

The Chivalry of Keith Leicester 339

"I was tryin' to play Shivalree," he declared, glancing slyly at Marjorie, "to a maiden in distress—you know—you know, like the guy you told me about, that she said was dead."

"Shake hands on it, Dicky," said Keith enthusiastically; "and you were quite right, you little trump."

"And I take it all back about him being dead, Dicky dear," said Marjorie earnestly. "He will never be dead so long as there are boys like you and Keith to keep him alive."

"Well, suppose we go down to dinner," suggested Lord Angleside, who was beginning to feel slightly bored by so much sentiment. "Sophy, you and I must lead the way and let these lovers follow."

"Do you know the happy thought that strikes me, Marjorie?" said Keith as they passed out into the hall behind Lord and Lady Angleside with Dick half a pace in front of them. "There'll be a moon to-night again on English Bay and, as soon as dinner is over, we shall go down and launch our little canoe. Only, this time," he added, patting the boy's head, "we shall take our wingless Cupid with us in the prow, even if we have to blindfold him and seal his ears with wax."

THE END.