

CHAPTER VII.

MEETING OF LIEUTENANT STUART WITH HARRY THOMPSON.

"**H**EAVE slowly, men," cried the stranger, "or you'll smash your boat on the pier. The wind is terrific." He ran his skiff on the shore and, hauling it well in, stood on the little wharf to help with the larger boat. It came in with a sweep, then, shivering for a moment, bounded out again with the receding wave.

"Throw me your rope—now for your oar!" And seizing the wide end of the blade, the other being held by a sailor, the broadside of the lifeboat swung in and was fastened to the dock.

Marie's eyes were fixed upon the stranger. Suddenly she recognized him and, rising to her feet, she bounded out with the rug still wrapped around her.

"Why, Harry! Harry Thompson!" she exclaimed, in excited tones, for it was only now that his presumption in calling her by name was understood by her. "To think of you being here without me knowing it—and that we should owe our lives—Jessie's and mine—to Lieutenant Stuart and you. Oh, sir, this is an old friend from Fingal's Notch, whom I have not seen for years. Thank God, too, Jessie is alive."