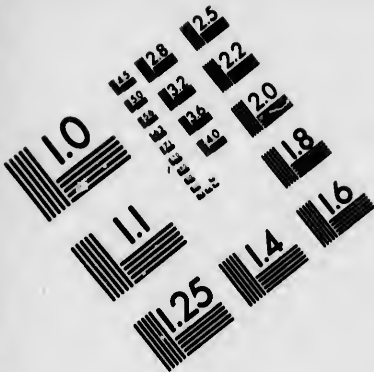
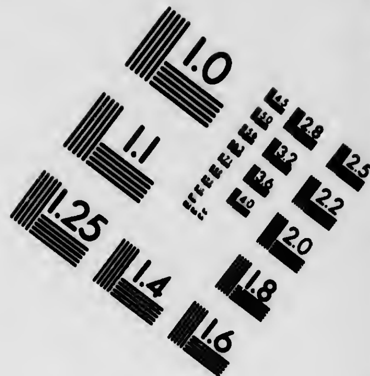

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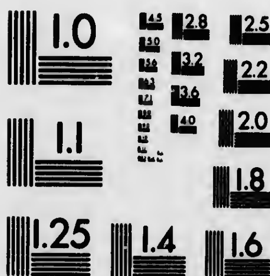
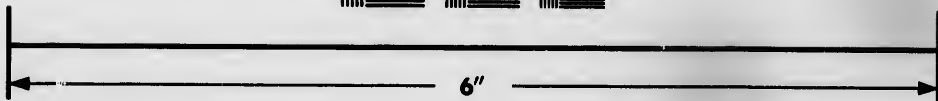

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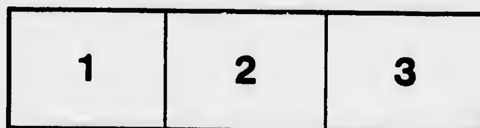

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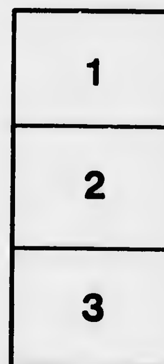

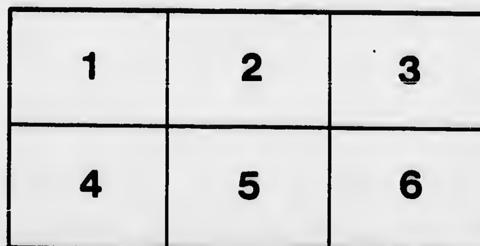

The author is W. L. Judson, an artist of London Ont., & is instructor of [illegible]
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Mabel Hutchinson

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THE THAMES

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED WITH
A FABER'S B. B.,

BY PROFESSOR BLOT.

London, Ont.:
ADVERTISER STEAM PRESSES, RICHMOND STREET.

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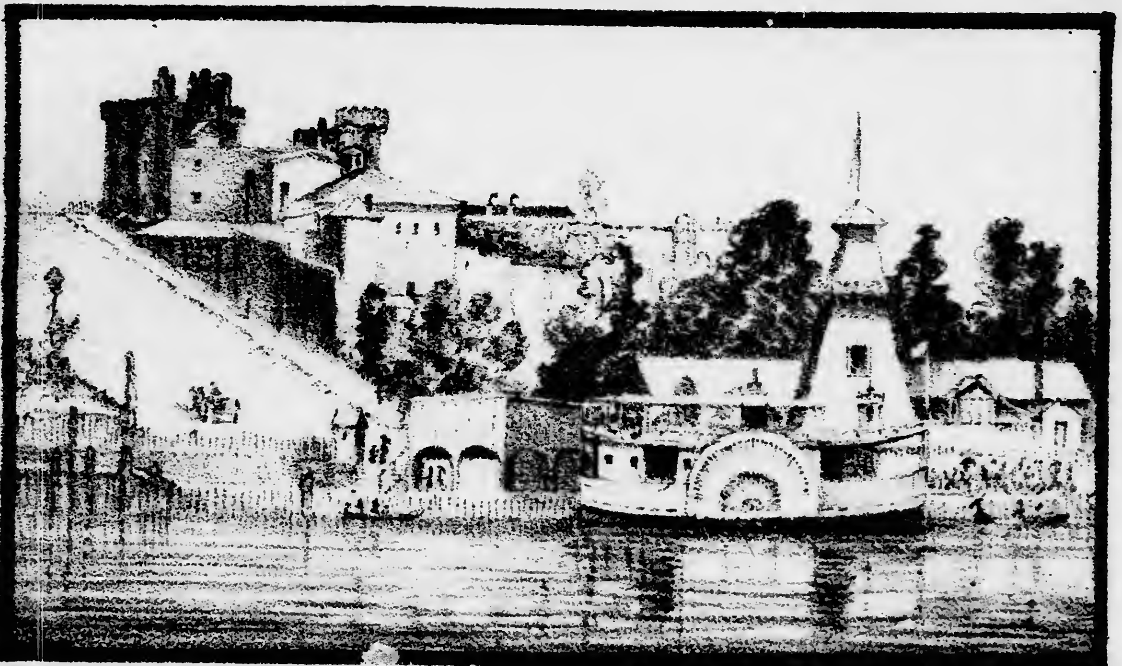

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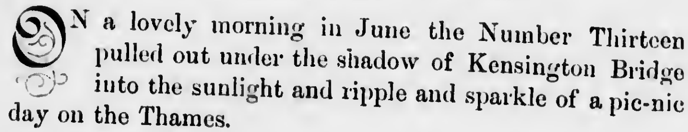
CHAPTER I.

A MAGNIFCENT WATER STRETCH.



ON a lovely morning in June the Number Thirteen pulled out under the shadow of Kensington Bridge into the sunlight and ripple and sparkle of a pic-nic day on the Thames.

Crossing the "Forks," "where brook and river meet," and rounding into the channel, the sail was set to a fair breeze from the north, and our tiny vessel joined a stream of fancy craft which hurried with steam, sail, oars or paddle, to the rendezvous of the day.

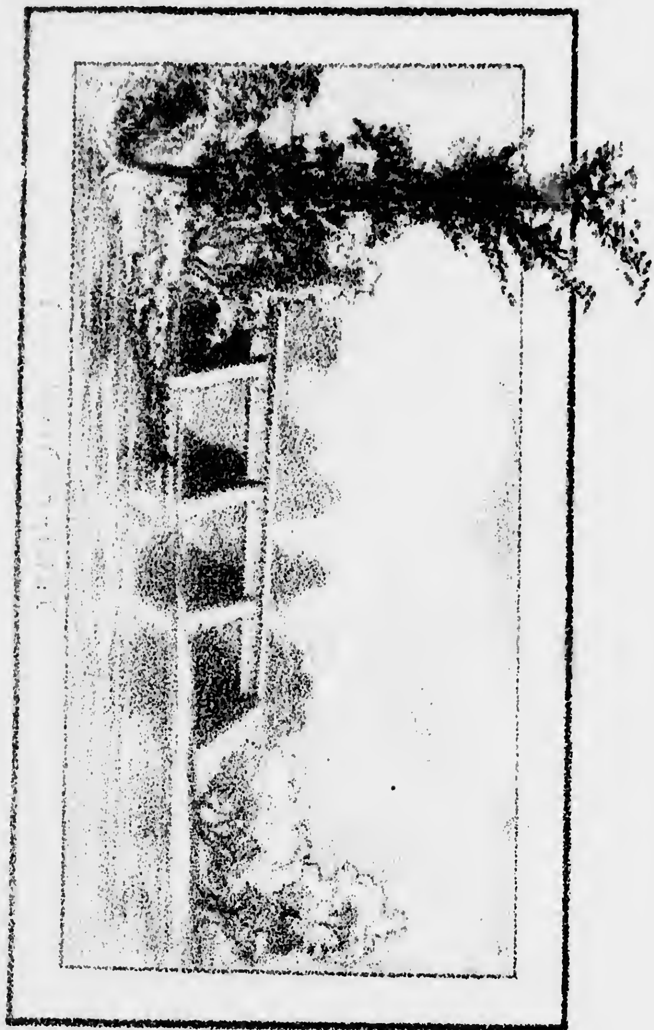
For London is famed, or should be, for its fancy craft—not to mention some much beflagged steamers of peculiar patterns, screaming at each other and the passengers; steam tugs were dodging about with admirable skill and a tremendous air of business, as if a whole fleet were waiting outside to be towed up to the wharves. There were yawls, scows, dug-outs, bark canoes, shells, tubs and kayaks, besides scores of skiffs, light, strong and graceful as one need wish. But the fanciness is not alone displayed in remarkable lines of build; the rigging is wonderful, and full of devices that would puzzle the Ancient Mariner. Beginning with a yard of bleached cotton nailed to the mast for a mainsail, the canvas ranges through many polyangular patterns of miniature lug, gaff, fore and aft and square rigs, usually with a lady's cambric handkerchief for a main top royal, and very picturesque they look, dotting the distance, and suggesting many things which are not.

On Kensington Flats cattle were gathering in the

shadows of huge sycamores, or cooling their feet in the shallow marge of the stream, which reflected everything like a mirror; groups worthy the pencil of Cuyp. Under the long bridge we went, and into the cove, where a party of young people were gathering water lillies. No one should ever pass the cove in June without looking in, for water lillies are then at their best. In thousands they lay like stars of silver on the blue firmament of quiet water, glowing against the dark green of lily pads, and flashing into lines of pure white and tender green as they receded into hazy distance. Just a look, and off again by the foot of Mount Pleasant—the first of a range of hills which will keep us company for the next two or three days—by picturesque huts, a little rustic bridge, under the spruce shadows of Woodland Park, where we find the oars necessary until the breeze again fills the sail at Griffith's Mill, with its ruined race and submerged weir.

Past a shady nook where Griffith's Creek meets the river, and we come into full sight of Chestnut Park, with splashes of gay holiday drapery already spreading themselves over the lines of its newly-excavated anatomy, and crowning its lofty bastion of Commissioners' Point.

