

"Here are jewels and monies, lawfully mine own, save what is yours, Sir Harry," I said. "The key is at home, and so soon as we get there, you and I will go together to a goldsmith's."

"Bones of God, *had* he ducats then!" cried Sir Harry; then, recollecting himself, he changed his face in a twinkling. "This is a sad and solemn time," said he; "no fitting time to discuss such affairs, Mr. Roger, no fitting time. We will discuss anon. Till then, Mr. Roger, it will be wise of you to leave the chest in my keeping."

"You will pardon me, dear sir," I said. "'Tis an odd sentiment,— but I am loth to part with the little box. When you come to learn the history of it, you shall understand the whim."

"Enough said, Mr. Roger. Take a cup of sack, boy, and be done. And what make you here, wench?" said he, turning, not unkindly, upon Elizabeth.

"I am come to take back my word, dear sir," quoth Elizabeth.