

than the pines on top of the small mountain they called the Hump.

"Hush, Ann Susan! Hush, baby!" said Mary, the eldest daughter, rattling two iron spoons together. "Look what Mary's doing. See what a good little girl Eliza Jane is. Listen if brother Peter's calling."

Ann Susan did not condescend to obey. Eliza Jane, the five-year-old, gazed across the table at the screaming "baby" with an air of superior goodness.

"Hush, there! What's Peter sayin', maw?" said the pioneer, with alarm. "Is he shouting fire? Can you make it out?"

His wife listened intently. "Oh dear, oh dear, it's too bad!" she cried, suddenly, in such anguish that Ann Susan was startled to silence.

For a moment nothing was heard in the log-cabin except the rhythmical roar of the rapids of the Big Brazeau. Then a boy's voice came clearly over the monotone of the river.

"Father! Hurry! There's fire falling near the barn!"

"The barn'll go, sure!" shouted Armstrong, and sprang up so quickly as to upset the table,