

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADES OF GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "KING OF NO-LAND," "THE BELLS OF PENRIVEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PERILOUS DESCENT.

"I was not likely soon to forget this singular adventure, to which perhaps I attached an undue importance because of its connection with the statue of Evangeline; but there was another reason for remembrance in the parallel which suggested itself between the childless woman and Clarice. I paid another visit to the marketplace at midnight, and again met the woman, who was almost as much an outcast among the islanders as myself. She claimed me as an old-time friend, and again asked me to accompany her to the grave of her child. I humored her, being curious to learn the particulars of her story, but she did not gratify my curiosity until we met for the third time in the same place.

"I asked her," said Bertha, pointing to the statue, "whether it was right for me to meet you here and talk to you; she said I could trust you. Tell me your name."

"Rauf."

"Mine is Bertha."

"That night she told me her story. There was nothing new in it, so far as regarded herself. She trusted and was deceived, and the man who brought disgrace upon her was killed in open fight by her father.

"My mother was dead," said Bertha, "and my father turned me from his house. He had no other children; he might have been kinder to me. But he was a man who always acted rightly, so the islanders said. Then it is right never to forgive. I had friends, as I thought, girls, and men, and children. Not one of them had a heart, not one. It is not strange to go through the world so—to kiss and embrace you, and then to turn you away! I do for a father to turn from his child! I do not understand it. Why, if my baby lived, and grew to be a woman, and did wrong unconsciously, or was unhappy in any way, in disgrace with all the world, I should take her to my bosom and comfort her, and whisper to her, 'Do not grieve, my child; your mother loves you, though all the world is against you.' And we should be happy again; it would not then be always night; there would be sometimes a bright cloud in our lives."

"I allowed her to talk without interruption, and presently she spoke again of her lover.

"I knew that my father was seeking him; I had been told so, not out of kindness, but out of malice. 'There will be blood shed,' they said, and they looked upon me with horror, as though the crime were mine. I tried to find him and warn him. All the day and into the night I wandered from place to place, seeking him, and at length I saw him lying dead upon the ground. It drove me almost mad. I ran to my father's house; I beat my hands against the door till the blood came; he opened a window above, and asked me what I wanted. 'There has been murder done!' I cried. 'The guilty has been punished,' my father said sternly, and he bade me go from his house and never dare to set eyes on him again, for he no longer had a daughter. I was overwhelmed, and sat down on the door-step, in the dread hope that the world was coming to an end. And all the while my baby was in my arms, sleeping peacefully, and as I looked at her sweet face in the dim light, I thought, 'What does it matter? We have each other.' I took her to my father, and waking her, made her kiss him; I kissed him also, for the last time, and have never seen him since. I do not know where they have buried him; they would not tell me.

"We were walking to the grave of her child, and she stopped and looked around with wandering eyes, seeking the shadow of the man she had loved too well.

"Then I was alone in the world," she said, as we walked onward again, "no one to speak to, except my baby; no one to love, except my baby. Every one had fallen off from me, every one; only my baby remained. Then it happened that I came in the night to the marketplace, and discovered what no other person in the island but you and I suspect—that what they call a statue lives and speaks. When she first smiled upon me it was like rain upon a parched field. My eyes had been scorched and dried up with grief; ah, what pain! what anguish! And when Evangeline smiled, the tears came and relieved my heart. She spoke to me, and comforted me, and prevented me from going mad. We are sisters, and by-and-by we shall know each other better in the spirit land, where I shall have my baby again in my arms. And my father will be there, and my baby's father, too. What will my father say when he sees me come there? Will he say, 'Come to me, my daughter, all is forgiven?' What if I answered him, 'Had you been merciful to me, my baby might have lived, and I should not have been condemned to wander night after night, and day after day from valley to valley, from field to field, in search of a kind look or word.' Then, if there be justice, the priests will be dumb. Do you like them?"

"The priests?"

"Yes. Do you like them?"

"I have no reason to," I answered, slowly.

