

full of the delicate shells which one finds by digging with the hand in moist burrows.

This was my favorite excursion. However, on days when the wind was high and the breakers very rough, I abandoned the shore, and going up the village street I strolled over the uncultivated land or rather I sat down with a book on an old bench in the cemetery where I was sheltered from the wind by the church.

A beautiful place for sadness and reverie. Toward the autumn sky where the clouds ran, the open belfry raised itself, slim and pious. The crows which had their nests in it flew croaking back and forward and the shadows of their great wings glided ceaselessly across the scattered tombs in the high grass. Between two of the half-ruined buttresses of the church, whose stones had been roughened and grizzled by the sea-wind, and which were adorned here and there by a struggling cluster of little yellow flowers, was a black goat tied to a post, and almost frightful with his flaming eyes and his satanic beard, bleating and pulling at his cord. Above all, in the evening, when, through the skeleton of an old dead apple tree with twisted branches, one saw below him at the horizon the sinking sun throw its reddish light on the sea, this desolate cemetery seemed filled with the soul of a poignant melancholy.

It was one of these evenings when strolling among the tombstones—many of which bore above the name of the mariner the sinister legend, “Died at sea”—I read on a cross, which was yet new, these words, which astonished and touched me:

Here rests

NONA LE MAGUET.

Died at sea Oct. 26, 1878, at the age of 19 years.

Died at sea! A young girl! Women almost never embark on fishing vessels. How had this unhappy one gotten there?

“Ah, monsieur,” suddenly said a rude voice behind me, “you are looking at the grave of poor Nona?”

I turned and recognized an old sailor with a wooden leg, whose good graces I had acquired by the means of several glasses of brandy offered him at the inn.

“Yes,” I answered him, “but I understood that you fishermen did not take women on board. I have even been told that it was very unlucky.”

“That is true,” replied the good man, “but Nona never went