

"And why is he your enemy? Because, my lord, you ——"

"—— would not assist him in his amours, by your leave, sir," Sunderland said quickly, and Sherborne flushed.

"What?" Majesty twisted round upon Sherborne. "You did not tell me that, my lord, you did not tell me that," he said querulously.

"Because it is a curst lie, sir," cried Sherborne.

The King's sallow face darkened: "You forget our presence, my lord," said he.

"Then pardon, sir. I will say it is one of my lord Sunderland's truths."

"Oh, my dear lord," says Sunderland, shaking his head more in sorrow than in anger, "oh, my dear lord, what a bad memory you have!"

"Have I that, my lord? Zounds ——"

Majesty was again shocked: "My lord Sherborne!" he cried.

"Oh, sir, I must speak my own way or not at all. I say, my lord Sunderland, I remember, at least, that I told you of a traitor and his treason—and you did nought, nor even warned the King."

Majesty nodded to the words. "Nor even warned us," he repeated shrilly, "nor even warned us. 'Tis of that I complain."

My lord Sunderland appeared to struggle with mirth. "Indeed, sir. I did not desire aid my lord Sherborne to make your Majesty ludicrous."

Majesty started up flushing. "Ludicrous, my lord, ludicrous?" he cried.

"Why, sir, if you declare it treason to make love to my lord Sherborne's mistress, is there another word?"

"Do you tell me I am ludicrous?" cried his Majesty.

"Nay, indeed, sir. But that my lord Sherborne would have you be."

Majesty sat down to think it over. "I shall not deny,"