

Dolores had seated herself at the side table, and her face was buried in her hands. She was sobbing.

"Too late? What do you mean? This is madness for you to take this risk."

The girl, forgetting royalty and convention, caught his hand in both of hers, and a light of joy came into her eyes.

"My brother is safe, thank God! He is on his way to the King to get soldiers to search the castle."

"Where has he been? How do you know?"

"He was imprisoned in this castle—since the day he entered. To-night he tried to signal, but could not. Your bullet went straight home, Mr. Warren, and Robledo is dying. He has confessed all to the holy father. I must go back, for I promised to be with him at the end."

"The end . . ." and Jarvis' voice grew husky, he understood by now the tears of Dolores. He turned toward her gently. "I'm so sorry—you and he—I might have—oh, what a terrible shame!"