

BY THE QUEEN'S GRACE

seemeth that is the very gown of velvet and fur thou didst wear when I met thee in the passageway?"

"Aye," she answered, smiling, "the very gown."

"I would have thee wear it for thy wedding-dress. That little rose of thine—see you? It shall be clasped in my hand when I am dead."

"Speak not of death," she said with a shudder. "I would not think of it to-night, my Lord."

"Nay," he said, "we will only think of life. There—I will not keep thee from Her Majesty, though she owes me much in letting thee go."

An hour later Lord Yelverton turned into his apartments of the French building. The room he entered was dimly lit and by the hearth stood the bent figure of a man.

Yelverton recognised him with a start, and strode across.

"Michael!" he cried. "Michael, old one! Where hast thou been? By Heaven! you had no right to give me such a search for thee."