

"No," he answered, in a low voice.

"Why did you not?"

"Faith, I cannot tell—I was formerly a gentleman—and you were—troth, when I talked with you in the garden, I could not. And when I came again, though I kept my false name, knowing how people held my true one, 'twas indeed to plan your escape from that old knight."

"I know not how I can ever prove my gratitude,—and for last night." She paused, and dropped her eyes; her heart beat fast while she awaited his answer.

"You have put the debt on my side," he said. "You would not come from that place if I were left. And but now you were attentive to my waking."

Evidently the answer fell short of her hopes.

"Oh," she said, a little pettishly, "I am on the watch here lest my father come, as I told you. As for your waking, yonder clodpate is a stupid fool. My uncle thought, being drugged, you might sleep all day and longer; but I said you were no ordinary man."

"Troth," said Ravenshaw, smiling. "I somewhat broke the drug's power by resisting. Your uncle came. And now that I am so soon awake, the sooner may I seek your husband that shall be." He turned toward the stair-head.