

Archie heard his shout just in time, for he was fast losing strength, and could hardly have held on a moment longer. Putting his arm about Rose-Marie, he cried—

‘Hurrah! Akaitchko’s coming to us.’

But the girl did not answer, for she had fainted, and only his grasp prevented her from sinking. The next moment the Indian’s canoe shot up to them, and bending skilfully over, the strong old man lifted poor little Rose in beside him, saying in his own tongue—

‘You next, Archie.’

Relieved of his burden, Archie let go of his own canoe and caught hold of the other, into which, with the assistance of Akaitchko, he presently clambered, and dropped exhausted on the bottom.

The Indian gave a grunt of approval which spoke volumes, and then resuming his paddle, plied it with a vigour that soon brought them to the beach, where, without a word to Archie, whom he evidently deemed quite able to look after himself, he picked up the still insensible girl as though she were a little baby, and hastened to the fort, Archie following behind at a much slower pace, and already beginning to wonder what consequences his act of disobedience would entail.

As it turned out, he came off scathless, for his father, who could punish soundly enough when he thought the occasion required it, was away, and his