

when she had gone alone to the fishing—a day but as yesterday, with a clear sky and a heavy wind, when the diggers among the rocks came back with their baskets full—Nona did not return. Great Heavens! There was not a doubt possible. She had been cut off, she had been surrounded by the waves, she had perished in the sea. Ah, what a night I passed, monsieur. At my age—yes, old tar as I am—I wept like a woman. And the remembrance of the belief of the poor girl came to me; that to go to heaven her body must rest in the cemetery. And so when the tide had receded I went with the others to look for the body.

“And we found her, my Nona,” continued the old sailor with altered voice, “we found her on a rock covered with sea wrack, where, seeing herself lost, the brave little girl had prepared for death. Yes, monsieur, keeping to her old idea she had tied herself to the wrack by her hair—her beautiful black hair—making it thus certain that we would find her and that she would rest in consecrated earth. And I dare to say—I who know how brave she was—that there are not many men who would have had presence of mind enough to do as much.”

The old man stopped talking. Through the twilight I saw two big tears run down his tanned cheeks. We went down to the village side by side, without uttering a word. I was deeply touched by the courage of this simple girl, who in the anguish of death had remained true to the piety of her race—and before me in the immense distance, in the sombre solitudes of sky and sea, shone lighthouses and stars.

Oh! brave people of the sea. Oh! noble Bretagne.

H. M. ANDREWS, '98.



THE DEVIL'S EYE

“**H**OLD up there; that's just the one I want to see.” Jack Simmers, with old time familiarity, stretched out his hand for the picture I had so clumsily tried to steal out of the box of snap-shots which he was raking over. He and I had been college chums and we were enjoying an evening over our pipes in my bachelor quarters. I must explain that I used to be a kodak fiend, and that the box Simmers was looking over contained my collection of photographs taken at random in different parts of the country.