

"Come, now, Mistress Anne, is it the courtesy of your country to allow a stranger to eat alone?"

"Nay, but 'twould be a sign of peace to break bread with my enemy," she answered quickly.

"Let us call a truce of war, then, for the next half hour," suggested Rudolf, eyeing the victuals hungrily. Anne saw the look, and out of sheer pity for him—for she was already strongly drawn toward this handsome man—consented, first glancing at the tall, old-fashioned clock which stood in the corner. It marked the hour of six. Nearly half an hour later Rudolf tilted himself back in his chair and looked across at Anne. She was watching the clock.

"Thy truce holds but two minutes longer, sir," she said.

"And then what?" he asked. "Do you mean to renew open hostilities?"

Anne did not answer immediately. From where she sat she commanded a view of the road for nearly a mile of its length. As she looked, a cloud of dust arose far down the highway and quickly resolved itself into a troop of militiamen moving rapidly toward her. Even at that distance she recognized them as men from Concord. Then she turned to Rudolf

"Yea," she said quietly, with another glance at the old clock, "our truce is ended—*now*."

And as she spoke she sprang from her chair and grasped Rudolf's sword, which lay near at hand. With a deft motion she drew it from its scabbard and presented its point to Rudolf, who by this time had started to his feet in alarm at the sudden turn affairs had taken.

"Stand back, Sir Rudolf," she cried, when he moved toward her as though to wrest the sword from her grasp. "Forsooth, I am in deadly earnest, and might not hesitate to prick thee with this bauble of thine. Thou art my prisoner."

"And do you mean to stand there all day long as my gaoler?" said the unfortunate lieutenant, thinking to turn the matter into a jest.

"Nay, thy future keepers approach."

She glanced out of the window at the little company, now but little more than half a mile away. Rudolf followed with his eyes, and his cheek blanched as he saw the advancing column. He was no coward, yet he had already proof that Anne was not to be