"I am glad, because you are not like the others, and you strengthen my belief. What do they mean when they say, 'God is love?' There should be something more than words, should there not? 'God is love.' Then He would know I have done wrong, and He will take my little one in His bosom, and me, from whom she drew life. I shall wait—I shall wait—and on the judgment day I shall say to the priests 'You told me that God is love, and you tried to prove to me that He is hate.' Yes, it is true. They did not pour oil into my wounds. Would you believe that they would not bury my innocent baby in consecrated ground? But a soul is a soul, and they could not rob her of that, nor me of Divine love and mercy. So I am satisfied to wait, but not too long—not too long! I must die before I grow old. Look at me; I am pretty; I don't want to grow ugly, and then die. Baby might not

know me, and that would be too terrible to bear. Where do you live?"

"On the mountain."

"She looked at me and retreated a few steps, impelled by some instinct of repugnance; but she came quickly to my side again, and took my hand.

"And your name is Rauf, you told me. I did not think at the time. You are the being I have heard of and was warned against, and never saw till the other night. That proves what men are. Let me whisper to you; there are people here who abhor you, and yet you are the only one who has given me a kind word since my baby died. She kissed my hand passionately. 'And you live on the mountain—Evangeline's mountain. She lies, too, in ground that has not been consecrated. I shall come and see you on the mountain.'

"You will be the first who has dared."

"O, I shall dare!"

"Best to keep away," I said; "I prefer to live alone."

"The mountain is free; I shall come; I am not frightened. Evangeline is there, and her heavenly messengers!—the pretty birds that fly to and fro. I have watched them, and hope one day they will bring me a message from heaven or Evangeline. You see, I know you do not live alone. Have you not goats and dogs?"

"Yes."

"It must be a fine life. I shall come and see you."

"I left her that night, as on the other nights, whispering to the wild flowers which grew on her child's grave, and kissing the cold earth which mercifully hides what is dearest to her in this world and the next.

"Her piteous story drew me to her, and from that night we were friends. A fancy of mine impelled me to place some roots of the dream-flower on the grave of her child, and when I told her the name of the flower she thanked me earnestly, and said that heaven had directed me to bring the sweet comfort to her soul.

"What is most beautiful in her is her devotion to her dead baby. As the leaf loves the light so does she love her child."

"Her father lives now a life of seclusion, pitied and not condemned by his comrades. And yet he has broken a holy commandment. It is hard to thread one's way through these labyrinths—not for me, for others; my mind is no longer in a state of doubt upon other than mortal matters. The woman who most needs pity receives none; she is shunned and avoided by all. Hard as granite are the islanders in their notions of morality."

"I have already set down here how, when I slipped over the precipice and almost met my death, I was saved by the branch of a tree which grew out of the rocks, and how, by this means, I discovered a path which led me to a place of safety, from whence I crawled to my hut and nursed my wounds. I determined then, when I was strong, to convince myself whether this path was made by nature or man. If by man, but one being could have formed it—the Cain of the Silver Isle, who in a paroxysm of jealous love treacherously killed his brother.

"Anxious to make myself acquainted with every detail of the tragedy that at this distance of time could be gathered together, I enlisted Joseph Sylvester, who was most industrious in collecting all the hearsay connected with the subject. Such a story, transmitted from generation to generation, of course becomes twisted and dotted with fantastic features; but the main points remain, and can be eliminated from the fanciful creations, and these I have taken and placed with clearness and consistency. I cannot well explain my motive, except that the tragedy appeared to be directly connected with the task I had set myself. Joseph naturally took great interest in the story, partly for its own sake as a wild and gloomy episode in human life, but chiefly because the girl's name was Evangeline. This was sufficient to enchain his imagination, and it has also captivated the imagination of our own Evangeline, from whom Joseph hides nothing. She tells me that she sometimes dreams of her namesake. I have endeavored, without success, to make light of the subject in my conversations with Evangeline; I did not wish her to dwell morbidly upon it; but I cannot wonder that she should often speak of it when my own mind is so continually dwelling upon the theme.

"Other matters, after I got well, preventing the immediate execution of my purposes, it was quite three months before I was enabled to apply myself seriously to my task. I felt that it was likely to prove a difficult one, and I wished to have a clear time before me. Some parts of this mountain are subject to land-slips, and although I am not aware of an avalanche of any magnitude occurring, I have had myself to guard against convulsions slight in themselves, but sufficient to prove fatal to life.

"One morning I set forth from my hut, accompanied by my dog Leontine. I strapped a blanket round my shoulders in case I should be benighted, and I provided myself with food, and a gourd for water. A light ax and a short-handled shovel completed my equipments.

