

outlaws like himself—he held many a jolly carousal that made the old woods ring. In one of his adventures he had taken captive a young Spanish girl, whose wondrous beauty at once conquered a heart all unused to the tender passion. He bore off his prize in triumph and, without asking her consent, made her his wife at the first port he touched. Soon, however, tiring of her company on ship-board, he brought her to his island home, and there left her to occupy his castle while he sailed merrily away. One year afterward, Sir Guy the Fearless, as he was called, was conquered by an English sloop-of-war, and, true to his daring character, he blew up his vessel and, together with his crew and captors, perished in the explosion.

His son and successor, Gasper, born on the isle, grew up tall, bold and handsome, with all his mother's beauty and torrid, passionate nature. He, in the course of time, took to himself a wife of the daughters of the mainland; and, after a short, stormy life, passed away in his turn, to render an account of his works, leaving to his eldest son, Hugh, the bold spirit of his forefathers, the possession of Campbell's Isle, and the family mansion known as Campbell's Lodge.

And so, from one generation to another, the Campbells ruled as lords of the isle, and became, in after years, as noted for their poverty as their pride. A reckless, improvident race they were, caring only for to-day, and letting to-morrow care for itself; quick and fierce to resent injury or insult, and implacable as death or doom in their hate. Woe to the man who would dare to point in scorn at one of their name! Like a sleuth hound they would dog his steps night and day, and rest not until their vengeance was sated. Fierce alike in love and hatred, the Campbells of the isle were known and dreaded for miles around. From sire to son the fiery blood of Sir Guy the Fearless passed unadulterated, and throbbed in the veins of Mark Campbell, the late master of the Lodge, in a darker, fiercer stream than in any that had gone before. A heavy-browed, stern-hearted man he was, of whose dark deeds wild rumors went whispering about, for no one dared breathe them aloud, lest they should reach his vindictive ears, and rouse the slumbering tiger in his breast. At his death, which took place two or three years previous to the opening of our story, his son Guy, a true descendant