

Colonel's bedroom window. A moment later, the old man's head appeared, nightcap and all, still sleepy.

"Six o'clock, father!" rang out Kate's clear young voice, sharp and commanding. "Time to get up and do your chores!"

What, Donald for a moment wondered, would be the part allotted to himself when he became one of the family? Would she expect to "boss" him in the same way as she "bossed" her father and mother? In the recent encounter of wills, he had come out on top, but would future encounters always end so fortunately? Had peace been declared between them or merely an armistice? And if it was peace, was it a Bolshevist peace under cover of which she would undermine the Government that had nominally prevailed?

Donald looked at her again.

She was very fair, and very desirable!

Why go to meet trouble?

Life was a gamble anyway!

He would take the chance!

THE END