

isters have been poisoned by lying letters from my enemies in Spain, but it will all come right in time. As you know, I have papers which will clear me of every charge that their malignity may invent. When I am in favour again I will let you know, and will present you to the queen and minister of war; at any-rate you will like a rest at home before you set out for the Netherlands, so there will be plenty of time."

The next day Jack took his place on the coach for Southampton. He arrived there after fourteen hours' journey, and put up at an hotel for the night. The next morning he dressed himself with greater care than usual, and started for the well-remembered shop in the High Street. He knocked at the private door, and inquired if Mistress Anthony were in.

"Will you say that a gentleman whom she knows wishes to speak to her."

Jack was shown into the parlour, and in a minute or two Mrs. Anthony appeared, looking a little flustered at hearing that a grand-looking officer wished to see her. Jack advanced towards her with a smile.

"Why, Jack!" she exclaimed with a scream of delight, "is it you?" and the good woman threw her arms round his neck and kissed him as if he had been her own son.

"Of course we got your letters," she said, "telling us how you had been made an officer and then a captain. The last letter we had from you was from Italy, telling us about that great sea-fight, and that you were coming home, but that's eight months ago. We knew you were with my Lord Peterborough, and