

With a sudden wrench the pole jerked out, and the shock sent him reeling backwards. He struggled to regain his balance, waving the pike-pole frantically in the air. As he slipped, the strong nails in his boots tore jagged streaks in the bark. With a great splash he fell into the rippling water.

"Mon Dieu, take me! Andy!" he cried out despairingly, and sank. The circling eddies plashed against the sides of the logs.

Through all the noise made by the men working with him, Andy heard that note of despair ringing. He flashed past the men and up the bank to the bend. The others followed more leisurely, not quite sure as to what had startled Andy. They guessed dimly at the truth. As Andy reached the bend the drowning lad reappeared. There was a gleam of the red-gold curls Andy knew so well, and he could see the pike-pole still grasped in Philippe's hand. He threw his pole on the bank and bounded across the logs

to where Phil had appeared. In another moment Andy would have caught him, but *le bon Dieu*, whom the poor lad had invoked, decreed otherwise. A log, unnoticed before by Andy in his excitement, floating majestically down-stream, hit heavily against Philippe's body, and once again he disappeared. The log moved over where he had been, and the sunny brown eyes had caught their last glimpse of a deep blue sky, studded with shapeless masses of transcendently white clouds, of a stream of bright, cruel water, running between banks crowned with twinkling poplars.

Andy staggered back in horror.

"O, God! boys, Phil's under the logs. He'll never come up." He stifled back the sob he thought unmanly.

In this manner Andy lost his young camarade, and his eyes are still heavy with pain when he speaks of Phil, and recalls that bitter, fruitless watching of the river's brown depths.

