

never give it especially as she already knows that I dislike you—"

He interrupted coolly, "Your lover's life would pay the forfeit. Can you not picture that impassive German countenance as he says, 'Guilty of treason and conspiracy. To be hung at sunrise. Take him away!'"

She might have shuddered slightly, but her voice was firm as she went on:

"Very well, then. Now, Sir Leslie Cruikshank, if you move from your chair, I will shoot you in your tracks. Do not think I am afraid of shedding blood. I have handled guns before in the service of my country. See! does my hand shake?"

Sir Leslie did not move, though his face went a shade paler, as he gazed at the shining barrel of the pistol that the girl had produced from an inner pocket.

The brave girl went on, "I go now to warn Sir Michael that he may flee the country. I shall lock you in this room. By the time you are escaped, he will, with God's help, be out of Dublin."

"Stay Cousin," he was quite calm again, "I admire your nerve. But your game is—U-P up. You have played all the cards you can save your trump, and I am still unbeaten. The door is already locked and I have the key. You would have to shoot me to get out."

"Very well, as I have said before, I would have no hesitation shooting a cur."

"Listen to reason, girl," he said, trying to make his voice kindly, "that would do you no good. It would result in both your own death and O'Connor's. Besides, hark to the knaves in the streets. You can hear the drunken devils even here, in the better section. It would be tomfoolery to go out in such a night."

"I would go in men's clothes," she answered grimly. "Give me the key," with a wave of the pistol.

"Very well, here it is," apparently he was submissive.

The girl thought so anyway, for she lowered the pistol as she leaned to snatch the key from his hand. He seized her wrist, twisted sharply and the pistol was transferred. Very gently and politely he begged her to be seated. Almost mechanically she sat down, her face gone white.

With exaggerated courtesy and undue sarcasm he said, "The table is now cleared for you to play your trump, Miss Osmond."

She looked at him as from a distance, through teary eyes.

"Could I have till tomorrow to—to think it over?" she said dumbly.

"Certainly," and quietly he crossed the room, unlocked the door and bowed low as she passed out.

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Nora Osmond "thinking it over" took the form of a good long cry. She had been very brave during the interview, but now her horrible fate kept presenting itself in an awful picture before her mind. Never for a moment did she think of betraying her lover. Anyway her cry did her a great deal of good. She felt very refreshed when some time after—she knew not how