

rapid flood beneath. To one who knew the action of the swift waters of the northern regions of Canada, this would have been the last resting place to be sought. Indeed, to Dot it almost proved to be this, in another and very different sense. A terrible crash made chaos of her dreams, the ground slipping beneath, the tall pine tottered and fell; and Miss Dot Grant found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more somebody's arm was around her and she herself lifted up and placed somewhere in the sunshine, though she knew not where. Opening her eyes, she found Ridley Thorburn's mustache brushing her face.

"Well?"
"Well?"
"Where am I?" asked Dot, shivering and looking about her.

"You are in the middle of the Maganetawan," replied Ridley Thorburn. "You are among the limbs of a pine tree, and you are on a voyage to Byng Inlet and the Georgian Bay, just as fast as the river can carry you."

"How did you come here?"
"Just the same way as yourself, Miss Grant. You, the tree and all, to say nothing of a portion of your father's lawn, which I am afraid is lost to him forever."

Dot was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident, but her appearance when she was lying asleep on the grass.

There was no help for it evidently—and Dot was again silent; quite content apparently to remain in Ridley's arms. For once in her life she was dependent on man.

"I am especially anxious to go to Byng Inlet," continued the undaunted Ridley, "because there is a young lady I know residing there, and I have some intention of inviting her into this neighborhood."

"Oh!"
"If we don't go as far as the Inlet, if we should get out of this scrape, I shall write to her to come at any rate."

"Ah!"

"I shall obtain board for her at Burk's Falls, which will be convenient for her as long as I remain your father's guest. I can paddle up the river every morning after breakfast, you see."

"She is a very dear friend, surely," said Dot.

"I expect to marry her before long," he replied.

"Marry her? Why, Ridley Thorburn, you proposed to me this morning."

"Yes, and you refused. I told you then it was your last chance."

Dot was again silent. It is true that a great change had come over her. It is a question whether had Ridley again asked her, as he sat straddled of that pine log, if Dot would not have accepted him. She felt as though that one strong arm around her was worth a hundred old decrepit millionaires. She recog-



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"How long were you there before this happened?" she asked.

"As long as you were. I was up in the tree when you came."

"You had no right to be there," she said, coloring. "A spy upon my movements."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You intruded upon my privacy, and while you were sleeping, I watched over you like a sweet cherub aloft."

"Thank you for the service; so good of you," she replied shortly.

"You snore so awfully —"

"Mr. Thorburn, remove your arm from my waist!"

"Then, put your arms about my neck."

"I'll do no such thing, sir."

"Then you will fall into the river, that's all."

Dot was silent for several minutes, while the great tree rocked to and fro in its course, threatening every instant to turn completely over, and tip them off. At length she said:

"What are we to do?"

"I think now I am started, I will go on to Byng Inlet," Ridley replied.

"To Byng Inlet?" exclaimed Dot.

"It's a hundred miles."

"Yes, and the chance of a free passage such a long distance is an opportunity not to be lost. You can go ashore if you wish it."

She burst into tears. "You are so cruel!" she said, "to treat me like this."

"Cruel!" exclaimed Ridley, in mock surprise, at the same time he curiously enough drew her closer to himself.

"Cruel to you?"

nized, too, that a man who, while realizing their perilous position, could talk so coolly, was a man of no ordinary bravery. Yet Dot could not yet give up her golden dreams. Even at this time of danger she half suspected Ridley of twisting the truth to suit his own ends.

The great tree rocked in the rough water; at times its spreading roots would catch on the bank and swing the end round, half submerging the two in the swift current. They were gradually losing their hold, through the cold water chilling them; and every sway of the log threatened to cast them into the river again. Their course was so rapid that their cries for help were hopeless.

Yet Dot felt strangely safe as she lay in Ridley's arms. Was it possible she loved him, and it needed the shadow of death to bring it home to her wayward heart? Thinking, she fell asleep through sheer exhaustion. When she awoke the stars were out and she was warm and almost comfortable. Raising her head, she found Ridley's coat about her.

"Ridley!"

"Well, Dot?"

"You have taken your own coat to cover me, and you are freezing."

"No," said the ever tactful Ridley, "it was so awfully hot," and he wiped imaginary perspiration off his brow.

"Have I been asleep long?"

"I should think about two hours. We are nearing the shore now, near Depot Farm, I rather think."

"Shall we be saved?"

"I am sure I don't know, little girl."



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