

We were married in the little church alongside the Seigneurie at the head of the valley, by M. Pierre Paul Secretan, and Aunt Jeanne's enjoyment therein and in the feast that followed was, I am certain, greater than any she had felt when she was married herself.

We continued to live with her at Beaumanoir, and she gave me of her wisdom in all matters relating to the land and its treatment, as she did also to Carette in household matters and the proper bringing up of a family, about which latter subject she knew far more than any mother that ever was born.

In me she found an apt pupil, and so came to leave matters more and more in my hands, with sharp criticism of all mistakes and ample advice for setting things right.

Carette drank in all her wisdom—until the babies came, and then she took her own way with them, and, judging by results, it was an excellent way.

George Hamon still brought me word from time to time of the exile on the Ecréhous.

We were sitting over the fire, one cold night in the spring, Carette and I, Aunt Jeanne having gone to bed to get warm, when a knock came on the door, and when I opened it George Hamon came in and stood before the hearth. He looked pinched and cold, and yet aglow with some inner warmth, and his first word told why.

"He is dead, Phil. I found him lying in his bed as if asleep, but he was dead."

I nodded soberly. He was better dead, but I was glad he had not died by my hand.

"I have got him here——" said Uncle George.

"Here?" and I jumped up quickly.