

## HOW I CAME INTO RICH TREASURE 379

and down the zigzag into Port du Moulin, the only bay along that coast into which my mother could possibly have gone by night, and that was why Uncle George had brought him there.

I do not think a word was spoken all the way. Krok held the lantern for my mother's feet. Uncle George walked close behind her, and at times before her, in the descent, and helped her down, and so we came at last to the shingle and crunched over it to the boat.

Krok put down his lantern on a rock, and he and Uncle George got in and pulled out to the lugger which was anchored about twenty yards out.

They came back presently, and lifted out the body and laid it gently on the stones, and Krok brought his lantern. My mother's face was very white and pinched as she knelt down beside it, and at first sight she started and looked quickly up at Uncle George as though in doubt or denial. And presently Uncle George bent down and with his hand lifted the moustache back from the dead man's mouth, and my mother gazed into the dark face and said quietly, "It is he," then she seized my grandfather's arm suddenly and turned away. They were stumbling over the rough stones when Krok ran after them with the lantern and came back in the dark.

We laid the body in the boat again, and Krok lifted in some great round stones, and we rowed out to the black loom of the lugger. Uncle George lit his own lantern, and by its dim light Krok set to work preparing my father's body for its last journey.

Whether he was simply anxious to get done with the business, or whether he felt a gloomy satisfaction in performing these last rites for a man whom he had