

"Yes. To-morrow's morn."

"Do Alick and Pat know of this?"

"Of course I tel't them as they rowed me over, but they'll not say a word."

After they returned to the cave, Pat rowed Old Andrew back to Fingal's Notch; while Alick remained with the Commodore to give Marie a better chance for rest. So she hung up a curtain in the rear part of the cave, and, arranging her couch as comfortably as possible, she read her letter. Then she lay down hoping to sleep; but it was useless. The previous night, with the sole care of her father upon her hands, coupled with the unusual fatigue and anxiety, she slept soundly. This time she could not sleep at all, but tossed restlessly for hours. At last, fancying that she heard the sea-gulls, and impressed by an irresistible desire to paddle upon the lake, Marie rose, and noiselessly pushed her canoe out into the open. She could hear the quick breathing of her father, who fortunately was asleep, as well as the slow and stertorous respiration of Alick, stretched out beside him; but so silent was she in her movements that neither of them awoke. Stepping into the dainty little craft, which was as obedient to her dexterous hand as the well-trained pony is to the rein of its mistress, Marie was soon far out on the still water. Now she wondered why she had come? There was no reason that she knew of, except that she was sleepless, and impressed with a desire to exchange the confined atmosphere of the cave for the purer