

said quickly. His voice changed suddenly from careless gaiety to deep earnestness. "You're too young for it. I went down on five drives and I know. There's a lot of danger and you ain't well used to it yet."

"O, non, I am well here—me. I like it much. Ginger-s Mos-es; I did not want to get my time so soon. I want more money. Andy, I will buy Euclide Cote's farm and marry Alexine."

Andy from his loftiness laughed down at his young chum, but, after a moment, he said solemnly enough, "Well, I wisht you'd earnt it some other way, Phil. I got to like you real well last winter, an' I wouldn't like to see you slip under."

'Twas Philippe's turn to laugh.

He laughed merrily, and then broke into a rollicking shanty-song,

"O come all ye jovial shanty crew,  
A song I'm going to sing to you :  
'Twas in our shanty, brisk and fair,"—

Philippe's jolly good-humor drove away dullness. He sang the song with spirit and Andy was compelled by habit to accompany him. The whip-poor-will's plaintive music, that seemed a part of the stillness and moonlight and the water's lapping, was drowned in the flood of gay song loosened from the driver's throats and poured into the tranquil air of the June night. In a few moments there were cries from the group around the fire. "Come along, Philippe!" "Viens, Viens!" "Here, Andy, give it to us here!" they cried. The men wanted something more than the fire or their pipes to enliven them, so the song was very opportune, and, moreover, Andy and Phil were the best singers in the camp.

They joined the circle around the fire and trolled out the familiar

song. Some of the others joined in the singing and the last chorus was finished with a rousing shanty cheer. The mountains took it up and sent a wild echo ringing down the valley's length.

"Ray-fa-liddle-liddle-li-do - day. Whoo-oo!"

"Better turn in, boys. Phil, come coucher," said Andy, "It's gettin' chilly. It'll give us consumption."

"Consumption! O, yes; of de bean-pot," Philippe returned, and his merry, boyish laughter rang out.

Laughter and song came very easily to Philippe's throat. A pair of blankets spread on the ground was their mattress, and their pillows were "turkey" portmanteaux by day. But they slept soundly. They did not love luxury, and disdained the soft beds of spruce boughs which some of the daintier ones had gathered for themselves.

Andy and Philippe were the first to leave their tent on the following morning. Shortly after daybreak they were seated on one of the benches around the combuse, eating their breakfast of beans and pork and bread. The eastern sky lay like a crimson scarf along the dark hill-tops.

Philippe shied a small stone at a birch-tree, whose branches were laden with many pairs of the drivers' socks, hung to dry in each day's sun. Full of boyish glee, he turned to Andy and said,

"Bien, I haf knocked down Dancing Tom's big sock. He will dance wit' madness dis time."

"You'd better take care, then," Andy returned, as he handled his knife with dexterity and the beans disappeared from his plate. "Dancin' Tom 'll be after you and he's not the lad to play with."