

we glided over it, disturbing the wanderings of the solitary water-spider, or causing the hungry fish to scurry away, as he stealthily watched the flutterings of the unsuspecting butterfly. Indeed, it was a glorious May morning, of lazy, monotonous pleasure.



Propelled by our vigorous strokes, the canoe cut a furrow in the quiet water, causing wavelets to radiate behind and extend to the shore, against which they could be heard faintly lapping.

In a short time Springbank hills could be seen looming up, covered with the fresh foliage of early spring. Here our first and most troublesome portage of the trip was made, the Waterworks dam being too high and steep to be "run" by a canoe. We pass through the Byron valley, with its richly-wooded hills and picturesque and solitary "Egg Island," with the scattered village of Byron to the south. The Byron dam was safely shot (not with a gun), being low and sloping. As we descend, the scenery becomes more wild and picturesque. The river gradually grows more rocky and turbid, causing us to use all our scanty wits to prevent the canoe from grounding or knocking against the boulders.

The imposing hills and majestic pines give to the scene a primeval grandeur which renders it peculiarly attractive and charming—almost gorgeous. Not a house or visible sign of habitation obtrudes to mar the charm of solitude, and nothing but the bubbling and rippling of water is to be heard.

Below can be seen dimly, and partly in shadow, the cascade of the Wishing Well. As we approach, the music of falling water breaks faintly on the ear, and the sun is seen glittering on the silvery spray and snowy foam, as the cascade pours its unceasing flow upon the rocks below.

III.

There is one thing a canoeist must do before his bliss can become perfect, and that is, *eat*. This he must do with a voraciousness astounding to an inexperienced beholder. So, when I say we had dinner, it may be understood that we did not flinch in the hour of action. We dined in the canoe, as we were too ravenous to waste valuable time in disembarking. I unfastened and raised the lid of the largest provision box, and at a given signal we both grabbed. Artemus won by thirteen ham sandwiches and a twelve-ounce-to-the-square-inch pound cake; but I regain my lost ground, and win the day by enfolding two pounds of bologna sausage.

Artemus unbuttoned his vest. He took it off. Then, rolling up his sleeves, intimidated, in a voice husky with soda biscuits, that he was struggling under difficulties,

inasmuch as he had a mouth much inferior to mine in size and orificial extent; therefore I should give him a start of at least six sandwiches.

I saw through his little scheme for appeasing his enormous appetite, and shut down on it and the lid of the box, remarking at the same time in a dry voice (dry with semi-masticated home-made buns), that if he ate any more he would have to be placed at the back of the canoe as it made paddling difficult to have too much weight in the front.

After dinner we both felt lazy (no new sensation to Artemus), so we agreed to let the canoe float for a time, while we enjoyed a rest after our hard work. Lighting our pipes, we lay back in the canoe and watched the kingfishers and swallows flying across the blue sky above. The water rippled against the sides of the boat in a sleepy monotone, only broken by the regular and melodious snores of Artemus, who had fallen asleep. I watched the treetops and branches swaying in the gentle wind, and listened to the melodious nasal solo proceeding from the bow of the boat, and, before I am aware of the fact, I also am in the arms of Morpheus.

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"Say, Ike; wonder if them's the gypsies as stole our pullets?"

"I dun'no; but danged if they dunt look like drunken thieves."

"Let's holler at 'em!"

"Naw; don't yer see their gun?"

I woke up with a start and looked around me: The canoe had drifted on a sandbank, and two rustic-looking individuals were gazing curiously at us from the shore. Artemus was still snoring. I whispered to him to wake up, that we were attacked by Indians. He still snored. The men turned away and began to climb the barb-wire fence. A thought struck me. I picked up the old gun from where it lay loaded in the canoe, and quietly cocked it. Artemus was snoring complacently, and the two strangers were hunting for a dull spot on the barb-wire. I pulled the trigger. There was a simultaneous and decided movement from 'all three. While Artemus jumped *up*, the strangers jumped *down*; but, alas! the frailty and treachery of barb-wire fences! The tall, lanky fellow cleared it, but the other one hung in suspension between the blue ethereal vault and mother earth. The tall fellow grabbed his companion and pulled. He was strong, but corduroy and buckskin patches were stronger. I saw the man was getting uneasy, so I told Artemus to shove out and paddle down stream. After paddling steadily and silently for five minutes, we looked back. The long-legged man was still pulling, but just then we glided round a bend and they were lost to view.

The river becomes more and more troublesome. The current sweeps swiftly round the bold bends and curves, and we soon leave the picturesque village of Delaware behind us. This sleepy old river village is a