



It is undoubtedly a fact that our grandmothers, the pioneer women of the country, led more laborious lives than the housewives of to-day. In spite of this fact, they bore their husbands healthy, robust sons and daughters, and did not become weak, complaining invalids as a consequence.

There are probably several reasons for this. One is, that they lived more in the open air, and another, and probably the most influential of all, is that they were less prudish than the women of to-day. They were not ashamed to know something of their own physical make-up. They were not too nice to take care of their health in a womanly way. Women now-a-days suffer untold tortures in silence, because of weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, rather than consult a physician, or even talk upon the subject to their own husbands. They imagine that troubles of this description can only be cured by undergoing the disgusting examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average modern physician. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all diseases peculiar to women in the privacy of their own homes. It does away with the necessity for examinations and local treatment. It acts directly on the important organs concerned, making them strong, healthy and vigorous. It fits for wifehood and the burdens of household duties. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the nerves. It banishes the discomforts of the time of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands have testified to its merits.

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(Continued.)
SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburgh University, between whom is a better feud. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father. To retrieve his family's fortune Andrew is sent to sea.

Instantaneously there was a great crash, as if a sudden blow had rent our timbers, and the brig flew up at the bows like a fisherman's punt when a heavy weight is swung on behind. I had my scone dented in the bunk, and Mr. Watson swept the floor with his back like a kind of incontinent besom. When in the rebound the stern went up in the air I fell back to my place breathless and helpless, and the supercargo, scrambling to his feet with the cat-like agility of a sailor, made desperately for the companionway.

Then for an instant the vessel seemed to lie still, but the next she was reeling and dancing like an eggshell in a boiling caldron. Now she would rear from the bows, now from the stern, then tumble on her beam ends, careening till mast and keel must have been level, then rebound, then spring, shaking herself like a thing demented with pain, and all the while she cried and groaned in every timber with a terrorizing, human-like sense of the pangs of dissolution. I clung to my bunk with all my feeble might, unable to discern anything clearly, yet conscious in spite of darkness and terror of the swish of water rushing through the open door.

After awhile Mr. Watson came back. His face was very white and his manner excited. I looked at him beseechingly for news, for in the tumult I could not hope to make myself heard. He did not keep me long in suspense. "Smashed by the stern!" he shouted, at the pitch of his voice, bending over me as he held on by the side of my berth. "The spout hit us, carrying with it masts and rigging, and now we're reeling in the grip of a tornado. The fury of the pit's let loose on us. Wind and fire and water, all contending against us. And worse than that, we're waterlogged and the infernal crew threatening to take to the boats. Captain's keeping them at it with the pistol. Keep you still; I'll come back again."

I could say nothing, I could do nothing, only lie and listen to the raging of pandemonium and speculate what would come of it all. Presently Mr. Watson returned, his face whiter than ever. "The brig's done for," he shouted. "The first blow killed her. It's terrific. I have been through simoon and tornado and never saw anything like this. They're going to batten down, though heaven knows why. I must run. But don't you be frightened; I'll not desert you."

He bolted up the companionway, and the hatches closed with a bang. I passed an eternity bearkening in the darkness, which the lightning made lurid, expecting every moment to feel the setion and hear the gurgle of death as the ship went down. But we were dying hard.

By and by I began to think the fury of the tempest was abating and that the movements of the brig were steadier. Then I wondered why they were keeping me closed down there like a rat in its hole. Another eternity passed ere there was any evidence that I was remembered. At last the hatches were thrown open, and I looked with joyful and frantic eagerness for Mr. Watson. To my horror he did not come. Sicker with fear than disease, I got to my elbow to listen. In a momentary lull of the blast I heard the rattle of ropes on the ship's side, and then a splash, as if some flat-bottomed object had struck the water.

A terrible fear, a terrible suspicion, struck into my vitals, and weak as I was I rose, and groping my way through the darkness to a porthole thrust my face against the glass. There were boats alongside, and the officers and crew, who looked like demons in the livid light, were struggling and fighting to get into them. With the frenzy of death, twisting and tugging and tearing, I tried to open the port, but the screws were stiff and my fingers nerveless, and I failed. Then my face against the glass, I shrieked as only a lost man can in shivers, and I was hurrying these without not to abandon me. But the tempest drowned my voice. No one heard—at least, no one heeded me. One by one in the hellish contagion of sea and sky the boats rowed away, leaving me alone on the sinking brig.

CHAPTER VII.

"ALONE, ALONE, ALL ALONE, ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA."

By the glare of streaming fires I could watch the boats driving deliriously before the wind, which still blew with hurricane force. To any eye but that sharpened by the terror of despair the flying, leaping specks would not have been distinguishable from momentary riffs in the careering billows, for in that terrific scene nothing was distinct, nothing individual. There was no ocean and no sky, but high

and low a whirling chaos of foam and spray, with gleams of ghastly green in the breaking mountains and of hellish lividness in the swirling chasms and shattering crests.

The din was as the crack of doom. Sea and thunder crashed together as if the universe were splitting and rending, the wicked treble of the tempest breaking in at times like the grateful screams of congregated demons exulting in the work of destruction. The waves, in certain aspects blood and red, and dripping a crimson froth, reared and curled like monstrous snakes as they rushed, trapping upon the helpless and staggering brig. They seemed alive and mad with a passion to destroy. Leaping upon their victim like the furies broken loose, they would pound her as with steam hammers, then catch her and throw her aloft as if to see her go to pieces in the fall; then, disappointed at her toughness, hurl her headlong into a boiling gulf, and as she floundered heavily fling themselves afresh upon her in a frenzied effort to put her forever out of sight.

Then there would be a swift recoil and a momentary pause, but only because the infuriated waters were gathering for a fiercer and deadlier attack. Rallying in piled up, seething masses, they would come again in wreathed and veasty avalanches, burying her deep and crushing and tearing her timbers till she groaned and cried like a thing in the last agony. How she lived was a marvel. A right good sailor she must have been in spite of her ugly looks and evil name, a tighter sailer than many a craft with a prouder head and a better reputation.

Smothered and pelted and tossed, only the tenseness of grip which the fear of death gives to nerve and muscle could have held me in my place. As often as I had vent I shrieked till my voice failed me, and my cry sank to the hoarse, gasping rattle that tore chest and throat as raw as if barbed cylinders revolved inside.

My situation was the more cruel that I had strength enough to feel, and none to act. Had I been myself, I should have been on deck in an instant, and headlong into the surging wilderness in pursuit of the deserters. My fate would have been soon decided, for the swimmer did not exist who could that night have escaped the devouring maw of the sea. But there would have been an instant's diversion in battling and a speedy end to suffering. As it was, even the solace of making an effort was denied me, so I stood there with my head crushed into the porthole and the jagged edges of the broken glass like saws in my flesh, battered, buffeted, choked by the pitching ship and the breaching seas, yet frantically straining to hold on and to hail the quickly vanishing boats.

Every fibre in my body shook with a mortal weakness and terror. My fingers were getting cramped and pained; my breath was gone to a gasp, yet ever as my strength waned the desire to shout for succour became the more desperate. Have you ever seen a spent animal panting with open mouth for a little aid in its extremity? Even so I panted then with distended but voiceless lips. I would have given a million worlds, had I owned them, for the return of my voice just for an instant to make one last appeal for help that would rise above the voice of the storm. But my weakness doomed me to silence.

(To be Continued.)

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