DEFENSE

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"MY GOD!"

Synopsis.—Dyck Calhoun, gifted young Irish gentleman of the time of the French and American revolutions, meets Shella Llyn, seventeen-year-old girl visiting in the neighborhood. They are mutually attracted. Shella never knew her dissipated father, Erris Boyne, her mother having divorced him. In Dublin Leonard Mallow and Dyck fight with swords and Dyck is victor. Erris Boyne, secretly in French employ, gets Dyck drunk and tries to persuade him to join in revolt against England. They quarrel. While Dyck is overcome with drugged wine, Boyne's second wife enters the room and stabs her faithless husband to the heart. Dyck is arrested on a charge of He does not know if he killed Boyne or not. Shella begs her mother to go to Dublin with her to help Dyck. Mrs. Llyn op-poses the idea. A letter from Mrs. Llyn's wealthy brother in America decides them to go and live with him. Dyck refuses to enter any plea except "No Defense." He might have escaped by revealing Boyne's treachery but refuses on Shella's account. He is sent to prison for eight years. Shella writes Dyck, assuring him of her belief in his innoocence. Released after serving four years, Dyck finds himself destitute, his father dead. In London Dyck receives a letter from Shella inviting him to come the voyage. He feels he cannot in honor go to her. Dyck joins the British navy as an enlisted man. Bad conditions in the fleet result in mutiny. Dyck, joining the muti-neers, is chosen by them to com-mand the ship, the Ariadne. Dissatisfied with the conduct of the other ships' crews, Dyck breaks with them and sails the Ariadne to the West Indies. He arrives in time to turn the tide of victory in a battle between the French and English fleets. Calhoun is arrested for his part in the mutiny but thanked by the admiral for his work in the battle. The British government gives Dyck the free-dom of the island of Jamaica, of which his old enemy, Lord Mallow, is governor. With a companion Dyck secures treasure worth £40,000 from a sunken Spanish ship, and becomes a wealthy and respected planter. Shella comes to Jamaica. Dyck and Shella's mother decide that the girl must be told all the truth about her father's death. Dyck tells Shella that the man for whose murder he was convicted was her father.

Mrs. Llyn was playing a bold, indeed, a reckless game. She wanted to show Dyck there were others who would interest themselves in Sheila even if he, Dyck, were blotted from the equation; that the girl could look high, if her mind turned toward marriage. Also she felt that Dyck should know the facts before any one else, so that he would not be shocked in the future, if anything happened. Yet in her deepest heart she wished him well. She liked him as she had never liked any of Shella's admirers, and if the problem of Erris Boyne had been solved, she would gladly have seen him wedded to Sheila.

"What has the governor to do with it?" he declared. "It is your daughter's own property, and she is free to hold or to part with it. There is no crown consent to ask, no vice-regal approval needed."

Suddenly he became angry, almost excited. His blood pounded in his veins. Was this man. Mallow, to come between his and her fate always, come into his problem at the most critical moment? "God in heaven!" he said in a burst of passion, "is this a land of the British empire or is it not? Why should that man break in on every crisis? Why should he do this or that-say yea or may, give or take away? He is the king's representative, but he is bound by laws as rigid as any that bind you or me. What has he to do with your daughter or what concerns her? Is there not enough trouble in the world without tringing in Lord Mallow? If he-"

He stopped short, for he raw coming from the summer-house, Sheila with his paper in her hand. She walked slowly and with dignity. But in her face there was no summer. there was only autumn and winter, only the bright frost of purpose. As she came, her mother turned as though to leave Dyck Calhoun. She called to her to walt, and Mrs. Llyn stood still, anxious. As Sheila came near she kept her eyes fixed on Dyck. When she reached them she held out the paper to him.

"It is wonderful," she said quietly, "that which you have written, but it does not tell all; it does not say that you did not kill my father. You are punished for the crime, and we must abide by it, even though you did not kill Erris Boyne. It is the law that has done it, and we cannot abash the

"We shall meet no more, then!" said Dyck with decision.

Her lips tightened, her face paled. "There are some things one may not do, and one of them is to be openly

your friend-at present." He put the letter carefully away in his pocket, his hand shaking, then flicking an insect from the collar of

Mrs. Llyn about the Maroons up I am." there"-he pointed toward Trelawney -"and I have advised your going back to Virginia. The Maroons may rise at any moment, and no care is being not so dense as to put this man taken by Lord Mallow to meet the danger. If they rise, you, here, would be in their way, and I could not guarantee your safety. Besides, Virginfa is a better place—a safer place than this," he added with meaning.

