

at it lovingly. Her voice rose slowly up like a bubble from the bottom of a well, and she spoke.

"Ah man pèthe benin! when it come, you are not here, my Jean. I take it to the Greffier to read for me. It is great news, but the way he read so sour I do not like, bà sù! I see maître Damian the schoolmaster pass my door. I beckon, and he come. I take my letter here, I hold it close to his eyes. 'Read on that for me, maître Damian—you!' I say. O my good! when he read it, it sing sweet like a song, pergui! Once, two, three times I make him read it out—ah, he has the voice so soft and round, maître Damian there!"

"Glad and good!" interrupted Jean. "What is the news, my wife? What is the news of highness—she?"

Maitresse Aimable smiled, then she tried to speak, but her voice broke.

"The son—the son—at last he is the Duke of Bercy! E'fin, it is all here. The new King of France, he is there at the palace when the child which it have sleep on my breast, which its mother I have love all the years, kiss her son as the Duke of Bercy!"

"Ch'est ben," said Jean, "you can trust the good God in the end."

Dormy Jamais did not speak. His eyes were fastened upon the north, where lay the Paternoster Rocks. The sun had gone down, the dusk was creeping on, and against the dark of the north there was a shimmer of fire—a fire that leapt and quivered about the Paternoster Rocks.

Dormy pointed with his finger. Ghostly lights or miracle of Nature, these fitful flames had come and gone at times these many years, and now again the wonder of the unearthly radiance held their eyes.

"Gatd'en'ale! I don't understand you—you!"