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do you make of this, faint-heart?" And he pointed through the open window.

I looked, and on the seat—which a moment before had been vacant—the seat under the right-hand yew-hedge where my lord sometimes smoked his pipe—I saw a girl seated with her shoulder and the nape of her neck turned to us. She was making marks on the turf with a stick she held, and poring over them when made, as if the world held nothing else, so that I had not so much as a glimpse of her face. But I knew that it was Mary.

"Come," said my lord, pleasantly. "We will go to her. It may be, she will not have the pardon—after all. Seeing that there is a condition to it."

"A condition?" I cried, a little troubled.

"To be sure, blockhead," he answered, in high good humour. "In whose name is it?"

Then I saw what he meant and laughed, foolishly. But the event came nearer to proving him true than he then expected. For when she saw the paper she stepped back and put her hands behind her, and would not touch or take it; while her small face cried pale mutiny. "But I'll not tell!" she cried. "I'll not tell! I'll not have it. Blood-money does not thrive. If that is the price——"

"My good girl," said my lord, cutting her short, yet without impatience. "That is not the price. This is the Price. And the pardon goes with him."

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I believe that I have now told enough to discharge myself of that which I set out to do: I mean the clearing my lord in the eyes of all judicious persons of those imputations which a certain faction have never ceased to heap on him; and this with the greater assiduity and spite, since he by his single conduct at the time of the late Queen's death was the means under Providence of preserving the Protestant Succession and liberties in these islands.

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