

taken, my lord Sunderland is hanged. If I am saved, I have the honour to save my lord Sunderland." He paused to laugh. "Believe me, I anticipate salvation."

My lord could only wring his hands and mutter: "But what can I do? Tell me that! What can I do?" and Beaujeu smiled upon him. But my lady had drawn away and stood very still by the mantel. Her white arm lay along it, and she gazed down at Beaujeu and her eyes sparkled. Then the door opened a little, the scared head of a waiting-maid appeared.

"My lady, my lady, the King!"

"The King?" my lord gasped.

"He is crossing the court!"

Beaujeu threw back his head and laughed. "'Tis a situation full worthy your wits, my lord."

But my lord had fallen into a chair and gasped and stared wildly round. He spake, but was not articulate.

Then: "Save you?" cried my lady. "Ay! I'll save you. But I'll shame your very soul!" Beaujeu stopped laughing. My lady sprang, a whirl of drapery, across the room: "Nanette! Take a coach—drive madly——" the rest was a murmur in Nanette's ear, who vanished. Then my lady whirled round on her lord, and whispered fast in his ear. My lord put up his head: his pale lips curled back from his teeth, and he looked for one instant straight at Beaujeu. Then nodded to his wife and looked down into his breast. My lady stood up bright-eyed, smiling.

"'Tis vastly impressive indeed," says Beaujeu coolly.

My lady gave a curious laugh. "It will be more so," says she. "Lud, I never knew a man my master yet."

"Oh, my lady! My lord blushes!"

There were footsteps in the corridor, and, "M. Lucifer, come!" cried my lady, and caught Beaujeu's hand and drew him after her through one door while the footman knocked at the other. M. de Beaujeu found himself in darkness perfumed with roses. He was gently compelled to a seat, then saw my