

come to my death in that horrible marsh. When I reached the boat, I stood up to my hips in water and saw no way of climbing up. The gang-plank had undoubtedly floated away, and if it had not, it would have been of no use to me in my position.

But I was desperate. I clasped the post that they put in the bow of canal-boats ; I stuck my toes and my finger-nails in the cracks between the boards—how glad I was that the boat was an old one and had cracks !—and so, painfully and slowly, slipping part way down once or twice, and besliming myself from chin to foot, I climbed up that post and scrambled upon deck. In an instant I reached the top of the stairs, and in another instant I rushed below.

There sat my wife and our boarder, one on each side of the dining-room table, complacently playing checkers !

My sudden entrance startled them. My appearance startled them still more.

Euphemia sprang to her feet and tottered toward me.

"Mercy !" she exclaimed ; "has anything happened ?"

"Happened !" I gasped.

"Look here," cried the boarder, clutching me by the arm, "what a condition you're in ! Did you fall in ?"

"Fall in !" said I.