

"No . . . no . . . not that."

"Will you give me an answer, sir?" cried the son.

"Now wait," says Mr. Healy, "Wait!" to Beaujeu, and strode out across the grass, leaving Beaujeu lurking. "Sir Matthew Dane?" Sir Matthew started round. "Sure, your conscience is quick this morning. Sir, I am grieved to tell you that your brother has died like a gentleman. Ay, it will be most distressing to you—" as Sir Matthew became pale yellow. "But I am charged to bear to you fervent congratulations on your ingenious devices."

"F-from whom, sir?" Sir Matthew stammered.

"Sure, from the devil," says Mr. Healy.

"Sirrah — sirrah—" Sir Matthew cried. Mr. Healy approached him.

"Do you desire satisfaction of me?" he asked, and his breath beat upon Sir Matthew's cheek. "Begad, I am desirous myself." He flashed out his sword. Sir Matthew started back. Mr. Healy laughed.

"Sirrah, I am an old man, else——"

"But, begad, here is a young one!" Mr. Healy swung round upon his son. "Will you fight, sir, will you fight for the father that's Judas to his brother?"

"Sir, will you give him the lie?" Jack Dane cried to his father. "Did you betray my uncle?"

"I did my duty to my King," said Sir Matthew, not without a snuffle. "I would to God, my dear boy, this grievous burden had fallen on another." His son flung away with a laugh of contempt—then came upon Mr. Healy's steady eyes and stood a while staring.

"I cannot meet you in this cause, sir," he said in a low voice. Mr. Healy slapped his sword home and turned on Sir Matthew:

"Mr. Judas," says he, "I envy you your proud joys at this present." Sir Matthew was gasping in short breath.

"Have you shamed me enough, sir?" Jack Dane muttered flushing. Mr. Healy made him a bow.