

James's left by sending a strong force up the river towards Slane, where they were to cross and attack the Jacobite flank and rear; while he, with the full strength of his main army (the centre under Schomberg senior, the extreme left under himself), would, under cover of a furious cannonade, force all the fords at and below Oldbridge.

It was only at the last moment that James was brought to perceive the deadly danger of being flanked from Slane, and he then detailed merely a force of five hundred dragoons under the gallant Sir Neal O'Neill to defend the extreme left there. His attention until the mid-hour of battle next day, was mainly given to the (Oldbridge) fords in his

front, and his sole reliance for their defence was on some poor breastworks and farm-buildings to shelter musketry-men; trusting for the rest to hand-to-hand encounters when the enemy should have come across! In fact, he had no other reliance, since he was without artillery to defend the fords.

All else being settled, ere the anxious council-holders on each side sought their couches, the pass-word for the morning and the distinguishing badges were announced. The Jacobite soldiers wore white cockades. William chose *green* for his colors. Every man on his side was ordered to wear a green bough or sprig in his hat, and the word was to be "Westminster."

(To be continued.)

## A Complete Story

### MOLLY OF THE GOOD HEART

(By ROSE MARTIN, in the *Boston Pilot*.)

This is Mollie Maloy's story, told me with the suggestion that I "make a story of it," but when I tried to do so, there were difficulties, in the seeming absence of reason, moral, or plot. Could I centre the story on the fact of Mollie's good heart—and give the erroneous impression that a good heart is the one thing necessary? Or on the unwisdom of having a bad temper? Mollie's temper did not matter in the end. Answered prayer? A suggestion of moral here, but there is nothing original, or out of the ordinary about that. All prayer is answered; and then I found Mollie Maloy was herself the centre and reason of the whole narrative.

Mollie was a small slip of a girl, when she came across—literally speaking, with her mother; and all her life she has had very red hair, and cheeks, and very blue eyes. Mrs. Maloy started a boarding house, and as the years passed, Mollie became its most attractive feature; but she kept the young men at a proper distance, with her sharp tongue, or a withering look, as occasion demanded.

Perhaps Mollie was at her best, in loveliness and charm, when she was twenty-two. It was then the Browns came: Dr. Dick, studying up some special work at one of the hospitals, and his brother Jack, attending college. It was he who immediately became Mollie's slave. She was always kind to shy or homesick people, and the boy, very much of a boy, though near Mollie's age—was both. Presently Dick also capitulated, and it became apparent to all the world that Mollie and the Doctor loved each other. Now and then Mollie's quick temper showed itself, and there was a quarrel; but as a general thing she was angelically amiable. Mollie's friends and acquaintances were greatly pleased and somewhat relieved; they had always known the girl had a good heart, but who could ever tell whether heart or tongue would be given full play? Now in marrying this well-to-do young man her life—and temper—must be smoothed. No one was surprised when the engagement was announced.

The wedding was to take place as soon as Mollie could be ready. She and her mother were good sewers, and the trousseau proceeded briskly, and boarders capable of holding a needle delighting to help. All the world, indeed, loves a lover, yet more, I think, it loves a bride. Her clothes were lovely, and the wedding dress, a dream come true. Jack was to be best man, and if he found things unsatisfactory he did not show it, even saying manfully he was glad they were going to have Mollie in the family. A girl who had been Mollie's chum in school days, was to come from another town to spend a few days with Mollie before the wedding, and be bridesmaid.

There was a theatre party, and Dick was rather attentive to Helen, the visitor. I believe, at that time, Dick Brown had no thought of disloyalty to Mollie—had no other thought, indeed, than of being properly nice to Mollie's guest; but that night Mollie called him sharply to task. There was a quarrel, and on the next occasion of assembly by the wedding party—a dinner it was—a cloud obviously hovered between future bride and groom. Then Mollie realised her folly; when she saw Dick alone she told him she had been a goose—would he please forgive her? And be friends again?

Doubtless Mollie's sudden change surprised Dick and her request must have disconcerted him—but he said why, yes, he forgave her, and of course—if she wished it—they were friends.

Everything went gaily, smoothly at the wedding rehearsal; then the day itself came—but not Dick. Such an old plot, isn't it? Let us hurry on. Mollie was radiant, beautiful, when dressed as a bride she came downstairs; then she looked around at the assembled household and asked: "Where is Helen?"

At that moment a wild-eyed best man arrived (he and his brother had been staying properly at a hotel) with a note which Dick had left for Mollie. "Helen and I love each other, and have gone to be married," it read. Jack, who had guessed the contents of the note, stood at Mollie's side, prepared

to have her faint—instead, he met her eyes, blue flames of wrath. There will be no wedding," was all she said, as she turned and went back to her room. No one ever saw the wedding dress again, Mollie tore it into shreds. From outside they could hear her restless pacing up and down, but she would allow no one to enter, she must face and conquer certain things alone.

The next day Mollie seemed almost as usual, but from that time she was sharper of tongue, more inclined to tell people what she thought of them if they deserved censure, yet kinder to any in need, and very thoughtful of the old and infirm. She became an ardent church-goer. The boarders said ruefully she would leave anything at sound of a church bell, whether it were a coffee-pot boiling on the stove or a month's rent, flung carelessly on the table. She went too far, or perhaps did not manage well, but let us be thankful if there are some who go far in the service of the Lord instead of the devil.

When Mrs. Maloy died, people wondered what Mollie would do. It was before the days when you studied something or other for a few months and then pronounced yourself an efficiency expert; but without any discussion Mollie simply became sole manager of the boarding house. The result was more or less satisfactory. Certainly she could clean and cook and keep people in order; but anyone with a hard luck story could impose on her kindness, and might remain indefinitely at her house without paying. She did not hesitate to reprimand boarders who were remiss about going to church—or for other misconduct, which many resented. For Mollie was no longer young now, there was less tolerance shown her quick temper; people said "She was old enough to know better—though, of course, she did have a good heart."

During the World's Fair, Mollie was rather prosperous. She lived near the church, and when people inquired of the priests for a reasonable boarding house in that neighborhood, Miss Maloy was recommended. But when the applicants were priests or religious, not a cent would Mollie charge, to their very great embarrassment. In her reverent Irish heart every priest was "another Christ," could she take pay of Him? As for religious, it was a privilege to have any in her house, and would bring a blessing upon it.

A pitiful, pleading letter came one day from Helen. She and Dick had settled in her home town. She wanted Mollie's forgiveness before she died—of cancer. She was sorry she could not ask it in person.

Mollie was sweeping the front hall when the postman handed her the letter. She read it at once, leaning thoughtfully on her broom as she considered its contents. Yes, she would write at once and tell Helen she forgave her. She supposed she did, at least she had been trying to these many years. Cancer—it was a terrible thing—and people disliked being near anyone who had it. How Helen—so fastidious always. How dainty she had looked in her pink chiffon dress at the dinner party! She fell to sweeping furiously. Yes, she would write: it was not

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