

to Mr. Wharton's rising eyebrows—"who bids me say that when the hour comes for all England to cry for him—Whig and Tory, churchman and dissenter—he'll not fail."

Wharton laughed. "Vastly amiable in him. But, begad I'll be in hell before the Tories turn against Black James."

"Pray, Mr. Wharton," says M. de Beaujeu gently, "have you ever thanked God that your glorious King is a fool?" Mr. Wharton sat up and stared. "Ah, I see. You have not. I fear you neglect your religious duties, Mr. Wharton. But sure you must have heard the prophecy of his dear brother, our late loved King Charles. You recall it? 'My good James, he will throw away three kingdoms for his mass and paradise for his harlot.' I like that." Mr. Wharton gave a large unlovely grin, but he shook his head.

"'Slife, or exile, or hell is far away from James yet."

"For the second the devil provides. For the first," said Beaujeu modestly, "I. Nay, Mr. Wharton, is there not already a murmur, a growl?"

"Damme, we have growled these twenty-five years."

"Ay, even under King Log we growled. Now, I think, we have found King Stork. Only let him play tyrant in the Ercles vein—let him but touch the Tories and the Church——" he broke off suddenly. "And do you think he is like to do that, Mr. Wharton?"

"I doubt he is too clever a beast, Black James."

"Ah! And what are my Lord Sunderland's counsels?" said Beaujeu, carelessly flicking his stockings. Mr. Wharton eyed him askance.

"Zounds, how can I tell?" said Mr. Wharton.

"Pardon. It is then pure love, your affair with my Lady Sunderland. I had forgot that it might be." His light blue eyes were wide and innocent as Mr. Wharton stared at them. After a moment Wharton laughed.

"Did you say you were the devil?" said he.

"I was born too late. The part had been filled. No. Pray, Mr. Wharton, counsel your dear lady to cut the brass 'S' from