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THE ISLE OF UNREST.



CHAPTER I.

THE MOVING FINGER.

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
 Moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

THE afternoon sun was lowering towards a heavy bank of clouds hanging still and sullen over the Mediterranean. A mistral was blowing. The last yellow rays shone fiercely upon the towering coast of Corsica, and the windows of the village of Olmeta glittered like gold.

There are two Olmetas in Corsica, both in the north, both on the west coast, both perched high like an eagle's nest, both looking down upon those lashed waters of the Mediterranean, which are not the waters that poets sing of, for they are as often white as they are blue; they are seldom glassy except in the height of summer,