

HOW I CAME INTO RICH TREASURE 377

"In my boat down in Port du Moulin."

"But why?"

"Because——" and he stood looking at us, and Carette nodded understandingly. And at that he went on quickly—"Because I have waited over twenty years, Phil, and I am going to wait no longer," and I understood.

"You are going to tell her?" I asked.

"Yes—now. I must. But not all, I think. We will see. But not all if we can help it. It will open the old wound, but, please God, I will heal it and she shall be happy yet."

"Yes," I said. "I think you can heal the wound, Uncle George. What do you want me to do?"

"Come with me, if you will;" and I kissed my wife and followed him out.

"You understand," he said, as we went across the fields to Belfontaine. "He was among Torode's men. I recognised him, and we smuggled him off so that he should not be hanged;" and on that understanding we knocked on the door and went in.

My grandfather was reading in one of his big books, my mother was at her knitting, and Krok was busy over a fishing-net.

"Ah, you two!" said my mother. "What mischief are you plotting now? It is like old times to see you with your heads together. But, *ma fé*, you seem to have changed places. What trouble have you been getting into, George?"

"Aw then, Rachel!—It is out of trouble I am getting. I bring you strange news;" and she sat looking up at him with deep wonder in her eyes.

Perhaps she saw behind his face into his thoughts—into his heart. For, as she gazed, a startled look came