

head to thank him, and stood with her hands clasped before her, fronting them all.

"I shall be plain with you, Mistress Charlbury," says Sunderland (my lady tittered genteelly), "you are summoned to tell his Majesty what you know concerning a M. de Beaujeu, who is accused of treason by——" he paused.

"My lord Sherborne, doubtless, my lord," cried Rose.

"How! You knew it?" cried Majesty, and Sunderland smiled.

"I knew, your Majesty, that my lord Sherborne would accuse M. de Beaujeu of anything."

"And why, ma'am?"

"Because my lord is jealous of monsieur, sir." Majesty nodded wisely.

"And who is this M. de Beaujeu?" said Sunderland.

"A Huguenot gentleman from Auvergne."

"Huguenot? Huguenot?" cried Majesty angrily.

Sunderland turned to him laughing: "Indeed, sir, between a Huguenot and a heretic," the renegade indicated Sherborne, "the lady is ill bested." So Majesty looked gloomily at Sherborne.

"Ay, ay," sighed Majesty, "my lord, I must speak with you on these matters. I will commend you to Father Petre." But Sherborne only scowled at Sunderland.

"I am no renegade, sir," he growled.

Sunderland appeared horrified. "My lord Sherborne! Do you dare this?" cried Majesty, dark with wrath.

"Your Majesty perceives the depth of my lord Sherborne's loyalty," murmured Sunderland.

"I do, I do!" said Majesty nodding.

"Sir—" cried Sherborne.

"Enough, my lord!" Majesty turned his back, and was going. Then, "Nay, but the other was heretic too," he muttered, and stayed to rub his puzzled brow, while Sunderland watched with narrow eyes. At last he put his hand on Sunderland's trusty shoulder. "Come, Sunderland, bring me