

but vaguely, until he links it with the conjecture of the future. Through an ideal gained from the past, prepared in the present, to be worked out in the future.

Cleverness does well; it is the ordinary thing.

Well doing, where no cleverness exists is industry, is courage, is patience, is heroism.

Stupidity does ill; it is a sad inevitable.

For cleverness to do ill is a pity.

The Jacobite

(Continued)

For a few live minutes let us gallop alongside of King William as he hastens toward Dublin. He is in deep thought, and, as was his custom, is talking aloud for his own hearing. Now if we are quiet, we may catch the train of his deliberations.

"And so he has gone. Well, it is best. I should hate to have been the author of his death. He was an intrepid seaman and a gallant foeman, but will, I suppose, continue to intrigue as long as he lives. Miss "X" has no news save that he baffled her and has left the country. I don't know what I should have done without that girl. She has proven herself a most competent spy. I wonder who she really is. I wonder. Shall I be able to restrain my men when I reach Dublin? I know they are wild against the Catholics and I fear for the peaceful Dublin citizens. What few fought, fought for a cause as just to them as ours to us."

"I hope that little fellow Cruikshank doesn't get into trouble I should not have let him go, I suppose, but he was so worried over his cousin's welfare."

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A day had passed since O'Connor's arrest, and William and his army were ensconced in and around Dublin. The fierce rioting that marked his occupation of the city had not yet begun. It started, indeed, about ten hours after midday. And at midday Sir Michael O'Connor was being tried for his life.

In a dark chamber he sat with a guard by his side. Sir Leslie Cruikshank, bandaged and lowering, sat in another corner. Behind a plain desk was the great William, surrounded by piles of paper.

"Now, sir," he said to O'Connor, "have you ought to say in defence of yourself? I assure you, sir, this is a very serious matter. Sir Leslie Cruikshank is a gentleman of my staff. I find you have grievously attacked him and wounded him. More than that, he accuses you of being a spy in the pay of James Stuart."

"As for that, sire, you have but his word against mine. There is, that I can see, no evidence either way. As to furiously attacking him, he rushed at me brandishing a small sword, and I defended myself. Indeed his words were, I believe, 'Have at thee, knave.'" Mike was very cool as he replied.