

"Sir, 'tis not you that are shamed," said he. "Sure, you are true kin to the man that died."

"I do not forget it, sir," said the lad proudly.

"He would ask you no more. He nor his friends."

"You were of them?"

"I am friend to all of his, sir. James Healy, your obedient." They bowed to each other.

"May I beg—will you wait me at the Red Barn Inn, Mr. Healy?"

"'Tis a pleasure," said Mr. Healy, and with that departed.

Behind the hedge Beaujeu held out his hand and the two men gripped. Then, as they rode away: "You were right, Healy," says M. de Beaujeu. "You were right."

"Begad," the merciful Mr. Healy gave a merciless chuckle, "there's worse things than a hanging." And he jerked a nod to the orchard where the son was left to deal faithfully with his ingenious sire. "But will you tell me now where we will find the boy's Red Barn Inn?"

M. de Beaujeu flushed very dark. He appeared to attempt speech and fail. He pointed with his whip.

Mr. Healy, observant, seemed to himself a man in a fairy tale, and came to the inn with anxiety as to whom his friend would be hanging now.

*(To be continued)*