

The Tide Rises

By Ida De Thael

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PART II.

(Continued from Last Week.)

Spring had come. On the "Island" the grass already pierced through the brown soil. The air was delightfully soft and mild and nature seemed to rejoice. Yet on every side anxious faces could be seen and the voices were sad, for war had been declared and no one felt safe.

Often the Lord of Tremaneuk had battled against his neighbors, but now, in spite of his valor, he had been repulsed and his enemy was threatening him on his grounds.

Then, taking advantage of the fact that their lords were quarrelling together, the peasants had organized a rising. They had been quickly joined by some houseless ruffians, too pleased to find an opportunity to rob and plunder without fear of punishment.

The country was infested with bands of licensed soldiers, the scum of the army. The soil of Brittany being ever favorable to guerrilla warfare, they took refuge in deep, secluded valleys or groves on the seashore, and from there they would sallie out to attack the houses of the nobles or his rival, the Baron of Gernack.

One morning a small troop was gathered in a cave. Their last attempt had not brought them much gold and they were resolved to find a richer prey. At last a man suggested the Convent of St. Anna, which stood not far from Tremaneuk and was well known for its riches.

It was a long discussion. Then the man who had been chosen as the leader said authoritatively: "One of us must obtain admittance to the convent, and when he knows well the place one might he will let us in."

"Yes, but who will run the risk of concealing himself in the convent? If he is found he will die in tortures."

"I will not go," said one of the men. "I do not fear death in battle, but the risk is too great in this case."

"Nor I," hastily rejoined one of his comrades. The chief frowned at this general reluctance to go. As last his eyes fell on one man who had not yet spoken.

where he could not drown the reproaches of his conscience.

After having roamed for some time in the deserted cloisters he opened a small door and found himself in the church. In the dim light it seemed larger than it really was. Black draperies were hanging everywhere, concealing all the ornaments and giving it a tragic and gloomy appearance.

Kerbrenn shivered, yet a strange fascination held him there, motionless. Suddenly a voice rang out near him, so clear that he started in sudden terror.

"Have mercy, O my God!"

There was a short pause, then the same prayer was repeated, this time by many sad, low voices.

"Mercy, mercy, O Lord!"

A cold sweat stood on Kerbrenn's brow. Was he dreaming? Those voices sounded so faint and unreal. He almost thought he had died and stood "tella cetera," sung by the poet. Were not those the calls of restless, despairing souls?

But the voices again rose in prayer, and Kerbrenn heaved a sigh of relief as he realized that behind the wooden screen of the choir the nuns were in their stalls.

Still he lingered, unable to turn himself away. Soft as the murmuring of the voices of the women swelled, then fell as they together repeated their humble petition. Kerbrenn felt unworthy to join in their earnest prayer, but he shook himself, and when silence fell, and he slowly left the church.

Kerbrenn did not dare to leave his room the following day. He said, however, to the lay sister that tended him that he felt much better and hoped to be able to resume his journey on the Monday.

From his bed he listened to the merry chimes and thought of the desolation that would fill the convent when he would let in the marauders.

By a treasure he was going to repay the generous hospitality which had been extended to him. He could not bear to think of it and tried to forget.

Not wishing to raise any suspicion, he went on Easter Sunday to mass in the convent's chapel. He concealed himself behind a pillar in a dark corner, for he had a nervous apprehension to stand in the full light.

Yet for the first time that morning he forgot what he had been and what he had become. All was forgotten as a new feeling of peace fell on him.

The sun was brightly shining through the richly stained windows. The altar blazed with lights and from behind the choir the voices of the nuns sweetly rose in prayers. No more in an agonized supplication, but rather in triumphant chimes.

And then a single voice was heard. It was singularly moving and beautiful, and Kerbrenn felt as if it was an angel that had come down from heaven to bring him a message of mercy.

As he listened to the rich cadence the despair that had been gnawing him departed. He might still hope; not indeed to regain in the eyes of the world an honored rank, but to obtain from God forgiveness for his sins.

