

and desired him to present me to his noble friend, and mine also, as he had proved himself to be. By this time we had reached the door which divided the melancholy court of justice from the free air and the light of the sun. The Alderman approached us, and as he came near I was much enamoured of his quality, for he was attired in a black cloth suit trimmed with scarlet, with a velvet lined cloak, and a new beaver, all very imposing. Even yet I was unaware who was this stranger, to whom I was indebted for so agreeable a service; and, as he came into the full light, he observed the wonder in my face.

"Have you then forgotten the matter of Southam Heath," he enquired with a flame of reminiscence in his eyes, "in which you executed justice upon those men who would have robbed me of my treasure, had not your arrival prevented it?"

"I am obliged to confess that I do not remember any such service, seeing that the hanging of one highwayman, more or less, was of small account in those days."

"It is as gallant of you as it were base of me to forget such a service, and I have long sought occasion for its acknowledgement. Do you not remember Gilbert Sherwyn?"

With the mention of his name the whole occasion leaped to my mind with all its incidents — the moonlit night, the narrow hedged lane, the turmoil of horses and men, and the sleeping child which nestled in my arms during that long midnight ride.

By this time we had gained the open air, and the Alderman and myself merited some notice from a group