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"My place is with my husband, of course," said Marjorie simply, meeting Keith's look with a tender smile. "Besides," she added softly, "I love the West, too."

Lord Angleside turned to his wife.

"You see it's no use, Sophy, we old folks might as well keep our fingers out of the pie. You have the right stuff in you, Leicester, my boy," he said, shaking Keith heartily by the hand, "and I think that you'll do very well even if you aren't loaded down with money-bags. Marjorie's a sensible girl, no society nonsense about her—and if you only hold her with a light rein, you'll manage her all right. You're a lucky fellow to get her," and drawing the girl to him he kissed her on both cheeks. "Now, Sophy, it's your turn to act handsomely," he added turning to his wife.

"Well, at least, it will be a relief to get Marjorie off my hands," said her Ladyship. "One never knows what she will do next," and she kissed her not unkindly. "As for you, Mr. Leicester, I've felt more respect for you since I saw the rate you could drive a Ford car with two flat tires. I'm sure it will be some time before I recover from the shaking up I've had to-day. All the same, I wish you both a great deal of happiness," and she shook hands heartily with Keith.

"And what about you, Dicky?" asked Marjorie going over to Dick who, in an agony of shyness, was trying to efface himself in a corner and kissing him, much to his further discomfiture.

"Ah, you little traitor," said Keith shaking his finger at him. "What do you mean by aiding and abetting Marjorie in rebellion the way you did?"

Dicky was bathed in an agony of blushes when he found himself the centre of interest; but a gleam of mischief twinkled in his eyes.