

into a boat. You wish to know how she died, poor girl! Ah, well, I will tell you.

"First I must tell you that her father, Pierre Le Maguet, was formerly a 'topman,' like myself—an old comrade. He was a widower.

"Naturally while the widower was at sea, it was I, his comrade, the old bachelor, who looked after the little one. A good and gentle child, Monsieur, very courageous and very sweet. How often both of us went over the rocks at low tide to bring back turtles, shrimps, sometimes a lobster. Ah, we were a pair of friends.

"Things went along like that for two years. Nona had taken her first communion, springing up like a sand thistle. But there came a day with a heavy wind, when the *Amelia*, the boat which carried Le Maguet, had the bad luck to be driven in toward shore, and the master not taking in his jib enough they were all lost on that rock which you see here— Hold! a little more to the starboard. There were four men in the crew, the master, two sailors, of whom my poor Pierre was one, and the cabin boy. But the sea only brought back three of the drowned ones to the coast, and kept the body of my comrade. Nona thus became an orphan, and that I did my best to take her father's place goes without saying. But the child, even after the great shock of the disaster had passed away, would not be consoled. And do you know why, Monsieur? Because of an idea which all the women about here have. They imagine that in order that a soul may rest peacefully until the judgment day the body must lie on consecrated earth.

"However, in spite of all, Time brings forgetfulness, and Nona, at the end of a few years, seemed to me to be a little consoled. Nevertheless, that had not prevented her from becoming beautiful, and I say this not because I loved her as a father, but, on my word of honor, she was the prettiest and the sweetest girl in the parish. We lived so happily together. We were not rich, to be sure, but bah! we managed to make both ends meet. I had my pension and my medal, and then we often went—Nona and I—to seek lobsters on the rocks. The trade was not bad, but there was always the danger of being overtaken by the incoming tide. Ah, misery, it was in that way that she perished, poor little girl.

"One day when my rheumatism chained me to the house and