

broken in many places, for it seemed to her as if she had not been separated from him a moment, and as if he must know all she had done without hearing her story in words. The time had been so short since she had kissed him last, in the little room beyond: there had been the minutes of waiting until the King had come, and then the trying of the door, and then the quarrel, that had lasted a short ten minutes to end in Don John's fall; then the half hour during which he had lain unconscious and alone till Inez had come at the moment when Dolores had gone down to the throne room; and after that the short few minutes in which she had met her father, and then her interview with the King, which had not lasted long, and now she was with him again; and it was not two hours since they had parted—a lifetime of two hours.

"I cannot believe it!" she cried, and now she laughed at last. "I cannot, I cannot! It is impossible!"

"We are both alive," he answered. "We are both flesh and blood, and breathing. I feel as if I had been in an illness or in a sleep that had lasted very long."

"And I in an awful dream." Her face grew grave as she thought of what was but just passed. "You must know it all—surely you know it already—oh, yes! I need not tell it all."

"Something Inez has told me," he replied, "and some things I guess, but I do not know everything."