

on about like ninepins—all except
diers—and got close to us.

the soldiers were not to be thrown
easily, even by such a big man
Alexander MacNairne, and Nell
would have been in all the
of a fight—a fight on our ac-
too—if Jonkheer Brederode had
peared in the midst, as suddenly
expected as if he had dropped
the round, full moon.

ust have come from behind me,
mouth was open to exclaim how
I was to see him, when he
whispered, just loud enough for
me to hear, "Don't seem to
me." Then he began talking
tatively in Dutch to the young
s, looking so stern and formid-
at it was no wonder the fun died
their faces (they were mere boys,
r), and they shrank away from
me as if we had been hot
which had burnt them when they
us.

Jonkheer Brederode first dashed
rescue. Sir Alexander MacNairne
en extremely busy with two of
le soldiers, but overawed by their
man's distinguished manner and
words, they lost their desire to
nd sheepishly joined their com-
s. This gave Sir Alexander a
to see to whom he owed the
on, and to my surprise he ex-
s, "Rudolph Brederode!"

id not speak the name as if he
eased, but uttered it quite fierce-
is good-looking face grew red, and
e eyes sparkled with anger. I
tonished, for neither Nell nor I
ny idea that they knew each
and I was still more startled,
rried as well, to see Sir Alex-
make a spring toward Jonkheer
de, as if he meant to strike him.
skipper stood perfectly still, look-
him, though Sir Alexander's arm
ised as if in menace; but at that
the lifted hand was seized, and
n was moved up and down rapid-
if it were a stiff pump-handle
eded oiling.

as Mr. Starr who had seized it,
gan to shake it so furiously. Be-
e tall Scotsman had time to un-
d what was happening, Mr. Starr
ealed him round so that his back
ned toward us, and I heard the
merican voice exclaiming, "How
do? Never had such a surprise
your wife?"

re's my wife? That's what I
to ask Brede—"Sir Alexander
gun, struggling to get his hand
Mr. Starr's cordial clasp. But
I could hear the end of the word,
ess the first syllable of another,
er Brederode was hustling Nell
e, out of sight of the others,
the carousel.

he with me, and get out of this,
," he said, but not in a scolding
uch as I had dreaded when he
red us in such a shocking situa-
ought on by our own folly.

a dying to ask questions, but of
I did not dare; and though I was
at first that Nell would resist,
as meek as a sugar lamb.

The skipper might easily have enlarged
on this, and pointed a moral lesson, but
not a word did he say about anything
that had happened. Maybe, this
humiliated us even more than if he had
scolded, for his silence was very mark-
ed, as he appeared to take not the
slightest interest in either of us, ex-
cept to get us indoors, where we could
do no further mischief. His manner was
cold; and whether this arose from his
strange preoccupation, or from annoy-
ance with us, I couldn't decide. In
either case, I was thankful when we
were in our rooms, and had taken off
our shawls and the beautiful helmets
which now I detested.

But we had not time to undress, when
there was a knock at the door. Nell
opened it, and there stood Lady Mac-
Nairne, in a dressing-gown, with a veil
wrapped over her head—perhaps to hide
curling-pins. I thought that Jonkheer
Brederode must have roused her up to
report our crimes, and sent her to show
us the error of our ways, though to do
such a thing was unlike him. But her
first words proved that I had misjudged
our poor skipper.

"Girls," she said, "could you be ready
to leave the hotel and go on board
'Lorelei'—good gracious, I mean 'Mas-
cotte'!—in a quarter of an hour?"

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worse for us, instead of better, when
Jonkheer Brederode dashed in and saved
the situation. What would have hap-
pened if he hadn't come, I dared not
think, for there would certainly have
been a fight, and Nell and I might
presently have found ourselves, with Sir
Alexander MacNairne, in the hands of
the police.

The skipper might easily have enlarged
on this, and pointed a moral lesson, but
not a word did he say about anything
that had happened. Maybe, this
humiliated us even more than if he had
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'Lorelei'—good gracious, I mean 'Mas-
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I almost thought she must be talking
in her sleep.

"Why, Lady MacNairne!" I exclaimed,
"it's half-past eleven."

"I know," said she. "All the more
reason for haste. I'm not joking.
There's a reason why we ought to be off
at once. Of course, 'Mascotte' is your
boat, dear Nell, and it's your trip. But
you and Phyllis are so kind to me al-
ways, that I'm sure you'll consent with-
out asking for more explanations, won't
you, when I say that it's for my sake,
and to save a lot of bother."

When Lady MacNairne wants anybody
to do anything for her, she makes her-
self perfectly irresistible. I don't know
at all how, but I only wish I had the
art of doing it. Sometimes she is dom-
ineering—if it's a man to be managed—
or even cross; sometimes she is soft as
a dove; but whichever it is, you feel as
if streams of magnetic fluid poured out
of the tips of her fingers all over you,
and your one anxiety is to do what she
wants you to do, as quickly as possible.

It was like that with Nell and me,
now. We said, both together that we
wouldn't be ten minutes, and we
weren't. But in spite of the wild speed
with which we flung together the few
things we had unpacked, and in spite of
the fact that we were dressed, except
for our hats, while Lady MacNairne was
in her wrapper, she was ready before
us.

We were to meet in her room, and
just as we arrived, dressing-bags in
hand—for it was not a time of night to
ring for porters—Mr. Starr appeared
round a turn of the corridor. He didn't
see us at first, but began to say some-