"You wish to frighten me out of Jamaica," she replied with pain in her voice. "Well, I will not go till I have put this place in order and brought discipline and good living here. I shall stay here in Jamaica till I have done my task. As for the Maroons, when the trouble comes, I shall not be unprepared," she smiled sadly. "The governor may not take your advice, but I shall. And remember that I come from a land not without its dangers. We had red Indians and black men there, and I can shoot."

He waved a hand abruptly and then made a gesture-such as an ascetic might make-of reflection, of submission. "I shall remember every word you have said, and every note of your voice will be with me in all the lonely years to come. Good-by-but no, let me say this before I go: I did not know that Erris Boyne was your father until after he was dead. So, if I killed him, it was in complete ignorance. I did not know. But we have outlived our friendship, and we must put strangeness in its place. Good-by-God protect you!" he added, looking into Sheila's eyes.

She looked at him with sorrow, Her lips opened, but no words came forth. He passed on out of the garden, and presently they heard his horse's hoofs on the sand.

"He is a great gentleman," said

Mrs. Llyn. Her daughter's eyes were dry and fevered. Her lips were drawn. "We must begin the world again," she said brokenly. Then suddenly she collapsed and sank upon the ground. "My God-oh, my God!" she said.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Mallow Intervenes.

Two months went by. In that time Shella and Dyck did not meet, though Dyck saw her more than once in the distasteful to the governor. "That the order if it's made, Boland. But distance at Kingston. Yet they had never met since that wonderful day at Salem; when they had parted, as it might seem, forever. Dyck had had news of her, however, for Darius Boland had come and gone between the two plantations, and had won Michael Clones' confidence. He knew more, perhaps, than he ever conveyed to Dyck, who saw him and talked with him, gave him advice as to the customs of Jamaica, and let him see the details in the management of Enniskillen.

One day Boland brought word that the governor had, more than once, visited Salem with his suite; that he had sat in judgment on a case in Kingston concerning the estate of Salem, and had given decision in its favor; and that Mrs. Llyn and Shella visited him at Spanish Town and were entertained at King's house at second breakfast and dinner-in short, that Lord Mallow was making hay in Salem plantation. This was no surprise to Dyck. He had full intuition of the foray the governor would make

on Shella, her estate and wealth, Lord Mallow had acted with discretion, and yet with sufficient passion to warrant some success. He was trying to make for himself a future which might mean the control of a greater colony even. If he had wealth, that would be almost a certainty, and he counted Sheila's gold as a guarantee of power. So, stendily and happily, he pressed his suit. At his dinner-parties he gave her first place nearly always, and even broke the code controlling precedence when his secretary could be overruled. Thus Shella was given honor when she did net covet It, and so It was that one day at Salem when the governor came to court her she was able to help Dyck Calhoun.

"Then you go to Enniskillen?" Lord Mallow said to Darius Boland, as he entered the plantation, being met by the astute American.

"Sometimes, your honor," was the

careful reply. "I suppose you know what Mr. Calhoun's career has been, eh?"

"Is it true you believed he'd strike man that wasn't armed, sir?"

The governor winced, but showed nothing. "He'd been drinking-he is a heavy drinker. Do you never drink

Darius Boland's face took on a strange look. Here was an intended insuit to Dyck Calhoun. Right well

the governor knew their relative social positions, Darius pulled at the hair on his chin

effectively. "Yes, I've drunk his liquor, but not as you mean, your honor. He'd drink with any man at all; he has no nasty pride. But he doesn't drink with me."

"Modest enough he is to be a good republican, eh, Boland?"

"Since your honor puts it so, it

air of warning: "I have been telling | ing what I am and employed by whom

Darius Boland had a gift of saying the right thing in the right way, and he had said it now. The governor was against him, for women were curious folk. They often attach importance to the opinion of a faithful servant and let it weigh against great men. He had once lost a possible fortune by spurning a little terrier of the daughter of the earl of Shallow, and the

lesson had sunk deep into his mind. "Ah, well, he has drunk with worse men than republicans, Boland. He was a common sattor. He drank what was given him with whom it chanced

in the fo'castle." Darius sniffed a little, and kept his head. "But he changed all that, your honor, and gave sallormen better drink than they ever had, I hear. In Jamaica he treats his slaves as though they were men and not Mohicans."

"Well, he'll have less freedom in future, Boland, for word has come from London that he's to keep to his estate and never leave it."

Darius looked concerned, and his dry face wrinkled still more. "Ah, and when was this word come, your honor?"

"But yesterday, Boland, and he'll do well to obey, for I have no choice but to take him in hand if he goes gallivanting."

