

But this was no scoundrel. It was Stuart himself, she felt sure. Still what should she do? If she were only past him, how quickly her paddle would swing the canoe back to its moorings and leave him just where he was. Would it be possible to make a long detour out into the lake and slip by unnoticed? Again the loon lifted up its voice and the math was stronger than ever; and oh! so much nearer. There was no possible chance of escape.

It was best to answer and face the inevitable bravely. Quickly she raised her voice and, in shrill notes, piped out the answering call. Then she swung her paddle, took a firm grip with her knees, and struck for home in the direct line of the loon.