

swung from a beam and de St. Pol fearful lest he should be noticed stood with his back to the others clutching at the hoops of his barrel. But the seamen had other things to look to.

"Mon Dieu," came the mate's voice, "it is not such a cargo that you must take all day."

The grumbling sailors hurried back to the quay for the last load and de St. Pol leaped to the barrels, ran along their ends and tumbled on top of some sacks of salt.

The gang-way was drawn in, chains clanked, and the schooner sailed out to sea, swinging the lantern with renewed vigor and making the barrels creak to its motion. "The Saint" sat astride a sack and pressed it with his knees; but then he was a horseman, not a sailor.

—D. G. Roberts.

The Jacobite

The rain roared down in torrents. The southing wind swept through the deserted, narrow streets. There was an ominous splashing and three figures, heads down, collars turned up so as to protect the face, came along the narrow Dublin street. Two were dressed in the uniform of his Britannic Majesty's Hessian Hussars, the third, a portly figure, was heavily wrapped in a dark army great-coat. Some time had elapsed since their passing, when behind them, and apparently following them, slunk a slim boyish figure, sparsely dressed to withstand the buffetings of such a storm. The three ahead turned sharply from their route into a dark alley. The night was black indeed, but the fierce darkness, the depressing gloom of this alley seemed to make the smirking street a heaven of light and rest. The lad followed rapidly, yet cautiously—but alas! not cautiously enough, for he who would trap the fox must be canny indeed. Swords flash, or rather one imagines them flashing, as one hears the clink, clank, as the tempered foils rattle testingly, gratingly against one another. There is a fall—a sharp command—"Quick, we can't leave the boy here!" The body is trussed up and thrown with considerable exertion over a high wall. A moment's intense hush, and then a faint splash.

One of the Hussars spoke: "Your Majesty, our task is finished; beyond the door wait the French Knights, your guides and your companions. They have horses. Hurry, sire, for your life depends on your reaching the trysting place on the coast within two days! God speed you, sir."

"Gentlemen, I can never thank you. You, Sir Thomas, can a poor and throneless king do nothing for, but if the knighthood of a penniless and kingdomless sovereign is of any value, kneel, Michael Daniel O'Connor, I, James Stuart, rightful king of England and Scotland, and Lord Protector of Ireland, hereby, in the Name of the most high God, dub thee knight. Arise, Sir Michael O'Connor. Nay, lad, the thanks are mine to make. Go now and make haste." The sword that had bestowed the accolade was sheathed,