



CHAPTER IV. Brave Eric Iverson and a comrade had been absent six days upon the sea, searching for the lost man and his son, and the people of Redwood town began to wonder if they, too, had not gone down to rise no more. But the two men had taken water and provisions with them, and many who knew of Eric's tender heart said it would be long ere they returned could he bring no tidings to the sorrowing woman and her children up there on the frowning head. No storm had come; only a soft and steady wind rolling the shining swells forever outward. Day and night it blew, and incoming schooners had to make long tacks to right and left that they might enter the little harbor.

Other mothers, touched by pity, came to help the drunken and broken family, bringing food and clothing, and as the time passed the village babbled with dark prophecies of shipwreck for Eric, and conjecture as to the fatal phases of this strange race for life upon the sea. The men at Eric's shaft whom he had been foreman of the lumber loaders so long looked many times each day towards the west, thinking of their absent leader, and wives and mothers standing at the gates or in the doorways of the cottages upon the heights about the bay thought often of the lonely family over on the head, and turned their eyes earnestly towards the far horizon line.

On the seventh day the wind shifted and lulled, and just before sunset the mother came wearily down the path and stood looking out upon the shining flood. Her heart seemed numb with longing. When would she wake from this dreadful dream?

The children were playing down on the sand below, and suddenly Carl gave a shout of joy; the mother looked up, and there, seeming not three miles away, was Eric's boat! She gazed, trembling from head to foot. Yes, it was surely Eric's boat, battered and with the sails patched and torn. Breathlessly she hurried down and came among the children, where, whispering and clinging to each other's hands, they waited at the water's edge.

Just when the sun was sinking Eric's yacht swept through the mouth of the little bay. The children held their breath, and the mother strained her pale face outward. She did not see the men waving their hats up at the wharves, nor the wives and mothers watching from the yards and doorways about the bay. The boat was all there was in the world to her. How slowly it came! Was Trave and her lame boy there? That was Eric's face, and there was his brave companion. What other object was that lying on a litter in the bow? The woman shook as with an ache, but even while she trembled and questioned the boat rounded on the glassy field and swept up to the landing by the head, and Eric, battered and worn, leaped out and made it fast. But the woman did not see him; she was clinging to the side of the boat and straining her eyes down upon that muffled figure in the bow. Men came running from the bluff, and the platform was gently lifted out, and there looking like death itself, lay Trave Armor, clothed in his rags and the dying light of the day.

The woman threw herself upon her knees beside him and called him piteously; the children crowded forward with frightened whispers, and the men stood about her with averted faces. In a moment, in answer to her calling, Armor's eyes opened weakly; then with a kind of cry, he tried to lift himself toward her, but was all too weak. "Oh, Trave," moaned the woman, "where is Paul? Where did you leave him?" "He was lost, Lucy! He was lost! He saved me, but he—was—lost!" The woman stared at him a moment blankly, then with a cry of desolation she hid her face upon the sick man's breast and wept.

fumes snote the patient's nostrils, such a look of terror, hatred and loathing came into the sufferer's face that the doctor fell back before it in wonder.

"Take it away! Destroy it!" hoarsely cried Trave Armor. "Don't ye, for the love of Heaven, ever offer that to the likes of me! Do ye expect to heal me with poison? Oh, think what it has done to us!" and his rage fell into a broken-hearted moan. "Don't ask me to drink it," he said, "for I've been insane! I've tasted the second death! Don't ask me to go no further!"

Kind hands and sympathetic hearts brought food and words of comfort to the lonely place that night, and as the days went by the story of Paul Armor's heroism spread from mouth to mouth. His father would never drink again, they said; his thirst was dead; love had followed him, and in the face of blows and injury had brought him back and turned his feet toward the peaceful kingdom of a virtuous life.

Time passed. The saws in the big mills kept up their mellow hum, the schooners sailed in and out the little port, and Trave Armor lay sick in the hut upon the hill. Slowly his strength came back, but his heart was like lead when he thought of Paul, and the mother's feet dragged heavily as she went about her work. One day he called the sad woman to his bedside and said, very gently: "Lucy, ken ye hear it now? Maybe ye could hear it better if ye heard once how brave our poor boy went down."

The mother sat down and hid her face against the pillow by his head, and he went sorrowfully on:

"I guess I abused him afore it happened. It all seems like an awful dream now, but I guess I took the money from him ye earned awashin', an' struck him, too; but I was crazy, Lucy! The drink did it! Then I don't remember any more, only that I left him lyin' white



and dead down there where we met, till I came to myself that night away out to sea. For awhile, Lucy, I thought I had died, and was in that wild, awful after-life which was only fit for the like of me.

