

among the men of those days, the Grey Friars, took it up and buried it in their own church, without ceremony. Service they held, but anything more would have drawn down upon them the vindictive anger of the ruling power.

Thus was King Richard foully undone by four English noblemen—the two Stanleys, Shrewsbury and Northumberland—who should have been, and were professedly, his devoted adherents. Enemies Richard had feared not; but this successful plot was concocted by false friends.

Many more truths, historic and spiritic, might I tell you, Sire Brains but this was the main desire—that you should learn of Richard Third as he was. I have put you upon the right trail of thought, so shall I say: "Good night."

There was no tramping of feet at the departure of Astragus, as there had been at his entry: he simply rose to his full height, saluted his host and became invisible to that mortal.

Mr. Brains dropped his arms upon the table, his forehead upon his arms, and—thought.