

"Why?"

"As if you didn't know. Think of the ordeal for me."

"You've faced much worse things bravely enough. Besides, you won't be alone: You'll have your——"

"Bob!" she interposed quickly, with a lovely blush.

"Your mother with you. Mayn't I say that?"

"You were not going to say that."

"What was I going to say?"

"Volna has all Peggy's instincts, remember."

"Well, I challenge you to say what you think I meant."

"I'm not in a fighting mood to accept challenges."

"I dare you to say it, then."

"Don't be a coward, Bob."

"I'll say it then. You'll have your——"

"Bob."

"It's quite true. If you keep your promise of two days ago, and Father Ambrose does his duty to-morrow. I shall be——"

"There's the way to Cracow; do you recognize it?" she cried quickly, as we reached the forked roads of which Father Ambrose had told us.

"That's the way a brother and sister went; but this one to-morrow a man and his——"

"How lucky we were not to have the snow that time, weren't we?" she broke in again.

"That wasn't the real luck in my eyes. My luck