Hungerford Hill loomed up as we approached, with its grand possibilities of sylvan and rustic beauty. A pretty pumping house at its base, with a background of dark foliage, floated serenely on its own dimpling reflection. Then we arrived at the dam of the London Water-works, and the difficulty commenced. For ours was no pic-nic excursion. No bottled ale for us; no cold chicken and sponge cake; no —and yet we had a few things which might make camp life enjoyable. Our outfit was very light; a tent, which we thought unnecessary; a camp kettle which had seen service; a brand new tin coffee pot, and a few other utensils of tin



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and iron without any special character; twelve days' rations of pork and beans; rifles, rods, revolvers, and so forth, besides a liberal supply of portfolios, sketch books and color boxes, the special property of my young friend and sole companion, Frank Lightred. No pic-nic, indeed, but a veritable voyage of discovery, with hazy possibilities of difficulties and hardships to be encountered and overcome. There were wild traditions extant of early settlers having descended the Thames with their families and portable belongings in flat boats on the spring floods. Hunters had penetrated with canoes incredible distances into its unknown sinuosities and returned in safety to tell about it. Still there was no evidence that the river was navigable in summer for boats of any kind. No living man had traversed its course from end to end to determine the possibility of the feat—at least, no man had done so and written a book to prove it, nor even made oath upon it. So we were now to make an attempt at the solution of the problem, and we attacked it determined to win. We had now reached the end of the magnificent water stretch, the pride and delight of London the lesser. It was necessary now to make a portage, and here began the difficulty.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE Number Thirteen was a very light double ender, with rudder, oars and lug sail. Our baggage was arranged in small and light parcels, for convenience in handling. In half an hour, therefore, an imposing difficulty had been reduced to the mere recollection of a little vigorous exercise. We were afloat again on the lower level below the dam, and already into fresh trouble, for an ugly little rapid was encountered at once; swift, shallow and stony. We were through it in a few seconds after having decided how to attack it, and were at once in deep, still water again. Half a mile below lies Egg Island, under the shadow of a high, wooded cliff, with some grand cedars and some wonderful springs. The island makes a pretty picture —bestfrom below—with its masses of trailing emerald vines and single picturesque tree. A perfect paradise for boys is this locality; with fishing, hunting, bathing and superabundance of wild fruits in their seasons: June berries, May apples, plums, blackberries, raspberries, hazel nuts, to say nothing of neighboring cherry and apple orchards. This is in the Byron Valley, a charming spot seen from the surrounding hills—a long, scattered village smiling and dozing in the summer sun.

We found the mill dam at Byron but a slight obstacle. It is very low, and we crossed by sliding the boat over the slippery, wet timbers without unloading. Just here is the shallowest part of all the river, where, as far as the ugly wooden bridge, we found a boat hook more serviceable than

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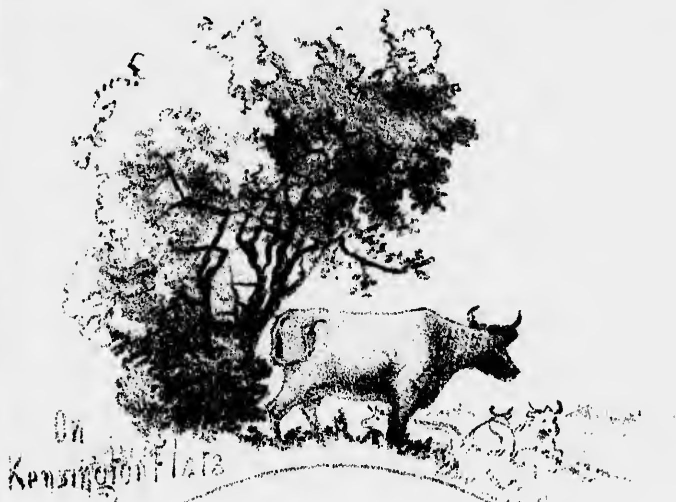

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oars, and one passenger better than two. Indeed, for several miles below this the stream is a succession of quiet pools and rapid, stony shallows, where the boat hook came frequently into requisition.

At Cassidy's Hill we entered the wilderness. A fringe of spruce and pine forest encircles its rugged base and flings itself with many bristling landslips into the encroaching stream. High, hilly banks, heavily timbered, are on either hand, pierced by many rivulets with picturesque pools and tinkling waterfalls, tumbling over their rocky beds from the high levels. The stream gathers strength and volume with every mile, until the rapids begin to look formidable. They are sometimes swift and steep, sometimes so crooked as to tax our skill to the utmost to avoid shoaling or upsetting, again they are deep and full of boulders submerged just sufficiently to throw the water into great waves. Some of our escapes seemed almost miraculous. Occasionally the iron-shod keel would graze a sunken rock with a shock that made everything jingle, and we were in despair of getting through without a wreck. The boat took no serious harm however, and after a few miles of this kind of excitement we began to take the matter more philosophically.

Kilworth is a picturesque little village, lying in the lap of an imposing hill at the mouth of Springer's Creek, a stream which, by furnishing a readily available waterpower, was the original excuse for being of the village. The waterpower has, however, long since given way to more manageable and reliable steam, and on rounding a bend into full sight of the village, a blast from the mill whistle at once welcomes the voyager and informs the waking inhabitants that there is something unusual going on; accordingly by the time we arrived at the head of a difficult rapid which begins opposite the mill, we had a respectable congregation of loungers

ready to applaud our skill or laugh at our awkwardness as the case might be, as we dodged about amongst the huge boulders which fill the swift current. Kilworth is a typical country village, excepting only its very pretty situation. A mill, a store, very retail in its transactions; a blacksmith shop; perhaps more than a dozen houses, ranging in every stage of repair and decay, from the smiling fresh white, gabled, vine and rose decked residence of the miller, down to the gray-bleached, two-roomed, half sunken cabin, which was probably the initial of the village. Pigs were flapping the flies out of their winking optics by the roadside, and cows were sharing with them the delusive shadow of a flat-topped hawthorn, for the day was intensely hot. Geese, with their fluffy, yellow progeny, waddled in dotted lines towards the cooler river. Children plentiful, brown, bare-legged and straw thatched. A few men were loitering about the blacksmith shop and mill, discussing the probabilities of the strangers' business; nobody busy except the women, and they were in the cherry trees, at the clothes lines, or the cook stove. The village is old, so every house is embowered in trees or clothed in garments of honey-suckle, rose and myrtle, hollyhock spires and sunflower tops were nodding over fences with suggestions of the full summer glory of a month later.

The hill rises as we continue our journey, and becomes more precipitous as the stream washes closer to its base, until it becomes a frowning cliff of grand proportions, wooded with linden and elm and spruce, and crowned by that grandest of Canadian trees, the white pine—seen here at its best. It rises high above the deciduous foliage and forms a characteristic feature of the scenery for the next twenty miles. Now on one side, now on the other, the cliff rises to a majestic height, covered from rocky base to summit with

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primeval forest trees, preserving in their stern and rugged wildness the Canada of old times, suggestive of bears and painted Indians. For ten miles not a house can be seen from the river, nor scarcely a trace of human habitation. It is a thin fringe of wilderness, which, from the river view, is perfect and complete as were the unbroken wilds of a hundred years ago. Occasionally a duck or two would start up from some dusky pool where the water lay still and deep, and go whirring off into the distance or soaring in wide circles to the tree tops, to settle again in the same spot when we had passed out of sight. A red fox, drinking on a little tongue of sand bar, looked up startled, with ears erect and disappeared instantly in the underbrush.

Bubbling shallows still alternated with roaring rapids, but there was always water enough to float the boat, though we had many narrow escapes from smashing on the big bare boulders or upsetting on the sunken ones which would catch for an instant the keel of the boat and swing it round broadside to the current unless the motion was promptly arrested by the paddle. Six or eight miles below Kilworth the changing current of the stream has left a broad stretch of meadow land—the bed of an ancient lake—level as a billiard table. Its velvety turf and the scattered white willows above it were glowing in the warm afternoon sunlight, the cliff above and beyond lay dark and blue in a cloud shadow, while a line of ripple glittered at its base like molten silver. Nearer a magnificent group of white-stemmed sycamores with glowing blotesque foliage rose from the line of emerald sod. Nearer still the stony cliff swept upwards, dark and strong, with a sudden curve, and the glorious pines on its summit were stretching their slender arms into the sky above our heads.

That silver line we found on nearer approach to be a

formidable rapid, swift and long, for it was still boiling and glittering where we lost sight of it round the bend, half a mile away. So sketch books were put away, baggage nicely adjusted to balance well and into it we rushed. Now here, now there, wherever the stream offered water enough for a clear passage, often drifting resistlessly in the current where no passage seemed to be, and miraculously escaping without a scratch. Once, when a wreck seemed inevitable, when all our efforts were unavailing to get out ot the course of a huge rock ahead, a side current struck our bows just in the nick of time, and the next instant the inevitable was receding harmlessly far astern. The water dashes about the rocks with a deafening noise in these rapids, and becomes white with foam, so that when we finally rushed, with the velocity of a cataract, into level water we found the surface entirely covered with the white flakes, and for miles beyond the current and eddies were marked by floating lines and dots of yellow white foam.

CHAPTER III.

WISHING WELL.

THE sun was still high in the western sky as we rounded a sudden curve at the foot of this rapid, but an enormous bank, crowned with its tufts of pines cast a sudden twilight ove. the vista which then opened on the river. Great masses of rock flung wildly about, or rising vertically from the water, overhung by spruce and cedar, cast their black shadows into the deep, still water which lay motionless about their feet. Sombre twilight had succeeded the intense afternoon sunlight. Perfect repose followed the rush and tumult of descending rapids—a repose broken only by the faint and musical sound of falling water. A broad splash of sunlight glittered on a red, sandy bank in the extreme distance, with the silver edge of a gray cumulus cloud riding low above it; high above all a fringe of scattered pines flung upwards its dense and graceful masses of black foliage and bare stems into the fathomless blue. Slowly our little craft crept down on the foam-flecked eddy into the cool, deep shadow, and quietly drifting around a promontory of foliage, the finishing touches were put on the picture, for there, flashing white through low-bending cedars. a cascade leaps from the summit of a great rock, and dashes itself into spray on the broken stones at the river's edge, and there at its feet, almost enveloped in a white cloud of mist, lay a boat with figures in it. One, in dark blue serge, was grasping with uplifted hand an oar, which for the moment anchored the little vessel; another told as a mass of black, with a little fringe

of soft gray beard; a third figure was a splash of warm salmon and saffron shawl, with a dot of red border; but last and nearest, perfectly relieved on the darkest shadow of the rock, and glowing in a stray beam of light which filtered through the tree tops, a slight, graceful figure in dotted blue, a mass of amber hair trailed back into a single plait, a dab of uplifted pink face in the dim semi-shadow of a dainty little hat of yellow straw. The picture was complete.

It is a beautiful cascade, and every eye was turned upward in the fascination which always belongs to inanimate motion. We paused for a long time, drinking in the beauty of the scene, enveloped and unobserved in the sound of rushing and falling waters which fills the air, and constitutes a kind of silence of its own. At last, laying a hand on the nearest oar, "Well, Frank," I said, "what do you think of this?"

Frank answered without stirring, as though still unsatisfied with his deep draught of beauty, but with a tone hushed, as if awed by the sublimity of the scene, "The loveliest face I ever saw, by jove!"

