

"God, do I care for them? We—I—" it was difficult to speak yet to be silent of his father, and his face worked, he flushed crimson and at last turned away with a groan.

Master Smallpiece stared. "I will wait upon you at another occasion, Mr. Dane sir," says he and backed out.

Beaujeu came out of the shadow: "Away with you, Wharton. The first east wind brings Little Hooknose now. You rise when you hear he is at Exeter. You should join him at Salisbury or sooner."

Mr. Wharton looked him up and down. "Tell me, are you flesh and blood?" he inquired.

"Whatever I am, I win," said Beaujeu sharply.

"Humph. Well, that is a human speech," said Wharton grinning: he held out his hand as they gripped: "I'll have a fine crop of rebels from my shires I swear. And you?"

"I'll hold London."

"A handful," laughed Wharton and departed.

Beaujeu turned to Healy: "See gallopers go to Devonshire and Danby, Healy," said he, and in a moment he was left alone with Jack.

He poured himself a glass of burgundy, and sat down to sip it. He looked curiously at Jack over the wine. In a moment Jack turned pale and distraught: "Beaujeu," says he, "have you seen Nell again?"

Beaujeu put down his wine: "In effect, no:" he remarked. "It was scarcely possible. Her mother, who appears to be a fool, learnt that she had come here at night—chose to believe the worst—and (in order, I conceive, that every one else might believe the worst) has hurried her daughter away to the shire. Mistress d'Abernon, if you please, is disgraced."

"Disgraced?" cried Jack flushing. "Zounds, let me hear a man say so!"

Beaujeu smiled slightly. "I do not think you will hear many men says so," says he.

But Jack did not heed. "God! I must go to her," he muttered and turned on his heel.