

brandy," she whispered to Harry. Then she ran down the pathway to the water's edge and shoved out her canoe.

Swiftly they bore the limp body of the Commodore after her, and stretching the blankets at the bottom of the canoe, they laid him upon them.

"Have you any plans, Marie?" Harry asked, realizing the difficulties and dangers the girl was undertaking.

"Yes," she answered, in a voice trembling with many emotions. "You know island X, which lies just below the southern end of Q?"

"Yes."

"You remember the bluff at the end and the shelving rock?"

"Yes."

"Well, come to-morrow if you can, and be sure to bring Andrew. But must we not bind his leg again?"

"No," cried old Andrew. "If we do he'll revive, and there'll be the devil to pay. There is no danger, child; it's not bleeding as much as it was. Bind it up when you get to the island. But can you manage it alone?"

"I must; one canoe may escape, but two would be seen. I know the road and will keep in the shadow of the islands."

"Still I might come in the distance," said Harry.

"No, you must not," was her answer.

"Good-bye, then, until to-morrow."

"Good-bye; good-bye, men." There was a choke in her voice. "You are brave fellows, but it would be madness to fight to the death;