport, Ill.
While busy at work in her home, Mrs. William Shay, corner of Taylor and Hancock Avenues, Freeport, Ill., was startled by hearing a noise just behind her. Turning quickly she saw creeping toward her, her four-year-old daughter, Beatrice. The child moved over the floor with an effort, but seemed filled with joy at finding her mother.



Beatrice Shay.

The rest of the happening is best told in the mother's own words. She said: "On the 28th of Sept. 1896, while in the bloom of health Beatrice was suddenly and severely afflicted with spinal meningitis. Strong and vigorous before, in five weeks she became feeble and suffered from a paralytic stroke which twisted her head back to the side and made it impossible for her to move a limb. Her speech however was not affected. We called in our family doctor, one of the most experienced and successful practitioners in the city. He considered the case a very grave one."

"The child's body was bandaged to keep her in position. Soon it was seen that other means must be adopted. Little Beatrice, ever faithful to her mother, was hauled up in a mesh against her will, was hauled up in a plaster paris jacket which she wore for several months. "In the hope of receiving some help for the child we consulted in turn nine of the

most prominent physicians of Freeport. Two of them applied electric batteries, but none of the doctors' treatment gave any lasting benefit. It was then that my husband's opportune visit to a drug store brought us the men which led to the cure of our child. While there he learned of the wonderful power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and decided to buy some for our daughter's benefit.

"We tried them and the hopes which we had fixed regarding their merits were much more than realized before one box of the pills had been used. "Busy in my kitchen one afternoon I was startled with the cry of 'Mamma' from little Beatrice who was creeping toward me. I had placed her on an improvised bed in the parlor comfortably close to the fireside and given her some books and playthings. She became tired of waiting for me to come back and made up her mind to go to me, so her story 'My Pink Pills made me walk,' which she tells everyone who comes to our house, was then for the first time verified. She has walked ever since. She has now taken about nine boxes of the pills and her pale and pinched face has been growing rosy, and her limbs gained strength day by day. She sleeps all night long now, while before taking the pills she could rest but a few hours at a time.

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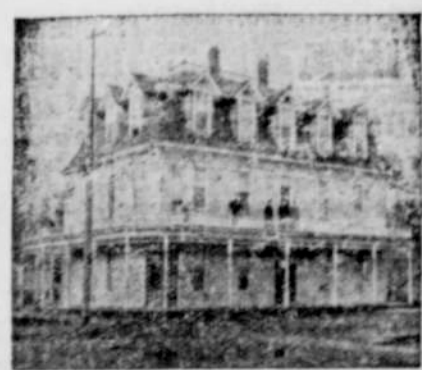
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