I looked again, or rather for the first time, at the face indicated, and it was indeed a lovely face—the sound of a voice had startled the girl, and she was looking round—but what a revelation was in the discovery. Surely—I told myself—we do not see alike. A lovely face, certainly, but why was it to me until now only a dot of pink harmonizing perfectly with its surroundings, but subordinate even as a dot to the glowing yellow of the straw which shaded it. A little spot of pink and yellow against cold blue greys of weather-worn rock, stained in water lines of red and sulphur yellow; streaked and festooned with emerald and olive green mosses and lichens, flashing wet with reflected light, or glowing purple and brown in iron-stained crevices. Even

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all this again only a patch of varied grey in the shadow of towering masses of sombre greens and russets which filled the picture. While here beside me sat one to whom that little pink and yellow spot was the whole picture; to him that spot of pink was made up of pearly greys and soft, creamy reflexes; a delicate ripple of rose, deepening into violet shadows, emphasized with a touch of carnation for the mouth, liquid brown eyes, a nimbus of fluffy hair, chestnut in shadow, glowing amber in the light; a delicate outline of a girlish profile, uplifted in unaffected wonder and admiration, the very soul glowing through it in a trance of pleasure. What to him were the black shadows in the water, the curling drifts of misty spray which floated in widening circles across the still water; the solemn and ever-darkening blue above; the shimmering of sage and russet and olive in the rustling boughs; all this was mere background to him. While I had been looking at nature in one of its most beautiful and impressive moods, my young friend had been looking through nature up to nature's God. In that entranced gaze upon the face of this innocent girl he had seen the perfect expression of a pure young heart rendering to its Maker the homage of an all-absorbing pleasure in the contemplation of His works. He had declared it to be the loveliest face he had ever seen, and had sworn to it. This thought passed like a flash through my mind, and I made a mental note to think it out some time while I was bowing to the party in the boat—for at the sound of a voice the girl had turned with a shy and startled look, which instantly changed for a bright smile and nod of recognition. A few strokes of the oars brought the boats alongside of each other, and we had nearly drifted under the cascade and got a drowning in the pleasure and inadvertence of meeting old friends.

The party consisted of Colonel Lawrie and his wife and youngest daughter, with a figure in blue serge, who acted as boatman, cook and handy man generally, and they were trying to get a week of summer comfort on the river.

"We have been seeking solitude these two days," said the Colonel, "and have taken an overdose of it, so you may well believe we are overjoyed to see you, Professor. This spot had nearly given the finishing stroke to the remnant of our good spirits, and sent us packing home again. Listen to the goblins!" and he raised his hand towards the crest of the fall, where the water was moaning in the hollow rock.

"Now, tell me, you who love the river and know it so well, how such a charming and romantic spot can exist within a few miles of a populous city and remain utterly unknown to its people, even by name?"

"Colonel," I replied, assuming the air of profound knowledge which the question seemed to demand, "if you will give me an hour, or an hour and a half, of your undivided attention after dinner, I will tell you. The short answer to your question is the grim truth that our people either lack the love of nature, or the time to gratify it, for we are a busy and unromantic people, so that when some enterprising explorer discovers this spot for himself he says little about it for want of sympathetic listeners. Nevertheless, the place is known to most of the elder inhabitants by name and tradition, though few have ever seen it, owing to its inaccessability. By the way, how did you get here with this large boat and fragile cargo?"

"Nothing easier; shipped at Kilworth, answered the Colonel.

"See that now: you must have heard something about the place."

"From yourself, certainly; but pray go on with the story."

"Alas !" I continued, "how times change. I fear the spot must now lose its chiefest charm—its solitude—for have I not discovered here this very day what the place looks upon for the first time in its existence—a party of tourists. The genius of the place looks upon you with dismay, and well may he moan and gurgle in his hollow caverns, for where the tourist comes wood nymphs and naiads flee, to make room for the gate-keeper and the pea nut man."

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, rising with my subject, "this is the Wishing Well, and if you happen to know the oldest inhabitant, just mention that name to him, and prepare for the recital of a tale of the most blood-curdling horror ; but listen now !" I said, repeating the gesture and words of the Colonel, "listen to the goblins, how they howl and laugh up there in their secret recesses."

Surely there was something uncanny about the place. All listened intently for a moment to the moaning, rushing, tinkling and sighing, in which there was ample scope for a lively imagination to hear anything.

The twilight was rapidly deepening, and a chilly gust began to sweep fitfully up the river with a suggestion of coming storm. The party began to feel uncomfortable.

"Was it a crime ?" asked Colonel Lawrie, who was disposed to woo a sensation which seemed about to escape him.

"Let us go," said Mrs. Lawrie, shivering.

Annie was gazing up, wide-eyed, into my face with a delightful expression of wonder, credulity and expectation.

The boatman still held on to the oar in the attitude of mooring the boat, though it had long ago drifted from his hold, and was lying idly against the rocky shore. His jaw

had dropped, and he was listening with eyes, ears and mouth for the harrowing tale which all were expecting.

I looked round at Frank. He was still studying the pearly grays and soft, creamy reflected lights which held such fascination for him.

"No!" I said, for I held the situation for the present, and wished to treat my audience to a sensation.

"No!" Pardon me, madam. We will camp right here on this rock, still marked perchance by the bloodof innocent girlhood. We will pass the night where the goblins and demons of the spring may shriek their fearful story into our very ears, and if, when the first beams of to-morrow's rising sun strike the face of the rock, then, I say, if we are all alive to see it——"

But there, I had overdone it, for the Colonel began to chuckle just in time to arrest a burst of impatient horror from Mrs. Lawrie, who now declared that we really must go at once, that she would not camp so near a haunted spring,—

"No, not for anything."

"You are right, madam," I said, sitting down again, "the place *is* a little damp, besides these things happened perhaps a hundred years ago, and we might not find out anything if we did remain, but one legend I can tell you about the spring which you will be glad to hear, especially as I have been assured of its exact truth: It is, that whoever drinks of its waters with a wish shall have that wish fulfilled. Let us go ashore and drink, and who knows but we may all be happy ever afterwards."

This proposal was assented to without objection for we were all, probably, very thirsty.

"Robert," said the Colonel, after the ladies had been helped out of the boat—he was addressing the figure in blue serge—"It is getting late, and by the time you can get a

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meal ready we shall all be as hungry as hunters; there is a splendid camp ground on the flats over there.

"Yes, sir. Shall a put oop t' tents?"

"It may possibly rain. Yes, you may put up the tents now. Professor Blot and his friend will take tea with us, and we will come over in his boat,—but first hand me out a cup."

Then we began to scramble up the rocks, and found it no easy task to work a way through the tangle of weeds, shrubbery and fallen timber to the summit of the cataract. When at last we all stood safely on a little plateau of bare rock, into which the water had worn for itself a deep channel, the hill still towered high above our heads, and with its dense foliage threw a mysterious obscurity of gloom upon the source of the stream. A little further up we found the water gushing out of two miniature caverns, worn by the constant attrition of centuries into the hard conglomerate rock; the two springs soon unite into a bed of solid stone, and the stream goes tumbling downwards over a steep incline, until it takes its final leap over the face of a sheer precipice, and we could hear it as we stood there, faint with distance, beating itself to spray on the shelving rocks or falling with a hollow roar into the river, as the wind blew it fitfully hither and thither.

Colonel Lawrie seated himself beside the little gravel-lined basin at the fountain head, and as he plunged his cup into the liquid crystal, he remarked:

"You drink your wine from a glass because it is best from a glass, but you take your beer or your stout from a pewter mug,—when you can—so, if you will drink water in its perfection you must use a tin cup."

Then he raised the cup to his lips, it was a quart one,

beaded and dripping with the cool fluid—"and if you live a hundred years you will never taste better water than this," then he rinsed the cup, refilled it, and offered it to Mrs. Lawrie.

"Why, papa," exclaimed his daughter, "you didn't wish."

"Neither did I drink," he answered, "that was only a taste, without ceremony, to see if the water and the cup and the goblins were quite in accord—and they were. Now, ma dear, what is your wish?"

"I wish we may have water enough to get over the rapids without those terrible jogs on the rocks. I have been in mortal terror these two days whenever we have come within sound of the roaring water."

"Before you wish for a husband, Miss Annie," I said, while the cup was being replenished, "let me advise you particularly to specify a good one, husbands are terribly common nowadays; any girl is apt to get one if she is not careful, it is only the good ones who are scarce; so I caution you to specify the quality."

"Thank you; and leave it to the goblins to decide what is a good husband for me? No, no. If I wish for a husband I will further mention all the particulars: as to his profession, for instance, his tastes, habits, personal appearance and bank account; indeed it might be best to mention his name at once, just to the goblins," and she laughed merrily and unaffectedly, a sweet, rippling laugh she had, free and careless as the song of a bird. "No, I must think of something else to wish for. Papa says I am to be the family old maid and housekeeper, the comfort and mainstay of his age and all those things. I wish he would change his mind for I am afraid he means it," and she would have laughed again but Mamma Lawrie broke in quickly with,

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"Now drink, love."

The incipient laugh ended in a little scream, and she threw the water out with a terrified jerk as one would start from the touch of a spider. But the absurdity of the thing struck her at once, and a rosy ripple began to steal into her cheeks, while she refilled the cup herself and gravely drank without saying another word.

"Now Professor," said the Colonel, handing me the dripping vessel, "Wish."

My dearest wish at this moment is a cool and copious drink of water, and I proceed to gratify it—I shall always testify of this well that my wish was granted to the full.

"Lightred is next," said the Colonel, passing out the cup again.

"No, Colonel, after you, please."

"No, my guests first, I am presiding as the water sprite."

"Thank you. I will just whisper my wish in the cup, 'speech is silver, you know, but silence is golden.'"

I noticed that he seemed very thirsty, or perhaps he was uttering a fervent prayer.

"Now, papa, we must hear you wish." Miss Lawrie was recovering herself again.

"My wish? When a man has attained a competence; when he has a happy and prosperous family about him, and he loves them; when he has troops of friends, a perfect home, sound health, and is not ambitious, what more can he wish for that the goblins can supply? Yet, to be sure, he can wish for other people. We owe each other good wishes, so my friends, I wish you all a happy New Year—here's Robert after water for tea. Robert, take the cup, and when you drink let us hear your dearest wish."

Colonel Lawrie had attained a competence. He was

reputed to be very wealthy. He looked all he described himself, yet I could not help wondering if the mental wish tallied exactly with the oral one, for the Colonel still dabbles a little in business of a speculative character, and it just occurred to me—ah, well, where was the harm if he really did express a subdued desire for another ten thousand.

Robert did as he was bid with alacrity. He drank a quart, and then took another cupful.

"Egad," said he, "A' wish that well wor i' my back yard at 'ome."

That absurdly impossible wish finished the farce very nicely. Robert filled his black kettle with the ice-cold liquid, placed a little crock in the stream, and blocked it in its place with a stone, and then scrambled away.

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CHAPTER IV.

TOURISTS.

A FEW minutes later the boats were drawn up on the shelving, gravelly beach of the south shore, where thin, blue smoke was curling up through the june-berry tops. A white gleam of canvas was flickering through elegantine and hazel bushes over a low, sandy bank, and a pleasant odor of birch and sassafras filled the air.

The wind was sighing heavily in the pines on the hill, and the silver-edged cumulus had climbed high into the sky; no longer blue, but stained throughout with a lurid hue from the setting sun. The signs were too evident to be disregarded, so, much as we affected to despise the canvas, the tent was pitched without delay; pegs well driven home, to resist the inevitable wind, and guy ropes left a little loose, to allow for tightening when wet. Then we made a little trench to drain away the water and avoid flooding the floor. A heavy mat of willow twigs was laid down for a mattrass, the bedding was unrolled, and we were ready for the worst."

