

"Oh, the fiends!" she ejaculated, involuntarily. "The fiends, they are burning the entire island."

"What's that?" ejaculated MacAlpine, suddenly aroused by her voice.

"Keep still, father, or we'll upset; we are in a canoe," she returned, pressing him down again. "Just for a little while; we are almost there."

"Almost where?" he asked, obeying her while he pressed his hand upon his head. "What's happened?"

"You got hurt, and we're going to the island as fast as we can. Just lie still."

"Queer business!"

But he lay quietly and Marie paddled all the harder. In ten minutes she slowed up to glide safely past the shallows. Fortunately the sky was clear and the stars bright. Marie had become accustomed to the dim light and could see her way. "Q" island was left behind, and she paused at the shelving rock which jutted out at the side of "X," directly opposite the bluff. The perpendicular rock which rose from the lake for many feet on the east side of the island at one spot was lifted to the height of a foot or so above the water, leaving its surface free. That such an opening could indicate a cave no one would imagine. It might be a runway for mink or water rats; but as a possible habitat for human beings, with an entrance only on the water level, would never be thought of.

But Marie had been there many times.