

"We're in time!" Natsatt cried, now flushed with excitement.

"Just in time," Dan replied; "with not a minute to spare."

Running their canoe ashore, and making it fast, they walked slowly from the water toward a large building standing somewhat by itself. They saw a number of people entering the door, and others on their way.

"The place will be crowded," Natsatt whispered.

"Shouldn't wonder," was the reply. "We'll slip in and sit well back by the door. Our clothes are too rough to go up in front."

It might seem somewhat strange that these two men who had faced death so often during the past years, and had endured all kinds of hardships should tremble with apprehension as they stood upon the threshold of that building. But they were not accustomed to the ways of civilisation, and felt out of place. They observed the well-dressed people who passed them, and then glanced down at their own rough garments.

The big room they entered was almost filled with men and women. There was a feeling of expectancy in the air. There was much laughing and talking going on, and all seemed in the highest spirits. The place was brightly lighted, and the walls were decorated with pictures and mottoes, while numerous flags were gracefully arranged back of the stage which ran across the upper end of the room.

"Isn't it great!" Natsatt whispered, as his eyes