
A Merry Tale of a Merry Time

and drink in the law. Set the rascal before us."

In obedience to the command, a man well muffled with a cloak was forced into the room, a guard at either arm.

Behind them, taking advantage of the open door to appease their curiosity, crowded many hangers-on of court-dom, among whom was String, who had met the revellers some distance from the house and had returned with them.

"Hold off your hands, knaves," commanded the prisoner, who was none other than Hart, the player, indignant at the detention.

"Silence, rogue!" commanded the King. "Thy name?"

"Sire!" cried Hart, throwing off his mantle and glancing for the first time at the judge's face. He sank immediately upon one knee, bowing respectfully.

"Jack Hart!" cried one and all, craning their necks in surprise and expectation.

"Slife, a spy upon our merry-making!" exclaimed the displeased monarch.

"What means this prowling, sir?"