

thought; and the enemy's ships for a time kept discreetly at a distance.

But in truth each side had its own object for delay. The Government forces were gathering data for action, and preparing for a single overwhelming night attack; while MacAlpine, with a seer's eye to the inevitable, was busily storing the inner caves of his castle with everything that a prolonged retreat into it as a hermitage might require, not for his own sake but his daughter's.

Marie, too, during all the long preamble, had her own thoughts and her own inner life. She had Stuart's inviolable promise, that, come what might, he and the men under him would never fire upon the Eagle's Eyrie; hence, Stuart and his ship might be counted out of the attacking force. Under this belief, zeal for her father's cause, coupled with memory of her brother's death, made her both willing and glad to help to fight the battles of the clan. Many a rifle she cocked and fired, and many a cannon's fuse did she touch with a match, for they were corporate actions, the clan's battles.

But when evening came, the day's work done, Marie's time was her own; and the fair-haired youth in Charlie's suit of grey would glide in her long canoe out in the gloaming, and, paddling swiftly and surely, would soon be out of sight among the islands.

No one asked whither she went. No one questioned her object. Among her people she was queen. Her will was law, their's fealty. And her father in his gloom had other things