He remained long on his knees when every one had departed and the church was again dark and silent. It cost him an effort to go out in the cloisters, where he might meet some one, and be again obliged to resume the dreadful life.

He had only walked a few steps when he heard a light tread and caught sight of a fluttering white veil.

They were standing face to face, then a faint cry escaped him. "Guireka!"

So changed was he that during a few seconds he did not recognize Kerbrenn, but when he began to speak her pale face suddenly flushed, and with a stifled cry she tried to break away from him.

But he, heeding not her imperative prayers, detained her. Almost incoherently, for he was so moved he hardly knew what he said, he besought her to be merciful. His sin was great, but it was his love for her that had driven him mad.

She interrupted him with an exclamation of horror.

"It is not true!" she despairingly cried. "If thou hadst loved me it is by glorious deeds and not by a foul murder that thou shouldst have tried to win me."

"And yet it is true!" he replied in a low voice. "I have filled my heart when I thought thou shouldst become Rolken's wife, and I will have thee that I became a murderer."

"And so I was the cause of Rolken's death and of thy shame! Oh, I would rather die than be dead like him than guilty!" And she spoke more in sorrow than in anger. For indeed she felt it would have been better to mourn on her grave than to have the thought that she had given him her heart; and, after having loved, to be obliged to despise.

"Forgive me if I spoke too freely at last," she said. "Thou art an angel and can inspire no evil deed."



THE MAN WHO HELD GUIREKA, STRUCK BY A HEAVY BLOCK, FELL TO THE GROUND

implored her Guireka understood that it was her task of mercy to save that poor, struggling soul. So after having heard from him some details of the horrible life he was leading, she made him swear not to betray the generous hospitality which had been extended to him. He would not reply to the signal of his friends that night, and on the morrow he would go away and never again see his lawless companions.

Small sleep Guireka had that night, but the nuns quietly slumbered, and a restless silence filled the convent.

Suddenly a frightful crash was heard, followed by a wild, exultant yell.

The nuns could not even understand what had happened or make any plan to escape. The cloisters were already invaded, the doors thrown down. Half crazed with fright, they ran on all sides, despairingly calling for help.

Others, but during the first few minutes she managed to escape and ran down a long corridor. Suddenly strong hands seized her. In the dark-for complete darkness added to the horror of the situation—she fought and called for help.

"What a little devil I have got! Here, bring me some light!"

One of his companions immediately ran up, bearing a torch. But he had no sooner seized her, than a tall form sprang from behind him.

The man who held Guireka, struck by a heavy blow, fell to the ground. The torch was dashed out against the wall and Kerbrenn, however, was not so easily deterred. He was too determined to reach his goal.

She could not see her rescuer, yet she knew, warned by some instinct, that it was Kerbrenn. However, she was too dazed to clearly realize anything as he quickly bore her away.

At last they reached a small inner courtyard and he let her down. Then Guireka recovered a little and, turning round, bitterly said:

"I did not," he vehemently replied. "I do not know how they forced their way in, but I did not help them."

"I will help thee," she said, as piercing as Guireka's shudder.

"Oh, my God, help us!" she murmured. "I must try to escape!"

"I will help thee," Kerbrenn eagerly said. "Come."

"Oh, no; not with thee," and she recoiled in true to my promise and now I would save thee," he passionately urged. "Trust me, but for some few minutes and thou shalt be saved, for they do not suspect me as yet."

Still Guireka hesitated, and she gazed on all sides as a hunted deer.

In their eagerness they scarcely perceived how the hours went on. In the east the sky grew gray and they recognized where they stood. Tremaneuk's castle was visible in the far off and it was at that same spot where, little more than a year before, Kerbrenn had whispered words of love to her.

Guireka shuddered, and turning toward him, broke the silence for the first time.

"Do not go any further. If thou art seen here it is death for thee."

"Nay, I will only leave thee when I know thou art safe under thy father's roof."

