

escape the counter thrust piercing his heart. After the failure of this trap Sir Leslie began to weaken; as for that, so did Sir Michael. Desperately Cruikshank thrust in tierce was parried in carte. Mike feinted, and disengaging with almost superhuman celerity, thrust in tierce as before. Sir Leslie's sword dropped from his nerveless hand and he fell in a pool of blood to the floor.

Sir Michael wiped his sword on his sleeve and sheathed it.

"You'd better see to your mother," he said to the irrepressible Nora, who had actually ventured to cheer at her cousin's downfall. "This chap's not hurt, merely a flesh wound. I'll see to him, with the help of your servant."

A doctor was quickly summoned, Sir Leslie carried up to a chamber and made comfortable. He was conscious then and cursed tremendously. Michael O'Connor went down to the drawing room and waited.

Shortly afterwards Nora Ormond descended the stairs and walked slowly into the room where he waited, impatiently pacing the floor.

He faced around abruptly.

"That fellow is your cousin?" he asked.

She nodded dumbly; then said, "The doctor says he will be around again in a day or so."

Both sat down quietly facing each other. There was an unbroken silence for almost five minutes, then she said, "Tell me about last night."

"There is little to tell dear. I know you are for the Orange, but as long as I live my heart and soul will be King James'. His Majesty placed me in charge of his secret service here in Dublin. After the battle of the Boyne, he flew to a house in St. Patrick's Place. There Sir Thomas Campbell, a Scotch Jacobite and myself met him and conveyed him to the place where a few French gentlemen waited with horses. An English spy followed us, a mere boy. We caught him, and in the scrimmage that ensued, I slew him. I have never felt more shamed in my life, a mere lad, you know. King James knighted me before he left for France."

"What will you do now, Mike?" she asked softly, already forgetting the "Sir Michael" that sounded so strangely to her ears.

"I came today to say good-bye," he replied as softly as she had asked; "I am going to our country home till this trouble blows over. Then I shall come back for you."

"I'll be waiting for you, Mike dear, if I wait till I am old and grey."

We shall draw the curtain over this sad leave-taking of the two young people. Suffice it to say it took some five minutes. The street door opened and the loud rancorous voices, the coarse oaths and heavy tread of military sounded in the hall. Sir Michael appeared and was instantly seized. He submitted quietly enough and handed his rapier to the sergeant in command. The sergeant was kind and gruffly bade him to sheathe it. Nora appeared just as they were marching him off, wide-eyed and breathless. The gruff old sergeant turned and said reassuringly,