

"A lie!" roared Sherborne, starting up.

"Your Majesty!" says Sunderland hastily. "Your Majesty!" in polite horror.

"Another such word, my lord Sherborne," cried Majesty, rising too, "and you leave the Court for ever. Back, my lord. Silence, my lord. Know your place." He was shrill and dignified. Then he turned, frowning on Rose. Majesty was stern to the peccadilloes of subjects: "You are his mistress, woman?" he cried. The girl's bosom heaved, and she made no answer.

And behind the curtain my lady, clinging affectionately to Beaujeu, said in his ear: "You had settled accounts with Delila, I think?" and laughed low.

"You are his mistress, woman? Answer me!" cried impatient Majesty.

"Your Majesty has said it!" the girl murmured, hanging her head.

"Delila—to the last, Delila!" whispered my lady, but monsieur started away from her.

A casement creaked. M. de Beaujeu had left by the window.

*(To be continued)*