

And there was not one thing to prepare him for what immediately followed. A voice which seemed to be almost at his elbow spoke to him out of the darkness in low hurried tones—a woman's voice! At the same time he felt the bow of the canoe pulled in against the bank. Before he could recover sufficiently from his surprise to speak she had stepped aboard and he could hear her adjusting a cushion beneath her knees. Then came her tense whispered warning:

"Stick right here and don't talk. We haven't time to get away, but they can't see us. Sh! Here they come!"