

—my head's on fire—but—do you know—Andrew's better than the whole batch of you—if it wasn't for that fiendish plaster of his—may he die some day with one on his—mouth.”

The doctor's face was very grave. He took Marie aside to question her.

“Can anything be done?” she asked.

“Not much I fear,” was his answer. He was too kind-hearted to say that something might have been done, but it was too late.

“Would it give him any chance,” she tried to overcome the choking sensation in her throat, “were you to remove the leg?”

“No,” was his answer; “he is suffering from pus in the blood, and the pain and shock of the operation would kill him.”

“And can we not make him easier?”

“Oh, yes, we will do what we can to relieve his sufferings.”

“I am sure you will.”

At Janet's cottage the doctor met Captain Stuart. “You have seen him,” said the latter.

“Yes, just a moment ago.”

“How is he?”

“Bad, bad; won't survive another twenty-four hours. Dying of pyæmia of the most virulent type. I cannot understand it. Of course he has a compound fracture of the leg, with a badly splintered bone and large external wound. And then there is the hot weather, and the jolting without splints to the cave, and the bungling of that good-natured old chiel, Andrew, and I know not what else. But a strong, true man—I don't care what he is in politics—he is a true man—should never