

long it was—she heard a knock at the door.

She got up and bade the knocker enter. Quickly perusing the missive, she dismissed the domestic with a wave of her hand. She removed the tear stains from her face, doctored her hair, as women will do before leaving a house, no matter what the circumstances, and waltzed gaily down the stairs. An armed guard awaited her and she was soon moving rapidly, in a sedan chair, over the cobbled Dublin streets. Two nights ago she had been in these same streets, slinking through them in the garb of a beggar boy. How vividly it all came back to her, though it seemed years ago. The pursuit. The nervous gripping of her sword, the fierce struggle in the dark alley, the wound from the hand that would willingly be cut asunder before knowingly it would harm a hair of her head. Then the cold swim to the wharf and the painful but hurried journey home. Again she saw the pouring rain of that memorable night. The swish-swash of her feet over the muddy wet streets again sounds in her ears. And just two nights ago! How we judge time by events, not by hours, minutes, seconds! And now the great crisis of her young sweet life was come. And as brave ancestors had died on the sandy wastes round Jerusalem, fighting for the Holy City, as brave ancestors had died on the doughty little English ships fighting the Spanish Dons to the last gasp, as ancestors had died for their King against the fanatics of Cromwell, with a smile upon their lips, so our little image smiled now through her dark eyes, glistened bright as she hurried to misery or happiness; she knew not which, she feared the former.

Once they passed a band of bacchanalian marauders, but these kept their distance at the sight of the strong guard.

At last the chair stopped. The girl alighted and was led into a large, poorly illuminated chamber. In one corner, limp, tired, haggard, his face pale but proud, was Sir Michael O'Connor. Behind a desk surrounded with papers was King William. It was all so familiar, the same room, the same people in the same positions, only Sir Leslie was missing.

The knight was speaking, "Sire, when asked before, I would have told you the truth only there was a welcome interruption. You have been kind indeed to offer me my life; but, sire, never could I accept such conditions. That I should have my freedom, a few years added to this little playtime on our earth, with my fidelity to the King who was appointed to his office by the King of Kings; that I might deny my sovereign, King James, God bless him! that I, in selfish zeal might live, is, and always will be, I pray, beyond my power of conception!"

King William turned to the girl who had entered almost unnoticed near the end of this speech.

"What have we here?" he laughed. "Always arriving in the nick of time. Let us hope you have some way out of this dilemma, sweet child, as you had of the other."

"Oh! sire!" the girl fell on her knees before him, "if aught I have done for Your Majesty's cause, what influence I have and our family have with