

Although MacAlpine knew that in some way he had been translated to his own Eyrie cave, he still sternly resisted seeing a surgeon; and fearing that anger at one's arrival might undo all the good that he could accomplish, Marie had so far yielded.

Noiselessly old Andrew entered, and raising the tartan plaid which closed off that part of the cave, he peered in. Taking out his ponderous old watch he stood still and looked steadily at the patient.

"Forty breaths to the meenit," he whispered. "I dinna like it; he gets hot and then cold, and sweats so. Is he still crazy, Miss?"

"Always worse at night time," was Marie's answer.

"There's a skilly man at the hoose the noo," Andrew again whispered; "he came o'er fishin', no regimentals at all, and wanted Janet to gie him some dinner. So in the course of talk he said: 'Do ye ken I'm a doctor taking a holiday; but I'm so durned tired of it that I'd gie onything to see onybody sick. For,' says he, 'I'd tak it as a favor if I cud see a sick body; I don't care who it is, or what's the matter.' So I said, 'Janet's sick o' skeeters, can ye cure her?' and the crazy loon only laughed. But what think ye, Miss Marie? Would it be any use? He looks like a guid, sensible man."

"Perhaps it would," returned Marie eagerly. "When father awakes I will try again. Do not let him go."

"He brought some fish he had caught, and we asked him to stay for tea, so there is no