

"I've thought it all out, father," she said at last. "We'll wait until the darkening, and if they don't come by that time, I'll go and bring Andrew myself."

"By that time God only knows where he may be; you may not find him at all, child."

"If I cannot find Andrew, I'll be sure to find Janet; she'll be better than no one."

"Ah, well, perhaps it is best! If you go in daylight, they might never let you come back again, and where would MacAlpine be? Man! but I must be getting daft to blather like an old woman. You are right, girl; the lads'll come by the dark'ning, I'm sure."

As the sun was setting Marie took another look. There was a boat plain enough not twenty yards away, with two men in it, fishing. Then she heard voices.

"Begorrah," cried one, "I've been fishing for a great long sturgeon and a beautiful white perch for these two hours, and nary a bite 'ave I got of either of 'em yet."

"We munna hurry, Pat, just keep at it. I've been feeshin' for Alpine bass just as long as you have, wi' no better results. But we'll catch every one of 'em—only it winna do to get too close to the shore—it'ud be dangerous for feeshin'."

"Yes," came in clear, crystal tones from a voice close to the water under the ledge, "You'll catch every one of them; but go on fishing just where you are, while I talk to you. We're both here, the sturgeon and the perch, and the bass, too, if you like, in a cave under the rock. But father is terribly ill. We must

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