

ing her hand over her brow. "I must have been dreaming. I'm so tired, you know—always so tired—and I just say things as they come—then I forget. What was it, Miss Marie?"

Her tone evinced keen distress.

"Never mind. But how could you sing such a terrible song?—true and yet not true. It can't be possible, Madge."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I didn't know you were near or I would never have sung it; no, never."

"It can't be helped now," said Marie, endeavoring to control her emotion. "But you must go back to Mr. MacKenzie tomorrow—and take this letter to him."

"I will start at daylight. Alick has promised to row me back to Blizzard Rock, and the *Target* will take me over to Sackett's Harbor."

"Be sure and let no one see the letter."

"I'll quilt it in like the other one, and I'll warrant you no one ever shall but Mr. MacKenzie. But can you ever forgive me?"

"You didn't mean it, Madge; and it isn't true."

The next morning Alick rowed Madge over and, secreting himself near the wharf, he watched the *Target* approach.

"Here comes Madge," cried one of the men. "She hasn't turned a hair since we dumped her here three days ago."

"Nor combed one either," added the mate.