

LOVERS OF MADEIRA.

The island of Madeira is one of the world's paradises. Earth contains no fairer spot, nor is there anywhere any climate more soft and genial. Once on a time it was my lot to pass seven or eight months in that lovely isle, and as I look back to those days of roving and idling among the valleys and graves of that magical isle, where the trade wind from the sea ever cools the air and wafts the murmur of the surf on the shore at the foot of the mighty cliffs, they seem to have been literally days in a land of dreams.

In one of my cruises around the island I arrived one evening at the charming village of Machico, which lies at the bottom of a sheltered cove. The sun was setting and threw a mantle of gold over the landscape. In the purple shadow of the hills nestled the thatched cottages of the fishermen and peasants, and the mellow ring of the chapel bell floated on the calm evening air.

We drew the boat on the beach, and my men found me a comfortable room for the night near the water, where the music of the sea could soothe to healthful slumber. As we were preparing the evening meal a fisherman's boy brought some red mullets just out of the sea. After a capital meal I strolled to the water side, where there was an old fort. The muzzles of the rusty cannon were overgrown with spiders' webs, a circumstance which seemed to add to the peacefulness of the scene. And there I reflected on the legend which had given the name of Machico to that spot. Centuries had come and gone since the day when Roger Machim had landed there; but I seemed to see him there with his lady love under the dense shade of the primeval forest and their ship riding in the bay, the first, perhaps which had ever been there since the creation of the world.

It was way back in the reign of King Henry VII of England, in the fifteenth century, that those things happened of which I am writing. Anne d'Arfet, or Dorset, as some call her name, was the daughter of a titled gentleman whose manor was in the south of England, near the sea. She was attractive and beautiful and of a romantic turn of mind. Ladies who fall in love with men below them in station may be supposed to have more sentiment than love of fortune and display.

Among the relations of her father was a youth named Roger Machim. From all accounts he was handsome and chivalrous in his bearing, but of a family inferior to hers. Therefore when her parents discovered that Roger loved their daughter and that she ardently returned his affection they at once frowned on his suit and sternly forbade the lovers to meet. The haughty parents had other plans and more ambitious schemes for their daughter. Roger was dismissed with disdain, and ordered to keep his distance from the castle.

Love laughs at locks and keys, it is said by those who seem to know something about it. At any rate it proved so in this case. By the means of a trusty friend Machim contrived to communicate with his lady love. I have no opinion as to express as to her conduct in corresponding with him after the express commands of her parents, because I am not acquainted with all the circumstances, and the history does not give her age. It is sufficient to know that a busy correspondence was secretly carried on which resulted in a plan for her elopement. Judging from the grin and determined character of the lady's father, Machim was convinced that it would be useless for them merely to fly to some other part of England. Sooner or later they would be discovered and he would be slain, while the lady would be forcibly carried home to end her days in despair.

It was therefore decided to fly to the coast and there take ship for France. Anne confided the secret to one of her maids, who succeeded in winning a trusty family servant to the lady's cause. Without such aid it would have been well nigh impossible to put the plan into execution. It is a sad and serious undertaking for a young woman to forsake her home, perhaps forever; it was doubly so in those olden times, when the means of travel were difficult, and to go to France was more hazardous than it is now to go to the ends of the earth.

But having once decided the lady did not hesitate. Her lover, with horses saddled and bridled, was waiting in a little wood hard by. It was dead of night when Anna d'Arfet with her maid stole softly down the dark staircase and through the winding corridors to the postern gate, where the old servant was waiting to turn the lock. They stepped forth into the cloudy, windy night and crossed the moat and the drawbridge. Then the lady paused an instant and took a last look at the battlements of her father's house. At that moment a dismal owl on a turret gave a mournful hoot, like the note of a fateful doom. The lady shuddered, dashed a tear from her eyes, drew the mantle about her and fled forever from her home.

Roger Machim was waiting in the wood with his attendants. Lightly she sprang on her horse, and then the cry was, "To spur and away!"

But what was the nearest port? The record does not say whether Machim chartered a ship expressly for this voyage, or engaged passage on one that was about to sail. At any rate, the ship was there waiting, and set sail as soon as the lovers arrived. She was very different from the ships we now use, and was what they called a galley. She had a very high bow and stern, tapering far above the water and tapering toward the top. This made the galley look top heavy; but she was very broad at the water line and was deep qualities which made her seaworthy.

