

CHAPTER XV.

THE PASSING OF THE "KING."

THE doctor sadly neglected his fishing during the next twenty-four hours. He was with his patient morning, noon and night. Now and then he would take a run to Janet's cottage, and then hurry back again; and when evening came he flatly declared to Andrew that he did not intend to leave the cave again that night.

For a while MacAlpine was easier. Refreshing lotions soothed the fevered limb, and cooling medication checked the progress of the fever and quieted his nerves. More than once an hour's sleep followed the administration of a sedative; and Marie's hope revived. But when he awoke, delirious again, and refused to take nourishment, her depression returned. Sometimes his language was sharp and clear and, while panting for breath, he would ring out in clarion tones his commands to his followers. At others he would sing snatches of song leading his men to battle, or hurl maledictions upon his enemies or anyone who dared to oppose his will.

All day long, however, there were little intervals of consciousness, when Marie, with her hand clasped in his, could get close to her father's heart. These were precious moments to her and every one was treasured.