A figure in blue serge then announced, "Tea's ready, sir," so promptly that I feared we had kept him waiting. He piloted us into a roomy tent, with a fly projecting over the entrance, the walls looped up for the sake of the breeze, and a lantern hung from the ridge pole, shedding a soft, quiet light over an exceedingly pretty scene. A dainty tea table decked with silver and crystal and flowers and ferns, and graced by the equally rare novelty under canvas—the ladies.

I was amazed and delighted at the unexpected tableau.

"My dear Colonel," I said, as soon as we were seated, "this is really too much style—— Yes, please, Mrs. Lawrie, cream and sugar——to go moving about like an Indian Prince, with all the luxuries of art and the season, and living with the freedom of a Bedouin of the desert. Such extravagant self-indulgence is physically ruinous."

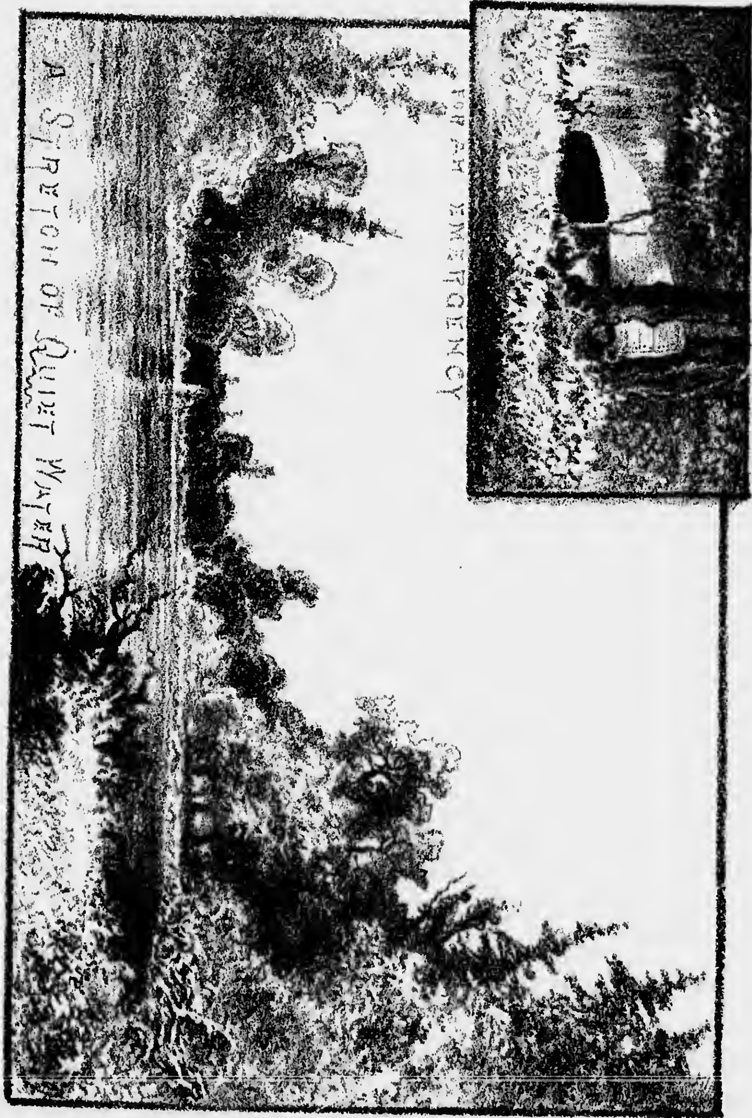
"As to that," replied our host, "we are equally culpable, you and I. It is only a question of degree, and one may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

"I? Guilty of self-indulgence in the matter of camp equipment? Frank, I call you to witness if we have anything more than the barest necessaries: a cup, a plate, knife, fork, spoon—and, let me see—have we anything else?"

"We may have a frying-pan, perhaps, and a coffee pot," admitted Frank, with a non-committal air.

Colonel Lawrie laughed outright. "Aye, and perhaps you have a tent; and I shouldn't wonder if you have buffalo robes and patent rubber blankets; and a boiled ham in your larder; and sardines and pickles and fresh bread. A plate? and a fork? and a spoon, did you say? Ha! ha! Have you forgotten our first hunt together, Professor, in the far West, of twenty years ago. It wasn't so far then; but we were content with a rifle, a bag of meal and a little salt for larder, an army blanket and an overcoat for tent and bedding, a hunting knife was fork and spoon also. How we should have laughed then if we had met a couple of fellows rigged out as you two are, with umbrellas, camp stools, boiled hams and the rest of it. We should have told them they were ruining their manners, morals and constitutions by such luxurious habits. Let me help you to the duck fricasse."

Thank you, it seems very nice, but I will eat mine as



A Stretch of Quiet Water

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frogs if you please. I have conscientious scruples about the game laws. Wild duck is out of season.

"Frogs!" with infinite scorn. "Very well, if you prefer it as frogs, there's very little difference in the flavor if the frogs are nicely done, your nose by any other name would smell as sweet; still, to me, there is a flavor even in the name, so I will take mine as mallard or teal as the case may be, for we have both in the mess, if not muscovy too. The game laws don't extend to the country; at least I never met anyone in this country before who knew anything to be out of season."

The hot biscuit were as light and white as snow; the butter, fresh from the spring, was crisp as ice; the tea—black—for Colonel Lawrie lives wisely as well as well—was delicious; cloth and napkins, pink and white, were fresh and fragrant; white water lilies, scarlet lobelias and tall, sweet-scented ferns filled the centre of the table.

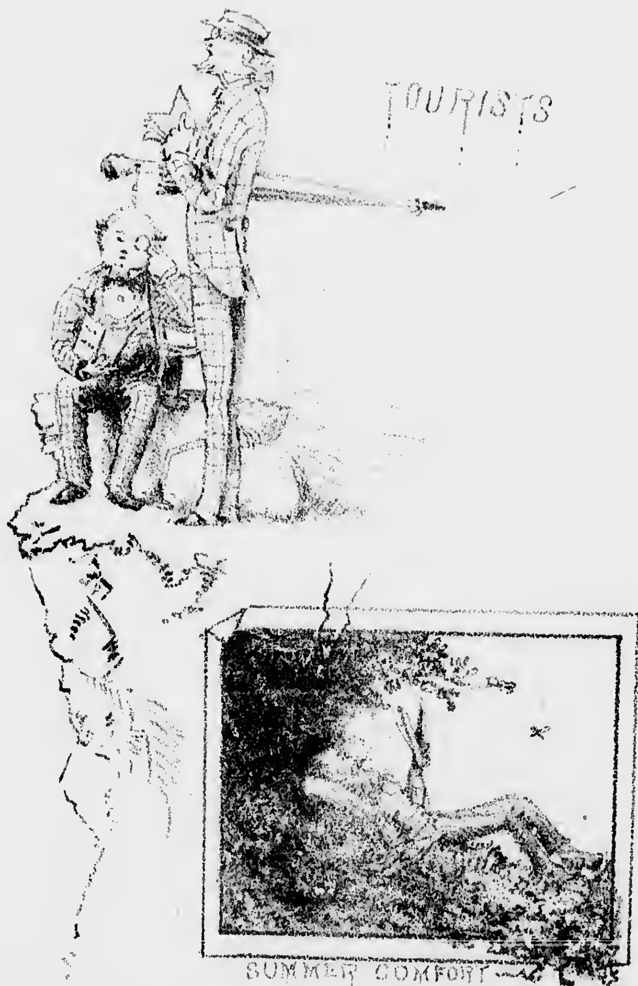
"How do you manage it all," I could not help asking, for this was a new phase of camp life to me.

"Oh, nothing easier. If you are not too fastidious there are few of the real comforts of home life you need spare in camp. This table is a reminiscence of old campaigning times, it is a mess chest when it is not a table, and every article is made to pack snugly into it; it holds a liberal service for six, and is no larger than a small trunk; these easy chairs are also bedsteads when extended; but the secret of success in camping out is in having a good servant, and Robert is a gem, a little surly sometimes, but let him have his own way and he works like a clock. Then as to the ladies: The notion that ladies cannot camp out is mere moonshine. We are too much in the habit of treating them as ornaments merely, and fancy that they must be kept under glass for fear they will lose some of their bloom, that

the gilding will rub off the statuette. Because men come home after a week's camping as brown as overdone toast does not suggest that women should redden even the tips of their noses. If they are willing to endure the musquitoes for the sake of fresh air, and plain cooking for the sake of an appetite, they may camp out and enjoy it and come again. We go when and where we please; we stop if we are tired, or like the place; we are in no hurry about anything, being intent only on enjoying time as it flies. If people come along and patronizingly call us tourists we are content to pass as tourists; we know that they are doing the very same thing under the disguise of science or literature or art; the merest subterfuge, not half so respectable as to be an honest tourist."

I felt the rebuke. "On further acquaintance," I said, "I am half inclined to beg pardon for having applied that uncomplimentary epithet to a party who are so very evidently intent upon enjoying themselves—a thing tourists never do. Your genuine tourist is always bent on the one sole object of getting through. He wouldn't miss anything that is down in the guide book on any account, but the more quickly he can 'do' it and get away to "do' something else the cleverer he thinks himself. He takes his tour as a job, and works harder at it than he ever does at his profession, still ——"

"Say no more," broke in the Colonel, who fancied that a new indictment, stronger than "the tourist," would follow that word "still." "Your apology is amply sufficient, and on my part, having suggested that a pleasure trip under the guise of science or art was somewhat lacking in the flavor of honesty, I retract the expression, and admit that a wandering bookmaker or artist may occupy the same moral level as a legitimate tourist."



TOURISTS

SUMMER COMFORT

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But having something to say, I was not to be balked. "Still, I came on you unawares to-day, and found you all wrapped in admiration of one of nature's loveliest works, while one of you seemed to be reading a description of it from a guide book. I am aware now that it was SCRIBNER'S for July, but association of ideas told me then that it was a guide book. Though you wore no eye-glasses, one of you held a field glass which had evidently been in use. That serviceable boat with its cargo of trunks and camp equipage looked precisely as if it was checked 'through," while the boatman himself looked like one of those guides who tell such surprising traditions and regard you with such quiet contempt for not knowing it before—or for believing them. Your travelling dresses, abundance of wraps and many little etceteras were all evidences by which I knew you to—I mean, which for the moment led me to fancy you might be tourists; and when I perceived that the success of your enterprise in trying an unknown route would bring down swarms of imitators next summer, I mentally placed your party in the enviable position of original discoverers—pioneer tourists, as it were—so that there was nothing, after all, derogatory to dignity or respectability in the name, as I applied it.

CHAPTER V.

SHIPWRECKED.

