

and Griswold and his aides emerged from the woods with burdens of fire-wood. They stood stock-still at sight of the group by the river. Then Griswold dropped his load and hurried forward.

"What is the trouble?" he cried.

Half a dozen voices tried to explain at once. "Two men upset in the rapids." "We're afraid one is drowned." "Dad rescued this one." "Carried him out on his back." "He looks as if he was dead." "They were drunk."

Glancing from the prostrate stranger to Dad, who, dripping with water, was bending over him and rubbing his limbs, Griswold quickly picked up a tin pail and handed it to Sandy. "Get it half full of water, quick," he directed. "And the rest of you fellows attend to the campfire; we want a big one."

Raking out a bed of coals, he set the pail upon it: almost instantly it began to sizzle and by the time the fire was radiating genial warmth, the coffee was made.

The unconscious man was brought nearer to it, and Harvey Jameison took his position beside him, while Dad set about changing his dripping garments. The thoughts of all were upon the man who had gone down. Watchers had run along the shore to look out for signs of him, but there were none, and no one had any doubt as to his fate.

"It was a case of too much whisky," Dad remarked sadly. "I think they were both too drunk to know what they were doing."

Griswold had not given the stranger more than