

The girl crossed herself, with the stoic calmness of her religion, as she rose to face him.

"It is better so. He sinned—grievously, many times, señor. My Prince is safe . . . my Princess is safe. And you are safe—you, the bravest man in Seguro."

Maria Theresa turned toward the door, where stood a man whom Jarvis had not espied before. "Take her back to the inn, Maximo, as quietly as possible. Then send the chauffeur for me again as soon as he can come up the rough road."

"But, your Highness, you must go back as well—it is dangerous for you to remain here. I have found the clues for which you went to America. Let me finish the job."

"No, I will stay with you."

He caught her hands, and looked down into the dark eyes, so wondrously upturned to his.

"You must come by the fire, and get warm . . . Here, sit in this chair. You have been frightened to death, prowling through this horrid place. . . . Your hands are icy. . . . There, there! Go on and cry—forget that you're a