

CHAPTER XI.

THE BRINGING OF ANDREW.

LONG before dawn MacAlpine awoke, roused by the pain in his leg; but his mind was clear, and he comprehended the situation more accurately. Marie was still sleeping beside him. He realized how fatigued she must have been, and wouldn't rouse her. Even if awakened, she could do nothing for him without a light, and with the open entrance uncovered by the screen, to strike one would be unsafe. Still he felt his limb swelling—possibly the bandages were too tight—and impatiently he awaited the approach of day.

At last the opening above the water became lighter and the objects within the cave indistinctly visible. Marie stirred and he spoke to her.

"Yes, father," she replied, sitting up and rubbing her eyes. "It was horrid of me to sleep so long and you suffering. Poor, patient old father."

"My leg hurts too much to be patient over it," was his answer. "It is swelling, and the foot turns over too far. Can you prop it better?"

"I will try. There, will that do?"

"Yes, but the bandages are tight; when it