

Concluded From Sunday

WHEN THE TIDE RISES

By Ida De Thael

PART II.

Spring had come. On the "lander" 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 guerilla warfare, they took refuge in deep secluded valleys or grottoes on the seashore, and from there they would sally to inflict ferocious attacks on the landowners or rival, the Baron of Geranek.

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 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. There 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 night he will let us in."

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

"I will not go," said one of the men. "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 act. At last his eyes fell on a man who had not yet spoken.

A dark old man, with a white beard, head almost concealed his features, and he sat motionless, gloomily staring in front of him.

"With thee go," the leader of the gang asked, with some hesitation. "If you like," he replied with a slight air of indifference.

"Very well. Then thou wilt go and feign sudden sickness. The nuns will take thee in, and one of them will throw a rope ladder over the wall and we will climb over."

"Very well." "It is the risk if thou art caught," said one of his comrades, a little jealously.

"Do not fear death or the rack," he calmly replied. "Wait till thou hast endured tortures to boast my ray."

Look at my hand to give thee a foretaste of what awaits thee." And he showed his hand, disfigured by the punishment. Then, bursting into a horse laugh, he slapped his friend on the shoulder.

"Keep off," and there was a fierce gleam in the younger man's eyes as he drew away. "and stop your ill-omened prophecies! I have with me a company, I will perform my part do the same."

The strong grip of the newcomer was as much feared as his cutting replies, and the discomfited ruffian turned away, leaving him alone.

The young man walked rapidly on the seashore till he caught sight of a troop of horsemen coming toward him. He then stopped, and after having stood around, concealed himself behind some huge rocks.

It was only when they had disappeared, lost in a cloud of white dust, that he ventured out of his hiding place. The danger was over, and he sarcastically laughed at himself.

Did danger exist? Was it not a mere fancy? For who would recognize in the wasted, unshaven marauder who had once been the handsome Lord Kerbrenn? He might well have fearlessly walked past his most intimate friend, and he would not have known him, so great was the change wrought by those few months of sorrow and hardship.

He was indeed, frightfully altered. Amid those marauders whom he had joined he had already won a kind of renown, for his arms were strong and he was absolutely fearless. But often, overpowered with disgust, he could not hide the contempt he felt for these associates. How low he had sunk and how he hated and despised himself.

But as he remembered the agony endured when his sword had been shivered into pieces a terrible feeling stifled in his heart all feeling of remorse. He could only think of his vengeance. Revenge himself against those peasants who would stone him to death should they know he was an outlaw, and above all humble those knights, his former friends, who, dead to his entreaties, had spurned him away. When he reached the convent all the bells began to ring. He had lost all count of days, but he suddenly recollected that it must be Maundy Thursday.

In spite of himself Kerbrenn stood still to listen, for the chimes sounded very sweetly in the clear air. Last year he remembered. Ah, well, it was no use to think of the past, yet he could not avoid the reflection of those days when he had not lost his faith and no stain of sin rested on his soul.

Yet he wished it was a castle and not a convent whose hospitality he was going to betray, but it was too late to draw back, and setting his teeth, he knuckled for admittance.

A small gate was opened and a voice inquired what he was and where he was. He replied that he was ill and unable to pursue his way. Would they not grant him shelter for some days?

The door was immediately opened and he was led to the sick ward, for the convent was at the same time a hospital.

Kerbrenn was exceedingly pale and thin, so his tale was easily credited. There were but few sick men at that time and he had a tiny room all to himself.

Night came and he tried to sleep, but an intolerable sense of anguish oppressed him. It was the first time since the crime that he found himself welcomed in an honorable home, and reckless as he was, he felt still more from the stained windows.

His shame where he sought shelter with his lawless companions.

On the morrow it was Good Friday. All the nuns were gathered in the church and no one seemed stirring in the silent cloisters.

After having carefully gazed around Kerbrenn crept out of his room. It was a rather risky thing to do, but he tried to persuade himself that it was necessary to explore a little the convent in order to guide his accomplices. The truth was that he preferred danger to that solitude 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. 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 cry like a groan escaped him.

"Guireka!" he cried. "What a change! 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 cry like a groan escaped him."

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On my soul, but now it is too late to draw back. My only hope is to be revenged before I die."

"No, speak not thus!" and Guireka wrung her hands distressfully. "Do penance. There is yet time."

"I tell thee I am accursed. Suffering has killed in me all noble feeling. Thou canst understand the tortures I have endured when, in thy sight, I shall never forget nor forgive. Those who have been merciless shall weep in their turn." His cheeks had blanched as he spoke and hatred shook his voice. "I will be revenged," he hissed. "For my hatred is as fierce as the love I have for thee!" and drawing close to Guireka he tried to seize her.

