

"Have you the ropes there?" he shouted.
 "Go down for the ropes," cried the chief engineer, and away went four men.

"Rope is coming. Vincent. Keep your heart up."

"Oh, I'm all right, sir."

"Where's the Armstrong boy?"

"Gone. He was here this morning."

"How do you know?"

"This fire was not quite out."

"Where's he gone? Have the bears got him?"

"No sign of it."

"What's become of him, then?"

"I fancy he went down the creek before the water rose in here."

"But you saw no sign of him down there."

"Better send Grosbois to look after his trail, sir. Perhaps he got out alive."

"Grosbois is down there now."

"Hey, Grosbois! Grosbois!" shouted the chief. But no answer came. Grosbois had gone out of hearing."

"Is the water rising, Vincent?"

"Yes. It's risen three inches since I got here."

The pond within the cave now presented the aspect of a stream incessantly returning on itself by an eddy up one hand and a current down the other.

Vincent could not reach the fissure without wading. From that crack flowed a rivulet a foot deep. No sound except the surging of a whirlpool came from the corridor where Pete had heard the *cloop-clooping* sound.

"Young Armstrong must have been starving!" shouted the chief.

"No, sir. He seems to have lived on the fat of the water."

"Fat of the water?"

"Yes; trout. Look here!" Vincent held up two fish.

"How could he catch them?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But he certainly did. The place is all heads and tails. I shouldn't have supposed any fellow could eat so many trout in the time. He was here only a day altogether."

"Can you get straight under here, Vincent?"

"Yes. I waded through that crack a while ago."

"Well, the ropes are coming."

Vincent waded down the fissure and stood. In the course of half an hour the rope had descended. Vincent had placed the loop under his shoulders, and the exulting men had drawn him safely up. Then the whole party walked down to the whirling outlier.

"It's impossible young Armstrong could have come through here alive," said the chief, looking into the tunnel out of which the rising water rushed.

"There wasn't so big a volume this morning early when we were here before," said Vincent.

"And Pete must have come down before that."

"You seem very sure he did come down."

"Well, sir, so I am. It's what I should have done myself in the circumstances. I was beginning to think of it when you answered my call."

"Lucky you didn't. Perhaps you are right. But it's surprising that he took the risk when he had plenty to eat."

"You forget how alarmed he was for his mother. Besides, he probably thought I had lost myself, and he had no hope of a rescue."

"But what can become of him if he got out here?"

"He would make for home up the river."

"Well, I hope your theory is sound," said the chief. "What's become of Grosbois, I wonder? Grosbois! Grosbois!" he shouted.

But Grosbois was far away, following what he thought a trail through the woods. It took him up the river. Meanwhile another voyageur had picked up the trail of Grosbois and brought the news back to the chief.

"He must have found Pete or his track," said Vincent. "I'll follow, too, sir, if you'll allow me. I have to go to Kelly's crossing, anyway, and I may as well try to get to the Armstrong's to-night."

About three o'clock that afternoon Mary Arm-



strong was giving Eliza Jane and Ann Susan a "piece." She stood with her back to the cabin door, when Ann Susan suddenly cried. "Pete! Pete!" and held out her hands.

"Pete's here!" said Eliza Jane coolly.

Mary turned.

Pete, indeed, staggered up the path. His face was covered with dry blood from many scratches his shirt and trousers were in strips, his feet bare and bleeding.

"Mother! It is Pete! Pete's come back. He's not dead at all," running out into her brother's arms.

Mrs. Armstrong tottered to her feet.

"Is mother dead? Where is she?" cried Pete as he caught sight of Mary.

"Why, mother! Aint you glad to see me?" he said, holding her in his arms a minute later. She was weeping as she clung to him.

"O Pete, Pete, Pete. I thought you was burned to death!" was all she could say.

"There, mother! There mother! I'm all right. Only tore up a little, running through the woods. I've been travellin' since daylight, and I lost my boots out of my hand coming down a whirlpool out of a cave, and I couldn't find them amongst the driftwood below. I was in too big a hurry. I was most scared to death for fear you would not be here. My! it was good to see the barn and house standin'.

I came up along the river till about two hours ago. Then I worked up top of the Hump for easier walkin'. Where's father?"

"A boy came for him. He went down river two hours ago to look for you."

"I'd have met him, then, if I'd kept straight on. Maybe he'd miss my track up the Hump."

But the father had not missed it, for he had met Grosbois, who held to Pete's trail like a hound to the slot of a deer. Scarcely had the boy entered the cabin when David Armstrong and the voyageur came down the Hump's side. The father, swept by his emotion beyond self-control, caught Pete in his arms, uttering thanks to God.

Eliza Jane and Ann Susan roared, weeping at the top of their lungs because mother and Mary were crying, and father talking so loudly. Ann Susan, stopping suddenly, said decidedly, "I vant Pete!"

"Pete's dead, and he's come back," said Eliza Jane.

"Take them, Pete," said the mother; "take them. They've been hankering after you most as bad as me."

He lifted the little ones in his arms. They drew back from his dirty and bloody face. Pete laughed.

"Mother," said he, "I didn't fetch you your tea."

"That young Mr. Bracy sent up some up by the messenger, Pete."

"Mr. Bracy? Oh, Vincent," said Pete. "He got out of the cave then? I was planning to start back and find him?"

"Guess what this man says he did this morn-