

"I was thinkin' as much, and the quicker ye gang back again, the better for yer shins."

And suiting the action to the word, she commenced to swing her broom in dangerous proximity to Madge's legs.

"Stop your clatter!" returned Madge, indignantly. "It's your mistress, Miss Marie Stuart, I want to see, not you. Be good enough to tell her that Mad Madge wants to see her."

"An' ye think she's deein' to see a crazy woman, do ye?"

"Yes, she'll be willing when you tell her who I am."

"She's gone to the cabins, and mayn't be back for an 'oor—Ah! but I see her comin'."

"Why, Madge! This is a surprise. How could you possibly get here?" exclaimed Marie.

"You may well ask it. But it wasn't hard. Sailors are always good to Madge. So they gave me room on the *Target* all the way from Sackett's Harbor to Blizzard Rock. Then they put me ashore and a man paddled me over. I sing 'em songs, ye ken, and they just laugh at the daft body, believing that she don't know anything.

They think the auld wench has a split in her heed
And that her brains have sprouted and gone to seed."

Marie shook her head deprecatingly.

"But you have some good reason for being here, Madge. Come to my room and tell me."

As the door closed upon them Madge's