

"That we were married already, secretly?" he asked. "You might have said that."

"No. Not that — no one would have believed me. I told them," she paused and gathered her strength, and then the words came quickly, ashamed of being heard — "I told them that I knew my father had no share in the crime, because I had been here long to-night, in this room, and even when you were killed, and that I was here because I had given you all, my life, my soul, my honour, everything."

"Great God!" exclaimed Don John starting. "And you did that to save your father?"

She had covered her face with her hands for a moment. Then suddenly she rose and turned away from him, and paced the floor.

"Yes. I did that. What was there for me to do? It was better that I should be ruined and end in a convent than that my father should die on the scaffold. What would have become of Inez?"

"What would have become of you?" Don John's eyes followed her in loving wonder.

"It would not have mattered. But I had thrown away my name for nothing. They believed me, I think, but the King, to spare himself, was determined that my father should die. We met as he was led away to prison. Then I went to the King himself — and when I came away I had my father's release in my hand. Oh, I wish I had that to do again! I wish you had been there, for you would have been proud of me, then. I told him he had killed you, I heard him