

have Andrew. Can you bring him at once, with splints and dressings and medicine for father's leg?"

"Saints in heaven, is that where you are, down in the lake, swimmin' for a livin'?" cried Pat in a low voice. "But by the holy Virgin, I'm glad to hear your voice again. In course we can bring Andrew."

"Yes, Miss Marie, we'll do our best to be back in an hour," echoed Alick. "Anything else we should bring?"

"Yes, but ask Janet; she'll know what to send. Be back as soon as you can."

"Do you know that Harry Thompson's been shot, but not kilt," said Alick.

"He's not bad," said Pat, "but he told us to tell ye that he couldn't come."

"Tell him I'm exceedingly sorry," said Marie.

"We'll do that, but don't be fearsome, he'll get well."

They paddled a little further on.

"Yonder boat is watching us," said Alick. "We must continue fishing here and there for a little while yet. Those fellows have their eyes skinned."

"It was lucky she warned us not to come any closer," said Pat. "Gorry, but Miss Marie's a brick. If ever there was an angel in heaven, she's one."

"But she's not in heaven yet, thank God," said Alick.

"I'll be d—d if she isn't. It's heaven wherever that girl plants her foot, bedad, so there to you."