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amid a titter at his discomfiture, but he had the grace to shake a friendly finger at the youthful author of his undoing. Superintendent Grylls, suffering defeat for the first time in his honourable career, had to hold his portly sides to stop an explosion of laughter. But he was not to be caught napping for long, and he turned a wary glance towards Mr. Simon Trehawke, who was looking unutterable things from his seat at the solicitor's table. There was no chance of the helpless perjurer eluding arrest, and Mr. Grylls settled himself to enjoy the grand finale of his first and only murder case.

It came swiftly enough now, after a few honied phrases from the scarlet autocrat under the Royal Arms, in the verdict with which a smiling jury set Lance Pengarvan free.

CHAPTER XXVI.
Fair Anchorage.

THE brave west wind whistled round the hoary pile of St. Runan's Tower, but in the raftered hall there reigned peace and the joy of a great contentment. All those who had been so sorely tried by the sinister influence arrayed against them were ranged round the driftwood fire on the cavernous hearth. Even Marigold Craze was there, petted and made much of for her gallant effort, happily rendered unnecessary, to save an innocent man at the expense of her dead father's memory and her own good name. Antonio Diaz had seen her fall, and his strong arms had quickly borne her out of the crush.

It was very late, for they had only reached Falmouth by the last train, but they paid no heed to time. During the journey home the absorbing theme had been the trial and the crime on which it really hinged—the murder of Jacob Polgleaze by his son with the dual object of hastening his inheritance and implicating Lance. And Marigold had had to falter the story of Nathan Craze's dying confession into the sympathetic ears of Hilda and Mrs. Pengarvan. But now Diaz and Billy were called upon to supplement the bare facts they had stated in court, with fuller explanations of their appearance in the nick of time.

The Diaz who had fallen in the battle of the mountains of Guyaca was, it transpired, Antonio's father, and Lance had been misled by a wrongly worded dispatch. The cause for which he had wrought strenuously being lost, Antonio, after many hair-breadth escapes, had realized what property he could and, shaking the dust of his native country from his feet, had embarked for England. The mail steamer in which he took passage was the liner which had met the "Ecuador" in mid-Atlantic, and had given the villainous skipper the cue to carry out his instructions and scuttle his ship.

Billy's story was equally simple. They were in the mood for laughter now and, told with the flickering fire-light on his impish face, the climax made them roar.

"There wasn't much to do," he concluded, when he had led them up to the crucial moment in the hold. "Soon as the skipper pulled the bung out I shoved it back—directly he'd clomb on deck. She hadn't shipped more'n a bucketful when I got the bung back. Then they went away in the boats, but nat'rally the ship didn't sink, and the steamer sent her own boat and took me off."

"The face of that same skipper was a picture when this young monkey was brought aboard the liner," said Antonio. "Our captain promptly clapped Andrews and his mate in irons, and we towed the 'Ecuador' to Plymouth. The two scoundrels were handed over to the police this morning, and it was thought that they'd get it hot. And now that Billy and I have reported ourselves there's one question I want to ask you, Lance. Why on earth didn't you defend yourself by revealing old Jacob's complicity in the secret shipment?"

"I couldn't have proved it without



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