

"We must make it," and the young man again drove his paddle with great determination into the water as he spoke. "Haven't I been counting the days for months, and lying awake at night thinking of this trip, and now that we may be late is too much to stand. What will she think if we're not there?"

"Don't worry, lad," the Ranger soothed. "We haven't lost yet, and I'm good for five hours of the hardest paddling of my life. How do you feel?"

"Feel? Why, fresh as when I left home. I could paddle at top-notch speed all night long for what's ahead of us. But we must be there by eight o'clock, or much of the fun will be lost. Do you think she'll be watching for us?"

"Sure. Weren't her letters full of it, and what she would say and do when she saw us?"

"Yes, I know that, Dan. But suppose she has changed? She has been there three years now, and has learned many things she did not know before, and might not want to go back with us. Three years make a big difference sometimes, you know. If she has changed much from what she was when we came out from the Yukon I shall be greatly disappointed. I can never forget that journey, for it was the happiest period of my life. We were a long time on the way according to the calendar, but very short to me. How bright and happy she was, and everything she saw was so full of interest to her. My, it was hard to leave her,