

route was debated upon and outlined—the details would be filled in when they learned them themselves.

And later they went—not with guides and fruit cakes or pjamas and canned peaches, as verdant amateurs at camping out have gone, but like men, with canoes and rods and rifles, and the hands and brains to find the way, and forage for extras and even necessities.

Gay as bobolinks and as care-free, they paddled and portaged and camped on one of those trips that beggar description, among green hills, and silent lakes, and shy, alluring game. They fished and hunted and swam; they smoked and spun yarns by sun or moon or fire-light. They steered their canoes through the swirl of white-capped waters in the rapids, with forms and hands as steady as the black crags above them. They ate prodigious meals, and everything they swallowed had a tang of forest-freshness on it. All the while they roamed the solitudes, scantily clad in cool, décolleté fashion, and kept no memos. of "laundry." They commiserated the poor boys left behind in the heat, and a world of starched conventionalities.

Happy! They were bubbling over with happiness; it was shining through their tan; it rippled under their growing muscles. They only regretted that some day these hidden valleys would be stripped of their wild beauty and dewy shade, and overrun with the impetuous, restless crews they had fled from.

Sunday was always observed by them with the utmost propriety. In the morning they did not spring up from their spruce or hemlock beds with the sun rising over the purple hills, but "lay-to," and enjoyed a half-waking nap. And during the day they sauntered along the sun-checked runways or lounged in the shade, and lost each other in the company of tried pocket friends.

These long, quiet Sundays came around quickly and the canoemen enjoyed their peculiar charm, but each Monday morning they took up their gipsy advance again with impatient delight.

While they were on their way home and had come up to the borders of civilization; the leader of the band called a halt one night, and the tents were pitched and preparations made for an