

"I smell camp."

"What!" she said.

"Yes — very good smell — when bacon fry — smell him long away — two mile."

"I smell it," she said. "How strange!"

"Smell fry long way — smell bacey not so far. Smell Mr. Lyndsay pipe little while back."

And now far ahead she saw lights, and started as the Indian smote the water with the flat of his paddle, making a loud sound, which came back in altered notes from the hills about them.

"Make 'em hear at camp."

Presently she was at the foot of a little cliff, where the twins were already noisily busy.

"Hallon, Rose! Can you see?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Is n't it jolly? Give me a hand."

"No, me."

"This beats Columbus," said the elder lad. "Take care, Spices" — this to the younger twin, who, by reason of many freckles, was known in the household, to his disgust, as the Cinnamon Bear, Cinnamon, Spices, or Bruin, as caprice dictated.

"I'll punch your red head, Rufus," cried the lad. "You just wait, Ruby."

"Boys! boys!" said Rose. "Now each of you give me a hand. Don't begin with a quarrel."

"It is n't a quarrel; it's a row," said Jack.

"A distinction not without a difference," laughed Rose. "Oh, here is everybody." And with jest and laughter they climbed the steps cut in the cliff, and gaily entered the cabin which was to be their home for some weeks.