

"Oh, damn my word," says Wharton easily. "I call you Tom Dane. Cousin Tom—Cousin Jack"; he presented the two to each other.

"You are mad!" cried Beaujeu to Wharton.

"You are my cousin then!" cried Jack to Beaujeu.

"Cousin Jack talks sense," says Mr. Wharton.

"I might have known," Jack muttered, while Beaujeu stood biting his lip.

"Well, begad, so you might," Mr. Wharton agreed. "And now that you do——" he looked a conclusion.

Jack turned frowning to Beaujeu. "But, egad, why did you say you were dead?" he cried.

Beaujeu smiled slightly. "In effect I am," says he.

"Why would you have me take your land?"

"I remind you of what I said," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "Can my father's son take what your father has held?"

"Would you have me so base as to keep it?" cried Jack flushing.

"Mr. Dane, I have not much left but some pride. Pray leave me that."

They were all gazing at the white face, Jack and Nell in sore distress, Mr. Wharton with a heavy frown, when the door opened again and Mr. Healy came softly in, smiling.

"Monsieur," cried Nell, "monsieur, would you shame us?" and caught at his hand.

Beaujeu quivered. Mr. Healy came up behind and put a hand on his shoulder. Beaujeu started round. "Healy?" he cried.

"'Tis myself," says Mr. Healy.

"Will you take them away?"

"I will that," says Mr. Healy. "Come now," and he waved them to the door.

"Damme, Healy, will you be a fool?" growled Mr. Wharton.

"But you do not know——" cried Jack, as Healy urged him on.