"Gallivanting-here, in Jamaica! Does your honor remember where we are? Galivanting-where should he gallivant?"

The governor waved a contemptuous hand. "It doesn't need ingenuity to find a place, for some do it on their own estate. I have seen it."

Darius spoke sharply. "Your honor, there's naught on Mr. Calhoun's estate that's got the taint, and he's not the man to go hunting for it. Drink-well, suppose a gentleman does take his quantern, is it a crime? I ask your honor, is that a crime in Jamaica?"

"It's no crime, Boland; nevertheless, your Mr. Calhoun will have to take his fill on his own land from the day I send him the command of the London government."

"And what day will that be, your honor?"

To be questioned by one who had if he infringes the order." been a revolutionary was worse than opportune, my brave Boland," he said

"Why 'brave,' your honor?" There was an ominous light in Darius' eye. "Did you not fight with George Washington against the king of England-against King George? And if you did, was that not brave?"

"It was true, your honor," came the firm reply. "It was the one right good



One Day Boland Brought Word.

thing to do, as we proved it by the victory we had. We did what we set out to do. But see, if you will let a poor man speak his mind, if I were you I'd not impose the command on Mr. Calhoun."

"Why, Boland?" Darius spoke courageously. Your honor, he has many friends in Jamaica, and they won't stand it. Besides, he won't stand it. And if he contests your honor, the Island will be with him."

The governor winced, but he said: 'It's what I am ordered to do, my man, I'm a servant of the crown, and the

crown has ordained it." Darius grew strouger in speech. "But why do you have pleasure in it? Is nothing left to your judgment? Do you say to me that if he keeps the freedom such as he has enjoyed you'd punish him? Must the governor be as ruthless as his master? Look, your bonor, I wouldn't impose that command-not till I'd taken his advice about the Maroons, anyway. There's trouble brewing, and Mr. Cathoun knows it. He has warned you through the provost-marshal. I'd beed his his coat, he said gently, yet with an | must stand I'll not dispute it, me be- | warning, your honor or it may injure |

your reputation as a ruler. No, I'd see

myself in nethermost h-1 before I'd

meddle with Mr. Calhoun. He's a dan-

gerous man when he's moved." "Boland, you'll succeed as a schoolmaster, when all else falls. You teach

persistently." "Your honor is clever enough to know what's what, but I'd like to see the Maroons dealt with. This is not my country, but I've got interests here, or my mistress has, and that's the same to me. . . . Does your honor travel often without a suite?"

The governor waved a hand behind him. "I left them at the last plantation and rode on alone. I felt safe enough till I saw you, Boland."

He smiled grimly, and a grimmer smile stole to the lean lips of the manager of Salem. "Fear is a good thing for forward minds, your honor," he sald with respect in the tone of his voice and challenge in the words.

"I'll say this, Boland, your mistress has been fortunate in her staff. You have a ready tongue."

Darius' looks quickened, and he jerked his chin up. "So, your honor, so. But might I ask that you weigh carefully the warning of Mr. Calhoun? There's trouble at Trelawney. I have it from good sources, and Mr. Calhoun has made preparations against the sure risings. I'd take heed of what he says. He knows."

The governor touched up his horse. "Boland, I'll think over what you've said about the Maroons and Mr. Calhoun. He's doing no harm as he is, that's sure. So why shouldn't he go on as he is? That's your argument, isn't it?"

Boland nodded. "It's part of my argument, not all of it. Of course, he's doing no harm; he's doing good every day. He's got a stiff hand for the shirker and the wanton, but he's a man that knows his mind and that's a good thing for Jamaica."

"Does he come here-ever?"

"He has been here only once since our arrival. There are reasons why he does not come, as your honor kens, knowing the history of Erris Boyne." A quarter of an hour later Darius Boland said to Shella: "He's got an order from England to keep Mr. Calhoun to his estate and to punish him,

Shella started. "He will infringe impose it. I will tell him so."

