

"Oh, how careless of me! It—slipped out of my hand."

Phil grinned cheerfully as he began to dip his paddle, interest quickened. It was a neat side-stepping of his inconsiderate attempt to scrutinize her. She had taken the first trick.

"You do yourself an injustice, madam. Are you usually so careful when you are careless?"

"You have not told me your name yet," she reminded him, apparently more at ease now that she knew he intended to paddle her across the bay.

"My name? It's an Indian name—Watha—Hy. A. Watha, at your service, and I am very fond of canoeing. What's yours?"

"You need hardly ask that, Mr. Hiawatha, when you knew my sister, Minnie, so well," she laughed. "I am *Mary* Ha-ha!"

"You don't say!" chuckled Kendrick in appreciation. "The original little Merry Ha-Ha, eh?—Little Laughing-Gas!"

"If you are Hiawatha, why are you using a paddle?" she pursued. "I always understood from the Poet that all you had to do was to guide your canoe with your thoughts."

"Not when they're travelling in a circle. But this looks more like 'Blind Man's Buff' than 'Ring-Around-A-Rosy,' don't you think? Or are you trying to play 'Tag' with me? Well, you're 'It' anyway," he said, dropping all hint of banter in his tone. "I'd advise you to meet a few