SAVED SIX LIVES.

Recognition for Messrs Pierce and Morr.

They Are Keepers at Cuckolds Fog Signal Station.

With Gray Brothers They Rescued Aurora's Crew.

Canadian Government Sends Watches to All.

Congress Must Allow Acceptance in Keepers' Case.

Washington dispatches of recent date announced that among the bills before the present session of congress are a special lot to authorize certain government employes to receive gifts from foreign governments.

Several officers of the United States war ships that visited Russian ports on the occasion of the coronation of the czar last May were honored with decorations from the young ruler of the Russias, and the special bills mentioned were stated in the dispatches as having been introduced to enable the naval men to receive the badges of honor proffered them. The names of the officers were given by the Washington correspondents, and in the list appeared those of Edward H. Pierce and Clarence E. Morr.

"Went on Cape Island before I was born," volunteed the guide, casting a weatherly eye at the board. "Under them wharf here you'll see the ribs of the 'Regulator.'"

There was a snarling sound in the surf as the story dropped into the hollow of wave after wave, waiting a chance to shoot on the crest of a combing utterly aground on the slippery shore of the greater Cuckold. Assistant keeper Marr came down and stood on the weed-covered rocks to watch the landing.

"Better go around the south a little," he bawled through a megaphone of palms. The suggestion was followed, and on the top of a smoking billow the dory was hurled in a flight alike to the shore and grounded. She was safely pulled up before the next wave came.

"Mail place in this weather," said Mr Marr, greetings being over.

I got upset in the very spot where you landed a short time ago. Was leaving the island, and before I knew what was happening my dory was bottom up. Pierce got in at the other end. His wife saw him and helped him out."

This in an every-day tone, as one would say he had lost his umbrella or missed the last car. There are no mock heroics or stage sentiments on the Cuckolds.

Keeper Pierce was in the signal station looking after some part of the mechanism. He is a young man, scarce 25. He was made keeper at 21, when the Cuckolds station was established, and was the youngest head keeper in the United States service. He is the son-in-law of assistant keeper Marr, who is 46, but doesn't look it, so straight is his athletic figure and clear his eye. Both men are natives of Southport.

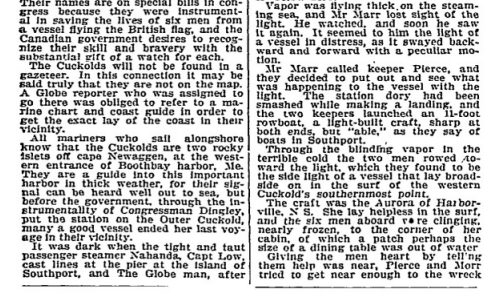
There are 10 rooms in the dwelling at the station, and each keeper has five rooms for his family. The house is very comfortable. It is solidly bolted to the rock, for sometimes the surf plays with it in no gentle manner. In the great storm before Christmas the cottage was often buried in spray and spume, and the tip of one whipping old breaker smashed the window in the bedroom of Mr Marr's 15-year-old daughter, giving the young lady a scare and a salt shower bath.

"Every beam and upright in this house is bolted to the rock," said keeper Pierce. "The sea makes things rattle here sometimes, but we are all snug and comfortable, no matter how hard it blows."

Keeper Pierce is a happy father, and he displayed his baby with unmistakable enthusiasm, while his young wife looked on with motherly pride.

"Born on here, this fellow," said the keeper, holding the baby on his palm. "He'll know the sound of the surf all right."

More than a year has passed since the two keepers on the Cuckolds performed the life-saving work for which they are to be honored by the Canadian



"THE CUCKOLDS."

government. They do not claim all the credit, for they were nobly assisted by two lobster fishermen from the cape, John and Ellsworth Gray, each of whom has already been made the recipient of recognition such as will be bestowed on Pierce and Marr.

On the night of Jan 4, 1896, assistant keeper Marr, who was on watch in the signal room, sending up fires on the whistle, saw the red light of a vessel to the westward, near the smaller Cuckold. It was then about 10 o'clock. There was a northwest gale blowing, and the station thermometer registered 18° below zero.

