

A Ladder of Swords

little retreat among the rocks, called by the natives *La Chaîne*. Here she sat sewing upon some coarse linen for a poor fisherwoman's babe when the seigneur came near. She heard the scrunch of his heels upon the gravel, the clank of his sword upon the rocks, and looked up with a flush, her needle poised; for none should know of her presence in this place save her father. When she saw who was her visitor, she rose. After greeting and compliment, none too finely put, but more generous than fitted with Jersey parsimony, the gentleman of Rozel came at once to the point.

"My name is none too bad," said he—"Raoul Lemprière, of the Lemprières that have been here since Rollo ruled in Normandy. My estate is none worse than any in the whole islands; I have more horses and dogs than any gentleman of my acres; and I am more in favor at court than De Carteret of St. Ouen's. I am the Queen's butler, and I am the first that royal favor granted to set up three dove-cotes, one by St. Aubin's, one by St. Helier's, and one at Rozel; and—and,"