Shella had changed since she saw Dyck Calhoun last. Her face was thinner, but her form was even fuller than it was when she bade him good-by, as it seemed to him, forever, and as it at first seemed to her. Through anxious days and nights she had fought with the old passion; and at last it seemed the only way to escape from the torture was by making all thought of him impossible. How could this be done? Well, Lord Mallow would offer a way. Lord Mallow was a man of ancient Irish family, was a governor, had ability, was distinguished looking in a curious, lean way; and he had a real gift with his tongue. He stood high in the opinion of the big folk at Westminster, and had a future. He had a winning way with women-a subtle, perniciously attractive way with her sex, and to herself he had been dellcately persuasive. He had the ancient gift of picturesqueness without ornamentation. He had a strong will and a healthy imagination. He was a man

of mettle and decision. Of all who had entered her field outside of Dyck Calhoun he was the most attractive; he was the nearest to the possible husband which she must one day take. And if at any day at all, why not now when she needed a man as she had never done-when

she needed to forget? She was deluding herself to believe hat what she was doing was all for the best; that the clouds were rising; that her fate had fairer aspects than had seemed possible when Dyck Calhoun told her the terrible tale of the death of her father, Erris Boyne. Yet memory gave a touch of misery and bitterness to all she thought and did, For twenty-five years she had lived in gnorance as to her paternity. It sure ly was futile that her mother should have suffered all those years, with little to cheer her, while her daughter should be radiant in health and with a mind free from care or sadness. Yet the bitterest thing of all was the thought that her father was a traiter and had died sacrificing another man When Dyck had told her first, she had shivered with anger and shame-but anger and shame had gone. Only one thing gave her any comfort-the man who knew Erris Boyne was a traitor, and could profit by telling it, held his tongue for her own sake, kept his own counsel, and went to prison for four years as the price of his own silence. He was now her neighbor and he loved her, and, if the shadow of a grave was not between them, would offer himself in marriage to ber. This she knew beyond all doubt. He had given all a man can give-had saved her and killed her father; in love had saved herself. What was to be done?

In a strange spirit Sheila entered the room where the governor sat with her mother. She bad reached the limit

her mother had left the room, the governor said:

"Why do you think I have come here today?" He added to the words a note of sympathy, even of passion in his

"It was to visit my mother and myself, and to see how Salem looked after

our stay on it, was it not?" "Yes, to see your mother and yourself, but chiefly the latter. As for Salem, it looks as though a master-mind had been at work; I see it in everything. The slaves are singing. If you look out on those who are singing, you'll see they are resting from their labors; that they are fighting the ennul which most of us feel when we rest

from our labors. Let us look at them." The governor stood up and came to the open French windows that faced the fields of sugar-cane. In the near distance were clumps of fruit trees, of hedges of lime and flowering shrubs, rows of orange trees, mangoes, red and purple, forbidden-fruit and grapefruit, the large scarlet fruit of the acqui, the avocado-pear, the feathering bamboo, and the Jack-fruit tree, with its enormous fruit-like pumpkins. Around the negro huts were small, individual



Infringe the Order If It's Made, Boland,"

plantations kept by the slaves, for which they had one day a fortnight, besides Sundays, free to work on their own account. Here and there also were patches of "ground-fruit," as the underground vegetables were called, while there passed by on their way to the open road leading to Kingston wains loaded with sugar-casks, drawn by oxen, and in two cases by sumpter

mules. "Is there anything finer than that in Virginia?" asked the governor, "I have on the island-which you tried to prenever been in Virginia, but I take this vent; and now they turn round and to be in some ways like that state. Is

It ?" "In some ways only. We have not the same profusion of wild fruits and trees, but we have our share—and it is not so hot as here. It is a better coun-

try, though." "In what way is it better?" the gov-

ernor asked almost acidly. "It is better governed."

"What do you mean by that? Isn't Iamaica well governed?"

"Not so well that it couldn't be improved," was Shella's reply. "What improvements would you sug-

gest?" Lord Mallow asked urbanely, for he was set to play his cards carefully today.

"More wisdom in the governor," was the cheerful and bright reply. "He is indifferent to good advice. He has been told of trouble among the Maroons, that they mean to rise; he has been adviesd to make preparations, and he makes none, and he is deceived by a show of loyalty on the part of the slaves. Lord Mallow, if the free Maroons rise, why should not the black slaves rise at the same time? Why do

you not act?" "Is everybody whose good opinion is worth having mad?" answered the governor. "I have sent my inspectors to Trelawney. I have had reports from them. I have used every care-what

would you have me do?" "Used every care? Why don't you insure the Maroons' peaceableness by advancing on them? Why don't you take them prisoners? They are enraged that two of their herdsmen should be whipped by a negro slave under the order of one of your captains. They are angry and disturbed and have ambushed the reads to Tre-

lawney, so I'm told." "Did Mr. Calhoun tell you that when

he was here?" "It was not that which Mr. Calhoun told me the only time he came here. But who Erris Boyne was. I never knew who my father was till he told me. My mother had kept it from me all my life."

