
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

while they lived, and where their ancestors lie without a stone or mark to show the wayfarer, when I lie down with them the Pierres will be no more.

"That is the story of Bluff Castle. Each Pierre in turn went to his own people and chose a wife, and marrying her brought her here. Here the wives of the Pierres died and were buried. The daughters have never married till my sister broke the law established in the family after the deportation. That law required that no female should marry if the Pierre Gotro should continue and the name be perpetuated.

"We had come to look upon this as an old family tradition, without meaning, and belonging to an earlier and superstitious time. They had placed much importance on the perpetuation of the name, and deemed it not too great a sacrifice if the females of the family remained unmarried. I did not think it justifiable to make the whole life of my sister bound to the observance of it. Indeed, her own spirit rebelled against the acceptance of that old family law after she had been away to school and had become imbued with the ideas of a later generation.

"Well," continued Pierre, "my sister married. She died of a terrible disease in a month, and her husband followed not long after. Then came the fate of the Pierres. My only son was drowned. As if the dreadful broken vow of the Gotros were not yet expiated, my wife sickened and passed away, not soon, but after a lingering illness of years,