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"L'Abime Terrible."

It was a summer evening, the air was calm and clear, and the pale moon cast a dreamy light over the dark waters, while all nature seemed bowed and silent in her majestic presence. The rugged cliffs reared their battlements of impregnable rock hundreds of feet above the shore,

while at their feet the little pebbles shining in the moonlight were caressed by the gentle waves. The shadows cast by the moon on the jagged rocks made them appear wilder than ever, and a weird sense of utter loneliness pervaded the atmosphere.

On the most rugged side of Crag island is a deep narrow gully or cleft in the rocks. One of the greatest sights on the little island, it is shunned by the native fishermen with superstitious awe, and few save the dreamy tourist and the adventurous youth frequent the lonely spot. "L'Abime Terrible," as this gully is called, extends some distance inland and on either side sheer precipices rise hundreds of feet high. Looking into the chasm the head turns giddy and the heart faint as the eye peers into its bottomless depths, whence only the sound of the waves dashing against the rocks beneath meets the listening ear. Deserted by man, these rocks have become the abode of thousands of sea birds who mingle their wild cry with the splash of the waves and seem instinctively to know that the place belongs to them.

Not far from "L'Abime Terrible," his form plainly discernable in the clear moon light stands a white-haired, somewhat bent old man, on whose face the trace of some recent grief is plainly seen. What attraction can this awful place have for him—and night so rapidly falling too! There, he has sat down among the rocks and is bending forward, his face buried in his hands. Let us intrude for a time upon the secrecy of his reverie. To him this terrible spot is one of many memories. Now to his half-conscious senses appear two other forms just above him on the rocks, one, that of a fair young girl of

Note well Reading Matter at foot of Pages.