

danger. Fact, he is not far awa' this meenit."

A few moments later MacAlpine opened his eyes and looked round the room.

"Something like—my turret castle windows in the roof!" he exclaimed, jauntily. "See the foes we've conquered—MacAlpine shields to the right—our enemies to the left—slain in battle every one o' them—McKinnon, McDermot, McGeorge, McQueen, McClintock, McLeod, Morris and Lennox, and Dalgleish, too. Hurrah for the claymore, the battle-axe of our people! What is it? Is that you, Marie? What's the matter with this leg o' mine? It's like a log with a fire at both ends and a red-hot hole in the middle. Give me some drink—give it quick—I'm getting weak—need something stronger than lemon-wash and beer."

"Yes," said Marie over her shoulder, "have him come now."

And in another minute the stranger, with grave but kindly face, entered the room.

MacAlpine was wandering again, heedless of anyone. As the doctor touched his pulse he paused for a moment and then rattled on:

"'Tis not true—red men are all right—'tis the whites that are blackguards—rob them of their lands—cheat them of the pittance they give them—but MacAlpine gives 'em a home in the islands—where they fish for mackerel and sturgeon—and the little squaws stay at home—and never say die. What the deuce are you doing with my leg?—Oh! you are the doctor—eh?—a privileged person—pray excuse me—I don't know what I'm talking about