

"We will see as to that," I said. "Wilt come in with me to Sir Harry, so soon as Kit Selewraith is safely bestowed?"

"You must wait in patience, Roger," Elizabeth answered. "This is no time for the broils you so love to provoke."

"There shall be no broil, and I will not wait," I answered. "Prithee, sweetheart, come with me."

And so soon as Selewraith was hapt in bed, with my mother tending him, I took the chest beneath my arm, and Elizabeth came in with me to Sir Harry. The old buccaneer was seated beside the fire, with a stoup of sack at his elbow. His thick brows drew together as we entered upon him, but he greeted me courteously, inviting me to stay myself with a cup of sack until supper-time.

"Sir Harry," said I, "I have but now learned with what great kindness you came to my father's succour." I stopped, and the old man stared fixedly upon me. Since I said no more, Sir Harry was enforced to speak.