

"Mr. Gordon; but you are an Englishman, or a Scotchman, and I thought they were always so careful to avoid anything sensational, especially when they were thinking of marriage, and then your father is a minister, and you are a very strict member of your national Church. What would be thought of you, if it was known that you came to a house like this, and murdered a woman in it?"

He only smiled at her, and she suddenly felt that she was in a new world, and this man whom she had thought she knew so well, was new also. Something new awoke in her, and she understood him.

So she stood up before him with downcast eyes, for the first time in her life not caring to look a fellow creature in the face. And with her straight figure drooping a little, in the half-conscious surrender of herself to this man, she said very meekly, "I will go with you."

He misunderstood her attitude. "Miss Helen," he said, smiling gravely at her, as he might have at a child, "you must not be afraid of me, I certainly shall not try to marry you against your will, for being a man who has his own living to get, I should be afraid you might take it out of me in mismanaging my household afterwards. No, I cannot afford to take a wife unless I am sure she is quite willing, and will always be a help to me. And seeing you seemed to like the idea of being a prisoner, I will arrest you if you like, in the name of common sense. You need a keeper, you daft lassie, and you can come, considering yourself my prisoner."

Helen laughed very happily. "Very well," she said, "then that is how it shall be, for really I am afraid of you."

"Why?" he said, not quite liking her words. They were in the street now, and he was putting her into the sledge, touching her as a careful mother might a child.

She only laughed softly. "Because though I am strong," she said demurely, "you are very much stronger. I feel like a little child in your great hands. To herself she added, "And we say we fear God, when really we mean we love Him."

All through their journey she was as carelessly happy as a child in its mother's arms.

The man saw to her comfort with the methodical precision, which was part of his careful Scotch nature, but underneath his stiff decorum his whole being was seething with madness, with that terrible Saxon passion that avenged Cawnpore.

And there would have been a strange, grim tragedy had they not escaped safely from Russian soil.

Helen came back from her dreams suddenly, to know she stood in the streets of Tokio, and the priest was speaking to her.

"You were the victim of a deplorable mistake," he said coldly, "but pardon me if I say your friends were right in trying to keep you from going on the street. It was practically war-time. The proper authorities would have seen to the wounded. There was no need for you to put yourself in a position liable to misconstruction. And then because of the not surprising error of an over-zealous soldier, you thought yourself justified in joining herself to those who warred on all decent society with the pistol and bomb of the assassin?"

But Helen's eyes were still soft with the memory of her love dream, and she only smiled.

"The man whose wife I am to-day fetched me from that house where I had found refuge," she said. "He took me to England, and there we would have been married, and doubtless lived in a most quiet, respectable British way, had I not heard that the brother I had left behind in Christian Russia, a young boy who was blind, would suffer for my escape. Without a word to tell them why, I left that home where they had made me so welcome, secretly, for, judging Rab Gordon by other men I had known, I thought he would be too proud and hurt to seek me again."

"You call me Nihilist and assassin, shall I tell you why? Because I had read the Bible to my friends—because I had tried to save a child—because I would not let Murray suffer for these crimes. I was forced to travel through Russia in disguise. I stained my hands and face. I used forged passports. I accepted help from those of our Liberalists who had become revolutionary and believed we should return violence by violence, and so, though I did nothing worse than what I have told you, you call me assassin."

"Then," said the priest, sternly, "you deny all knowledge of what happened in that Japanese curio shop in the Gostinoy Dvort? You know nothing of your lover's treason to the state, whose servant he was?"

"Rab Gordon was a civilian," said Helen, "an engineer hired by the Russian government to work for them. He was neither their subject nor soldier, and the only way in which he treated his employers unfairly was in throwing up his