"You are not alone," came the answer.
"That's so," said Finn, as they came nearer.
"I've a good lot of fish for company. But you can't buy them with lead bullets."
"Advance!"
"Aye! aye!" cried Finn, gaily. It was natural that the poor man should be alarmed and awkward before so many soldiers, and the soldiers enjoyed the queer antics he went through. They stood up in their boats, and shouted and applauded while the skiff, guided by Finn's nervous hand, shot toward them. A scream from the lubbers! A splash! The awkward fisher's clumsy boat has struck the bow of the first boat, and the entire cargo are tumbled overboard. Nor is there less confusion among the other load. Their boat dipped water, first one side and then the other, as the soldiers swung their arms, and swayed, and fell over each other in vain attempts to help their drowning brethren. What! Another accident! The now thoroughly frightened Finn takes a sudden sweep, and the second boat load joins the first. The little skiff, clumsy no longer, is getting over the water at a surprising rate of speed, and the "defense of Denmark" are left to their fate. A few shots follow from one or two still in the boats, but it is no time for pursuit with comrades drowning.

On an April morning six years later a party of soldiers entered the cabin of Finn the fisherman. Without a word he and his wife were seized and bound, and hurried on shipboard, where, although treated with kindness, they were kept close prisoners. At the end of many tedious days the voyage ended, and Finn and his wife were hurried from their floating prison into a close carriage. After a short ride they were led into a magnificent apartment, and amid a glare of light were confronted by an array of nobles and ladies, clad in all the gorgeousness of the court of that day.

"You live on the coast, near the village of Lorgen?" Finn bowed assent.
"You extended hospitality to a woman and two proscribed children?"
"I did."
"Without regarding the edict which put a price on their heads, you not only frustrated the vengeance of the Danish people, but overturned two boat-loads of the royal guard sent after the fugitives?"

A smile of grotesque triumph lighted Finn's features for a moment, then a shade of sadness entered his eyes. "The tale, though marvelous, is exactly true."
"And do you know the penalty you have incurred," sternly.
"Death!" answered the hero, his form erect, his fear entirely thrown off.
"And do you know who were the proscribed you dared to save?"

"I knew her majesty Isabella, wife of my sovereign. I knew also her two children, for their ornaments betrayed them. If I have merited death, my life is in your hands!" And Finn's wife threw herself on his breast, while his head sank down upon her shoulder. A murmur ran through the assembly.

"Thou hast a noble and worthy heart, Finn," said the questioner, in a kindlier voice. "We have but practiced this apparent harshness to be sure of thy identity. No imposter could have braved death as thou hast done. Thou hast saved, at peril of thy life, the well-beloved sister and nephews of the Emperor Charles V. Charles is no ingrate,—rise Finn! Fortune and honors attend thee!"

"Sire," replied the fisherman, "I am old; I have only need of a cabin by the shore. What I have heard from your majesty is a sufficient and glorious recompense."

"For thee it may be, not for us. We name thee Warden of our fisheries at Ostend, and enoble thee. Rise, Chevalier Finn!"

The Emperor took from his own neck an order suspended with a gold cord, and Isabella clasped the chain over the rude vestment of Finn the fisherman.