

"and you got your leg hurt, so I brought you here."

"Child, how did you do it?"

"That doesn't matter, father. What we have to do now is to get you onto these rugs. See, I've got a pillow, too. Then I'll fix your leg."

Suddenly he sprang to the sitting posture; but instantly fell back with a groan.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "I remember now—my leg's smashed. It must have been a rifle shot. See, it's bleeding again—the pain is terrible."

"Drink a little of this and just bear it," said Marie, holding the brandy to his lips. "You must help me and I will lift the leg."

And with infinite pains and gentleness on her part, and groans and maledictions on his, she helped him onto the ledge. In her journeyings she had brought blankets and quilts, so that when she stretched him out he lay fairly comfortable with his head on the pillow. But the blood was streaming again; some large vessel must have been cut; so with scissors she removed the trouser leg. Then she washed off the ragged wound, straightened out the limb, and bound it with strips of cotton she had brought.

All the while he watched her. Now and then when a chance came he patted her hand. "You are a princess," he exclaimed at last, "if ever there was one! But what a boy you would have made!"

"Would have made!" was her quick response, suddenly kissing him on the brow.