
DULSE

"Hurry, père, the gentleman may be saved yet!" she said, faintly.

"I will take you back to Suzanne first," replied the old man.

"Oh, no, père, I will be stronger soon. The running tired me." As she spoke she rose to her feet, though pale and trembling.

Pierre then hurried away, and in a few moments Marie turned toward the cove again. Just as she came in sight of her father, Len arrived with a rope in his hand, and the two men set to work at once to throw aside the stone from the pile which had fallen.

Marie looked on and heard the crash of rock after rock as it was cast from the desperate hands of the men, and the sounds echoed out of the cove and filled her heart with ominous fear and dread of something about to be revealed. Yet she could not take her eyes from the mass of rock. She watched with feverish interest her father lift huge stones, or help Len in removing those too large for the strength of one alone. In this way the intense strain upon her nerves continued. Once she went out of sight of them, but the sounds were more terrible to hear when out of sight of the cause of them than before. So she was forced to return again. It was a terrible sight for Marie, with her quick imagination and tender heart. Tears would often force themselves to her eyes, and her terror heightened more and more.

Suddenly the work was interrupted by a groan