

over her, and her face flushed and made her young again.

"What is it?"

"Paul Martel died yesterday."

"Paul?" and her hand went quickly to her heart, as though to still a sudden stab of pain, and for the moment her face whitened and then dyed red again.

Krok had eyed Uncle George keenly from the moment he entered. Now he did a strange thing. He got up quietly and took down a lantern and went to the fire to light it. Perhaps it had been an understood thing between them. I do not know.

My mother looked at Krok and then at Uncle George, and my grandfather stood up.

"Yes," said Uncle George with a grave nod. "I have got him here—in my boat in Port du Moulin, for I knew you could not credit it unless you saw him yourself."

"But how——?" she faltered.

"He was among Torode's crew—he was wounded. I recognised him, and we got him away lest—well, you understand? He has been living on the Ecréhous, and he died there yesterday. Will you see him?" and he looked at her very earnestly, and she knew all that his look meant.

Her silence seemed long, while Uncle George looked at her entreatingly, and she looked at the floor, and seemed lost in thought.

"Yes," she said at last, and went towards the door.

"Put on a shawl. The night is cold," said Uncle George, and it seemed to me that there was something of a new and gentle right in his tone, something of proprietorship in his manner.

And so we went along the footpaths past La Moinerie