

"Certainly," Beaujeu muttered, "certainly I must meet my Lord Sunderland." Mr. Healy smiled broadly—reflecting that the Beaujeus of this world were made for the sake of the Sunderlands.

"It is not all, monsieur," the old man went on unsteadily. "When his Grace was beaten at Sedgemoor I was in Ilminster and I won back to London. Many people were very kind to me. Then his Grace was taken, and again a messenger came to me from my lord Sunderland. My lord bade me go to his Grace in the Tower and tell him privately that my lord was still his friend, that my lord would prevail with the King to spare his Grace's life. So, when his Grace was brought to the King's presence, on peril of his life he must say nought to the King of my lord's dealing with him lest the King should distrust my lord."

"I have always admired Sunderland," said Beaujeu coolly. "Monmouth trusted him then?"

"It was the one hope, Monsieur. Yes. He was silent . . . He trusted—he trusted— He was swiftly beheaded." The old man wiped his eyes.

"Had you ever a letter in Sunderland's hand?" said Beaujeu.

"There were the dispositions of the army—and another paper. I have them not."

"But he must think that you have. Faith, M. le Docteur, I do not wonder that my lord Sunderland has sought you diligently."

"We have fled from one place to another. And always there have been spies."

Beaujeu looked dubiously at Healy. "I've a tolerable skill in concealing my traces," said Mr. Healy, chuckling. "There'll be devil a trace, Beaujeu. And Sunderland will be passing a peaceful night this day."

Beaujeu arose. "I will not conceal from you, M. le Docteur, that we are anxious ourselves to deal with my lord Sunderland."