THE rain which had been pattering on the canvas roof for some time now began to pour down in torrents, until its hollow sound and the rushing of wind in the trees drowned the music of the waterfall. Robert had put down the festooned wall of the tent and staked it securely, so that we were perfectly sheltered from both wind and rain; but in a tent the storm seems to come so near, and withal the tumult of the elements created such a din that it became necessary to raise one's voice to be heard at all. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the tea was finished with little further conversation, though I had noticed earlier that Annie Lawrie, usually so full of good spirits, was very quiet indeed this evening, while Frank had scarcely spoken a word unless addressed directly. So, the table having been removed, Mrs. Lawrie donned her gold-rimmed glasses—and very well they became her soft, violet blue eyes and clear blonde complexion, and refined, matronly air as she sat knitting under the subdued lamp-light. Her daughter took a camp stool and nestled beside her, almost out of sight, while the rest gathered close about her, for the sake of companionship and convenience of talking.

"What a wonderful resource is fancy work to a woman," I said, picking up with a pretence of admiration a strand of the delicate web which Mrs. Lawrie was contriving, "it is company and comfort under all circumstances—

a refuge in trouble or embarrassment—a reason or excuse for anything she likes or dislikes to do."

"Just as tobacco is to a man," answered Mrs. Lawrie, only the tobacco is a real refuge, while fancy work is only a flimsy and artificial pretence of entertaining oneself. You may smoke if you wish, gentlemen."

"Yes, take cigars; or shall I send for your pipes?" The Colonel assented cordially, and he took a cigar himself and proceeded to light it, just to put his guests in countenance. "No," said Frank, "thanks, we will smoke after the storm, when the ventilation is better."

"O, we don't mind; papa often smokes in the tent." Miss Lawrie seemed to be speaking out of the folds of mamma's shawl, she was so completely out of sight.

Our host tried to frown, but it ended in a smile, and he placed his hand caressingly on his daughter's head, while Mrs. Lawrie controlled her features by commencing a chatty remark to Frank. Ah, those skeletons, they all keep a cupboard full of them, big or little, and give us an occasional peep through the crannies.

"My child you are telling tales out of school," the affectionate father was saying, when we became conscious of voices amid the tumult outside, faint at first, but gradually coming nearer.

The storm, the intense outer darkness, the wildness and complete isolation of the spot had already prepared a groundwork of nervous excitement, which now culminated in one of those delightful horrors which accompany a well told ghost story. Little chills and shivers chased each other up and down the surface of my anatomy, and for a moment I could feel a bristling about the roots of what hair still re-

mains on my head, and I could see in the faces of my companions various indications of the same expectant terror.

The boatman was in altercation with some one, and he spoke loudly and angrily.

Yo'd better keep away now, a tell yo'; tha's no room for yo', 'less yo' sleep wi' me, an' ah'l see yo' danged first.

But the stranger was not to be put off. The voice came nearer to the tent, where we all sat listening in breathless expectation; still nearer, until suddenly — the expected always happens suddenly, when it does happen—a face was thrust through the opening of the tent, which had been securely tied to keep out the weather. It was a young face, bare and blank and harmless enough; hair cropped close, with no visible collar, and the water was fairly streaming from its chin.

The apparition struck consternation into the party. The ladies both screamed a little, and Annie hid herself still more completely, while Mrs. Lawrie turned a shade paler, and held up her hands in amazement. We visitors sat silent and astounded, as much at the singular presentment as at the commotion his appearance had produced. There was evidently something queer.

Col. Lawrie was the first to recover himself.

"Elderkin," he exclaimed, "What the deuce are you doing here?"

"I'm shipwrecked, Colonel, I am, indeed. My boat is half full of water; I'm wet through; my blankets are soaked, and I haven't a dry match. Don't you hear the storm?"

"Shall a' chuck 'im in t' river, Cun'l?" demanded Robert, outside.

"Why don't you go to the next town?" The Colonel

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was perplexed, but still able to badger the unwelcome visitor.

"There *is* no town, not for fifty miles, and I should die of hunger and exhaustion if I stayed on the river in this storm all night. My provisions are all water-soaked, and I'm hungry I tell you. Do let me in, Colonel; you would'nt turn away a dog on such a night as this."

"No," reflected our host, "I can't turn you away under the circumstances, so we may as well make the best of it. Robert, let him in."

A most ridiculous figure he presented as he stood there dolefully detailing his mishaps, his wet garments of white duck clinging about his slender limbs, and the water streaming into a pool at his feet. He had started from London late in the day, it appeared, and in his anxiety to reach somewhere before nightfall had smashed a hole in his canoe in one of the rapids, and the time required to repair the damage had delayed him until he got caught in the storm and darkness, and he had taken to walking the bank in sheer desperation. He had not proceeded fifty yards before he sighted our camp, and accordingly, here he was. When he related that all his tribulations had taken place within hailing distance of shelter and assistance, which was only hidden by a curve in the bank, the injured tone he assumed was extremely amusing.

"You always had a genius for getting into scrapes," the Colonel told him, "and you may congratulate yourself on getting out of this one so easily; but you must put on some dry clothes while we get you a bite of supper; your ducking won't do you any harm while the weather is so warm."

"I have'nt a dry rag to bless myself with. Oh, never mind the supper; I'm not hungry. If you have a spare

blanket I'll find a dry corner and turn up all right in the morning."

"We have plenty of room and plenty of blankets, if you don't mind bunking with us," I suggested, glad to be able to offer something by way of offset for the quiet fun I had been having out of the fellow's misery.

He accepted the proposal readily, so, as it was getting late, we three went out with a lantern and umbrella, and we very soon had the unfortunate rubbed down with dry towels and stowed away snugly in the blankets.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MURMUR OF THE WATERFALL.

ONE wakes early in camp. There is no closing of the blinds to exclude the light and continue night further into the day. The first beam of light penetrates the thin canvas as if it were glass, and momentarily increasing in strength, effectually banishes all thought of dozing oneself awake. It was Sunday morning, and the sun was shining brilliantly. I sprang to my feet, with that sense of extreme buoyancy of spirits which one can only feel in the air of a bright, cool, spring morning after a refreshing sleep, and threw back the flaps of the tent.

A dazzling stream of light poured in.

The cataract opposite was now flashing white in the sunlight, the wet rocks were glistening iris hued, and the whole hillside was ablaze with color and light. Robins were warbling their plaintive rain cry; a kingfisher flashed by with his rattling scream, and hundreds of small birds were whistling, piping and chirping in the maple tops; the air was still full of glistening moisture after the storm, and the river was covered with that thin, hazy mist which is the sure precurser of a lovely summer day.

Frank had tumbled out, and was expanding his lungs with the keenest enjoyment of the fresh bracing air. Our visitor had covered his head and was taking a fresh turn in the blankets, so we took our clothing in our hands, Frank and I, and stole silently across the little strip of woods to a bend where the sun shone full and we were out of sight of the camp. And such a bath as we had. Ten feet of pure

crystal water, with a clean, gravel bottom, and that invigorating freshness in both air and water which renews one like the fountain of youth.

A canoe was lying bottom up on the beach, a few yards further up, with a fresh patch on its bows in the form of St. George's cross; rather awkwardly done but tight and strong. Rightly conjecturing that this was the wreck of the previous evening, we collected the scattered, rain-drenched baggage, and having loaded the canoe pushed into the stream.

When we returned to the camp young Elderkin was just turning out, arrayed in a suit belonging to Colonel Lawrie, in which he looked even more ridiculous than in the wet sailor suit of the previous evening. The vest and coat were large enough to go twice round the slim figure of the youth; his bagging trousers were turned up to the knees, and altogether he looked like a stage caricature of a newsboy dressed in a cast-off suit of adult's clothing.

Tired out after the unaccustomed exertion of the previous day, a Sunday in camp was a welcome rest. The day was warm enough to subdue our restlessness, yet the dense shade of the grove was still cool enough to be inviting. We had papers and magazines, pipes and cigars, hammocks and fans, pleasant company and pleasant scenery, so the day passed quickly and agreeably.

After breakfast, when the lively general conversation had broken up into groups, slackened into disjointed remarks, and finally stopped; when the wet canvas and foliage had begun to steam under the hot sun, and the camp had settled down to the serious task of keeping cool; when the little cascade had begun to fill all the space with its murmur and tinkle, some of us became aware of a moving figure on the summit of the opposite cliff. Following with our eyes a hazy speck, dimly seen against the sky through

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shimmering tree tops, we soon discovered it to be a boy with blue overalls, a shirt, a big straw hat, a stick and a dog, singing and hooting and whistling to Towser; slashing with the stick at burdocks, bees and butterflies, he was the perfect impersonation of boyish delight. But just where a break occurs in the trees, where the cliff forms the sky line, and he came into full view of the camp, the howling suddenly ceased; dog and youth stood outlined against the sky, petrified with amazement. Twenty minutes afterwards I happened to glance upwards again in turning the page; he still stood motionless and mute in the same spot, then, as if an inspiration had seized him, he dashed off in a run, the dog at his heels looking back with an absurd air of apprehension.

"We shall have company soon," I said, for I well knew from experience the result of the marvellous tale the urchin would have to tell.

The young men looked enquiringly. I answered nothing, for the weather was warm; but by-and-by, just as we were shaking out our napkins after a lunch of cold duck and biscuit, the youth appeared again—silent this time—and followed by three men, also silent, who came and stood in a row on the brink of the cliff, staring wildly at the unaccountable phenomena of boats and tents and well-dressed people where such things had never been seen before. For an hour they stood there, and thought the matter over; then they sat down and talked it over. Presently others joined them, and later in the day some Sunday-clad women and children added themselves to the group. All through the afternoon the bit of bare cliff was beaded with heads, and its edge fringed with a row of dangling brogans.

The extraordinary irruption of remarkable strangers was evidently the one topic of conversation, for every movement made by one of our party was watched as if a wager depended on it. The interest deepened visibly when Robert began to punch up the fire for the evening meal, and spread his array of silver and chinaware on the table under the awning, and reached its absorbing climax when we all sat down to tea.

Elderkin began to chatter at once. "Oh, Miss Annie, you missed a lot of fun by being asleep all the afternoon; we have had visitors, and they were very entertaining."

Miss Annie raised her eyes with a charming look of surprise and enquiry. "Visitors?"

