

CHAPTER XII.

MEETING OF STUART AND MARIE.

IT'S a compounded break," said old Andrew, two hours later, as he kneeled by his old master's side and through his spectacles examined the injured limb. "An' a muckle bad yun at that. The bone's splintry and the flesh is comin' through. It'll be a bad yun to fix, but 'a think I can manage it. It'll gie some pain, Commodore MacAlpine, afore I'm through; but I'll dae the best I can, not being skilly."

"All right, Andrew, I can stand it," said MacAlpine, grimly.

"Nae doot ye can, sir, nae doot at all. There never was a MacAlpine yet who cudna stan' mair than ither folk."

"But, my boys, Andrew, my boys."

"That was different, sir; an angel on airth cudna ha' stood what they had to gang through. But I'm losing time, I must make my splints. I brought the stuff wi' me. Man, sir, but you're feverish. It's gey ill when it comes so quick, an' I'll hurry all I can."

In another hour, with the help of Alick and Pat, Andrew had made the patient comfortable. His leg was neatly boxed and bound, with a hole in the dressing left open to treat the wound. And this he plastered over with his favorite prescription.