The cabin was a small, stuffy apartment, without staterooms or berths. The beds were spread on the deck. The entire ship reeked with the smell of tar and pitch and of moldy biscuit and salt fish and spirits. But perhaps people who went to sea in those days had stronger stomachs than they have now; at any rate this was the only way they had of taking a voyage; the ships slow and the comforts none. It was little consolation to those who were tossed in such a tub as that to know that the stern was profusely decorated with gilded carvings or that a rank tallow taper was ever burning before the picture of the Virgin Mary at one end of the cabin.

The galley had three short masts and three sails on yards hoisted from the deck and she had an abundance of long streamers. The captain and crew were coarse but picturesque figures, heavily bearded and brown with fighting the rough sea. They knew the way to France or Holland or Spain, although rarely sailing as far as Spain; but of aught south of it they knew little if anything, and absolutely nothing of what was westward. America had not yet been discovered and the Atlantic was to them a vast, vague mystery.

To the poor lady, flying from home and now for the first time on the sea, everything was so sad and strange and wild. Although they told her that in three or four days at farthest they hoped to land in sunny France, yet her heart was full of fears, and many a time she longed to be once more safe in the home she had left behind. But the die was cast. Even if they had been willing to return for her sake the winds were now contrary, and there was nothing to do but to keep on.

But it soon became a question whether they should be able even to reach France. It was now the season of storms, the wild month of October verging on winter, and the clumsy little galley was but ill fitted to battle with headwinds and storms. It needed up barometer to tell the crew and passengers of the galley that heavy weather had set in for good. The white gulls dashed swiftly round the ship over the foaming crests, the stormy petrels followed in the wake, and hour by hour the surges and angry green swelled higher and higher and tossed the little ship like an egg shell, now toward the leaden sky and now with a swift rush into the watery abyss.

Yes, it began to be a question at last not whether they should reach France, but whether they would ever again see land or make a port.

Day after day the galley rodded under a rag of canvass before the furious, howling northeaster, rolling her gunwales under and shipping tons of water that threatened to send her to the bottom. Every timber creaked and groaned, and every man on board vowed curses to the virgin or promised to do penance at the first shrine to which he should come if only heaven would bring him safe to land. They had no charts of the regions toward which they were heading.

One day through the mist the high coast of Spain was seen off Cape Finis-tere. Then they knew they were across the Bay of Discery, and began to hope the fury of the storm might slacken. Never in all their experience had the bold captain and his pilots encountered such weather. But the storm continued, and still the galley sped southward, the winds grew warmer and the skies more blue; but the wind held and the surges seemed higher than ever. One of these surges swept off the captain and several of the crew.

At last the wind moderated, and the sea began to grow more peaceful. Every one was exhausted to the last degree; they knew not where they were, and their best navigator had been lost. While they were debating what course to take a sharp sighted old salt at the mast head shouted "Land ho!"

Every one sprang on deck. It was a surprise to every one on board, for no one had ever seen nor ever heard of land in that quarter. Poor Anne d'Arfet crept out from her couch and, leaning on the arm of Roger, gazed wistfully at the gray form which rose like a mist above the sea. A mass of clouds brooded over the summit of the lofty mountains, which gradually took

shape as the galley drifted toward this unknown land. Passing around a long, lofty, rocky cape, the ship came under the tremendous precipices of this newly discovered coast, and her crew gazed amazed on the dense forests which grew to the water's edge and the cataracts which, as if from the clouds, dropped to the sea.

But lovely and grand as was this sublime solitude, and pleasant as it was to see land once more, yet Roger Machim was not without fear; for the new land might be peopled by savages and cannibals or monsters, such as disturbed the imagination of the men of those days; and his conscience smote him, as if he felt that Providence had brought a punishment on them all for leading that fair young girl from her English home.

The galley dropped anchor at the entrance of an enchanting retired cove called from that time Machico, after Roger Machim. The water was deep and beautifully blue and clear. It was like molten turquoise. The bottom of the ship could be distinctly seen from the surface as she floated there, and it looked for all the world as if it were made of solid turquoise. The fish that darted under the keel also looked like turquoise fish. Never on the coast of England had they seen any such lovely effects in the water as one sees at Madeira.

Tenderly they assisted the sick and careworn lady over the ship's side into the boat and rowed her ashore. She was, perhaps, the first woman who had stepped foot on that most witching of all the isles of the sea. They were, perhaps, the first human beings who ever trod on the yellow sands of that solitary paradise.

A clearing was soon made amid the forests that came to the shore, and a tent was soon spread out of an old sail. All were exhausted with anxiety, hardship and despair. But at last they seemed to have found a haven of repose where they could rest, gather strength and collect provisions to enable them once more to set sail for sunny France. They soon found that there were no savages, that in fact they were the only souls in that insular solitude, and that neither wild beasts nor poisonous reptiles were there to disturb them.

