

garden, drawing his sword as he went. By the yew hedge he turned, breathing hard through his nostrils, bright-eyed, white of face. They were upon him and trying dangerously the temper of his rapier with their oak, when "Tally ho!" cried the joyful voice of Mr. Healy, and the impressive forms of himself and Beaujeu rose majestic in the air as they leapt the fence above the lane. "Occupy till I come, my dear," says Mr. Healy, feeling for his sword hilt as he picked up his stride again.

But his voice, his aspect, recalled to the heroes joyless memories. "Oh, curse me," gasped one, and the four turned and fled four different ways.

Beaujeu and Mr. Healy flung back their shoulders and checked thudding in the lane. "Sure, they are mighty shy," says Mr. Healy panting. Jack Dane, looking after the fugitives, laughed a bitter laugh (so laughs your hero, triumphant over his foes, yet in his tenderest affections wounded sore) and slammed home his sword.

Rose came to the open window white as death, her hand pressed to her heart. "Jack?" she murmured fearfully.

Jack laughed again. Jack made her a splendid bow. "Delila," says he, "good-night!" and turned on his heel and went out of the garden. He came full face upon Healy and Beaujeu. "Gentlemen," says he with another bow in the grand style, "I am your debtor again. It is for the last time."

"See if he is hurt, Healy," says Beaujeu carelessly, passing on to the garden.

"Zounds, monsieur, you had best go warily there!" cried Jack with a laugh. Beaujeu made him no answer, but Mr. Healy, who was regarding Jack with no affection, took him by the arm:

"Now will you be decently quiet?" says he. "In your ecstasies, my friend, you have forgot your hat. Will you get it? You are a thought picturesque without it."

"I do not pass that door again, Mr. Healy," cried Jack.