

them across the table. Captain Hagan tried them one by one in his dirty fingers. "Not a tatt among 'em Pat," says he, as he slapped the last into his pocket. "You may say I am equipped. Two days is my time, Pat, as you know. I'll have a tilter through him inside my time. Od rot my bones! He's for the maggots. Pom-pom!" he slapped his hat on his head by the crown, pivoted on his heel, and stalked out.

"May we trust him?" says my lord to Mr. O'Gorman.

"Begad, do you think Rochester ever paid man or woman for nothing?" says Mr. O'Gorman. "Well, and he kept Pete Hagan in bed and board for five years. Pete sticks by his word, and by that he has won to the top of the trade," says Mr. O'Gorman with reverence.

As the mists were rising from the river, and the dim autumn twilight fell, a coach dashed up to the little Isleworth cottage, and a man sprang out and hurried up the garden.

"Madame, pardon. Pardon, I am ze valet of M. de Beaujeu," he cried, breathless, as he broke in upon Rose. "Monsieur 'e is wounded wiz a sword. 'E cry your name *mille fois*, madame. Madame, M. 'Ealy, 'e beg you come quick." Rose gazed at him a moment, her hand on her heart, her face dull white in the gloom. "Oh, madame, you will not come?" cried the man reproachfully.

A sob broke from her. "Oh, yes! Yes!" she gasped. "Take me!" and the man took her hand and hurried her to the coach.

The door was slammed upon her, the man sprang up beside the coachman, and they sped off up the lane. Lying back in the dark with her hands tight clasped in her lap Rose felt the beat of her heart.

But soon the coach checked violently, she was flung forward, all around rose the clatter of hoofs and oaths, and a man sprang in beside her and caught her in his arms.

"So, child, at last!" my lord Sherborne whispered in her ear, and laughed.