

see is entirely unfounded. You impress that on them, Johnson."

"Oh, Dorothy," whispered Katherine, drawing a deep breath. "If you are as frightened as I am, get behind me."

"I think I will," answered Dorothy, and each squeezed the other's hand.

"I tell you what it is, Captain," sounded the confident voice of the Prince. "This vessel is a beauty. You have done yourself fine. I had no idea you were such a sybarite. Why, I've been aboard the Czar's yacht, and I tell you it's nothing— Great heavens! Katherine!" he shouted, in a voice that made the ceiling ring.

She was now standing up and advanced toward him with both hands held out, a welcoming smile on her pretty lips, but he swooped down on her, flung his arms round her like a cabman beating warmth into his hands, kissed her on the brow, the two cheeks and the lips, swaying her back and forward as if about to fling her upstairs.

"Stop, stop," she cried. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Before my father, too! You great Russian bear!" and, breathless, she put her open palm against his face, and shoved his head away from her.