"I ken't tell ye, Lucy, what I suffered after that; I ain't got no words to make ye see it with, an' it would only hurt ye to hear it, but I know that morning come at last after that awful night, an' I was all afire, an' fearful sights and shapes was all about me, an' I don't know why I didn't destroy myself toward my misery. Then that day went by, an' it was like years an' years of torture, an' the night come again, an' I think another day, an' then it seemed like my reason come back. But the boat had no oars, an' I was so weak from havin' no food an' from strugglin' an' fightin' with the fearful things that seemed pursuin' me, I jost laid like a dead man in the bottom of the boat as it went pluggin' I don't know where.

"But the thirst was killed in me, Lucy; it was burned out! The sufferin' I'd gone through had set me free! But when night come again I seemed a-freezin' an' then a miserable sickness set in, an' my head seemed goin' round an' round, an' everything I ever seen or done in the world kep' comin' an' goin' afore me, seemin' big an' clear, but kind of strange as if it was a dream. Then I knowed the daylight come again, but I couldn't get up, an' the sights kep' comin' an' goin', an' sometimes I seemed a drowner, when all of a sudden I see our poor boy's face over me.

"I hardly knowed it, Lucy, it was so changed. It looked almost like little Iverson's face when she laid in her coffin, an' I thought it was part of my dreams. Then it said: 'Father, I've come! I've come to save ye! Don't ye come! I've come to save ye! Don't ye come!' an' I roused myself an' see it was him. Then he tried to get into the boat with me, but he was so weak it seemed like he couldn't stand, and the boats plunged as if they would swamp, but he held 'em together, an' when they lugged forced he fell into the boat with me. In a minute he got onto his knees an' cried out wild like: 'Oh! father, I can't save ye! I can't save ye! the oars are in the other boat!' an' away it drifted an' we was helpless.

shoulders from rowin', an' word ray an' bloodin', an' I kissed 'em an' cried over 'em, an' we talked an' forgave one another.

"Then he tried to steer the boat, but he couldn't set up, an' for a long time we hid at the bottom of the boat like dead men. But about night he struggled up an' said: 'Father, there's a land ahead, an' I guess I'll steer onto it, paise the sea has been gettin' worse for three days, an' we can't keep about much longer.' So he managed to steer for the island, an' when we got nigh, he said again: 'I am 'fear'd, father, the current's goin' to carry us by.' And he set the helm to port an' tied it. Then he got me ferred into the prow, an' when we was about to strike he held me up with his knees an' teeth, an' what he could with his poor hands, an' when we struck he lifted an' throwed me ahead, an' I fell onto the shore. But it was solid rock where we hit, an' the boat sprung back an' glanced off, an' he fell in the prow an' laid still. He'd fainted, Lucy, his last drop of strength was gone. I got upon my knees an' hollered with all my might to rouse him, but he had no strength, Lucy; he'd give it all to me! and tears ran down the big man's cheeks, while the mother sobbed with her face pressed against the oars."

(To be continued)

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This complaint has baffled eminent physicians and exhausted the results of pharmacopoeia. Recently, however, a means for a cure has been obtained. Among those who have been restored to health by it is Herman H. Eveler, of 811 W. Main Street, Jefferson, Mo., a resident of that city for thirty-eight years, well known as a successful contractor. He was one of the victims of the "Grippe" seven years ago and has since been troubled with its after-effects. "That he lives today," he says, "is due to a remarkable occurrence. "I was taken with a malady just after the "Grippe" visited this section and caused so

many fatalities about seven years ago. "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely. "I tried different doctors and carefully followed their directions, but no benefit was apparent. I used numerous remedies that were highly recommended but no satisfactory results were obtained. "I began to give up all hope of receiving relief. My condition was deplorable. "In reading a St. Louis newspaper I noticed an article extolling Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "After making inquiries regarding them I concluded to give the pills a thorough trial. "I used the first box and was wonderfully relieved. "I bought two more boxes and continued taking them. "A marked improvement was soon noticeable; the shortness of breath, the palpitation of my heart and kindred ailments began to abate. "After taking four boxes of these pills, I was restored to good health. "I feel like a new man now, and can transact my business with increased ambition. "To add strength to his story Mr. Eveler made affidavit before Notary Public Adam Poutsong and he will gladly answer inquiries to those enclosing stamp for reply. "The reason that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are helpful in such cases as this, is that they are composed of vegetable remedies which act directly on the impure blood, the foundation of disease.

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