

stronger one—the Bow,—where even an experienced swimmer would have a poor chance.

May knew and felt the danger. She stood with both hands pressed to her heart, watching with wide open eyes, fixed and horrified. The lads remembered the scow : that was their hope. But the half-breeds * who usually managed it were not always at their post, for traffic was rare. With all the force of their lungs, both shouted the usual call, as Jim ran and Phil went down the stream. At first, no one answered or appeared, and it seemed as if the scow was deserted. Jim would never be able to reach it in time to push it out and stop Phil's vessel, which was rapidly filling with water. May put her two hands to her mouth and gave a long shrill cry, which went well across the water, and—oh joy!—a voice replied with an answering shout, and the two half-breeds were seen, pushing out the raft. Phil had no power to direct his course, but, just as he came to the dangerous bend, where the river rushed on with fierce impulse to meet its fellow, out dashed the scow, and checked his course. Phil was clinging to the box, and one of the men on the raft caught hold of him, and pulled him on ; while the box tilted up,

* Indians who have had a white parent.