



(CHAPTER XIX—Continued.)

Sheila smiled painfully. "Yes, mad and hopeless, for be sure of this: We cannot kill in one day the growth of years. I could not cure myself of loving him by marrying you. There had to be some other cure for that. I never knew and never loved my father. But he was my father, and if Mr. Calhoun killed him I could not marry him. But at last I came to know that your love and affection could not make me forget him—no, never. I realize that now. He and I can never come together, but I owe him so much—I owe him my life, for he saved it; he must ever have a place in my heart, but to me more than any one else can be. I want you to do something for him."

"What do you wish?" "I want you to have removed from him the sentence of the British government. I want him to be free to come and go anywhere in the world—to return to England if he wishes it, to be a free man and not a victim of outlawry. I want that, and you ought to give it to him."

Lord Mallow was angry and disconcerted, but he did not show it. "I can do no more than I have done. I have not confined him to his plantation as the government commanded; I cannot go beyond that."

"You can put his case from the standpoint of a patriot." "For a moment the governor hesitated, then he said: "Because you ask me—"

"I want it done for his sake, not for mine," she returned with decision. "You owe it to yourself to see that it is done. Gratitude is not dead in you, is it?"

Lord Mallow flushed. "You press his case too hard. You forget what he is—a mutineer and a murderer, and no one should remember that as you should."

"He has atoned for both and you know it well. Besides, he was not a murderer. Even the courts did not say he was. They only said he was guilty of manslaughter. Oh, your honor, be as gallant as your name and place warrant."

He looked at her for a moment with strange feelings in his heart. Then he said: "I will give you an answer in twenty-four hours. Will that do, sweet persuader?"

"It might do," she murmured, and, strange to say, she had a sure feeling that he would say yes, in spite of her knowledge that in his heart of hearts he hated Calhoun.

As she left the room, Lord Mallow stood for a moment looking after her. "She loves the rogue in spite of all!" he said bitterly. "But she must come with me. They are apart as the poles. Yet I shall do as she wishes if I am to win her."

CHAPTER XX.

The Coming of Noreen.

The next day came a new element in the situation: A ship arrived from England. On it was one who had come to Jamaica to act as governess to two children of the officer commanding the regular troops in the island. She had been ill for a week before reaching Kingston, and when the Regent reached the harbor she was in a bad way. The ship's doctor was despondent over her; but he was a second-rate man, and felt that perhaps an island doctor might give her some hope. When she was carried ashore she was at once removed to the home of the general commanding at Spanish Town, and there a local doctor saw her. She was thin and worn and her eyes only told of the struggle going on between life and death.

"What is her name?" asked the resident doctor. "Noreen Balfe," was the reply of the ship's doctor. "A good old Irish name, though you can see she comes of the lower ranks of life. I leave her in your hands. I'm a ship's medico, and she's now ashore."

As they left the room together they met Sheila and one of the daughters of the house. "I've come to see the sick woman from the ship if I may," Sheila said. "I've just heard about her and I'd like to be of use."

The resident doctor looked at her with admiration. She was the most conspicuous figure in the island, and her beauty was a fine support to her health and reputation. It was like her to be kind in this frank way.

"You can be of great use if you will," he said. "The fever is not infectious, I'm glad to say. So you need have no fear of being with her—on account of others."

"I have no fear," responded Sheila with a friendly smile. "and I will go to her now—go if you don't mind. I'd prefer to go alone," she added as she saw the doctor was coming with her.

and looked at Sheila. There shot into them a look of horror and relief in one, if such a thing might be. A sudden energy inspired her and she drew herself up in bed, her face gone ghastly.

"You are Sheila Boyne, aren't you?" she asked in a low, half-guttural note. "I am Sheila Llyn," was the astonished reply.

"It's the same thing," came the response. "You are the daughter of Erris Boyne."

Sheila turned pale. Who was this woman that knew her and her history? "What is your name?" she asked—"your real name—what is it?"

"My name is Noreen Balfe; it was Noreen Boyne."

For a moment Sheila could not get her bearings. The heavy scent of the flowers coming in at the window almost suffocated her. She seemed to lose a grip of herself. Presently she made an effort at composure. "Noreen Boyne! You were, then, the second wife of Erris Boyne?"

"I was his second wife. His first wife was your mother—you are like your mother!" Noreen said in agitation.

