

"Am I so formidable, you very candid young lady?" he inquired.

"No, sir, you've taken it jolly well. I should have made much more fuss if some one had pretended to be me."

"One Prince is very like another, Miss Kavanagh; I cannot imagine anyone quite like you. I hope though that they've not brought me into discredit."

"I'm not sure, sir." In a spirit of pure mischief, because, in her father's words, she had no more control over her tongue than a Dublin market woman, and because her interview was turning out so much less alarming than she had anticipated, she filled in details of the great night of personation, not omitting the Kitten's methods of circumventing licensing restrictions.

"They seem eminently resourceful," was the Prince's only comment.

"You don't mind, sir?"

"I wish I'd thought of it myself. As it is, the knowledge may be of great use to me some day."

There was a sound of footsteps outside the door, followed by a discreet tap, and the manager entered, looking with some surprise at Pat.

"Count Alberoni asks permission to wait on Your Highness," he announced.

"Is there anyone else?" the Prince inquired.

"Lord Eynsham and Major Legrange are still here, sir."