

Kalman's face was pale, his voice shaking. "You have seen? You understand? You do not shrink from me?" He felt his very soul trembling in the balance.

"Shrink from you!" she cried in scorn. "Were I Russian, I should be like your father!"

"Now God be thanked!" cried Kalman. "That fear is gone. I fear nothing else. Ah, how brave you are, sweetheart!"

"Stop, Kalman! Man, man, you are terrible. Let me go! They are coming!"

"Hello there! Steady all." It was Brown's voice. "Now, then, what's this?"

Awhile they stood side by side, then Marjorie came shyly to Sir Robert.

"I did n't mean to, father," she said penitently, "not a bit. But I could n't help myself. He just made me."

Sir Robert kissed her.

Kalman stepped forward. "And I could n't help it, Sir," he said. "I tried my best not to. Will you give her to me?"

"Listen to him, now, will you?" said Sir Robert, shaking him warmly by the hand. "It was n't the fault of either of them."

"Quite true, Sir," said French gravely. "I'm afraid it was partly mine. I saw the dogs—I thought it would be good for us three to take the other trail."

"Blame me, Sir," said Brown penitently. "It was I who helped to conquer her aversion to the foreigner