The meaning was clear. Sheila laid a sharp hand on herself. "Don't get excited," she urged with kindly feeling. "He is dead and gone."

"Yes, he is dead and gone."

For a moment Noreen seemed to fight for mastery of her stark emotion, and Sheila said, "Lie still. It is all over. He cannot hurt us now."

The other shook her head in protest. "I came here to forget and I find you—his daughter."

"You find more than his daughter; you find his first wife and you find the one that killed him."

"The one that killed him!" said the woman greatly troubled. "How did you know that?"

"All the world knows it. He was in prison four years and since then he has been a mutineer, a treasure-hunter, a planter and a savior of these islands!"

The sick woman fell back in exhaustion. At that moment the servant entered with a pitcher of lime juice. Sheila held a glass of the liquid to the stark lips.

"Drink," she said in a low, kind voice, and she poured slowly into the patient's mouth the cooling draught. A moment later Noreen raised herself up again.

"All are here that matter," she said. "And I came to forget!"

"What do you remember?" asked Sheila.

"I remember all—how he died!"

Suddenly Sheila had a desire to shriek aloud. This woman—did this woman then see Erris Boyne die? Was she present when the deed was done?

"How did he die?" she asked in a whisper.

"One stroke did it—only one, and he fell like a log." She made a motion as of striking, and shuddered, covered her eyes with trembling hands.

"You tell me you saw Dyck Calhoun



"I Killed Him! I Killed Him!"

do this to an undefended man—you tell me this!"

Sheila's anger was justified in her mind. That Dyck Calhoun should—

"I did not see Dyck Calhoun strike him," gasped the woman. "I did not say that. Dyck Calhoun did not kill Erris Boyne!"

"My God—oh, my God!" said Sheila with ashen lips, but a great light breaking in her eyes. "Dyck Calhoun did not kill Erris Boyne! Then, who killed him?"

There was a moment's pause, then, "I killed him," said the woman in agony. "I killed him."

A fierce repugnance seized Sheila

After a moment she said in agitation: "You killed him—you struck him down! Yet you let an innocent man go to prison, and be kept there for years, and his father go to his grave with shame, with estates ruined and home lost—and you were the guilty one—you! all the time."

"It was part of my madness. I was a coward and I thought then there were reasons why I should feel no pity for Dyck Calhoun. His father injured mine—oh, badly! But I was a coward, and I've paid the price."

A kinder feeling now took hold of Sheila. After all, what the woman had done gave happiness into her—Sheila's—hands. It relieved Dyck Calhoun of shame and disgrace. A jail-bird he was still, but an innocent jail-bird. He had not killed Erris Boyne. Besides, it wiped out forever the barrier between them. All her blind devotion to the man was now justified. His name and fame were clear. Her repugnance of the woman was as nothing beside her splendid feeling of relief. It was as though the gates of hell had been closed and the curtains of heaven drawn for the eyes to see. Six years of horrible shame wiped out, and a new world was before her eyes.

This woman who, had killed Erris Boyne must now suffer. She must bear the ignominy which had been heaped upon Dyck Calhoun's head. Yet all at once there came to her mind a softening feeling. Erris Boyne had been rightly killed by a woman he had wronged, for he was a traitor as well as an adulterer—one who could use no woman well, who broke faith with all civilized tradition, and reverted to the savage. Surely the woman's crime was not a dark one; it was injured innocence smiting depravity, tyranny and lust.

Suddenly, as she looked at the woman who had done this thing, she, whose hand had rid the world of a traitor and a beast, fell back on the pillow in a faint. With an exclamation Sheila lifted up the head. If the woman was dead, then there was no hope for Dyck Calhoun; any story that she—Sheila—might tell would be of no use. Yet she was no longer agitated in her body. Hands and fingers were steady, and she felt for the heart with firm fingers. Yes, the heart was still drumming, and the pulse was slightly drumming. Thank God, the woman was alive! She rang a bell and lifted up the head of the sick woman.

A moment later the servant was in the room. Sheila gave her orders quickly, and snatched up a pencil from the table. Then, on a piece of paper, she wrote the words: "I, not Dyck Calhoun, killed Erris Boyne."

A few moments later, Noreen's eyes opened, and Sheila spoke to her. "I have written these words. Here they are—see them. Sign them."

She read the words, and put a pencil in the trembling fingers, and on the cover of a book Noreen's fingers traced her name slowly but clearly. Then Sheila thrust the paper in her bosom, and an instant later a nurse, sent by the resident doctor, entered.

