

Beaujeu turned away from Majesty with a shrug of his shoulders. "There is no profit in this, Halifax," he remarked, and moved to the door.

"Wait! wait! Can you not wait a moment? Mary! Is no one to heed me?" His voice broke and the heavy underlip lolled down. Beaujeu waited.

"Your Majesty desires to ask something of me?" he inquired.

"Well, fellow, and if I do? Are you to break in upon me? Are you to cut off my words? Know your position!" Beaujeu smiled. "Now, fellow, what is your master's intent?"

"I conceive it has become clear."

"Does he seek my realm?" cried the King. "He does seek my realm? You know that he does. I gave him my daughter to wife and he seeks my realm. He——"

"Your Majesty then knows his intent."

"I thank you for that, fellow," Majesty was indignant. "Do you boast of his villany to my face?"

My lord Halifax deemed it time for a word of sanity. "His Majesty would ask whether the Prince of Orange would consent to treat," he explained: and the eyes of Majesty turning on Beaujeu expanded.

But Beaujeu laughed. "Treat? For what? How does one treat with him who already possesses, my lord?" The King gasped and stammered.

"Already?" Halifax put up his eyebrows. "You are hasty. We are not yet all in your power."

"Are you not? *Bien*, who lives will see," and there was a sneer on his lip as he turned and his cold eyes sought the King.

The King paled. "What? what?" he gasped, and wrung his hands. "Our Lady of Loretto!" he muttered to himself. Then, "Will he take my life also?" he cried.

"I know not why your Majesty should expect mercy from others," said Beaujeu coldly.