

may even run them down at times; I hope to get another before the day is over. Well, there is no fear of starving to-day, at all events," he added, as he inspected the contents of his cousin's hat; "twelve nice fresh eggs, a bird, and plenty of fruit."

"But how shall we cook the bird and the eggs? We have no means of getting a fire made," said Catharine.

"As to the eggs," said Louis, "we can eat them raw; it is not for hungry wanderers like us to be over-nice about our food."

"They would satisfy us much better were they boiled, or roasted in the ashes," observed Hector.

"True. Well, a fire, I think, can be got with a little trouble."

"But how?" asked Hector.

"Oh, there are many ways, but the readiest would be a flint with the help of my knife."

"A flint?"

"Yes, if we could get one; but I see nothing but granite, which crumbles and shivers when struck—we could not get a spark. However, I think it's very likely that one of the round pebbles I see on the beach yonder may be found hard enough for the purpose."

To the shore they bent their steps as soon as the little basket had been well filled with strawberries; and descending the precipitous bank, fringed with young saplings, birch, ash, and poplars, they quickly found themselves beside the bright waters of the