

You can go over to the Dean for a license, mon gars, and I'll be all ready—Wednesday—you understand."

And Jean Le Marchant smiled and said, "At Beaumanoir Mistress Falla rules the roost. Everyone does as she says."

"I should think so," said Aunt Jeanne, with an emphatic nod. "If they don't I know the reason why. So we'll say Wednesday. Have you had the news, Phil?"

"What news then, Aunt Jeanne?"

"Ah then, you've not heard. George Hamon was in from Guernsey. He says you are to get the reward offered by the London Merchants for the upsetting of Monsieur Torode."

"I?"

"And who better, mon gars? If it hadn't been for you, he'd be there yet gobbling their ships at his will. Now don't you be a fool, my dear. Take what the good God sends you with a good grace. You'll find a use for it when the babies begin coming, I warrant you. Little pigs don't fatten on water. Ma fé, non!"—at which bit of Aunt Jeanne, Carette only laughed, with a fine colour in her face.

And to make an end of that, in due time the five thousand pounds was indeed sent to me, and I put it in the bank in Guernsey for the use of Carette "and the children" as Aunt Jeanne said—and of the interest I reserved a portion for the provision of such small comforts as were possible to the lonely one on the Ecréhous.

And so, by no merit of my own, I became a man of substance and not dependent on Aunt Jeanne's bounty, which I think she would have preferred.