

But his eyes closed and in muttering delirium he once more dropped off to sleep.

An hour later it was dark. The turret windows of the cave had long ceased to give sufficient light; and old-fashioned lamps with silver cords, suspended high in the air above MacAlpine's bed, threw a weird light into the deep recesses, and flashed it back from many a dark corner as it fell upon plated armor, scrolled scabbard, or glittering steel.

Consciousness by this time seemed to be gone. Marie had caught his last rational words, and wearily now she glanced around the room. The doctor stood by the bed while Andrew and Janet were peering beneath the tartan plaid. There was no one to help her; she must bear the cross alone.

But a light step approached. A hand touched her shoulder. It was Stuart's. "I couldn't stay away any longer," he murmured; "I had to come."

"Thank you, I am glad. It is terrible to be alone."

"And he's let all the men come back, every man John of 'em, to see the Commodore before he dees," whispered Andrew in a low staccato. "May they come in, Miss Marie?"

"It will do no harm," said the doctor, "if they can pass right through. And it's a tribute that I know a man like our friend would not refuse if he were conscious."

"Oh, yes, let them come," whispered Marie, with a sob of joy, as well as of grief; and drawing a silken cord, she threw open a passage to the cave beyond.