

"Naebody else but Captain Stuart."

"And what did he want?" said Marie.

"He wanted to know all aboot you and yer faither. He was awfu' anxious to know where ye'd gone tae. And he was clean beside himself when I tel't him that we didna ken."

"He had nothing to do with the battle," said Marie.

"Not a single bit. He's still on the *Bulldog*; and I tell you one thing, Miss, he was in terrible distress about ye."

"What else?"

"He just ganged up and doon the floor. I never seed a man so cut up in a' my life wi'out shedding tears."

"Is he quite well?"

"Yes, he limps a little wi' one foot, that is a'. Only for the wild excitement on his face he looked gey weel."

"And then he went away?"

"Yes, but he left a message for you. He wrote it with pencil on Janet's table, and here it is."

As Marie took it her hand trembled. Of course she could not read it in the dark.

"He said something else tae," said Andrew. "The battle being over and the people scattered, he said he was under orders to control the islands. But instead of trying to control either the Commodore or you, he would consider it the greatest favor you could grant him to let him help ye. Them was his words."

"And will he come back again?"