"It was not without difficulty that I found the narrow path which led to the outer surface of the rocks. When I first discovered it I was in pain and great excitement, and my only aim was to reach my hut in safety. I paid then no attention to its conformation, and even the circumstance that for some distance it had been tunneled had escaped my memory, perhaps even my notice. Since I last passed through this tunnel a quantity of loose earth had fallen; this I cleared away, and in the course of the afternoon, after much labor, I emerged from the tunnel into open daylight. From the mouth of the tunnel the path stretched onwards for about twenty yards, and then terminated—of necessity, for the sheer surface of the rock was reached. I recognized the tree whose stout branches had preserved me from being cut to pieces on the jutting rocks, and tired with my exertions, I sat down, with my face to the sea, and partook of the

OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE LOVERS OF FIELD SPORTS.

In this department, as the head indicates, we present current sporting and outdoor news. Communications to the paper concerning such matters should be addressed to the "Outdoor Amusement Department."

THE BEST PIGEON SCORE UNDER ENGLISH RULES ON RECORD.—Paul Francke, a wealthy gentleman of St. Joseph, Mo., and Fred Erb, Jr., of the St. Louis Gun Club, is recognized in the West as the most enthusiastic supporter of pigeon-shooting under English rules in America. Mr. Francke's very abundant means, time and inclination enable him to do more for the encouragement of the English method of trap-shooting than any other gentleman. Under Mr. Francke's patronage Fred Erb, Jr., developed into the very great and successful sportsman, and was recognized to be. In his practice shooting preparatory to his great match with the world's champion, Bogardus, at St. Louis in May last, Erb, Jr., found in Mr. Francke a very close competitor. The late Mr. Francke is a very great admirer of Mr. Francke as a gentleman and sportsman. H. C. Pierce of St. Louis, a gentleman always a fair field shot, but comparatively unaccustomed to pigeon shooting. The organization of the St. Louis Gun Club in 1875 developed in Mr. Erb an excellent shot at pigeons under the club rules. Mr. Erb shoots entirely for recreation, and has in a few instances, to settle a question of superiority, shot at pigeons with some members of the St. Louis Gun Club. In each instance he came off victorious. In a match with C. J. Clark, shot on the Club grounds in St. Louis in 1877, with Captain Bogardus as referee, Mr. Erb scored thirty double birds, the entire number shot at. Later during the same year, Mr. Erb won a match on the grounds of the St. Louis Gun Club, with Taylor Bissell, scored thirty six double birds out of forty, shot at 21 yards rise, tame pigeons. These matches, together with a single bird match at 21 yards rise, in which Mr. Erb killed thirty three straight, gave Mr. Erb a reputation as a very good shot at pigeons. During the two seasons last past, which Mr. Francke and Mr. Erb spent together, hunting in the Rocky Mountains, naturally they discussed the merits of the two methods of trap-shooting, and it was mutually understood that the first favorable opportunity would settle the question of superiority. At the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, Annual Convention, held at Macon, Mo., June 1st, 21, 31 and 41, these two friends, and contenders for honors, met, each representing their respective organizations as delegates. As the gun was the subject of both, that of trap-shooting and that of the English method, Mr. Francke was accompanied by Fred Erb, Jr., who aided by his suggestions Mr. Francke's success at the traps. Mr. Francke at once commenced the trap-shooting, and in a matter of minutes the time for a settlement had arrived; he had brought to Macon the very traps used in St. Louis by Captain Bogardus and Fred Erb, Jr., and offered to shoot a match for a purse of \$200 in gold, under strictly English rules. At the suggestion of several of Mr. Erb's friends, Mr. Francke requested Mr. Erb to name the match in every detail, at the same time stating he had never seen English traps, and inquired of Mr. Erb to use his ten-barrel gun and in return Fred Erb, Jr., to select the wild pigeons out of several thousand then in coop, and act as Mr. Francke's judge and retriever of birds.

The match was on June 2nd, and was the hour named for the match. Although both principals desired to have as few people present as possible, the match hour found fully 500 people on the grounds. As a heavy wind, amounting to almost a gale, was blowing, a large number were freely offered that neither contestant would score 40 dead birds. Mr. Francke beat heavily against Mr. Erb's killing 40, and declined to back himself against that score. Mr. Erb, however, had his back to the judge for the first shot. The following is the score:

H. Pierce	0112	1111	2111	2111	1101	1111
Paul Francke	1111	2111	1121	1103	47
		1121	1111	1121	1102	10210
		1121	1111	1101	1021

2 indicates where second barrel was used.