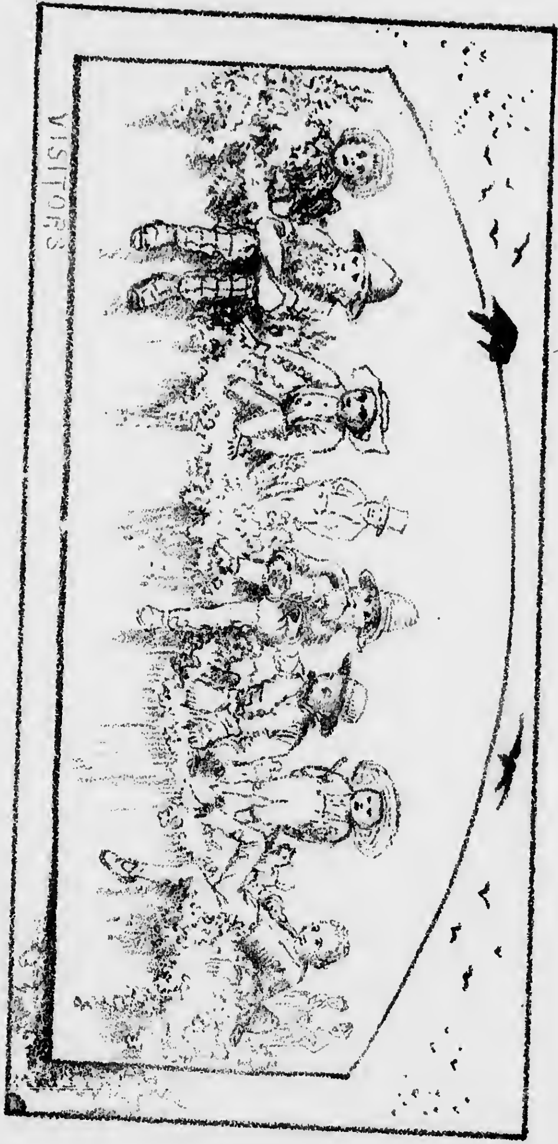
"Yes, neighbors; probably the landlord; clothes like meal sacks, and such feet! Haven't you seen them up on the cliff?"

Now I had, once or twice during the afternoon, caught the flash of an opera glass, in the shadow under the flap of the large tent, where the ladies were supposed to be taking a siesta, so I wondered how Miss Annie would meet this direct question. I think I must have looked over conscious, for the instant her eye caught mine her look of innocent surprise changed to a smile of mischievous mirth, and she answered with the rather inconsistent question: "Oh! have you seen them?"

"Yes. I've watched them all day over the edge of my book, that is, when I was awake, and I've been surprised that they didn't throw down some nuts and gingerbread."

He was thinking of visitors at the "Zoo."

"What are they doing now, Mr. Lawrie?" asked our hostess. She never addressed her husband as Colonel, her father had been in the regular army, while Mr. Lawrie was only an officer of militia. The Colonel sat facing the river,



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so that Mrs. Lawrie could not see the subjects of the conversation. He answered without looking up: —

"They are discussing the question whether we are genuine pirates or Christian campers in disguise. Evidently they have no intention of going just yet, and will set a night watch presently."

And so on. It appeared we had taken almost as much interest in our neighbors as they had taken in us, and I could not help wondering whether the balance lay in our favor or theirs, whether our affected indifference or their genuine unsophisticated wonder seemed the least commendable.

After supper, when the warm glow of summer evening began to steal into the purpling shadows, when the water was flashing the burning yellow of the lower sky into the brown reflections of the dark rocks, I saw Annie sitting in the stern sheets of a boat, whose stern rested high and dry on the pebbly beach. She was toying aimlessly with an oar, whose blade rippled the water into a million sparkles of gold, and was chatting gaily with the young men on shore about some of those precious trifles which invent themselves for the occasion and take wing again, too flimsy to be remembered.

This was the opportunity I had been looking for all day, for Mrs. Lawrie, the Colonel and I still sat in the shadow of the awning.

"Speaking of our neighbors," I said, "which is quite customary and proper on a Sunday afternoon, who is this Elderkin?"

"Mister Elderkin? Oh, Professor don't you know Mr. Elderkin? He is a son of Randall Boggs Elderkin, Esquire, of Chipney Boggs, in Wessex, and grandson of the famous General Boggs, who, they say, cut such a conspicuous figure

at Waterloo. He moves in the very first circles of London society, and is reported to be worth—oh, I don't know how much money. He is in the Imperial Occidental Bank, and is considered to be the great catch of the times. Mr. Lawrie can tell you all about him, though he won't draw a flattering portrait, for I would only own it to you, Professor—an old friend of the family—that he is no favorite with Mr. Lawrie."

Mr. Lawrie deprecated the insinuation. "Gently, please; don't be too broad in your assertions, or too rash in your conclusions. Now I rather like young Elderkin."

"But not as a son-in-law."

"Well—yes, as somebody else's son in-law. He is good-natured, moral, rich and an Englishman. Very good qualities in a son-in-law."

"Then why———"

"Yes, dear, that's just it. It is simply a nebulous 'why' with me; an undeveloped conundrum without any answer. However, my daughters have chosen for themselves so far, and have chosen well, and if one of them——but there's no use in discussing improbabilities; in any case I dare say she would have wit enough for two, so we will let the matter pass. Now, Professor, who is your young friend?"

"Mister Lightred? Francis Lightred, a nice young fellow—Canadian—but entirely without ancestors beyond father and mother, whom I know to be worthy and well-to-do people. He has yet his name and fortune to make, but he is now beginning to feel his feet in his profession, and you will one day find it pleasant to remember the time when we were touring the Thames together. I have only known him to show one weakness, and that is, perhaps, pardonable at his age, though injudicious: he is in love."

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"In love? How interesting. And pray who has been so very fortunate?"

"That," I answered, "is the singular thing about it. He doesn't know himself. He is mopish and moody, and is constantly devising schemes for her discovery. He chases about over the continent on the smallest encouragement of a clue, but as yet he has discovered nothing."

"Professor you are not joking?" questioned Mrs. Lawrie. "Do tell us all about it."

"I assure you, Mrs. Lawrie, it is no joke to him, for he can think or talk nothing but his unknown inamorata, and unless he succeeds in discovering her the consequences may be serious."

"But how did it all happen? Do tell us."

"Quite simply. He was sketching somewhere down east last summer, New Hampshire, I think, when he met with a party of young ladies, cousins and aunts and so on; and it seems that wherever he went they would be sure to find him there accidentally, unless he happened to find *them* there first. They were all more or less artistically inclined, so they formed an acquaintance and got along very well together. It seems, also, that one of the young ladies, a very young one, a mere girl, was a real paragon of womanly graces. She was beautiful and wise and accomplished, and, I suppose, everything else attractive; quite bewildering, no doubt, to a youth of his tastes and temperament. Well, it so happened that while they were stopping at the same hotel, somewhere in the mountains, he took a three days' trip into the wilds, a common occurrence, and when he returned the ladies were gone—quite as usual. But he did not find them at the next stopping place, nor the next, nor the next; and then he made the frightful discovery that he was in love, and he hadn't the lady's address. He knew her

name; he must have told it to me, but I forget it just now. He went back to the hotel where he had last seen her, and found that the party had registered as Mrs. So-and-so and company, of New York. He rushed off to New York, and after immense trouble, found Mrs. So-and so's abode—just after the family had sailed for Europe. However, the name of his particular star did not appear on the passenger list, so there he lost the clue, and has never since been able to find it."

We sat there in the deepening twilight, and discussed the river and the probabilities of getting through. Colonel Lawrie became enthusiastic over the idea, confident of success; and proposed to Mrs. Lawrie to continue the trip and push through as far as possible. Said he: "Mrs. Lawrie's wish has been granted; last night's storm has given us another foot of water, quite enough to make the rapids agreeably passable. It would certainly be difficult to get back, and it would be a base ingratitude to the genius of the spring to neglect so good an opportunity."

"I must be stirring early to-morrow," I said, "and I had better turn in. I will say good-bye now, for we shall be miles on our way before you are awake."

"Shall we not have the pleasure of your company, then? I thought we were to travel together all the way down." Mrs. Lawrie seemed disappointed.

"Oh, we shall overtake you before the day is out," said the Colonel, "with your sketching and geologizing and botanizing, you will not travel much faster than we do. We might camp together every night, at least."

"So we might; and we will, if you will allow us to select the camp grounds; but we will at least wish good-bye for the present, Mrs. Lawrie."

"Good-bye, Professor."

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"Good-bye, Colonel."

"Good-bye, Professor. Bon voyage; and—say, can't you take Elderkin with you?"

The moon was nearly at the full, and the dark hillside was filled with flickering half tones and mysterious shadows, with here and there a blasted hemlock spreading its bare white arms into the upper air. A thin film of mist floated in circling drifts on the surface of the still, dark water about the foot of the glistening cascade. One of nature's loveliest and most solemn phases. But I did not yield to its seductive temptation, and in ten minutes more I was sound asleep.

How long I had slept I know not—but not long—when I became dimly conscious of a strain of music—distant, soft, and sighing through the moonlit air—fading, trembling, dying, and I was asleep again, wandering in the vale of roses. Again the strain rose nearer, swelling clear and sweet on my slumber-tinted senses, as the voice of an angel, awaking me with a thrill of luxurious delight one can never feel under any other circumstances.

It was a clear soprano voice singing a familiar ballad, pathetic and sympathetic, tremulous and touching, and to me, laden with tender memories of a long-ago happiness. It was a painfully sweet retrospect.

Then the voice commenced another stanza, and I could hear an under tone of accompaniment. Nearer and louder it swelled, until it developed into a rich, strong baritone, subdued as it should be—quietly subordinate to the tender and tearful leading voice—a perfect accompaniment to perfect ballad singing. Then I could hear the words of the dear old song. A youth has returned to his boyhood's haunts, and is wailing his sorrows to the midnight moon:—

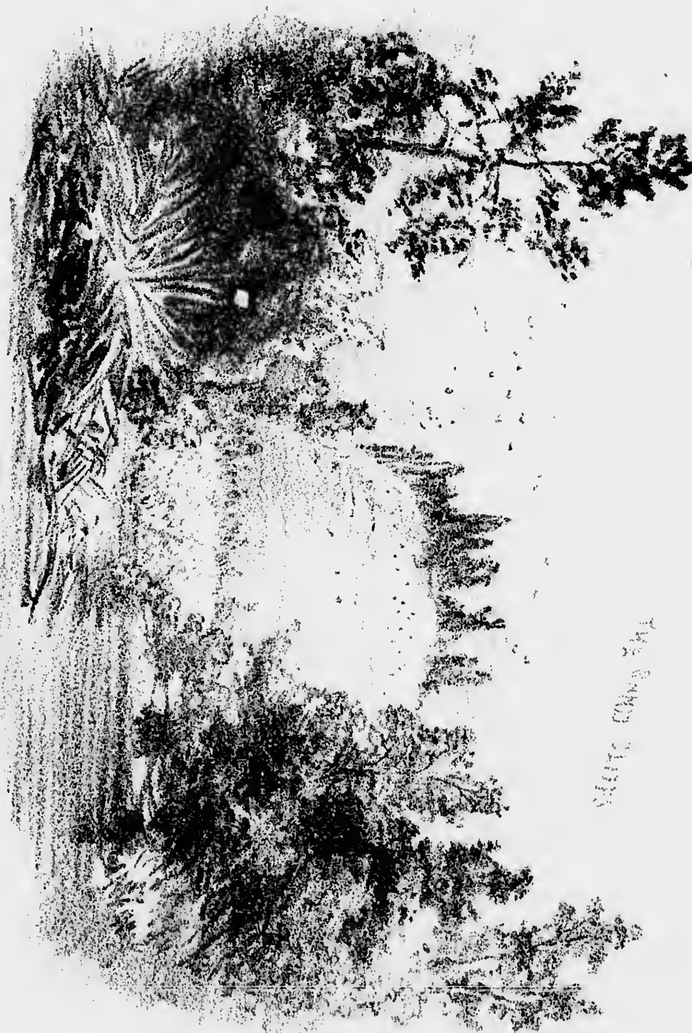
"Here is the fountain, the honeysuckle, the tree where I

carved out our names, here the same still; but where, Oh, where, art thou India May?"

