

CHAPTER XIII.

REVEALING THE SECRET.

"**I** KNEW I could not mistake your answering call. It is what I've been asking for all night."

His tone was one of passionate appeal, as he sat in his boat parallel with her canoe, a dozen feet away. He was alone, but made no effort to come nearer.

"I didn't answer until your third call. Then I had to, you were so insistent," was her cold reply.

"My third call? It was my twentieth. For three hours up and down the islands and along the shore the loon has been piping, and I was almost in despair when your answer came."

"How could you expect an answer at such an hour?"

"I don't think I did expect one; but I knew you were somewhere among these islands, and with your father ill, you might be awake, and if you heard it, you would know that help was near."

"And you were up all night calling for an answer," she said, reflectively; "perhaps that was the reason I couldn't sleep. But why didn't you call in daytime instead of night?"

"Because I could help you better if no one knew but myself," was his reply.