

When Rollo heard of this proposed expedition, he wanted to go too; and his father gave him permission. Jonas was going in the waggon. He told Rollo, the evening before, that he meant to set out at six o'clock.

"But suppose it looks like a storm," said Rollo.

"Then there will be more need of going," said Jonas; "for if the equinoctial storm comes on before the roof is strengthened, it may get carried away."

"What is the equinoctial storm?" said Rollo.

"O, it is a great storm, which comes generally about this time of year. I shouldn't wonder if it should come on to-morrow. But it may not come for a week; and so I hope we shall have time to get the roof mended first."

"Does it look like a storm to-night?" said Rollo.

"No, not much," replied Jonas. "It is a little hazy in the south-west. However, if it looks like a storm in the morning, you need not go, unless you choose; though I shall."

"I wish you'd wait till the storm is over," said Rollo.

"No," said Jonas, "I had rather go in the storm than not."

"Why?" said Rollo.

"Because," said Jonas, "I like to be out in storms. Sometimes it is very grand."

The next morning, when Rollo awoke, he found that it was light, but not yet sunrise. He arose and looked out of the window to see if it was pleasant. The sky was somewhat overcast, but there was a little blue to be seen, and Rollo thought that it would be pleasant. He heard a noise in the barn-yard, and, looking in that direction, he saw Jonas just leading the horse out of the stable. So he dressed himself soon, and went down.

When he got ready, he went down into the yard, and found that Jonas had got the horse harnessed, and everything prepared. There was a little bag of oats in the back part of the wagon, and also a tin pail, with a cover, which contained a luncheon. Jonas fastened the horse to a post, and said,—

"Now, Rollo, we'll go in and get some breakfast."

"I thought that luncheon was for breakfast," said Rollo.

"No," said Jonas, "that is for dinner."

"Shall we be gone all the day?" said Rollo.

"We may be gone till after dinner," said Jonas, "and so I thought I would be sure."

The two boys went into the house, and there they found that Dorothy had got some breakfast ready for them upon the kitchen table. After eating their breakfast, they got into the waggon, and out. Jonas first put in a large umbrella. Just as they were driving out of the yard, the first beams of the morning sun shone in under the branches of a great tree in the yard, and brightened up the tips of the horses' ears and the boys' faces. At the same time, a rude gust of wind came around the corners of the house, and slammed to the gates of the front yard.

"It's going to be pleasant," said Rollo; "the sun is coming out."

"I'm not very sure of that," said Jonas; "the wind is rising."

"We start just at sunrise," said Rollo.

"Yes," replied Jonas, "the sun always rises at six o'clock at this time of the year."

The boys rode along for about three hours, but they came to the carpenter's. They were obliged to travel very slow, for the roads were not good. It is true that the snow was all gone, and the frost was nearly out of the ground; but there were many deep ruts, and in some places it was muddy. The sun went into a cloud soon after they set out, and it continued overcast all the morning. There was some wind too, but, as it was behind them, and as the road lay through woods and among sheltered hills, they did not observe it much. Jonas said that there was a storm coming on, but he thought it was coming slowly.

They arrived at length at the pond. There was a little village there, upon the shore of the pond. The reason why there happened to be a village there, was this: A stream of water, which came down from among the mountains, emptied into the pond here, and, very near where it emptied, it fell over a ledge of rocks, making a waterfall, where the people had built some mills. Now, where there are mills, there must generally be a blacksmith's shop, to mend the iron work when it gets broken, and to repair tools. There is often a tavern, also, for the people who come to the mills; and then there is generally a store or two; for wherever people have to come together, for any business, there is a good place to open a store, to sell them what they want to buy. Thus there was a little village about these mills, which was generally called the mill village.

Jonas enquired where the carpenter lived, and then drove directly to his house. He found that he was not at home. He had gone across the pond, to mend a bridge, which had been in part carried away by the floods made when the snow went off. Rollo sat in the waggon in the yard by the side of the carpenter's house, while Jonas stood at the door, making inquiries and getting this information.

"If you want to see him very much," said the carpenter's wife, "I presume you can get a boat down in the village, and go across the pond."

"How far is he from the other side of the pond?"

"O, close by the upper landing," said she; "not a quarter of a mile from the shore, right up the road."

Jonas thanked the woman for her information, and got into the waggon.

"Let us get a boat and go over, Jonas," said Rollo, as they were turning the waggon round.

"I should," said Jonas, "if there was not such a threatening of a storm."

"It does not blow much," said Rollo.

"No," said Jonas, "not much now, but the wind may rise before we get back. However, we'll go and see if we can get a boat."

After some enquiry, they found a boat, at a little distance out of the village, in a sort of cove, where there was a fine, sandy beach. The boat was of very good size, and it had in it two oars and a paddle. Jonas looked out upon the water, and up to the sky, and he listened to hear the meaning of the wind upon the tops of the trees. He wanted very much to persevere in his effort to find the carpenter; but then, on the other hand, he was not sure that it was quite safe to take Rollo out upon the water at such a time. He sat upon a log upon the shore a few minutes, and seemed lost in thought.

At last he said,—

"Well, Rollo, I believe we'll go. The worst that will happen will be, that you may get frightened a little. We can't get hurt."

"Why can't we get hurt?" said Rollo.

"Why, even if it comes on to blow hard, it will probably be a steady gale, and I can run before it, if I can't do anything else. And there can't be much of a sea in this pond."

Rollo did not know what Jonas meant by much of a sea in the pond; but, as Jonas immediately went to work taking the horse out of the wagon, Rollo did not ask any questions. The boys unharnessed the horse, for Jonas said he would stand easier out of harness, and they might be gone more than an hour. They fastened him then to a tree, and poured the oats down before him upon the ground. Then Jonas helped Rollo into the boat, and put in the tin pail containing their luncheon, and also the umbrella; though he said he did not think it would rain before they got back. Then he shoved off the boat, and jumped in himself; and very soon they were gliding smoothly along out of the cove.

Rollo wanted to row; and so Jonas let him take one oar, while he himself sat in the stern with the paddle. Rollo soon learned the proper motion, so that his efforts assisted considerably in propelling the boat. They found, when they were out at a little distance upon the water, that the wind blew much harder than Rollo had expected.

"Jonas," said he, "the wind blows more here than it did upon the shore."

"No," said Jonas, "only we feel it more here than when we were under the lee of the land."

"What do you mean by the lee of the land?" said Rollo.

"I mean the shelter of it," replied Jonas. "Whenever a ship at sea is sheltered by anything, they say the ship is under its lee."

The boys went on, Rollo rowing, and Jonas paddling behind, until at length Rollo got tired. Jonas then told him to spread the umbrella, and hold it up for a sail. Rollo did so. The wind was blowing pretty nearly in the direction in which they were going, and, by its impulse upon the umbrella, it caused it to pull very hard. Rollo rested the middle of the handle of the umbrella upon his shoulder, holding the crook in his hand, turning it in such a position as to present the open part of the umbrella fairly to the wind. Jonas continued to paddle, and so they went on very prosperously until they had got two thirds across the pond, when Jonas ordered Rollo to take in sail.

"Why," said Rollo, "we have not got across yet."

"No," replied Jonas, "but the wind is taking us out of our course."

Rollo drew down the umbrella, and looked around. They were