

"Boy," said he, in his most unctuous and deliberate accents, "say no more. What I have done—I have done. My poor friend, Stukely Nettlestone, hath gone beyond the help of man, which is but a worm, and his riches is a dung-heap. Mr. Roger, when I tell you I am glad I did for your poor father what I might, I do so for your instruction, who are younger than I. Lo you now, though I lose all, I should the more rejoice, though I be no better than other men of ripe years and experience."

"Good Sir Harry," I said, "be not angry that I would repay you every farthing, so soon as ever we may come at a goldsmith."

The old man looked at me with a swelling visage, and his jaw loosening. Elizabeth stood watching us.

"What do you say?" cried Sir Harry.

I cut the cords that bound the packet, and drew the covering away. Sir Harry fastened his gaze upon the little iron chest.