

## BESIEGED

Marishka had only fainted and the brandy soon restored her.

"They've gone?" she asked of him.

"Yes, dear. We're quite safe. Listen. The Russians are driving them down the valley."

He washed the wound in her cheek tenderly.

"It will not scar you, Marishka," he smiled. "But if it does—an honorable scar such as no woman of Austria wears."

She touched it with her fingers and smiled.

"I did not even know——"

And then she saw the blood at his shoulder.

"You're hurt?"

"Only a scratch. It's nothing."

But weak as she was she tore away the sleeve of his shirt, and made him bathe and bind it with linen from her skirt.

"Will the Russians come here, you think?" she asked.

He smiled.

"If they don't come to us," he said soberly, "we will go to them."

She smiled.

"'And your people shall be my people . . .'" she murmured softly.

Galenski, Colonel of Russian cavalry, sat on his horse on a slight eminence beside the road which descended from Dukla Pass into the valley beyond, watching through a pair of field glasses the ramparts of an ancient castle perched upon a crag.

Beside him his regiment streamed down the hill at a hand gallop, its gray coats flapping, as it spread out fanwise in the meadow below, its lances lightly poised