I have never heard the answer.

I raised the flap of the tent a little, and looked out. The world was still bathed in that wonderful flood of mystic summer moonlight. A boat with youthful figures was silently gliding in-shore, to where a lady and gentleman with umbrellas were waiting on the beach.

"Ah! happy youth," I sighed, as I remembered what might have been. It was very beautiful out there, but I was sleepy and a little chilly, so I curled into the blankets, and was soon asleep again.



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CHAPTER VII

SUMMER RAIN.

AS the first sunbeam silvered the dewy foliage on the cliff, we pushed off from the shelving beach at Wishing Well Camp. We had persuaded, or rather compelled, Oscar Elderkin to accept an invitation to accompany us for this day.

Robert had just turned out, and hatless and unkempt was prodding the smoking backlog into a fire with a frying-pan. The Lawries were still wrapt in slumber, apparently, for none of them had yet made an appearance.

Frank and I were at the oars, Mr. Elderkin at the rudder, his canoe towing astern.

"Good bye, Robert."

"Good bye, sir;" and having no hat he waved an adieu with the frying-pan.

The air was cool and bracing in the early morning, and we bent to the oars with a rare se[illegible] of muscular enjoyment. The white tents were quickly receding into the distance, when Frank suddenly dropped his oars and waved his hat above his head. I looked up and saw a white arm, and whiter handkerchief glistening in the opening of the larger tent.

Oscar Elderkin looked round to see what had attracted our attention, but the speck had disappeared.

"What was it?" he asked.

"Robert," explained Frank.

A silver line, which had been visible from the camp, proved to be only a short, stony ripple, which we passed

without slacking speed; so on we flew, in the long, cool shadows of elms and sycamores and high, gravelly banks, and under long stretches of red willow and nannyberry, where the river crossed the flats and bottom lands. The strangely wild appearance of the river ends a few miles below Wishing Well, where the banks become lower and more gently sloping; where farms are occasionally cleared to the water's edge, and low lying meadows are dotted with cattle.

It is noticeable, however, that houses are rarely visible from the water, being built generally near the highway, a fact suggestive of many things concerning the habits and condition of the inhabitants. A few miles further a wooden truss bridge crosses the river; we came in sight of it at the head of a steep rapid, swift and somewhat difficult, on account of a sudden curve which forms a deep whirlpool at its foot, full of logs and fallen timber.

We passed it safely by crabbing down, that is, by turning the boat, after unshipping the rudder, and going down backwards: thus, by rowing one pair of oars up stream the motion of the boat becomes quite slow and manageable, with the further advantage, that the rower can see the course, for a rudder is of no use in these swift currents. Having discovered this method, we afterwards adopted it for the descent of all rapids which seemed difficult.

Safely arrived in still water again, we moored the boats and went ashore for a rest. While Frank was making a sketch Oscar took his rod and dropped a line to the black bass in the deep eddy, "to make up a foreground," he said, and I walked up to the bridge to prospect.

A long, dusty, gravel road stretched interminably to the south, under a glittering white sky; straight as an arrow across the low flats, and curving gently into the swelling up-

lands beyond. In and out amongst dark apple orchards and groups of Lombard poplars, flanked on either hand by sweeping lines of yellow ripe grain and sheep-dotted pastures. On the flats a lot of men and women were tossing a field of late cut hay into shocks, and nearer, at the end of the bridge, a handsome team of heavy bays were leisurely approaching, with a huge load of fragrant clover behind them; a pitchfork stuck upright in the top, and a red-shirted driver lying almost buried in it.

"A capital bit for Frank, it will help to make the ugly bridge presentable," I told myself, so I managed to stop him on the bridge."

"Morning."

The man nodded.

"What township is this?" I asked.

"Whoa! whoa!" Hey?

"What's the name of this township?"

"Which township?"

"Right here. What do you call this place?"

"Well," he said, slowly, as if collecting himself for a great mental effort, "it ain't any township just here; fact it ain't any place in partic'lar. That medder over there's Delaware, but that sand bank ahead there's in Lobo, and the house acrost the road, that's in Caradoc," pointing to a grove of locust trees with a film of thin grey smoke curling out of it, but there was no other sign of a habitation.

"This must be the townline, then?"

"Yaas, the townline." Then with sudden interest: "Say, mister, what's that man doin' with that big book?" pointing to where Frank sat up to his neck in spearmint and timothy.

"O!" said I, "he's drawing the landscape."

"The dickens he is; and will he put down the cows?"

"Yes."

"An' the sheep?"

"Oh, yes; and the fields and fences, and the corn on the hillside, and———"

"But that corn don't belong to us," interrupted the man.

I could not quite see what that had to do with the matter, but I continued: "See! He's looking up here now; he's putting in your horses and your load of hay."

"Well, I'll be goldanged," declared the man, "an' that mortgage ain't due for six months yet. G'lang! Git tup!" And he drove away fully convinced that the artist was making an inventory of his property.

Then I went foraging to the farm house in the locust grove. A yellow-bearded man and a comely white-aproned woman were teaching a red calf to drink, in the middle of a clover lawn, in front of the wide, white-chinked log house; a curly-headed toddler and a Scotch collie looking gravely on. They had plenty of butter, chickens, eggs, home-made bread, bacon, so they said; and, yes, they would sell some. Delaware was five miles by the road, they didn't know how far by the river; he had never been in a boat in his life; he was born in this house, and had always lived here; but farmers have no time for boating. I happened to compliment the calf, so he showed me his pigs; pink, small-limbed and clean; forty or fifty of them; I admired them, honestly, and then I had to decline, repeatedly, his invitation to dinner.

When I reached the boat again I was staggering under a load of provender of various kinds. Oscar was lying asleep with his hat over his face, and Frank was finishing his sketch with a darker hue of grey along the horizon, where the dark pines of the Komoka hills melted into it so softly.

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"That means rain," I said, observing now for the first time how the web of glittering cirri which had covered the sky an hour ago had been gradually thickening, until the sun had become obscured and the dark blue distance looked ominous. He tossed the sketch to me, while he was hastily packing. It was a nice bit of effect; all the foreground glowing with light and color, as he had at first seen it; all the distance cold and dark in the shadow of the weeping rain cloud. He had managed the difficulty of the ugly bridge capitally—he had left it out.

"We can be in Delaware in an hour if we try, and find shelter there until the rain is over."

"Why can't we camp right here, while the ground is dry?" enquired Oscar, who was awake, and filling his immense meerschaum.

"We can; but there is neither wood nor water here, and we must have both to make a cup of coffee."

Reluctantly we took to the boats again. Oscar, with his light canoe, was soon far in the lead. Four miles, and we began to look eagerly forward; six miles, seven—and each curve of the river brought fresh disappointment. No town in sight yet, and it had begun to sprinkle, with a fair prospect of continuous rain; and just then appeared a fence, built solidly across the river. It had been built at low water, and was well spiked together; a formidable obstacle. A hatchet soon disposed of an upper rail, but the next was partly submerged, and every blow sent sheets of spray into our faces; so we had no alternative but to drag the boat over it—a tedious operation—and when that was done the rain was coming down in torrents. We had to take a drenching, after all. However, we were already wet, and could take no further harm. It could not now be far to the village, and we bent to the oars again, in the enjoyment

of a novel sensation. The rain came in gusty showers, and as we sped on, mile after mile of the river's tortuous course, the sun would occasionally burst through, and reveal the most charming effects of light and mist. Now it would be an enormous mass of driftwood, piled by the floods of many springs about the bole of a grand old sycamore tree, upon a narrow neck, which became a storm channel when the freshets were raging. The transparent foliage, burning yellow against a dark blue-gray sky, or flashing white as the wet surfaces caught the flickering sunlight. Again, a group of startled mares and foals in the shadow of a tall, white willow, with a background of sunlit mist. Then a high, red sand cliff lit up like a beacon against the dark blue nimbus, with myriads of bank swallows flashing in the dewy air. Whitening willows, aspens quivering; reeds, rushes, sedges, lily pads, glowing in the evanescent light, against an inky background, the reflection of the distant storm cloud.

Then the still water would break into gray breezes, running hither and thither, then into lines of ripple; then it would blend into a mass of dull, even gray, and then the rain would come pelting down again. At length a break appeared on the western horizon, and soon the ragged remnants of storm cloud were scurrying, pink and purple gray, across the white-barred zenith; then we concluded that we must have passed the village in the rain.

The sun re-appeared, and masses of steam began to rise from the river surface. We paused at the oars, and drifted with the stream around a rapid curve, when, lo! The sky had changed to glittering silver again, and a tall mill on a tall bank reared itself against the light; beyond it a shining, tin dome and a spire, and the clustered chimneys and gables of Delaware. We had reached shelter at last, and the storm was over.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN CLOVER.

DELAWARE is a triangular village in the neck of a peninsula where a long, sweeping bend of the river nearly curves into itself again. Assuredly the people of Delaware are not an aquatic people, for we skirted the willow-fringed bank of the peninsula, passing on the way under a long, mud-dripping, wooden bridge, looking for a landing, and when we came in sight of the tin dome again, at the lower end of the curve, we had found no indication of a path which might lead from the water to the village, but there, on the shore of a little gravelly bay, an Indian canoe was drawn up; a canoe of yellow bark, with rich brown lines of spruce gum, with a fresh patch on its bow in the form of St. George's Cross.

Here we scrambled up through a cottage garden full of onions, sweet brier, cabbage, and laburnums, into the road; one of the three streets which form the village. There was a tin shop, in need of repair; a cobbler's sign was barely decipherable after a half century's struggle with a Canadian climate; a blacksmith's shop; a grocery, where a man in sailor garb was interesting an audience of a half dozen loungers on its rickety verandah. A sleepy, decaying, gossipy, old river village.

The Longwoods Road, the original river road of the earliest settlements, crosses the Thames here, a fact which probably suggested the site of the town. Since the advent of railways the place has but little further excuse for existing, and is quietly rotting away to its necessary limits

as a retail magazine for the essential merchandises of country life.

The grocery was our objective point, where the sailor was holding his audience spellbound with some astounding tale of the sea, so that we almost escaped the gaping stares of the loungers, which generally falls to the lot of strangers.

"What did we do?" said the man, as we approached near enough to catch his words. "We baited the anchor with the dead nigger and fished for sharks, and lived on them till we struck the coast of Barbary six week's afterwards." Then he knocked the ashes out of the enormous familiar meerschaum, on the top of a packing case, and commenced to refill it. It was Elderkin, in sou'-wester, pea-jacket and oilskins; the correct thing for a storm on the water; he was always correct in matters of clothes.

