
BLUFF CASTLE

forcing upon my unbelieving heart the truth of the legend of our family, and the belief that the end of the Pierres was indeed to come with myself. I have rejected the belief all my life since the last loss that came to me through the death of my wife. I reject it to-day as I see myself the last of the Pierre Gotros of the direct line. I look about me at Pierre Logis, and at the place of our labor for nearly a hundred and fifty years. Our pride was placed in a name. Our pride will die as our name will go out. The effect of so selfish an object and so personal a desire is manifest in our family now. The once despised and unconsidered female element of the name takes up the family line, and upon a woman depends the continuance of the Gotro blood, for the name is soon to be lost."

The old man paused, gazing towards the place where lay the Gotros, the dark stones standing in mute testimony of the pride of a family, and the noble man in his great grief and firm submission to the fatal result of that pride blotted out in the judgment book all that was scored against the Gotros. He was the noblest of them all, this Gotro, the last of the Pierres.