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affection that we have lavished on Marjorie all these years—that is, that they come home to live in England. It is only fair to Marjorie when her father left her so well provided for that she should reap the benefit.”

“Ah, to be sure, of course,” assented Lord Angleside rubbing his hands together. “They would never think of living out here with all that money—over ninety thousand pounds and all well invested. We should have to make that a condition, I think, Leicester, you know.”

Lady Angleside looked over triumphantly at Keith. She had placed him between the devil and the deep sea. If he refused to accept the condition, no doubt, Marjorie would be offended and her husband also; if he did accept it, he would have to eat his own words of an hour ago.

There was another portentous silence for a brief space.

“That is a condition that my manhood would not allow me to accept, Lord Angleside,” said Keith after a moment’s reflection. “I have taken up a certain work here—no doubt, a very humble and unimportant one to you—but not so to me. It is a worthy work and I could not lay it aside to live on my wife’s money no matter how much it was. I am sure Marjorie would feel that I was right, too. However, if she thinks the rough-and-ready life of the West—the lack of the veneer that belongs to an older civilisation—means too much of a sacrifice for her to make—I should be the last to ask her to remain here at the expense of her happiness. I have thrown in my fortune with the West and I cannot draw back. My wife must be my partner in the enterprise,” and he looked down fondly at Marjorie.

“Aw, is that so? And what does Marjorie say?” asked Lord Angleside in his lazy drawl, glancing keenly from one to the other.