

THE JACOBITE

(Continued)

He was just repeating the dose when a portly step was heard and the enraptured couple were both conventionally seated and conventionally speaking by the time a portly figure followed the portly step. She was well, if modestly dressed, look very kind and well-meaning, but so extremely fussy, finnickily and grand-motherish.

"Oh, Mr. O'Connor, honored indee-ed."

He took her chubby hand and placed his lips upon it, heroically repressing a grimace.

"Indeed, Lady Ormond," he said, "I——," a happy thought struck him, and with a rather forced smile he brought out that old life-saver, "The pleasure's mine, you know."

"Mike means, mama," carefully explained the image, "that he's had a terribly trying night. He says he's been working hard all through it."

O'Connor looked, if possible, more embarrassed, when Lady Ormond replied, "Oh, how terrible. Really, Mr. O'Connor (great stress here) you must let me bring you some brandy. How pale you look! And oh, Mr. O'Connor, what will we do if these people don't submit to King William? Isn't it a pity they are so ignorant? Do you think we had better leave the city? Will there really be fighting?"

The worthy dame's voice went high into crescendo at this juncture.

"No, Lady Ormond," said Sir Michael, "I think everything will be quite all right."

"Quite all right," repeated Lady Ormond, with proper emphasis, "My dear, but I hope so. Why—Nora, my dear, what is wrong?"

Nora Ormond, for such was the image's name, had arisen and was leaning, her face turned white, against the mantelpiece. One hand pressed on her side. For a second there was a silence, then she smiled reassuringly and said, "Nothing, mama; really, no. Sit down, Mike. Just a slight nausea."

"But then, I'll fetch you a whiskey and soda; and one for you, Mr. O'Connor," and with that the worthy lady waddled out to the culinary department.

"Mother lays great stress on the 'Mr. O'Connor,' doesn't she, Mike?" said Nora, trying to turn the conversation from her recent nausea.

"Nora," Sir Michael ignored her, "you acted, looked like one wounded, you're sure you are not hurt. You have not been fooling with swords, have you?" He seemed to think that in trifling with some weapon she might have wounded herself. But then lovers conceive absurd ideas.

She pouted prettily, "I was talking about your name Mr. O'Connor," she smiled, "I really think you are quite rude."

"Oh!" he said, then as if suddenly remembering something, he added,