

## The Queen's Tragedy

that fact home to him as he listened with grave downcast eyes and a beating heart. This had been the last supper that he would eat in the dark hall to the accompaniment of the Vulgate droned from the little wooden pulpit at the lower end. To-morrow he would eat in kings' palaces.

He must be strong now—he told himself—he must be strong. There must be no more sentiment.

He was unusually brusque with the silversmith who saluted him deferentially in the entry upstairs, and called to him to come after as he went in through the outer door into his own room.

It was a wide low chamber, strewn with ill-smelling rushes on which lay his two leather trunks, and a couple of beds stood side by side at the further end between the windows that looked out on to the eastern end of the chapel and the old priory buildings. The room was in confusion. A pile of books lay on the table, ready for packing, and three or four chairs with tumbled clothes upon them were pushed back against the tattered hangings of the outer wall. Two more windows opposite gave on to the court of the College.

He took the silver salt-cellar from the man, and turned it over. It appeared satisfactory. It was octagonal with an oval depression, and on the side he saw the arms of the College, the inscription *In usum Coll. Gonv.*, and his own name. It was curious to think that he would never put knife to it himself.

"Twelve ounces?" he said sharply.

"Twelve ounces, sir," said the man.

"Very good. I will send the money in the morning."

Guy set the silver down when the man was gone, looked round the room, drew a long breath, and went across to his trunks.