
THE PRECIOUS STOCKING

the rope, the tide will be in the cove and a fall will be less serious, if such an accident should occur."

And then, turning to Len, Pierre went on: "It is time you were looking after your boat."

"I see the water is already nearing the cove," said Winslow, now resting as easily as he could, and showing in his voice and face that his strength was much reduced.

As Len went away Pierre said to Marie, "I must leave you here for a short time. Will you be afraid to stay?"

"No, père, but do not be gone long."

Marie, with all her pity disclosed in her eyes, was alone with Winslow. Her shyness was forgotten in the fear that possessed her for his safety. She gazed at him steadily as he lay against the cliff with his eyes closed and the marks of his accident still upon him.

They remained in this situation for some time, Marie's alarm becoming greater with vague uncertainty and doubt as the minutes passed without any sign of her father's approach.

The tide had now come well into the cove and was rising rapidly, moving steadily towards her where she sat. She could now detect the sound of rolling pebbles on the edge of the tide. The cove was filled with a loud noise as of some new, invisible life stirring and hurrying about from one side to the other and whispering incoherently. A cool breeze had followed the tide and was blowing into the place in gusts, and as she watched Winslow she could see