

not speak again of the burning of the "Eyrie."

What she hoped and prayed for most was help. When would it come? Possibly not till night. Often she lay down flat on the rock to look beneath the ledge if any boat was in sight, but all in vain. The whole day passed without a single craft of either friend or enemy coming into view.

Long before nightfall her heart sank within her. For herself she did not care. But her father was not improving, and she realized that his leg should be set and his wound attended to by a competent surgeon—a matter of vital importance—but something which she feared would never be accomplished.

What she regretted now was that she had not arranged with Harry and Andrew for a special time for their visit. If any one should come, it was necessary that she should be there to meet them; otherwise they might not even discover the cave. While sorely perplexed, the exclamations: "Andrew must come! Find some way of getting Andrew!" were continually ringing in her ear.

Still she felt that she must control the situation, and to accomplish anything must be guided by her own judgment.

So she bathed her father's leg and head, fed him with lemonade and brandy, and talked as brightly as she could of the possibilities of the future. More than once she brought a smile to his face, and he would call her his little Princess, his sweetheart, and his own brave girl.