Shella spoke without agitation of any kind; her face was firm and calm, her manner composed, her voice even. As she talked, she seemed to be probing the center of a flower which she had caught from a basket at the window, and her whole personality was alight and vivifying, her good temper and spirit complete. As Mallow looked at her, he had an overmastering desire to make her his own-his wife. She was worth hundreds of thousands of pounds; she had beauty, ability and authority. She was the acme of charm and good bearing. With her he could climb high on the ladder of life. He might be a really great figure in the British world-if she gave her will to help him, to hold up his hands. It had never occurred to him that Dyck Calhenn could be a rival, till he had heard of Dyck's visit of her powers of suffering. Soon after to Shella and her mother, till he had

heard Shella praise him at the first dinner he had given to the two ladies on Christmas day.

On that day it was clear Shella did not know who her father was; but stranger things had happened than that she should be taking up with, and even marry, a man imprisoned for killing another, even one who had been condemned as a mutineer, and had won freedom by saving the king's navy. But now that Shella knew the truth there could be no danger! Dyck Calhoun would be relegated to his proper place in the scheme of things. Who was there to stand between him and his desire? What was there to stay the great event?

He got to his feet and came near to her. His eyes were inflamed with passion, his manner was impressive. He had a distinguished face, become more distinguished since his assumption of governorship, and authority had increased his personality.

"Let me tell you I have an order from the British government to confine Calhoun to his estate; not to permit him to leave it; and, if he does, to arrest him. That is my commanded duty. You approve, do you not? Or are you like most women soft at heart to bold criminals?"

Shella did not reply at once. The news was no news to her, for Darlus Boland had told her; but she thought it well to let the governor think he had made a new, sensational state-

"No," she said at last, looking him calmly in the eyes. "I have no soft feelings for criminals as criminals, none at all. And there is every reason why I should be adamant to this man, Dyck Calhoun. But, Lord Mallow, I would go carefully about this. if I were you. Suppose he resists, what will you do?"

"If he resists I will attack him with due force."

"You mean you will send your milltary and police to attack him?" The gibe was covered, but it found the governor's breast. He knew what she was meaning.

"You would not expect me to do police work, would you? Is that what your President does? What your great George Washington does? Does he make the state arrests with his own hand?"

"I have no doubt he would if the circumstances were such as to warrant it. He has no small vices and no false feelings. He has proved him-

self," she answered boldly.
"Well, in that case," responded Lord Mallow Irritably, "the event will be as is due. The man is condemned by my masters, and he must submit to my authority. He is twice a crimi-

nal, and-" "And yet a hero and a good swordsman, and as honest as men are made in a dishonest world. Your admiralty and your government first pardoned the man, and then gave him freedom confine him to his acres. Is that pardon in a real sense? Did you write to the government and say he ough not to be free to roam, lest he should discover more treasure-chests and buy

another estate? Was It you?" The governor shook his head. "No, not I. I told the government in careful and unrhetorical language the incident of his coming here, and what I did, and my reason for doing it-that

was all." "And you being governor they took your advice. See, my lord, if this thing is done to him it will be to your own discomfiture. It will hurt you in the public service."

"Why, to hear you speak, mistress, it would almost seem you had a fondness for the man who killed your father, who went to fail for it, and-

"And became a mutineer," intervened the girl, flushing. "Why not say Mi? Why not catalogue his offenses? Fondness for the man who killed my father, you say! Yes, I had a deep and sincere fondness for him ever since I met him at Playmore over seven years ago. Yes, a fondness which only his crime makes impossible. But in all that really matters I am still his friend. He did not know he was killing my father, who had no claims upon me, none at all, except that through him I have life and being; but it is enough to separate us forever in the eyes of the world, and in my eyes. Not morally, of course, but legally and actually. He and I are as far apart as winter and summer; we are parted forever and ever and ever."

Lord Mallow saw his opportunity, and did not hesitate. "No, you are wrong, wholly wrong," he said. "I did not bias what I said in my report-a report I was bound to make-by any covert prejudice against Mr. Calboun. I guarded myself especially"-there he fied, but he was an incomparable har-"lest it should be used against him. It would appear, however, that the new admiral's report with mine were laid together, and the government came to its conclusion according-

ly. So I am bound to do my duty." "If you-oh, if you did your duty, you would not obey the command of the government. Are there not times when to obey is a crime, and is not this one of them? Lord Mallow, you would be doing as great a crime as Mr. Dyck Calhoun ever committed, or could commit, if you put this order into actual fact. You are governor here, and your judgment would be accepted-remember it is an eight weeks' journey to London at the least, and what might not happen in that time! Are you not given discretion?"

"I want you-beloved, want you for my wife."

(TO EE CONTINUED)