But she wrenched herself, free and burst into a wild laugh. "And to think," she cried, "that I could have loved thee! Yes, thou false knight, rebel against God himself! I suffered keenly witnessing thy disgrace and sought refuge in this convent not to wed another man and to weep alone. To weep, not for my betrothed who was no more, but for the murderer who had dishonored himself. I must indeed have been mad."

But releasing her, Kerbrenn fell on his knees. "Guireka, forgive me! What stifled

raff up, bearing a torch. But he had no sooner arrived 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 the girl caught by two powerful hands.

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:—

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

A scream rang out, so piercing that Guireka shuddered. "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!" she recoiled in instinctive distrust. "I was 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. "I must trust thee, and yet thou

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, "Farewell."

"How can I thank thee?" she murmured. "I know what thou hast done for me. 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."

Kerbrenn went on in an agony of remorse. It was despair that made him to become a nun.

"Guireka replied, lifting her head. 'In a few minutes the waves 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. I am breaking I could not bear to think that I had lost thee.'

"Thou hast 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.

A thundering crash the waves dashed on, beating the rocks that closed the narrow entrance. But though the knew that death was coming with the dark waters, yet they smiled, for there was peace in their souls. Their hearts had bled, but the trust and hope.

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 his lips on her brow.

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

Some Medical Matters

Public Opinion.—Sir Victor Horsley has discussed the physical development of children attending State schools before a meeting of the Gasworkers' Union at Canning Town, and he is reported in the Clarion as saying: "The first thing to do was to have a physical register. Their next duty was to examine the child to see whether it was fit to go through the ordinary course, or if it was the victim of some slight defect or of some disease which it might give to other children."

These children. When such a national record has been taken, the next step would be to take the first time, what state the children were in, and would then have to consider what steps should be taken. The medical officer of the Board of Education should have duties similar to the same officer at the Local Government Board. The action of the latter had prevented a serious visitation of cholera, and the former could take similar steps to prevent the deterioration of the children. As far as the medical profession was concerned, their one duty was to make the children of the nation healthy and happy, and they wanted the great labor organizations to bring pressure to bear on the Government.

It had been of the utmost interest to them in the British Medical Association to see the results of the last General Election, and most encouraging to know that from one group of members if the House could expect on questions of public health not mere empty sympathy, but definite support, and that was the group of Labor members.

The Care of Children's Teeth. The British Dental Association at its meeting at Cardiff discussed the duty of the treatment of the teeth of children in elementary schools. The discussion was opened by Mr. A. Taylor, of Kettering, who said that at Kettering of 6,200 children 96 per cent. had defective mouths. Lectures on the care of teeth were given in the schools. Dr. Forsyth, of the Leeds Dental Hospital, has stated that 30 per cent. of the ailments of children were due to dental conditions, and in children of a less robust nature the percentage was much higher. Compulsory examination would probably simplify matters, but what was compulsory must be free, and free examinations would mean an increased cost of education. He thought 1,500 children that were many any one man could attend to, and his salary could not be less than £300, so that it would cost Leeds £15,000 or £16,000 if the whole of the children were brought under treatment. There were six millions of these elementary school children in England and Wales, and it meant an expenditure of £1,200,000 if they were regularly treated for their teeth. It was an affair of national importance, and the Government might be asked to pay the bill.

To Restore Hearing. Despite the success of the phonograph, a French scientist, Dr. Marage, has constructed what may be described as a talking siren, that is, a siren which produces sounds that accurately imitate those of the various vowels both when sung and spoken. In construction this device, which is an elaborate contrivance, is similar to the siren described by Dr. Alfred Gradewitz appears in the Scientific American of May 11. Dr. Marage intends primarily to design an apparatus for gauging the sharpness of the sense of hearing in different individuals. But it seems he has done much more than this. "While," writes Dr. Gradewitz, "the siren can be used for diagnostic purposes it will be found useful also in curing ear trouble. In fact, a systematic treatment consisting of the repeated production of given sounds before the tympanum of the ear has been found to be a most efficient 'massage,' which in some cases restores the ear to normal hearing capacity, while nearly always effecting a cure of deafness. This process has also been used with much success in the treatment of deaf-mutes, many of whom have been taught to hear by its means. In this case the ear is taught according to a method which from the most simple elements of speech, that is the vowels, proceeds to the more complicated, the deaf-mute learning how to hear in exactly the same way as a child is taught how to read by beginning with the alphabet."



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