

and for whom he had done so much; who had sought to wipe him off the slate of life and being; who had tried to win the girl from whom he himself had been parted.

In spite of it all—of his life in jail, of his stark mutiny, of the oppression of the governor, he had not been beaten down, but had prospered in spite of all. He had by his will, wisdom and military skill, saved the island in its hour of peril, saved its governor from condemnation; and here he was facing the worst enemy of his life with the cards of success in his hands.

"You have done the island and England great service, Mr. Calhoun," said the governor at last.

"It is the least I could do for the land where I have made my home, where I have reaped more than I have sown."

"We know your merit, sir."

A sharp satirical look came into Calhoun's face and his voice rang out with vigour. "And because you knew my merit you advised the crown to confine me to my estate, and you would have had me shot if you could. I am what I am because there was a juster man than yourself in Jamaica. Through him I got away and found treasure, and I bought land and have helped to save this island and your place. What do I owe you, your honour? Nothing that I can see—nothing at all."

"You are a mutineer, and but that you showed your courage would have been hung at the yard-arm, as many of your comrades in England were."

A cold smile played at Calhoun's lips. "My luck was as great as my courage, I know. I have the luck of Enniscorthy!"

At the last words the governor winced, for it was