

For he saw Beaujeu's eyes set upon his and glittering pale: in the grim lines of Beaujeu's face he read neither pity nor trust. But M. de Beaujeu spake quietly out of much experience: "I see very well, M. le Docteur, that I should be a fool to think you a rogue. Believe me, you need no defence."

"I thank you, monsieur," said the old man, not without dignity. But his daughter did not appear very grateful. Mr. Healy was conscious of a purely human longing to hear her tell her opinion of Beaujeu to Beaujeu's self.

"Also a victim of my lord Sunderland is welcome," says Beaujeu. "But your story may I beg?"

The old man looked at him dubiously. "Sure, doctor," says Mr. Healy laughing, "'tis less of a devil than it likes to appear."

"In effect, M. le Docteur, I am to be trusted," Beaujeu remarked.

"Well, monsieur, we do trust you," said the old man. "I will tell you. I was secretary to his Grace of Monmouth long ago—before he fled the country. He—he was a gentle lad, monsieur——" and the old man's eyes filled with tears. M. de Beaujeu, having no pity at all for the Duke of Monmouth, shrugged his shoulders. "Well, monsieur, well, I weary you. When he landed in Devon I had a little school in Kensington village. Thence my lord Sunderland sent for me secretly by night. I think, monsieur, I have never seen a man so anxious as my lord. He had persuaded himself that the Duke of Monmouth would conquer, and yet could not be sure of it. He kept me long, asking questions no man on earth could answer of the future. At last, after much of this, my lord bade me go. Then again he called me back and bade me wait. And he brought himself to his purpose. I was to go to his Grace with tidings that my lord was indeed his friend, and I was to carry to his Grace the dispositions of the King's troops. I—I was unwilling. But my lord Sunderland worked upon me, reminding me of my affection for his Grace. God forgive me! It was wrong. I went."