There were only two challenges during the entire match. The first bird of Mr. Erb was challenged for boundary; by inspection by the judges it was found to be three inches outside of the 80-yard boundary. Mr. Erb's twenty-fourth bird fell, when shot, within two yards of the trap, but after Mr. Erb had left the score flew to a building near by, from where it fell to the ground dead. Mr. Erb's only other challenge was a claim miss, the only one of his entire fifty birds. At Fred Erb, Jr.'s suggestion the traps were set as to have the wind in favor of the birds, and as a result every one out of the entire hundred were strong starters, and upon the falling of the trap the birds darted away low down over the dark grass as only a strong wild pigeon can. To any one acquainted with Mr. Francke or Fred Erb, Jr., there can be no question that the English method of trap-shooting was strictly enforced. To add to the wonder of the score, the morning was dark, the wind blowing a very gale from the south to the north, and the traps themselves were painted as near the color of the grass on the ground as possible. As the great match in August, 1878, shot in England, between Captain Bogardus and Aubrey Coventry, yielded but seventy-one birds out of one hundred, and the late match in St. Louis between Captain Bogardus and Fred Erb, Jr., but eighty-four for Captain Bogardus out of one hundred, Mr. Erb's score stands as the best on record, and has never been equalled.

It may be of interest to know that Mr. Erb, in his right-hand barrel, used five drams of "C" Dittmar powder, covered with three pink eye wads, one and one-quarter ounce of No. 10 shot, and a quarter ounce of card-board wad, the shell firmly crimped. The same load in his left-hand barrel, with the substitution of five drams of Dupont's Eagle Duck No. 1 for Dittmar powder, St. Louis Correspondent Chicago Field.

THE POMPANO OF CALIFORNIA.—A fish is caught on the coast of California which is called by the fishermen "pompino" or "pompino," and like the homonym, is one of our own Eastern coast, but is much esteemed as food. It has, however, no close affinity to the pompano of our Southern waters, and the two belong even to different families. The Eastern pompano is a representative of the family *Trachurus carolinus*. The Pacific coast species is a member of the family *Stromateids*, and its relationship is with the *Pomorus tricus*. Thus the *Pomorus* is variously known as the butter-fish (New York and Massachusetts), harvest-fish (New Jersey), and dollar fish (Maine), to the fishermen of the California coast.

The California fish, however, is not a *Pomorus*, and its proper name is *Stromateus simillimus*. Mr. Lockington in his report on the food

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAR. H. STEVENS. J. T. GRAYTON.

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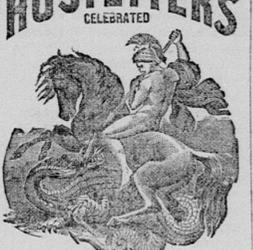
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SCHOOLS AND COLLEGS.

A Yale Alumni Association is talked of at Hartford.

Two or three more Kindergartens are to be established in Cincinnati.

President Eliot of Harvard College, and Mrs. Eliot, are going to Europe this summer.

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A. S. Hopkins, Fifteenth and M streets, bronchitis; Grace Hopkins, corner Fourth and J streets, asthma; E. C. Hopkins (Hopkins in Houston's book, 75 and 77 J street); Mrs. F. S. Frayer, corner Fourteenth and Q streets, asthma (a chronic case of 40 years standing, cured in 12 days); J. H. Hatcher, Third street, between L and M, pneumonia; A. Conner, alley, between Second and Third, L and M streets, asthma; M. Barber, merchant, corner Eleventh and J streets, internally, Robert Horobank, corner Fourth and L and M, internal fever; Mrs. S. Kinney, corner Second and K streets, consumption; J. L. Biddy, Pastor of Baptist Church, clerical sore throat; Mary Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, pneumonia; Nellie Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, croup; Mrs. Haven, Washington, consumption; W. H. L. Haven, Washington, catarrh of stomach (a chronic case, cured in 12 days).

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118	119	202	410
68	109	221	346
128	178	224	354
114	287	384	371
117	105	205	407
400	401	402	403

C. R. KEENE,
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