"They cannot hang me or banish me, for my end has come," whispered Noreen before Sheila left.

In the street of Spanish Town almost the first person Sheila saw was Dyck Calhoun. With pale, radiant look she went to him. He gazed at her strangely, for there was that in her face he could not understand.

"Come with me," she said, and she moved toward King's house. He obeyed. For some moments they walked in silence, then all at once under a magnolia tree she stopped.

"I want you to read what a woman wrote who has just arrived in the island from England. She is ill at the house of the general commanding."

Taking from her breast the slip of paper, she handed it to him. He read it with eyes and senses that at first could hardly understand.

"God in heaven—oh, merciful God!" he said in great emotion, yet with a strange physical quiet.

"This woman was his wife," Sheila said.

He handed the paper back. He conquered his agitation. The years of suffering rolled away. "They'll put her in jail," he said with a strange regret. He had a great heart.

"No, I think not," was the reply. Yet she was touched by his compassion and thoughtfulness.

"Why?"

"Because she is going to die—and there is no time to lose. Come, we will go to Lord Mallow."

"Mallow!" A look of bitter triumph came into Dyck's face. "Mallow—at last!" he said.

CHAPTER XXI.

With the Governor.

Lord Mallow frowned on his secretary. "Mr. Calhoun to see me! What's his business?"

"One can guess, your honor. He's been fighting for the island."

"Why should he see me? There is the general commanding."

The secretary did not reply; he knew his chief. And, after a moment, Lord Mallow said: "Show him in."

When Dyck Calhoun entered, the governor gave him a wintry smile of welcome, but did not offer to shake hands. "Will you sit down?" he said, with a slow gesture.

Calhoun made a dissenting motion. "I prefer to stand, your honor."

This was the first time the two men had met alone since Dyck had arrived in Jamaica, or since his trial. Calhoun was dressed in planter's costume and the governor was in an officer's uniform. They were in striking contrast in face and figure—the governor long, lanky, ascetic in appearance, very intellectual save for the riotous mouth, and very spick and span—as though he had just stepped out of Al-

mack's; while Calhoun was tough and virile and with the air of a thorough outdoor man. There was in his face the firm fighting look of one who had done things and could tackle big affairs—and something more; there was in it quiet exultation.

"You have done the island and England great service, Mr. Calhoun," said the governor at last.

"It is the least I could do for the land where I have made my home, where I have reaped more than I have sown."

"We know your merit, sir."

A sharp, satirical look came into Calhoun's face and his voice rang out with vigor. "And because you knew my merit you advised the crown to confine me to my estate, and you would have had me shot if you could. I am what I am because there was a juster man than yourself in Jamaica. Through him I got away and found treasure, and I bought land and have helped to save this island and your place. What do I owe you, your honor? Nothing that I can see—nothing at all."

"You are a mutineer, and but that you showed your courage would have been hung at the yard arm, as many of your comrades in England were."

A cold smile played at Calhoun's lips. "My luck was as great as my



"It Wasn't the Luck of Enniscoorthy That Sent Erris Boyne to His Doom."

courage, I know. I have the luck of Enniscoorthy!"

At the last words the governor winced, for it was by that touch Calhoun had defeated him in the duel long ago. It galled him that this man whom he detested could say such things to him with truth.

"It was not the luck of Enniscoorthy that sent Erris Boyne to his doom," he said with anger in his mind, for Dyck's calm boldness stirred the worst in him. He thought he saw in him an exultancy which could only come from his late experiences in the field. It was as though he had come to triumph over the governor. Mallow said what he had said with malice. He looked to see rage in the face of Dyck Calhoun and was nonplussed to find that it had only a stern sort of pleasure. The eyes of Calhoun met his with no trace of gloom, but with a valor worthy of a high cause—their clear blue facing his own with a constant penetration. Their intense sincerity gave him a feeling which did not belong to authority. It was not the look of a criminal, whatever the man might be—mutineer and murderer. As for mutineer, all that Calhoun had fought for had been at last admitted by the British government.

Calhoun spoke slowly. "Your honor, you have said what you have a right to say to a man who killed Erris Boyne. But this man you accuse did not do it."

The governor smiled, for the assumption was ridiculous. He shrugged a shoulder and a sardonic curl came to his lip.

"Who did it, then?"

"If you will come to the house of the general commanding you will see."

