

lady's white arms moving against the wall. The faintest creak of a panel, and he heard with great clearness the usher announce his Majesty.

Beaujeu turned to my lady's dim presence. "My compliments," says he, and laughed.

My lady's hand fell swiftly on his lips, and she murmured in his ear, "*Bête, bête.*"

My lord Sunderland was discovered by his Majesty reading the *Imitatio Christi*. His Majesty indeed was twice announced before the sound pierced my lord's devout thoughts. Then he started up, his lean face all a smile, and "Pardon," he said, "pardon," bowing with the book in his hand. "I am oft lost in this good gift of your Majesty."

Majesty scowled at Thomas à Kempis from the doorway. Majesty's big mouth was drawn downward, and his lean sallow face even uglier than it need be. "I have to complain of you, my lord," says he, in a high peevish voice.

"At least not before lackeys and my lord Sherborne, sir?" Sunderland inquired blandly, and bestowed a small bow on Sherborne in the background.

"Before whom I will, my lord," cried his Majesty.

Sunderland bowed his head: "I am your Majesty's man—to shame if you will so," he said meekly.

"I tell you that my lord Sherborne must be here," said the King, with the voice of an angry child. My lord Sunderland bowed and set two chairs. His Majesty sat down, my lord Sherborne on a nod from him also sat down, and the pair of them glowered at my lord Sunderland, who remained meekly standing. "Sit, my lord!" the King cried.

"In my lord Sherborne's presence? Oh, sir, 'tis honour indeed!" Sunderland murmured, and sat on the edge of a chair.

"What does that mean, my lord? My lord Sherborne is my friend."

"Your Majesty is more fortunate than I," says Sunderland, bowing.