

exceptions—remember, I have no knowledge of the fact. Go—you will not be molested. But there is one Captain Grif Rysland, who, on condition of special service, has received a pardon under the Privy Seal, and to him I would desire to speak. Gentlemen, I bid you all a good-evening!"

And My Lord Liddesdale, Secretary for Scotland, stood with his hat off while the prisoners went by, each one saluting as he went, and Gil leading his blind father by the arm. Not a word of thanks was said, and My Lord Secretary's eyes were fixed steadfastly on the ground.

After all had passed out of sight, it was Captain George Teddiman who broke the silence.

"It could not hae been better done by Mr. Pepys himself! *Swiftsures*, you may open your eyes, and prepare to come about!"

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The result of My Lord's lengthy confabulation with Grif Rysland was that Grif went immediately to Holland with letters to the Prince of Orange, on the part of My Lord Liddesdale and a large portion of the nobility of Scotland. It was a very private mission, so private indeed that Grif did not return to Britain till he came back with the Prince and landed at Torbay. But then it was Colonel Grif Rysland who stepped on shore, and—had a wife with him.

And that wife was no other than Euphrain Ellison. For Euphrain had an unforeseen objection to the marriage when first approached.

"My brother Raith is to marry your daughter," she said, "that will have a strange look. For in a way I shall be Ivie's mother, and my own brother's mother-in-law."

It was certainly a little perplexing, but the old soldier cunningly turned the tables upon her.

"Let us get married at once," he said, "then it will be as if we knew nothing of any Raith-and-Ivie marriage. If they do not like you for a mother or a step-mother, they need not get married! The responsibility is with them!"

But apparently they did. For when, soon after, Raith also went to Holland to be an officer of the Prince, and as at the same time Ivie must rejoin her father, it was obviously impossible that he could make the long journey alone with so beauteous a young *vrouw*—she arranged matters by going as his wife.

As for Long-bodied John, he did not die, but lived with half-a-pig of lead in him (as he said) to heir his uncle's properties. It was Prayerful Peter, indeed, who to some