The governor was in a great quandary. He gasped. "The general commanding—did he kill Erris Boyne then?"

"Not he, yet the person that did it is in his house. Listen, your honor, I have borne the name of killing Erris Boyne, and I ought to have killed him, for he was a traitor. I had proofs of it; but I did not kill him and I did not betray him, for he had alive a wife and daughter, and something was due to them. He was a traitor and was in league with the French. It does not matter that I tell you now, for his daughter knows the truth. I ought to have told it long ago, and if I had I should not have been imprisoned."

"You were a brave man, but a fool—always a fool," said the governor sharply.

"Not so great a fool that I can't recover from it," was the calm reply. "Perhaps it was the best thing that ever happened to me, for now I can look the world in the face. It's made a man of me. It was a woman killed him," was Calhoun's added comment. "Will your honor come with me and see her?"

The governor was thunderstruck. "Where is she?"

"As I have told you—in the house of the general commanding."

The governor rose abashed. "Well, I can go there now. Come."

"Perhaps you would prefer I should not go with you in the street. The world knows me as a mutineer, think

of me as a murderer! Is it fair to your honor?"

Something in Calhoun's voice roused the rage of Lord Mallow, but he controlled it, and said calmly: "Don't talk nonsense, sir; we shall walk together, if you will."

At the entrance to the house of the general commanding, the man to whom this visit meant so much stopped and took a piece of paper from his pocket. "Your honor, here is the name of the slayer of Erris Boyne. I give it to you now to see, so you may not be astonished when you see her."

The governor stared at the paper. "Boyne's wife, eh?" he said in a strange mood. "Boyne's wife—what is she doing here?"

Calhoun told him briefly as he took the paper back, and added: "It was accident that brought us all together here, your honor, but the hand of God is in it."

"Is she very ill?"

"She will not live, I think."

"To whom did she tell her story?"

"To Miss Sheila Llyn."

The governor was nettled. "Oh, to Miss Llyn! When did you see her?"

"Just before I came to you."

"What did the woman look like—this Noreen Boyne?"

"I do not know; I have not seen her."

"Then how came you by the paper with her signature?"

"Miss Llyn gave it to me."

Anger filled Lord Mallow's mind. Sheila—why now the way would be open to Calhoun to win—to marry her! It angered him but he held himself steadily.

"Where is Miss Llyn?"

"She is here, I think. She came back when she left me at your door."

"Oh, she left you at my door did she? . . . But let me see the woman that's come so far to put the world right."

A few moments later they stood in the bedroom of Noreen Boyne, they two and Sheila Llyn, the nurse having been sent out.

Lord Mallow looked down on the haggard, dying woman with no emotion. Only a sense of duty moved him.

"What is it you wished to say to me?" he asked the patient.

"Who are you?" came the response in a frayed tone.

"I am the governor of the island—Lord Mallow."

"Then I want to tell you that I killed Erris Boyne—with this hand I killed him." She raised her skinny hand up, and her eyes became glazed. "He had used me vilely and I struck him down. He was a bad man."

"You let an innocent man bear punishment, you struck at one who did you no harm, and you spoiled his life for him. You can see that, can't you?"

The woman's eyes sought the face of Dyck Calhoun, and Calhoun said: "No, you did not spoil my life, Noreen Boyne. You have made it. Not that I should have chosen the way of making it, but there it is. As God's in heaven I forgive you."

Noreen's face lost some of its gloom. "That makes it easier," she said brokenly. "I can't atone by any word or act, but I'm sorry. I've kept you from being happy, and you were born to be happy. Your father had hurt mine, had turned him out of our house for debt, and I tried to pay it all back. When they suspected you I held my peace. I was a coward; I could not say you were innocent without telling the truth, and that I could not do then. But now I'll tell it—I think I'd have told it whether I was dying or not though. Yes, if I'd seen you here I'd have told it, I'm sure. I'm not all bad."

"There's no good going on with that," said the governor sharply. "We must take down her statement in writing, and then—"

"Look, she is sinking!" said Calhoun sharply.

The woman's head had dropped forward, her chin was on her breast, and her hand became clenched.

"The doctor at once—bring in the nurse," said Calhoun. "She's dying."

An instant later the nurse entered with Sheila and in a short time the doctor came.

When later the doctor saw Lord Mallow alone he said: "She can't live more than two days."

"That's good for her in a way," answered the governor, and in reply to the doctor's question why, he said: "Because she'd be in prison."

