

"If MacAlpine can do it, so can we. We'll die where we stand," cried one.

"But what of Miss Marie and the women?" yelled another.

"The women they'll not touch, and Marie's a man," was her answer, as she bent over her father. "Here will I stay."

"God knows that shall not be," cried MacAlpine, rousing himself from the shock that was plunging him into lethargy. "Down to your wharf—take your canoe—paddle out quickly—go, child, go."

"Not a step, father, unless you go too."

"And forsake my men—play the coward and traitor—"

"It is neither," cried old Andrew. "If you stay you'll die. If you go with Marie, you'll get well, and live to knock the stuffing out of every man John of 'em."

"Aye, aye, that's true," muttered another, deliberately taking aim at a soldier not ten yards away. "Stay here, and in an hour you'll be as dead as that fellow is."

"They are crowding in. Come, lads, two of us can carry him before they can reach us, if Marie leads the way."

"Bind his leg first; he's bleeding terribly," cried Alick. MacAlpine was almost unconscious. "Where's the doctor?"

"Knocked out already," replied Andrew. "A stray bullet felled him five minutes ago. But leave the leg alone. If he faints, bleeding will stop—a sleeping man never kicks. Pick him up, lads. Now, Miss, run."

"Send some blankets and a bottle of