Anne d'Arfet, with her maid and Roger Machim, remained on shore with part of the crew; the rest of the crew kept on board to look after the ship. Everything promised well, and all went merry as a marriage bell. It seemed as if the lovers had found an ideal haven for their retreat, such as the poets sing of in their romantic dreams. Generally it is like that the year round at Madeira. But the fates seemed against poor Anne and her devoted lover, and the season seems to have been unusually inclement. On the third day after anchoring at Machico their hopes were sadly dashed when they saw another storm gathering and heard the wind meaning among the woods and rolling great rollers on the shore.

When the men on board of the galley saw the peril in which they were they slipped the cables and ran out to sea, hoping to come back with the return of fair weather; but they never returned, nor was the galley ever heard of again.

It is easy to imagine the terror and despair which came upon the fugitives left on the solitary island when they saw their ship driven to sea. The lady immediately began to weep again. In vain poor Roger attempted to cheer her with hopes that the galley would yet come back and take them home again.

She saw too well in the wan face and lusterless eyes of her lover that he had no hope of leaving this island of exile. And there she died with his name on her lips. Scarcely had they laid her away in a grave a little removed from the shore when poor Machim also yielded to his doom. His heart was broken, and in two days more the survivors folded his hands on his breast and laid him beside Anne d'Arfet.

After waiting long in vain for the galley to return the three or four sailors who were left on the island fitted up the small ship's boat left with them and started on the desperate undertaking of finding a way home, at least by falling in the track of some ship. The wind wafted them to the coast of Africa. There they were picked up by a Moorish corsair, which was cruising to attack Christian ships. The faithful sailors on arriving at a port were thrown into prison, where a number of other Christian captives were already lingering in chains.

Among them were some Portuguese mariners, who learned from the lips of the captives of the island which they had discovered in so unexpected a way. After years the Portuguese mariners were ransomed and returned to Portugal. At Lisbon they met Zerec, a brave navigator at that port. To him they related the strange story learned from the English sailors. It was a period of discovery, and the Portuguese were among the foremost in leading the search for new lands.

Zerec at once fitted out a ship and

round the island of Roger Machim, which he took possession of for the King of Portugal and called the island Madeira, because of its remarkable verdure. A chapel was built over the grave of Anne d'Arfet and Roger Machim, which still stands at Machico. The discovery of the island of Madeira has been of great use to the world, and thus we see again illustrated in its history the great fact—that man proposes, but God disposes.—S. G. W. Benjamin in New York Independent.

Wanted: It. Made. Co. The fashionable Fledgling... other morning by demanding... "I must have it; sir, condescend... stay." "Why, what's happened?" "Well, sir, I began smoking... brand I want to have it consider... my pay."—Philadelphia Times

THE NEWS.
\$1.00 per year, 50 cents for 6 months,
25 cents for three months.

FOR MEN ONLY
VIGOR... STRENGTH...
Address: BRIDGEMAN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

THE GREAT ALBANY WEEKLY JOURNAL
FOUNDED BY THURGOOD
REPUBLICAN WEEKLY
Sample Copy sent free on application. Address: THE ALBANY JOURNAL CO., ALBANY, N.Y.

RIP VAN WINKLE RECLINING AND ROCKING CHAIR
"GREATEST ON EARTH"
MAKES—15—PIECES FURNITURE
HAS NEW ROCKING PRINCIPLE
NOISELESS, PERFECT ACTION, MODERATE PRICES.
A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT, A COMFORT EVERY HOUSEHOLD NEEDS, BUY ONE.
BEST INVALID'S CHAIR IN THE WORLD!
SEND FOR CIRCULARS AT ONCE. WALTER HEYWOOD CHAIR MFG CO., NEW YORK

THE CLEMENTS SAFE
New, Useful and Ornamental. Household or Office can do without it. Best security and Cheapest Insurance.
Price from \$35.00 up.
The Clements Safe supplies a long list of wants. PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYBODY. All made of wrought iron no cast iron used. All of our Safes have the CLEMENTS COMBINATION LOCK. They are first-class in every respect, and finished in an extra fine manner.
Agents wanted in new territories. Liberal Discounts.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
M. CLEMENTS, IRON and SAFE WORKS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE BEST FARM EXPRESS AND BUSINESS WAGONS
EVERY DESCRIPTION
BUCKBOARDS, BUGGIES, CARTS
SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.
LOG, LUMBER YARD & CITY TRUCKS & SPRING WAGONS & ALL STYLES.
HUGGINS PATENT LADIES CHAIRS
PATENT CHAIRS BRAKE
FISH BROS WAGON CO. RACINE, WIS.