

is late, but this must be done now—at once. There is only one way, there is only one thing to be done.”

He was silent for a moment, and his eyes looked quickly to the door and back to Dolores’ face.

“I cannot go away,” she cried, nestling to him. “You will not make me go? What does it matter?”

“It matters much. It will matter much more hereafter.” He was on his feet, and all his energy and graceful strength came back as if he had received no hurt. “There is little time left, but what there is, is ours. Inez!” He was at the door. “Is no one there upon the terrace? Is there no servant, no sentry? Ho, there! Who are you? Come here, man! Let me see your face! Adonis?”

Inez and the dwarf were in the door. Dolores was behind him, looking out, not knowing what he meant to do. He had his hand on the dwarf’s arm in his haste. The crooked creature looked up, half in fear.

“Quick! Go!” cried Don John. “Get me a priest, a monk, a bishop,—anything that wears a frock and can speak Latin. Bring him here. Threaten his life, in my name, if you like. Tell him Don John of Austria is in extreme need, and must have a priest. Quick, man! Fly! Your life and fortune are in your legs! Off, man! Off!”

Adonis was already gone, rolling through the gloom with swinging arms, more like a huge bat than anything human, and at a rate of speed none would have guessed latent in his little twisted legs. Don John drew back within the door.