

"And a pitiful help it would be," said Marie, with a hardness that she did her best to control; "our people killed, our buildings destroyed, our home burned, and my father dying from wounds."

"Dying from wounds, surely it is not so bad."

"But it is. With his leg smashed and torn, he lies in a cave without either surgeon or apothecary to attend him."

"This must not be. Where is he?"

"That is our secret. Think you, even when dying, that he would consent to be a prisoner?"

"But he would be no prisoner. 'Pon my honor, I declare that living or dying, if you will take me to him, he shall be a free man, and everything that a surgeon can do for him shall be done."

"Think you, Captain Stuart, that a Mac-Alpine would ever accept generosity from an enemy? My father wouldn't if he knew it; and, thank heaven, though delirious at times, he still has his reason."

"He must indeed be ill, if delirious already. Can I not persuade you? He need not know the man; but there is a surgeon, and a good one, whom I could send. Your father might even take him for a private civilian from the mainland. Do let me send him, I beg of you. And then, wherever you may be, there are things you need. Do let me provide them. It's the least I can do. I owe you personally ten times as much, and you know it."

"It was only a life for a life, and the debt has been cancelled," said Marie, coldly.