

Miss Boyden had been confused at first by the sun, but now she got her bearings. She took the next five points with ease, and won the game.

Frances waited for the Boyden serve. Four times the ball sped over the net with a peculiar curve, and bounded off at a sharp angle. Frances could not manage to return it. She scored hardly a point until the fifth game, which she captured on her own serve. But the next game ended the set.

She wondered how it could be so swiftly over. She knew that she ought to do better. She looked admiringly at her opponent as she passed her at the net in the exchange of courts.

Then she caught sight of Cousin Ned, twisting his moustache anxiously.

Miss Boyden began to serve. She was smiling as before, pink-cheeked and confident. She served less swiftly. Frances, who knew by this time how to anticipate the bound, returned the Boyden serve out of Miss Boyden's reach.

With that stroke the course of the match was altered. The onlookers, who had begun to chat in restless undertones, now leaned forward with increasing attentiveness and interest.

Frances began to tingle with eagerness and hope. She regained command of herself. She began not only to return Miss Boyden's serves, but to make brilliant shots herself down the lines. It seemed as if she could not miss. She became almost reckless on suddenly discovering her power. Having shown her worst, she could afford to risk something now to show her best. Miss Boyden, taken by surprise, put forth her best efforts. The score became five all, but after that Frances rushed headlong into the attack, and took the next two games and the set.

The spectators applauded long and noisily, but Frances was hardly aware of the applause. She was alive only to the game; she had never enjoyed anything so much in all her life. It was a moment when it was just good to be a keen-witted, quick-footed, high-strung living being.

In the next set Miss Boyden seemed to tire and to go to pieces. Five straight games fell to Frances, and it looked as if the match was almost over. Miss Boyden served the sixth game. Frances won the first point.

'Three points more!' Frances thought. 'The match will be mine!'

Miss Boyden did not give up on the verge of defeat. She served with all her strength. Frances failed to return the ball.

'Fifteen all!' cried the scorer.

The next serve went into the corner of the court. Frances sprang for it, tripped and fell!

A sudden blackness in which there were cold white spots struck her in the face; then the daylight reappeared in a flash, and she realised that she had hurt her ankle.

After a moment she struggled to her feet, and limped to her place. Her face was white; the spectators applauded her for her fortitude. Miss Boyden served.

'Thirty-fifteen!' the scorer called.

'It's hopeless, at this stage,' Frances heard Ellen May say to some one on the side-line.

'Is it hopeless?' Frances asked herself.

Miss Boyden failed to put her next serve in the court, and sent over an easy ball. Frances shot it safely across court.

'Thirty all!' cried the scorer.

The next serve, however, came over swift and sure, and Francis, anchored to her place, could make nothing of it.

Frances concentrated her strength: the next serve came straight to her, and she returned the ball hard and close to the line. Deuce, and another chance!

Excitement seemed to shimmer over the court like heat-waves. The next point Frances won after Miss Boyden had failed to place her first hard serve. Frances felt that she could not last much longer; her ankle was hurting her more and more. But she was now within a point of the match.

When Miss Boyden delivered the next serve she

darted toward the right-hand court, in anticipation of Frances' characteristic cross-court shot.

Frances had just a moment to appreciate the movement. She shot the ball into Miss Boyden's left-hand court, and at once a crowd wild with jubilation was surrounding her.

'To think that you won over Edith Boyden! Wonderful, wonderful! You'll be a champion next!' Ellen May was exclaiming.

But Frances, whose ankle was much swollen and throbbing fearfully by the time Cousin Ned appeared for her in the family buggy, was conscious chiefly of the delight of having won the most glorious contest that she had ever been in.

'You were splendid!' said Cousin Ned, as they drove away. 'I'm proud to have that old licking of mine washed out like that. How did you ever handle the Boyden serve? You remember what I told you? Now just think if there isn't something you'd very much like to have.'

And Frances had no difficulty in replying.

A GREAT IRISH LEADER

THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH

When Isaac Butt, the son of a Protestant clergyman, was born near Ballybofey, in the County of Donegal, 100 years ago (says a writer in the *Irish Weekly*), Henry Grattan was preparing for his final effort to secure a modest measure of Catholic Emancipation in the British Parliament. 'The Bill which he proposed (during the Session of 1813) was a very imperfect and restricted one,' writes a historian; 'but it provided that Catholics should sit in Parliament and hold public offices. . . . The debate which ensued is not worth recording, inasmuch as, after several amendments providing for veto, and at last an amendment striking out the clause enabling Catholics to sit and vote in Parliament, the Bill was withdrawn and finally lost.' It is well to be reminded at this period of how the Irish cause stood 100 years ago. Mr. John Redmond's review at the great banquet in London on St. Patrick's Day of the Irish nation's achievements during the year since St. Patrick's Day, 1912, was eloquent oratory, and it was couched in terms of very pardonable pride. He told of promises kept to the letter, prophecies fulfilled, and high hopes justified. He did not claim the people's gratitude for himself and his colleagues; it is theirs in full and overflowing measure. He dwelt on what has been accomplished; and speeches like Mr. Redmond's, Mr. Devlin's, and Sir Joseph Ward's were testimonies to what can and will be done in the self-governed Ireland of the future. But the Irish Leader's tribute to Isaac Butt was, perhaps, the most interesting portion of his address—and the most timely.

Butt Was a Great Irishman.

Only now we are beginning to realise the value of his work. Writing many years ago—before the memory of the controversies that clouded the last months of the Donegal patriot's career had begun to fade away—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., said:—

'He had great qualities of leadership. He was unquestionably a head and shoulders above all his followers, able though many of them were: and was, next to Mr. Gladstone, the greatest Parliamentarian of his day. Then, he had the large toleration and the easy temper which makes leadership a light burden to followers; and the burden of leadership must be light when—as in an Irish Party, the leader has no office or salaries to bestow. And, above all, he had the modesty and the simplicity of real greatness.'

Such were the personal characteristics of 'the leader of a small party in an assembly to which it was hateful in opinion, and feeling, and temperament' a party also which included within its ranks half-hearted men, self-seekers, and utterly dishonest individuals: perhaps the three classes would have formed a decisive majority of Butt's party at any period between 1870 and 1879. Despite all disadvantages, he fought earnestly, stead-