Vainly she urged him to leave her; he followed the maiden till they stood under the castle walls.

Then he stood still and gazed intently at Guireka for a long time. Suddenly with an effort he straightened himself and simply said: "I will have the spy thrown from over the wall into the sea. It will be a lesson to those who dare play with me that dangerous game."

In small groups the men scattered themselves, and high and low they searched the castle.

At length, when the men had departed to search another part of the castle, she rose from the sculptured armchair where she had sat motionless, drew aside a curtain and in a low voice called Kerbrenn.

Followed by him, she noiselessly glided through the huge corridors and reached in safety the underground passage that opened on the shore.

"It is too late now," murmured Kerbrenn. When the water was low it became possible to turn the cliffs that encircled the small bay, and some way off a rude path led to the dry ground. But at high water the rocks and even the door of the passage were entirely covered.

During some few minutes they stared blankly at the merciless waves, then Guireka slowly said: "We had best turn back. The sea is too high."

"I will do as thou wilt," he simply replied. But in front of the door they stopped, scarcely crediting their own eyes.

It was a gust of wind? They could not say. They only knew that it was impossible to throw down that door, built to resist the onrush of the waves.

"What can we do?" murmured the girl helplessly.

"Thou must be saved!" cried Kerbrenn with sudden energy. "Thou knowest the place well; is there no way of climbing back?"

"None whatever."

And in calling for help, would no one in the castle hear?"

"And, in impossible to attack the castle from this side, so it is never guarded."

"And—and the soldiers of Ploudeac, they are encamped near enough to hear, perhaps?"

"I would not call to my help my father's foe. It would teach them the existence of the secret passage; besides, they might keep me as hostage."

"Then I shall swim with thee till we have reached a place of safety."

"Who can struggle against the rush of the incoming tide in this narrow inlet?" she answered with a gesture more of lassitude than despair. "Many a stout bark has been dashed to pieces on those very rocks. It is impossible to resist the fury of the waves. There was a pause, then, in agonized voice, Kerbrenn cried:

"John—No, you didn't show it at all."

"Harvard Lampoon."

thou hast been to me an angel of mercy, speaking words of pardon when I I despaired of heavenly forgiveness, and now, because of me, thou shalt die."

"Do not blame thyself," she soothingly replied. "I have no regret. Often I prayed for death, and God is now going to grant me my request."

"What? Is there nothing thou weepst to leave? Life could have been sweet to thee had I not cast on it a dark shadow."

"I know what sorrow is. Life has no more any charm for me," she murmured. "Thou wouldst have been a happy wife had I not killed thy betrothed."

"It was despair that made thee wish to become a nun."

"No," Guireka replied, lifting her head. "In a few minutes the water will reach us. Death is near. I will speak and perhaps my words will comfort thee. It was not because my betrothed had died that I went to hide my grief in a convent. It was because I could not bear to think that I had lost thee."

"Thou hadst loved me?"

"Yes, and I would rather have seen thee dead than dishonored, for then I could freely have shown my sorrow. But in my quiet cell I found peace. I prayed for thee. I prayed for death. My prayer has been answered, and together we will leave this life of pain."

On the shore a fierce battle was raging; the invaders were trying to storm the castle and the groans of the wounded could be heard, rising above the cries of fury and the war songs.

With a thundering crash the waves dashed on, beating the rocks that closed the narrow entrance. But though the night and the darkness were coming with the dark waters, yet they smiled, for there was peace in their souls. Their hearts had bled, but they trusted and hoped. When a wave at last swept Guireka almost off her feet Kerbrenn caught her in his arms and for the first and last time pressed a kiss on her brow.

And when the tide had risen the lovers were no more in this world of sorrow.

James Ross, of Lower Tower Hill, Suffers Heavy Loss.

The comfortable farm house of James H. Ross at Lower Tower Hill, Charlotte county, about nine miles from St. Stephen, was totally destroyed by fire early yesterday morning, together with a large barn and the woodhouse and all the contents of house and outbuildings.

