The rescuers dragged the unconscious couple to the nearest house.

By JOHN MASON POTTER

LYDIA Dyer stood at the rail of the schooner, taking a final look around before she went below to escape the bitter cold. To the west a frigid sun was setting behind Rockland, Me. Its pale rays were tinting the white caps in the east, where a lashing wind from the north whipped the waters of the open bay.

Perhaps when the sun went down the winds would abate, she thought. Then the schooner would start on its scheduled voyage to Boston. The ship was anchored in the lee of Jameson's Point, where it was sheltered from the high wind, but it did not escape the freezing temperature.

She noted that there were several other ships waiting by the point, ready to leave once the wind storm died down on that cold December evening of 1850.

BITTER WIND

In the cabin below there was no heat, so she wrapped herself in blankets. She huddled in the bunk, trying to warm her shivering body and wondering how her fiance, Richard B. Ingraham, could stand it up on the open deck.

Ingraham talked with Roger Elliott, a member of the crew. The rest of the crew were ashore, but Roger assumed that they would come aboard soon and be ready to sail when the weather permitted. The gale was bad, he realized, but he knew that sometimes these blows ended suddenly.

Instead of abating after darkness set in, the cold grew more intense and so did the wind. Both men were worried. They took turns seeking shelter and temporary relief in one of the cabins, as they watched the waters churn menacingly about them. The crew did not appear, and neither did the captain, and the two men mused with envy that they might be waiting in some snug tavern in the town.

The temperature went down below zero, and the spray that lashed up on the sides of the vessel covered the hull with sheets of ice. As the evening wore on Roger could see that the vessel was getting into difficulty. The wind had veered around so that it caught the schooner full so that she was straining hard at her anchor cable. He wished he could take his fiancee to safety, but one glance at the angry waters convinced him that it would be impossible now to row a small boat to shore.

Meanwhile down in her cabin Lydia had dropped into a fitful sleep. She awoke many times, to hear the vicious slap of the waves against the side of the schooner, and the wild howl of the wind in the rigging.

Just after midnight the cables snapped and the ship floated free. The wind carried her swiftly away from shore and the two worried men knew that they were headed for the rocky point of Owl's Head, across the bay. They fought desperately to save the ship and the lives of the three persons aboard. They maneuvered her away from the danger ahead as much as possible, at the risk of being blown over in a broadside wind.

They didn't call the girl in the cabin below, for there was little if anything she could do. Through the darkness the schooner moved, and the two men had no idea where they were. They cleared Owl's Head without realizing it, and then the wind howling down Penobscot Bay caught them and like a giant hand pushed them inshore.

There was a splintering crash as the schooner piled up on the jagged rocks. The girl was thrown out of her bunk. She grabbed a blanket and a comforter and rushed up to the deck. She found that the schooner was caught fast on the rocks. But it was impossible to try to get ashore in the darkness and the storm.

The wind now brought snow with it, and Roger took the blanket and the comforter and wrapped them around the girl, to protect her from the flakes and the icy spray. For an hour the two men tried to manage some way to escape, but the seas were running too strong, and in the darkness they were able to see only a few feet into the night.

COATED WITH ICE

Ingraham found a shelter place against the taffrail where they could obtain some shelter by crouching. The tide was coming in, and the waves pounded the sides of the stricken ship, continuously throwing spray over the three persons. Their clothing began to stiffen, as the spray froze, and Ingraham realized that there was little chance of their living through the night unless he could arrange a better shelter at once. Below decks the ship was flood as more and more holes punched in the hull by the

"Lydia," he said. "I idea that may save our li down on the deck as close to the taffrail as possible and wrap the blanket around you."

She did as he said, and he got down beside her. He put his arm around her, and then the sailor snugged the blanket about Richard. The sailor then stretched out by them, the comforter about him. In this manner they gave warmth to each other, and the blanket and the comforter helped to keep the spray from them.

But the storm grew wilder instead of letting up, and soon the bitter waves were occasionally breaking over the three huddled bodies. The cold and a weariness caused by their ordeal lulled the sailor managed to get and he breathed deep frigid air. There was no sig life from the girl and her fi The sailor enlarged the hole squirmed through it. He was but gathering some strengt staggered to the side of the

REACHED LIGHTHOUSE

It had broken in half, bu two halves were held togeth an icy vise. He climbed through the break and clam over the rocky slope, fallin peatedly. At length he re the deep snow that came do the high tide mark. Strug through waist-high drifts he a road. This he followed a came to Owl's Head Light

There he collapsed, but the lighthouse keeper revive