

"You'll take a rest then before you return?"

"That's scarcely optional; I've work here that will keep me busy for a little; upon it my movements depend."

"Knowing Miss MacAlpine, you must know her father," said Stuart.

"I should rather think so; that skiff is owned by him. It's as light as a feather, yet as strong as hoop-iron. If it hadn't been it could never have breasted this gale."

"True, indeed; Mr. MacAlpine is coming to-morrow, I believe. If he arrives early enough, perhaps I shall get a chance to see him."

"That's doubtful. He'll be here and away again, almost before you know it. Celerity of movement has always been his habit."

"His daughter has the same accomplishment well developed," said Stuart.

"She always had. Celerity and precision made her one of the best shots in the islands before she was fifteen."

"I knew she could swim and paddle, but I never heard that she could shoot."

"I've seen her take a partridge's head off at fifty yards with a small-bore rifle; and when the sportsmen laughed at her, she repeated the feat half-an-hour later under similar conditions with a black squirrel."

"She certainly has accomplishments."

"Accomplishment isn't in it. She comes of the Stuart race, sir; when she goes home the whole of the islands will be at her feet."

"And well they may," returned Stuart, his eyes flashing.