

morning by morning, through the golden gates of day. Then I remember that the wind rises with the sun, that we must make across the lake before breakfast. I stretch myself mightily and groan aloud. My elder lifts his hat from off his face. I almost start—his face is drawn and gaunt and gray.

The night's doings have left their mark upon him.

"Hello!" I cry. "Had a sleep?"

"No, but I enjoyed yours." His smile is like the morning, and drives away the shadows from his face.

"Too bad! Now I feel quite fresh—— O-u-c-h! Who's been pounding me all night? I've got at least sixteen hundred joints and muscles, and every one of them aches."

But we cannot afford to lose a minute, and I stand up and look about me, searching for the lake. Near us are thick patches of reedy grass; away to the north and west, in which direction our path lies, there appears some open water with bunches of the thin, rat-tailed reeds that had been our disappointment last night, and far over the reeds a faint blue line that may be shore or woods. The lake must lie somewhere to the north, we decide, and the way must be through those open spaces of water.

It is still dim light, we are stiff and sore, but we must reach the lake before the wind makes it impassable for our canoe, so once more we take the watery trail.

Space after space of open water we cross, making ever towards the north and west, till the open spaces are reduced to channels winding among great patches