

"I said just now that I was not likely to forget Port Navalo, and to explain that coif I must tell you why. I spent last summer on one of the islands of the Gulf of Morbihan, the Ile aux Moines ; but I explored all the queer country about the gulf. Port Navalo is a fishing village, perched on the extreme point of the peninsula which faces Locmariaker. Between Port Navalo and Locmariaker is a narrow channel known as La Jument. When the tide is ebbing or flowing strongly La Jument becomes one of the most fearful races in the world. And what makes the place so awful and yet so fascinating is the fact that on a midsummer's day, when there's no wind and the gulf is like a mill-pool, La Jument seems to be possessed of ten thousand devils. At high tide and low tide the channel is not much more interesting than a canal. Then the boats sail up and down it in perfect safety. While you are doing this the change comes. The quiet water begins to bubble as if it were a sort of chalybeate spring ; then it swirls ; then it boils ; then it transforms itself into a raging rapid, like the Niagara rapids—and from the same cause. Behind this narrow channel is the Atlantic, in front the Gulf. When the tide is ebbing, all the water in the Gulf has to pass through this Devil's Gate, when the tide flows the Atlantic drives these millions of tons of water back again. See !"

"I'd like to see it," said Téphany.

"From a safe place," added Mary Machin.

"I was describing the race in midsummer weather. Now conceive of it when a storm is raging."

"I'd rather not," said Miss Machin, with a shudder.

"It's horrible then," said Carne, in a voice that thrilled. "It's appalling, Miss Machin, blood-curdling ! And, remember, La Jument, which yearly swallows up scores of lives, is set in the heart of Lower Brittany. Within two hundred years—I had this on high authority—human sacrifices have taken place near Locmariaker. The peasants are Druids still. Now what sort of effect would such a natural phenomenon as this awful race