

Muttering excuses as to his having inadvertently omitted this little formula while making his morning toilet, he hastened on deck, to the accompaniment of his trumpet and drum marching tune. The lieutenant looked askance upon these warlike preparations, laughed outright at the musical burlesque, but made no direct comment. As soon as he was alone, however, he drew from under his collar a small miniature painted on metal, which was suspended around his neck by means of a velvet band.

"No, I certainly am not mistaken," he muttered, after gazing upon the picture intently for a few seconds: "What can possibly bring him hither?"

Warned by the sound of approaching footsteps he hastily replaced the miniature and when the tall stranger, closely followed by Glenbucket, entered the cabin was still apparently engaged in examining the ship's papers, spread out upon the table.

"You wished to speak with me, sir?" commenced the assumed Montgomery questioningly, in engaging yet dignified tones.

"Merely that a humble loyal subject, might befittingly greet Your Highness," exclaimed the young naval officer, bending low and endeavoring to press the hand of the other to his lips.

"There is some mistake here," was the cold answer. "I am but a trader and know nothing concerning 'Highnesses' and such matters."