

closed eyes, fringed by those wondrous lashes, were so innocent of care.

Miserably he turned to the doctor. "She was only a child," he murmured.

The doctor wrinkled his brows and shook his head. "Yet it seems that she is the saviour of her country," he said.

It was early in the afternoon when Madeline opened her eyes and consciousness returned. Robin was staring dejectedly out of the window, watching the silent crowd of working men who stood awaiting a further bulletin, when he suddenly heard the doctor speaking to her and reassuring her, and, with a beating heart, he hastened to her side. Her eyes rested on his face, and there was such tenderness in them that the words he wished to utter seemed to stick in his throat. At length her lips moved, and, bending over her, he could hear the whispered words.

"I don't want to die," she said.

It was useless for him to assure her that she would get well: she felt that he did not speak the truth. Presently, in the passion of his sorrow, he asked her why she had thus faced the bullets and the brickbats.

"If I'd not done it," she whispered, "he would have given the order to fire."

The doctor interposed, warning Robin that he must not let her speak; and for some time there was silence in the room, while Madeline's fingers rested limply upon his hand and her eyes remained closed as though in weariness.

Robin had sent a message across to his uncle asking him to come over, and soon after three o'clock he came into the room. The grief he felt was not able to be disguised, and the tears were running down his cheeks as he stood at the bed-side. Presently she made a sign to him that she wished to