

the messenger is still waiting to take back your answer."

If she could only divert his mind, even by anything. The wild look in his eyes frightened her.

"Well, I will try." Gradually his eye cleared and his look grew steadier. Sometimes he read to himself, sometimes aloud, for the letter was a long one.

"Here's a worthy note," he muttered, after a long pause, "but of little use now:

*"Strike on, MacAlpine! Remember that before ours there have been nineteen strokes for freedom on this continent; and all were successful. Why should we not add one more, the proudest of them all, to the number? But much now depends upon you, my friend'."*

"Ah, indeed, does it? Fine enough for him to say so when he is over the border."

Then followed a repetition of the old story—the bill of rights—in support of which MacKenzie and his followers had rebelled, but for which MacAlpine personally did not care a farthing. These he skipped and then read on:

*"Unfortunately we are living in trying times, and the opportunities of communicating with each other are very limited. But the fates have favored me in the person of a dingy, half-crazy wench. She is thoroughly reliable, too canny to be caught, but you can trust her absolutely, as I do with my message. And as I may not have another chance before the fates decide our destiny, I pray you to attend carefully to my words'."*