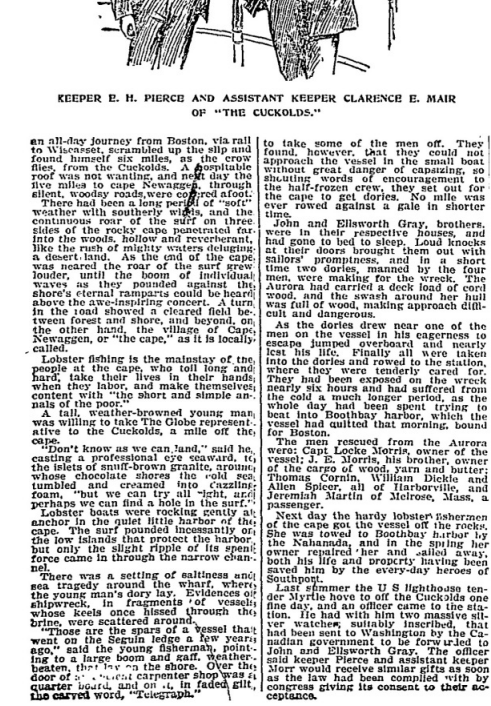
Vapor was flying thick on the steaming sea, and Mr Marr lost sight of the light. He watched, and soon he saw it again. It seemed to him the light of a vessel in distress, as it swayed backward and forward with a peculiar motion.

Mr Marr called keeper Pierce, and they decided to put out and see what was happening to the vessel with the light. The station dory had been smashed while making a landing, and the two keepers launched an 11-foot rowboat, a light-built craft, sharp at both ends, but "able," as they say of boats in these parts.

Through the blinding vapor in the terrible cold the two men rowed toward the light, which rose and fell on the side light of a vessel that lay broadside on in the surf on the western Cuckold's southernmost point.

The craft was the Aurora of Harborville, N S. She lay helpless in the surf, and the six men aboard were clinging, nearly frozen, to the corner of her cabin, on which a patch perhaps the size of a dining table was out of water.

Giving the men heart by telling them help was near, Pierce and Morr tried to get near enough to the wreck



KEEPER E. H. PIERCE AND ASSISTANT KEEPER CLARENCE E. MAIR OF "THE CUCKOLDS."

to take some of the men off. They found, however, that they could not approach the vessel in the small boat without danger of upsetting, so shouting words of encouragement to the half-frozen crew, they set out for the cape in the dories. The mile was ever rowed against a gale in shorter time.

John and Ellsworth Gray, brothers, were in their respective houses, and had gone to bed to sleep. Loud knocks at their doors aroused them out with sailors' promptness, and in a short time two dories, manned by the four men, were making for the wreck. The Aurora had carried a deck load of coal wood, and the sea had washed her hull was full of wood, making approach difficult and dangerous.

As the dories drew near one of the men on board lashed in his eagerness to escape jumped overboard and nearly drowned. Finally all were taken into the dories and rowed to the station, where they were tenderly cared for. The rescue occupied the two keepers nearly six hours and had suffered from the cold a much longer period, as the wreck had been aground her early in the afternoon. Darkness and a heavy sea beat into Boothbay harbor, which the vessel had quitted that morning, bound for Boston.

The men rescued from the Aurora were Capt Locke Morris, owner of the vessel; A. E. Morris, his brother, owner of the cargo of wood, yarn and butter; Lemuel Doore, William Dickle and Allen Spicer, all of Harborville, and Jeremiah Martin of Melrose, Mass, a passenger.

Next day the hardy lobster fishermen of the cape got the vessel off the rocks. She was towed into Boothbay harbor by the Nahanada, and in the spring her owner repaired her and sailed away. The gallant life and energy having been saved him by the every-day heroes of Southport.

Last summer the U S lighthouse tender Myrtle hove to off the Cuckolds one fine day, and an officer came to the station. He had with him two massive silver watches, suitably inscribed, that had been sent to Washington by the Canadian government to be forwarded to John and Ellsworth Gray. The officer left behind him the watches and assistant keeper Morr would receive similar gifts as soon as the law had been complied with by congress giving its consent to their acceptance.