

two fair women waited a moment gazing into each other's eyes. Jack and Beaujeu must needs stand humbly apart.

"And now will you help us—again?" said Nell softly.

"Indeed, yes, if I can."

Nell smiled. "Why 'tis with M. de Beaujeu," says she, "and I think you can. You know we have M. de Beaujeu's lands—and unjustly! But he"—she looked reproachful at monsieur, and Rose's eyes went with her—"he'll not take them from us. He'd have us keep them as if he hated us. Indeed 'tis mighty well to be proud—oh, I do not mean to hurt——" Beaujeu's lips had quivered and Rose turned to her with darkening eyes: "Indeed, indeed I do not mean to hurt," cried Nell flushing.

Jack stepped up to Beaujeu. "Cousin," says he in a low voice, "you know well enough 'tis no charity, this. You must know I cannot hold Bourne. God knows the shame of the past is mine, not yours. And you——" Beaujeu held out his hand and Jack's heavy frown lifted as he gripped at it.

Beaujeu turned. "Nell, I think I have been proud long enough," says he smiling.

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In the corridor over the river Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton paced up and down together. Mr. Wharton was morose to see and silent.

"You will be philosophising?" Mr. Healy inquired.

Mr. Wharton looked up with a scowl. "Begad," says he, "I am wondering why our curious God could not let Sherborne's bullies finish their work."

"Sure 'tis amiable to complain," Mr. Healy remarked.

"Oh, life is a damned boon," says Mr. Wharton sneering. "And here is a poor devil that has learnt to live for his plots and his fighting is told he must lose them all and live out his seventy years as helpless as a blind puppy. Zounds, what has he left that he cared for? Beaujeu, that is prouder than