"What was her crime, your honor?"

"She killed a man."

"What man?"

"Him for whom Dyck Calhoun was sent to prison—Erris Boyne."

"Mr. Calhoun was not guilty, then?"

"No. As soon as the woman is dead, I mean to announce the truth."

"Not till then, your honor?"

"Not till then."

"It's hard on Calhoun."

"Is it? It's years since he was tried and condemned. Two days cannot matter now."

"Perhaps not. Last night the woman said to me: 'I'm glad I'm going to die.' Then he added: 'Calhoun will be more popular than ever now.'"

The governor winced.

CHAPTER XXII.

Then What Happened.

An hour after Noreen Boyne had been laid in her grave, there was a special issue of the principal paper telling all the true facts of the death of Erris Boyne. It vexed Lord Mallow; but he steeled himself to urbanity, and he played his part well. He was clever enough to see it would pay him to be outwardly gracious to Calhoun. So it was he made a speech in the capital on the return of the general commanding and the troops from Jamaica, the

Maroons, in which he said: "No one in all the king's dominions had showed greater patriotism and military skill than their friend Mr. Calhoun, who had been harshly treated by a mistaken government."

A few hours later, in the sweet garden of the house where Sheila and her mother lodged, Calhoun came upon the girl whose gentle dignity and beauty seemed to glow.

"At first all she said to him was, 'Welcome, old friend,' and at last she said: 'Now you can come to the United States, Dyck, and make a new life there.'"

Presently he said: "I ought to go where you wish me to go, for you came to me here when I was rejected of men. Your faith kept me alive in my darkest days—even when I thought I had wronged you."

"Then you will come to Virginia with me—as my husband, Dyck?" She blushed and laughed. "You see I have to propose to you, for you've never asked me to marry you. I'm throwing myself at your head, sir, you observe!"

He gave an honest smile of adoration. "I came today to ask you to be my wife—for that reason only, I could not do it till the governor had declared my innocence. The earth is sweeter today than it has been since time began."

He held out his arms, and an instant later the flowers she carried were crushed to her breast, with her lips given to his.

A little later she drew from her pocket a letter. "You must read that," she said. "It is from the great Alexander Hamilton—yes, he will be great; he will play a wondrous part in the life of my new country. Read it, Dyck."

After he had read it, he said: "He was born a British subject here in these islands, and he goes to help Americans live according to British principles. With all my sane fellow-countrymen I am glad the Americans succeeded. Do you go to your Virginia and I will come as soon as I have put my affairs in order."

"I will not go without you—no, I will not go," she persisted.

"Then we shall be married at once," he declared.

And so it was, and all the island was en fête, and when Sheila came to Dyck's plantation the very earth seemed to rejoice.

And sweetly solitary the two lived their lives, till one day, three months later, there came to the plantation the governor and his suite.

When they had dismounted, Lord Mallow said: "I bring you the pay of the British government for something of what you have suffered, sir, and what will give your lady pay, too, I hope. I come with a baronetcy given by the king. News of it came to me only this morning."

Calhoun smiled. "Your honor, I can take no title, I can receive no honor.



The Flowers Were Crushed to Her Breast, With Her Lips Given to His.

I have ended my life under the British flag. I go to live under the Stars and Stripes."

The governor was astounded. "Your lady, sir; do you forget your lady?"

But Sheila answered: "The life of the new world has honors which have naught to do with titles, and I will remain as I am."

"I sail for Virginia by the first ship that goes," said Calhoun. "It is good here, but I shall go to a place where things are better and where I shall have work to do. I must decline the baronetcy, your honor. I go to a land where the life is larger, where Britain shall remake herself."

"It will take some time," said the governor tartly. "They'll be long apart."

"But they will come together at last—for the world's sake."

[THE END.]

Browning's Poetry.

The truth is that many readers of verse resent any demand upon their intellects; poetry to them being only a pleasing indulgence—an occasional substitute for a sherbet—not to be taken seriously. Certainly Browning's poetry is not for such. No one today who knows "Sordello" derides it, for, different as it is to the beginner, it contains many veins of the pure gold of poetry and its pictures of the passionate, tumultuous life of the late Twelfth and early Thirteenth centuries in Italy, with the fierce conflicts of Guelph and Ghibelline by which it was torn, are unequalled in vividness and truth by any historian—Philip Stafford Moxon.