

CHAPTER XXVIII

AT LAST

IT was a summer afternoon late in June when a lithe canoe containing two men, cut through the water of a large lake in the great Canadian Northwest. Everything spoke hurry. It was shown in the long sweep of the paddles, and the anxious glances which the men now and then cast upon a dim headland miles beyond. The canoe seemed to enter into the spirit of the excitement, and throbbed with life as it cleaved the rippling surface. It was a bright day, and the sun poured its hot beams upon the heads of the voyagers. The whole region surrounding the lake was covered with a thick forest sloping to the water's edge. Not a sign of human life was anywhere to be seen. Birds alone made their appearance, as they darted here and there as if rejoicing over the presence of the canoe in their midst.

"Do you think we can get there in time?" Natsatt asked, as he rested for a few seconds on his paddle and looked keenly forward.

"Sure," Dan replied. "But there's not a minute to lose. If it hadn't been for that delay in the rapids we'd have been there before now."