

the bunch at this picnic, you two included. I think he's just the cutest ever."

Off she ran, and the next we saw of her she was helping, or rather hindering Sam up the hill with a pail of water.

We lunched under the plum and peach trees, where the luscious fruits were hanging in true British Columbian abundance, right within arm's reach. The warm sun was over our heads and the fresh cooling breeze was coming straight up from the glorious sea.

After we had refreshed ourselves, some of the party strolled away in pairs through the orchard or up the hills to visit the water falls. Others, including Sam and Edna, remained behind to play baseball.

"I ken the game fine," I heard Sam say. "We used tae play it in Auchtertery,—only we ca'ed it 'rounders.'"

We spent the early part of the evening in the large barn which the old rancher, out of the goodness of his kindly heart, set at our disposal, bringing in his wife's treasure of a piano from her best room.

We danced and sang till it was time for our homeward journey.

Edna was the most skilled pianist in the party, and, like all real artists, she preferred the pleasure of the production of her art, to any other pleasure, dancing not excepted.

Sam could not dance 'Canadian style,' so, once more, they were a pair.

He sat near the piano, listening in raptures to the ripples of music, his fingers entwined over one knee and his eyes on the whirling, gliding dancers, seeing nothing but the fantasies of his inner thoughts.

Soon,—too soon indeed,—the shout arose that our time was up. So, back again we had to go, down to the narrow strip of wharf which ran out into the sea, to the point where the launch lay moored alongside a boom of logs.

It was almost dark and the footing was none too good. Still, no one had thought of danger:—fun and frolic were supreme.

Suddenly, there was a frightened cry behind us, followed by a splash.

"Oh, dear!—it's Edna," screamed one of the young ladies.

In a moment, six or seven of us were on our knees leaning over the spot where she had disappeared, ready to clutch her when she should come to the surface.

An eternity seemed to pass, yet she did not appear. In reality, it was only a second or two, when, without hesitation, Sam plunged into the water where she had gone down, forgetting, in his haste, to let the young lady's lunch-basket go until he struck the water.

Again we waited anxiously. Moment after moment passed and no sign.

"My God!" whispered Jim to me, "they are under the logs."

The girls commenced to scream and wring their hands.

The gaiety was now turned to a frozen agony of suspense.

My heart was sinking within me, when, in glorious relief, I gave a shout, as Sam's dripping head and shoulders appeared from under the logs.

"Thank Goodness!" he spluttered, taking a few strokes forward.

He clutched the side of the wharf with one hand and held up the senseless form of Edna Craney.

Willing hands pulled her to safety. Four of us were preparing to carry her to the farmhouse, when Sam clambered up, dripping wet and panting. "Stand back," he cried.

Everyone of us obeyed him whom we had been inclined to ridicule. We obeyed, as men always obey born leaders in a crisis.

He caught the girl up in his strong arms and ran with her to the farm as if he were carrying a doll.

Under the skillful guidance of the farmer's wife, a first-aid treatment was applied and it was not long before Edna

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