

"And be lugged back to the rock, all of us? Not I, for one!"

The launch was now within hailing distance, and every man aboard her was glaring at the helpless little yacht-gig.

"Wait!"

It was the Governor who spoke.

Rising from his seat in the stern, he hailed the officer who was sighting the rapid-fire gun.

"Lieutenant Tschersky!" he called.

At sight of the old man's lean, uniformed figure, rising from among the rest, there was visible excitement and surprise aboard the launch. The officer saluted and ordered the engine stopped that he might hear more plainly.

"Lieutenant," repeated the Governor, "I am summoned aboard His Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir's yacht. You will proceed to the harbor and await my return to the rock. There has been a mutiny among the garrison, but I have quelled it."

The officer saluted again, gave an order, and the launch's nose pointed for the rock.

"Governor," observed Lamont, as the old man sank again into his seat, "you've earned your passage to Stockholm. You need not work for it."