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rains; but in time one learns to love it and hear no voice of menace in it.

White mist veiled the torn bosom of the river, swaying and drifting, lifting and sinking in long, frail wisps with the commotion beneath. Steadily and swiftly the sky brightened above the shaggy valley and the mist thinned and vanished from the water. Dick Ramsey smiled, at last, at his own timidity. The air was decidedly crisp; but he stripped and stepped cautiously into the shallow water. Wow! but it was cold. Standing scarcely ankle-deep, and afraid to move his feet an inch for dread of the deep and raging current, he splashed himself all over and, without waiting to make use of the soap, skipped ashore and applied the towel to his glowing skin. He dressed like lightning, filled the kettle with water for the morning tea, and then scrambled up the bank. He felt wonderfully fresh and strong. Beside the fire he found Billy Blunt frying bacon and grinning.

"I seen you," said Blunt. "If I hadn't, by ginger I'd never believe it. Well, it do beat the Dutch, for sure! Dang my eyes!"

"What is the trouble?" asked Dick.

"You must be all-fired dirty, youngster, to