

"Monsieur, you will bring him to justice?" the old man cried eagerly.

"Justice?" Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Justice? 'Tis reserved for him in the hereafter. But I think I will bring him to ruin. No, *mordieu*, he shall make his own ruin. It will be the more entertaining . . . *Bien*, M. le Docteur, I will beg you to keep within doors for some days. We had best have no risks. But I give you my word that you are safe. We are adequate to preserve our friends. I wish you heartily a good-night."

"La, sir," Mistress Leigh was making a curtsy. "'Tis the heart of you that leaps to the eye." Beaujeu gave her a curious glance. Her eyelashes were modestly drooping.

In the hall Beaujeu put his hand on Healy's shoulder. "Faith, man, I should have blessed your name," said he. "Why did you begin at the wrong end with babble of a wench?"

"'Twas for the good of your disbelieving soul." Beaujeu laughed. "Zounds, but it falls pat. I must have played a hand with Sunderland without this."

They passed into Healy's room, "Is it time?" said Healy.

"All that and more." Beaujeu dropped into a chair and loosened his coat. "Do you see, Healy, I was fool enough to let the incomparable Charlbury guess who I am."

Healy looked at him keenly. "That would be consoling to her?" he inquired.

"It was, I doubt," said Beaujeu and laughed loud. "So; and the incomparable will have told my lord Sherborne that the knave Beaujeu is in fact an English outlaw. Then the outlaw had best see Sunderland speedily and provide for his skin."

Mr. Healy sat down on the table. Mr. Healy asked a second question. "And why would she give your neck away?"

"I trust Sherborne told her that 'twas I contrived for Jack to turn and rend her. Conceive how she will love me." He chuckled gently.