

and the two Hussars turned and faced their painful way back into the pitiless chaos from whence they had come.

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Over a wet and glistening earth the sun rose next morning, gladdening the whole of blood-soaked, rain-soaked Ireland with its beams of light and joy. The morning before, this plain with yon swamp and hill and that blue stream was the scene of the sanguine hateful strife of men. The cannons roared, regiments cheered, charged and broke before that storm of flying lead. Now it declareth the glory of God! is a picture of perfect peace and love, soothing, quieting, inspiring. For the hoarse battle-cry of half-mad men, we have the sweet music of the lark; the very mist and fog and smoke that surrounded the contending armies yesterday have yielded to the brilliant sunshine of today; the river, once red with blood of horses, and alas, of men, now flows reflecting in its twinkling mirrors the glorious blue of the heavens.

But this Paradise is marred by the petty thoughts and ways of men. Way off in one corner lies a bivouacked army. But now the camp awakes. The men arise to drink the exhilarating morning air. The bugles blow the call to breakfast. The armies flash as the sun rests upon them, and in one corner the horses neigh, intoxicated by the fresh morn. Let us enter one tent, large and well appointed, and listen to the conversation there.

"But, sire," said a tall thin-faced lad, decidedly of the courtier type, but with the air of one who is always sympathizing with himself. And if you knew Leslie Cruikshank you could not blame him. Every time one looks at him, one pities him most sincerely. "But sire, I am sure there would be no danger. The Pretender has no troops in Dublin and the city will open its gates to us."

The other man, of stately, erect figure, replied in the manner of one who has suffered greatly, slowly and with a slight foreign accent, "Well, well, Cruikshank, if you must, I suppose you must. But, understand, no molesting or mistreating of citizens. In this I charge you most particularly. You may take the 2nd troop of the 24th Hussars.

"Thank you, sire," and as the dandy crossed the room a mirthless smirk lurked about the corners of his mouth, and then spread widely, till it seemed to cover his whole face, running parallel from ear to ear with his daintily arched mustache.

William III., who probably did more for England than any other ruler has done since, looked absently after the departing figure, mincing out past the opening, and smiled half sadly. The lined face, still strong and beautiful in its loftiness of thought and passion, seemed to forget the worries of today and to drop back into reminiscences of yesterday. At this moment a dapper aide came prancing in, his young countenance reflecting the broad and peaceful smile of Mother Earth. With a soft smile for his helper, the great man came back to the present and, as was his custom, began to make his own plans and submit them for the approval of the aide, while he was