

THE CASTAWAY'S STORY

it, for when we were alone, she told me that she had determined to tell him all, and that come what might she would have no further hand in deceiving him. I endeavored to dissuade her, but without success. That night she told him ; I came upon them just as she was kneeling before him kissing his hand. I could not help kneeling also. He was the king. One could see it.

“He was very gentle with us both, saying little for several days ; then he asked me a number of questions which showed that he had gotten information from some source to which I myself had not access. He finally told me that he had bribed the Portuguese, José de Miguel, to whom had been intrusted the bringing of supplies to the island. I feared the man, but my wife was persuaded that we had found a useful tool ready to our hand. All the money, jewels and plate, left us by our thieving seneschal—who had strangely disappeared a number of years since—I had myself always secretly suspected this de Miguel of a hand in the matter—everything of value, as I have said, was passed over to the man de Miguel. In return he furnished us with the yacht *L'Espérance*, which has played so wonderful a part in your adventures. It was christened by the king, as we now chose to call him between ourselves. We had planned to escape in her to England, where we hoped to find asylum and redress. This at least was the plan which the king and my wife made with de Miguel. He was to furnish sailors for the ship and all needful provisions. I myself, as I have said, distrusted the man, and after much thought I managed to send a dispatch to England, by the hand of a common sailor on board the lugger in which de Miguel