

returned is still a matter of conjecture to both Kate and May.

The three *voyageurs* had many adventures to relate and much to say about the wild beauty of the upper Saguenay, its *portages*, waterfalls, tributary streams, and especially about the solitary beauty of the lonely Lake St. John. Hugh declared that he would not have missed it on any account, and *that*, as he remarked, *sotto voce*, to May, was, in the circumstances, saying a good deal. Mr. Winthrop was to write a description of it for an American periodical, and Jack Armstrong declared it would give enough to talk about, and excite other fellows with envy, for the next year, at all events.

And the last day at Murray Bay, was, after all, happier than May in her lonely reverie of the preceding evening, had thought possible. They visited several of their favorite haunts during the morning, and it was wonderful how much Hugh and May had to say to each other,—said Kate, mischievously, careless of the retort that “People who lived in glass houses needn’t throw stones.” In the afternoon they took a long drive along the Cap-à-l’Aigle heights, watch-