

considered that he might have overheard my father's talk in the dark of his ruined fortunes, and that, without a word, he might have gone to do what he could to restore them.

He had tracked Marston to his hiding-place, and watched him bury the chest; and, starting hotfoot with the news, had tumbled into the pit whence Martyn had picked him. I was glad to think how it was my father's hand had cured my friend; and how those two (with the help of the Guiseian plotters) had come to build again the fallen house of Nettlestone. For my father, as I discovered later, had given Selewraith the draught which set him to sleep and so saved him. And knowing, doubtless, that the sick man would sleep till morning, Mr. Nettlestone, I must suppose, had come forth to spy if Marston were lying hid, by good hap, in his old lair; and also, perchance, to spy if his son were loitering about the forbidden gates of Eden.