

face for the first time assumed a serious expression.

"You guessed rightly, Miss," she said, in an unusually low tone; "I have a letter from Mr. MacKenzie for the Commodore. When he gave it me, to make sure, I crumpled it soft and stitched it in my petticoat. He said if your father wasn't here you must read it."

Then she turned away, took a little pair of scissors out of her pocket, and ripped it out.

There was fierce pain in Marie's face as she silently glanced over the letter. She knew that her father was fighting desperately. Although one-third of his men were either killed or wounded in his fight with the *Bulldog*, yet he had that morning gone off again with three barges to intercept any intended attack upon the islands, knowing that other armed vessels were ready to follow in its wake. MacKenzie advised no surrender, although he acknowledged that the Hunters' Lodges were everywhere defeated, and that the battle of Prescott and the Windmill had been lost. Her father would fight to the last ditch, she knew, however hopeless the cause; and being backed by his old compatriot, he might make a yet more determined effort.

Still the brigand "King of the Islands" had reason for the defiance that he threw out to his enemies. Until now he was the only one of the malcontent leaders who had not been defeated; and whether the partial destruction of the *Bulldog* could be considered a defeat or not, was still a question.