

"I—I am an old man," he said, speaking with manifest embarrassment. "I was sent to take charge of this prison as punishment for refusing to join a Jew massacre plot. Governorship here means no more nor less than a life imprisonment. My wife and children are on a little estate of mine in Sweden. It is twelve years since I have seen them. I——"

"If this story is a ruse to detain us——"

"No! No!" protested the Governor, and there was no mistaking his pathetic, eager sincerity. "But—but I shall be shot—or locked in one of the cells and the water turned on—for letting you escape. Won't you take me with you? I will work my passage. Take me as far as Stockholm. I shall be free there—free to join my wife and to live forever out of reach of the Grand Dukes. Take me——"

"Jump in!" ordered Jack, coming to a sudden resolution. "Heaven knows I would not condemn my worst enemy to a perpetual life on this rock. And you've been pretty decent to us, according to your lights. Jump aboard, we've no time to waste."

Nor did the Governor waste time in obeying. The others followed, and the boat