

"Don't you know that I *am* a boy. See my clothes. The only boy you've got. But I'm getting hungry, aren't you? Last night I brought a tin of new biscuits that Kitty made, and some butter; and I've got lemons and sugar—lemons are good for a sick man, even better than brandy."

"That'll be fine, Marie; you do the eating after your hard paddle. Mix the lemons for me; that's all I want." And he took the drink eagerly.

For a while each avoided every subject but the actual present. The light of the candle only faintly illuminated the cave. Gradually, however, their eyes got accustomed to the dimness, and could pierce even into the gloom. The cave ran far in, the shelving rock sloping down in the rear to the level of the water-line, while in the interval there were regular projections of the limestone at varying heights. A black object, the size of a large plate, occupied one of these. After a time MacAlpine's roving eye rested upon it.

"What is that?" he suddenly exclaimed.

Marie rose and lifted her candle for a better look. Where they were the vault was high enough for her to stand erect.

"Only a turtle," was her cheery answer. "He's got his nose turned this way watching the interlopers."

Next came a splash into the water.

"That's a water-snake," she added.

"Yes," said he, "and there goes a water-rat scampering along the ledges."