

Jack stared at him. "What?" Jack cried. "Do you know it?"

"I have ridden through your shire," says Beaujeu quickly.

"What a pox where you doing on Monument Hill?"

"On it? Eh, nothing at all."

"Yet you know how it looks," says Jack frowning. "Egad, how do you know it at all?"

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "A chance. I was riding from a village—Repley is it? Ripley? yes—and across by a plank bridge, I——"

"That bridge has been broke five years," said Jack, sharply. "Now when did you cross it?"

"I have been in England before," said Beaujeu. "Eh, but you weary me with your bridges and hills. I——"

The door opened. Mr. Wharton stalked in gaunt and grim. "'Tis Tom Wharton, Beaujeu," says he, and took Beaujeu's hand and gripped it a moment. "I have but just seen that sallow skeleton Bentinck and heard. I have consoled him with a character of himself and his curst master. But begad you'll try a pass with little Hooknose yet, and damme I'll back you through hell!"

"Thank you. But did Bentinck tell you that I was blind?"

"Ay," growled Wharton, and bestowed an oath on M. de Bentinck's narrative style.

"*Bien.* I will let his Highness rest. He cannot give me my eyes."

Mr. Wharton fell back a step. He did not argue it. Mr. Wharton himself did not discover much in life for a blind man. Then his deep-set eyes fell on Jack and began to glitter. "So you have found your cousin?" says he.

"Cousin?" cried Jack.

And Beaujeu started up and dropped his sword. "Do you jest with me, now Mr. Wharton?" he said harshly.

"I call you——"

Beaujeu sprang at the sound. "I had your word," he muttered.