
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

that filled the cove. The men looked about them with questioning eyes, and Marie, springing towards them, looked intently up the cliff for the cause of the sound.

Again the sound reached their ears, and the maiden shrieked wildly as she caught the motion of a hand and arm above a rocky shelf at a distance above the place where the men stood.

Pointing to the place, she cried, "There, there he is, père!"

As if in reply to her words, Winslow rose to a sitting position, which brought him into sight of all of them below. He looked down upon them in a dazed way, his face pale and bleeding, and his clothes dusty and torn. He gave evidence in his appearance of having passed through a terrible experience.

"Ah, Len, is that you! I am glad to see you. And you also, good friend. What are you going to do for me?" said Winslow faintly, but smiling in spite of his condition.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" asked Pierre.

"A little bruised; and from the looks of things here I am likely to stay for awhile—at least, unless the rest of the rock goes down."

He began feeling his left arm as he spoke, which hung down helpless at his side.

"No bones broken, I think," said Winslow, "but pretty painful. My shoulder is stiff, and I can't lift my arm. I did not follow your advice, Mr. Gotro, so here I am, paying the penalty of rashness."