A message to The Telegraph says that Mr. Ross had gone to St. Stephen the day before to see a circus and stayed all night and there was no one at home, as his wife and family had gone to a relative's. How the fire broke out no one knows. The neighbors knew nothing about it until yesterday morning when they found that the place had been burned down during the night. Mr. Ross did not know of his misfortune yesterday afternoon, as he had gone from St. Stephen to Sprague's Falls yesterday morning.

About 2 a. m. the fire was raging as some people driving on the road from St. Stephen saw the flames but did not know what was burning. Mr. Ross is believed to have carried little insurance. The loss is roughly placed at \$3,000.

Jean—"Did you notice my dancing that my ankle was lame?"

COAL AND TIN IN P. E. ISLAND

Dr. Ellis, Dominion Geologist, Tells of Result of Visit to the Island.

Dr. Ellis, of Ottawa, dominion geologist, who is here making a geological map, has returned from Prince Edward Island where he spent a few days looking into the possibility of developing the coal industry in the island province. He says a company has been formed to open up the industry. The dominion government has agreed to subsidize the operations to a certain extent and the provincial government now have under consideration the giving of assistance. Dr. Ellis was down on Friday to look over the matter for the dominion government. He advised the P. E. Island government to purchase a drill and to loan it to any company desiring its use, the company to pay the boring expenses, assisted by the dominion government subsidy.

The island government has not yet decided upon its course and until it does so no action can be taken. Dr. Ellis expects word in a day or so from the industry. The plan is to bore in different parts of the island, the holes going down some 2,000 or 2,500 feet, if necessary. Each boring will take some time and the outlook for striking coal is considered as very bright. Operations will probably be started just as soon as the provincial government reaches a decision in the matter. From Ottawa to look into a new tin deposit found in Lunenburg county, and other matters.

PROSPECT BRIGHT FOR VALLEY ROAD

Mackenzie & Mann Much Pleased With Outlook for Traffic, and Bound to Have St. John for Their Terminal Port.

The outlook for the building of the Valley railway bringing the Canadian Northern through Maine and down the river to this port is now very promising. Definite news to this effect was secured yesterday when Hon. William Pugsley returned home from Toronto. He said that while there he had seen Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann and that they have the report of Engineer John, which it is their desire to make their winter port. The only difficulties at all are in connection with the grade. It is desired to secure a grade of 5-10 per cent to the mile and this means additional expense in the way of construction. Mr. Pugsley said it will be necessary to secure modifications of the agreement, the nature of which he was unable to go into at the moment, but he at once takes the affair up with the engineer. He asked the engineer what he thought of the project. He replied that he thought it was a good one. He said that he thought it was a good one. He said that he thought it was a good one. He said that he thought it was a good one.

TO LEAVE JULY 11

Rev. Thos. Marshall Then Going to New Pastorate on P. E. Island.

Rev. Thos. Marshall, at present pastor of Cornforth street Methodist church, who has been transferred to Grace Church, Charlottetown (P. E. I.), will leave for his new charge on July 11. He will be succeeded by Rev. M. Squires, of Andover. The congregation are preparing a farewell for Mr. Marshall.

Changes will also be made in other Methodist churches of the city. Rev. H. D. Marr, of Carleton, will become pastor of Queen square church, succeeding Rev. G. M. Campbell, who has been relieved from a circuit to devote all his time to his work as secretary of the Canadian Bible Society. Rev. J. Heaney, of Silver Falls, will succeed Rev. Mr. Marr and Rev. Mr. Champion, of Harcourt, will take up the work at Silver Falls.

Rev. Mr. Marshall, on account of his removal from New Brunswick, will give up his position as president of the New Brunswick Temperance Federation. A meeting of the federation will be held next month to elect a successor.

COLD COMFORT.

Beggar to Priest—"My father, I am a poor man."

"Courage, you will go to Paradise."

"But I am dying of hunger."

"So much the better; you will go to Paradise all the sooner."—L'Asino, Rome.

See You See

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