

Erris Boyne. But this man you accuse did not do it."

The governor smiled, for the assumption was ridiculous. He shrugged a shoulder and a sardonic curl came to his lip.

"Who did it then?"

"If you will come to the house of the general commanding you will see."

The governor was in a great quandary. He gasped. "The general commanding—did he kill Erris Boyne, then?"

"Not he, yet the person that did it is in this house. Listen, your honour. I have borne the name of killing Erris Boyne, and I ought to have killed him, for he was a traitor. I had proofs of it; but I did not kill him, and I did not betray him, for he had alive a wife and daughter, and something was due to them. He was a traitor, and was in league with the French. It does not matter that I tell you now, for his daughter knows the truth. I ought to have told it long ago, and if I had I should not have been imprisoned."

"You were a brave man, but a fool—always a fool," said the governor sharply.

"Not so great a fool that I can't recover from it," was the calm reply. "Perhaps it was the best thing that ever happened to me, for now I can look the world in the face. It's made a man of me. It was a woman killed him," was Calhoun's added comment. "Will your honour come with me and see her?"

The governor was thunderstruck. "Where is she?"

"As I have told you—in the house of the general commanding."

The governor rose abashed. "Well, I can go there now. Come."

"Perhaps you would prefer I should not go with