

MacAlpine clan, except the Commodore, who was not on the boat, and Charlie and Miss Marie, and the few men who were left at Fingal's Notch."

Marie shuddered.

"But my father—his enemies destroyed—with the few remaining followers, would still be King of the islands."

"Would he," said Harry, "with other ships on the lake and the country conquered, and indignant enemies over the sea?"

"Oh, you don't think the cause hopeless, do you?"

"It is just as good now as it was before, Marie, whatever comes of it. It looked black as hell last night, when from that shelf of rock we watched it. But if the loon had not summoned the Captain of the *Bulldog* to a conference, his ship would have been a burning wreck and his men, as well as the MacAlpines, would have been doomed to a horrible death. I do not think that your father, in his mad rush for revenge, realized, as he might have done, that his victory would have sealed the fate of the men of his own clan. One more point, Marie; I have thought of this almost every moment since last night—Stuart saved your life, but he risked no other, scarcely even his own. You have saved not only his, but scores of others likewise, both his friends and his foes."

"Oh, Harry! don't, please don't," and she, too, buried her face in her hands.