

staying in town our mighty selves and never smell steel at all! Heigho!" Mr. Healy gave a great sigh.

"I must stay in town," growled Beaujeu frowning.

Mr. Healy stared at him. "I did not deny it, my dear," he said in surprise. Beaujeu got out of his chair and began to pace up and down the room with short quick steps. Mr. Healy was wrapt in amazement.

The door broke open. Spattered with mud, haggard, red-eyed, Jack Dane rushed in. "I have ridden post from Harwich, Beaujeu," he cried hoarsely. "On Black James's horses, begad!" and he dragged a letter from his breast. Beaujeu pounced upon it and walked away to the window.

Mr. Healy filled Jack a glass of wine and Jack drank thirstily. Beaujeu stood reading, his keen face outlined against the light, and as he read he smiled. A tap at the door and there came grinning Mr. Wharton. Beaujeu looked up, saw him, and jumped at him. "Begad, in good time, Wharton! Little Hooknose comes with the first fair wind, and you had best be off to your shire hastily!"

Mr. Wharton's grin broadened. "Softly now, softly," says he. "What! Master Jack here?" he paused to chuckle. "Well, damme, come in!" he beckoned to the open door. A grave and reverend gentleman appeared in grey frieze and his own grizzled hair, and Jack stared and Beaujeu drew away frowning. "I present Master Antony Smallpiece," says Mr. Wharton, "attorney to Sir Matthew Dane."

"Umquhile, sir," says Master Smallpiece squeakily, "umquhile attorney," and made his bows. "Mr. Dane, sir, it is my grievous duty to convey to you the annunciation of the late demise of——"

"My father!" cried Jack, starting up. "Dead? And why was I not summoned?"

Master Smallpiece coughed. "By your leave, Mr. Dane, by your leave," he said nervously. "I am not, I profess, obnoxious to any censure. Merely as a concession to the sanguine tie I presented to Sir Matthew that he should call