

played him false? He gazed, stupefied, upon that delicate, oval-shaped face, that fair complexion, that exquisitely cut mouth, those dark and lustrous eyes,—a thousand times more beautiful than even his imagination had painted her, and yet the living, breathing image of his thoughts!

Catherine's cheeks grew crimson under his fixed, abstracted gaze; the Queen watched him in evident amazement, and Burgundy made an impatient movement. The Duke of Clarence stepped forward and touched his brother upon the arm. Henry, recalled with a start to his surroundings, turned hastily to Isabella, took her by the hand and led her to a throne covered with cloth of gold. He then took a seat opposite, listened to Burgundy's greetings, and responded very graciously. This duty over, however, he paid no further heed to the proceedings, and while Earl Warwick and other Englishmen addressed the Queen and replied to the compliments of the French nobility, King Henry, who had never been known to lose for an instant either his dignity or his self-control, sat perfectly motionless in his place, his eyes fixed with an eager, intense gaze upon the Princess Catherine, completely oblivious to what was happening around him.

When the conference was at last ended, he parted from her so reluctantly and with such a depth of emotion in his look and tone, that her heart throbbed wildly and she could scarcely meet his eyes.

There never lived a woman who did not desire to