

THE CASTAWAY'S STORY

alarm, thinking that life had indeed fled, but the old man was still breathing feebly. They raised him tenderly and laid him upon a couch, while Madame de Langres hastened to administer a restorative. After a little he opened his eyes; they were bright with the light of another world.

"I am going," he said, in a stronger voice than before, "and something tells my spirit that all will yet be well. My king shall be happy in that place where are gathered together all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. And I—shall be with him. But I have yet one word for you who shall remain behind. The treasure, which the seneschal had hidden away, and which he continued to guard in death, was mine. I leave it to be divided equally between the men who saved my life." And having thus made his peace with the world, the weary sufferer lay back upon his pillows, content and tranquil to await the end.

It did not come for several days, and those who watched him, had begun to hope that perhaps he might yet recover, so peaceful was he, and so bright a light shone in his strange eyes. But it was not to be. As he slept one day he ceased breathing, so quietly that Baillot who was watching by his bed did not know when the last sigh left his smiling lips.

Not long after the old man's burial, Madeline de Langres and Henri Baillot, Comte de Lantenac, were married, the Huguenot pastor performing the simple ceremony. But there was no lack of that heartfelt joy, which is, after all, heaven's peculiar benison on those who truly love.

As for that redoubtable mariner, Jack Winters, he conceived a hearty liking for the ex-pirate, Goujet.