

"I should not worry about that, if I were you," said her husband. "Remember Mrs. Witham knows Simon Bulkley, and she may hope to get a better price from him for keeping quiet than she can get from the authorities by coming forward." But when she hears that Mr. Bulkley has been arrested for an attempt on the life of Elgar Hunt, she will realise that the game is up, you mark my words, we shall have her applying for the reward, which she may have on producing the girl, and the papers of identity will not matter either way, seeing that my wife can supply what information is needed."

"It sounds almost too good to be true," said Elgar, and then he was passive in the hands of his good host and hostess, when they insisted that he should be left to quiet sleep again. He did not know, of course, that his was the only bed in the house, and that their kindness to him meant that they had to spend the night sitting in chairs by the stove in the outer room. But in their place, he would have done the same, and at least they had the satisfaction of having done a good action, which is always a reward in itself.

When morning came Elgar was able to crawl from his bed, and dress himself, although he felt so weak and worthless that he was ready to despair at the thought of any exertion that day.

He found when he came to the outer room that Mr. Frith was away on duty, that news of his safety had been sent to Prince Rupert, and that Mr. Frith had left a message asking him to remain where he was for that day at least, as the authorities on the spot might wish to question him about his experiences on board the boat.