We made a few trifling purchases and hurried away again at Oscar's urgent entreaties. He feared that his fictitious reputation might suffer if we remained longer in the place.

The boats had taken in a good deal of water during the storm, and we found on examination that the rain had penetrated the tarpaulin, and our bedding was dripping wet, so we decided to look for a suitable spot and go ashore and spread them in the sun as soon as the grass was dry. Everything was still streaming and steaming with moisture, for the sun was now glowing in the zenith, with an intensity which made us grateful for a breeze which had sprung up, as we could now dispense with the oars; and we did so gladly, after the long pull of the morning.

The breeze freshened, and we were soon tearing along at a great pace, though it needed the exercise of constant vigilance to avoid capsizing, as the stream curved to the

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right or left, and the gusty wind took us suddenly on this side or that.

This is an interesting portion of the river in its pastoral picturesqueness, but, for want of local names, difficult to describe. The loveliest vistas of willow covered banks, bedded in tangled weeds and grasses; glimpses of white cottages through embowering apple orchards; hills of bold outline sweeping up into the sky and distance, specked with houses and barns, nestling shoulder deep in fields of ripe grain; nestling is the word, for that is the characteristic expression of farm houses in summer time; when fields are full to the fence tops, and foliage is at its best. Poke weed, cocklebur and burdock or sweet briar, snowball and flowering currant, creeping over the sills and nodding into the windows; myrtle and hop-vine festooning eaves and porches all seemingly intent on hiding the ugly nakedness of art with the lovely drapery of nature.

For American cottages of the first generation are seldom either pretty or picturesque, except in decay. The plank shapes everything; its rigid outline, square angles and bareness of expression, impart themselves to everything which is made from it, that is, everything which is made from it in a hurry. It would be unfair to charge the material with the whole fault when we find other wooden countries building houses of logs and planks, which are a joy to look upon; nor would it be wholly true or just to charge the American builder with a want of the artistic instinct. In Switzerland, for instance, a man builds him a house of planks, but he does not stop with a mere box, he is not content with the idea of shelter alone, for all his present joys and future hopes are centred about his domicile. He knows that he will occupy it as long as he lives, as will his children after

him, to the third and fourth generation, so he carves his lintels and his rafters into grotesque ornaments; he chisels the sills into scripture texts for the perpetual admonition and comfort of those who will follow him; he carries out his roof on every side for protection from sun and rain; his son adds a wing and his grandson a gallery. The weather will bleach the exposed pine to the very shade of grey, which, by contrast, makes the yellows and reds of the protected timbers to glow with color. The moist atmosphere encourages the growth of mosses and lichens, which soon cover the damp shadows with a fretwork of green and gold, and between art and nature the building of planks becomes a thing of beauty. But on the contrary, the man who builds a house of logs or planks in America expects to own a better one in a year or two, of brick or stone perhaps, therefore he puts on it no more work than is necessary to keep out the weather. The scorching sun and dry winds of summer vie with the piercing frosts of winter in destroying any vestige of mossy growth which may gather in its crevices, so it simply bleaches, and were it not for the wonderfully luxuriant summer growth of foliage the structure would be as bare and ugly the year round as it is in winter. One thing the builder might do for art, and should do, in common honesty: let him whitewash it, and all his neighbors and every traveller who passes that way will bless him.

That the American man is not devoid of the artistic instinct, the second and third generation of houses will prove. With increasing leisure he is able to look about him and admire what other ages and countries have accomplished. With increasing wealth he becomes able to gratify his long repressed cravings for the beautiful. He builds a house; and so far as he can, it represents the ideal resulting from his greater or less knowledge of the real. It will be in

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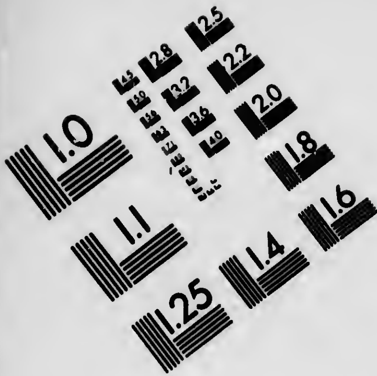
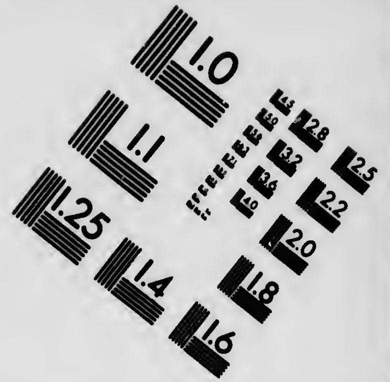
the Italian style probably, with a Norman or Gothic tower perhaps, Swiss gables and a Mansard roof, and it will remind him of one of those noble aggregations of masonry which have been the growth of centuries of wants and exigencies; whose every tower marks an era, whose every archway has a history, and whose every stone is vocal with traditions and memories of a hoary past. The new house will have panellings in the Queen Anne style, an Elizabethan staircase, Linoleum floors of Moresque design, and stucco ceilings in the modern French manner, with stencillings on the walls suggestive of Japan, Greece and Owen-Jones. Rosewood pianos, walnut furniture, Brussels carpets of Persian design and Scottish manufacture. All these things will hint loudly at the possession of taste in their owner, and in all the best rooms superbly-framed chromos, after the great masters, will prove it sufficiently.

It was high noon when we decided to go ashore for lunch. An excellent spot had been discovered on the north bank, where a crystal rivulet trickled out from under the roots of a densely-foliaged young linden, over an evenly-sloping bank of clover and timothy, capped by an old snake fence, half buried in grass and weeds.

There we unpacked, and spread to the sun and breeze the tent and bedding, and everything that might be thereby benefitted. Then we spread under the ample shade of the linden a frugal lunch of ham sandwich, spiced with that best of all sauces, hunger, and moistened with pure cold water from the spring at our feet.

The opposite shore was bare and stony, sloping back into a hill slashed with gravelly gullies from base to summit, and crested by a small house with large and numerous barns. Its thin, soiled sides were covered with splashes of russet greens, reddening sheep sorrel, dots of emerald mal-





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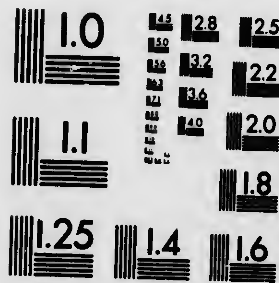

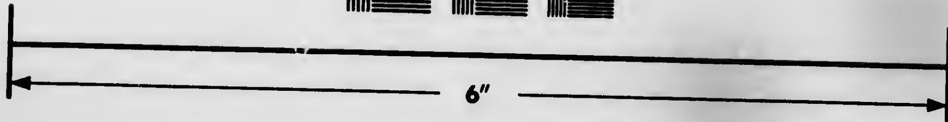

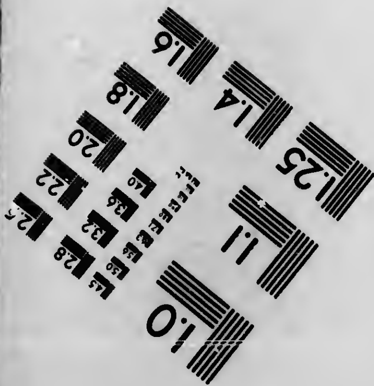

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lows and streaks of purple stramonium, with a flash of golden grain curving over its upper edge.

There seemed to be a commotion over there soon after our arrival. People were running in and out, and regarding us with as much alarm and suspicion as if we had been tax collectors.

They decided that we were river thieves, for it was not long before a team of horses was seen winding down a distant path, and along the river's edge, to where a rotten old scow lay half submerged on the shore. At the same time an old man and two boys came straight down, over fences and gullies, to assist the driver in case of emergency. They all sat on the fence, and were soon joined by a neighbor who came up the river bank with a bag on his shoulder; and the quintette sat and stared and chewed and spat for the next half hour. A closer view did not improve their opinion of us, for the teamster finally got down from his perch, hitched on to the scow — boat he called it — and drove away.

Meanwhile lunch had been disposed of, and we all felt lazy, for the weather was warm. I found a shady spot, where the grass was deep, and flung myself upon it with all the abandon of a schoolboy. I rolled in it, wallowed in it, with the delight of a child, or of a being, perhaps, who instinctively recollects something of the primitive condition of his race.

I lay there and watched the dance of the ragged cloudlets, scurrying before the swift west wind across the firmament; not dead things—not shapeless masses of vapor—but moving, living, exulting clouds; leaping, flying, writhing into every conceivable beauty of form and motion; joining hands across the blue abyss, or beckoning to their flying shadows beneath, companions in the mad race—all

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rejoicing together in the exquisite consciousness of mere existence. Far above them stretched in serene repose a web of myriad rippled cirri, ribbed like the sands of the sea shore, solemn in their silent stillness, majestic in their infinity, while through and above it all the soft pulsating azure led the eye from space to space, and from space to spaceless eternity.

And here between me and the sky a single stalk of millet reared itself. A lady bug was toiling slowly up the swaying stem, scattering as it passed, a shower of ripe pollen from the bristling head, and having reached the summit, spread its little wings and sailed away. A bumble bee was hovering and humming among the clover blossoms, alighting now and then with a rasping sound. When it found a stranger in the grass it looked surprised, and started for fresh pastures, giving me a spiteful little buzz as it passed my ear.

Then a couple of black ants attracted my attention; nervous, hasty, up one stem, down another, hither and thither, as if searching for something lost and urgently needed. I followed them into the dark recesses under the tangle of vegetation, and became aware of the swarming world which lives in clover. Ugly, crawling, flat-bodied frights, which shun the light; little filmy beings, that look like woven glass, and float about without any apparent effort; brown, horny beetles of many patterns, moths, grubs and worms; this under world is densely packed with life. What a catastrophe must it be when some ungainly monster like myself lies down and ruthlessly crushes out of existence thousands, perhaps millions, of lives at every roll.

Too lazy to moralize I took another roll, and looking down the stream I could see it winding in and out between the promontories until it lost itself in a silver glint of the

shallows under a tall cliff, blue with distance. Nearer, little breezes chased each other over its surface, dimming the reflections with lines and splashes of dusky grey, or flying off to join the cloud shadows on the hillside, when the inverted trees and sky again began to glow through the grey until the water was a perfect mirror again; and again, the rude breeze would rush down upon it like a wanton boy and tear the picture to pieces.

The water was lapping and rippling at the bows of our boats below; the voices of the insect world were singing a melody, to which the wind played a subdued harmony in the leaves and branches of the friendly linden overhead. Since I last lay on the grass in this idle fashion—I was startled to think how many years had passed—the last time —it must have been on the banks of the Mississippi; and how often since, a busy dweller in cities, have I longed to realize again these lotean sensations. In Louisiana it was. In the shadow of a towering limestone bluff, the deep fronds of yellowing fern lay cool and fragrant; rocks, stained with crimson and purple lichens dripping with perennial moisture; diamond head lizards, in thousands, sunning themselves on the rocky debris which sloped to the river's edge; sumach and pawpaw smothered in clouds of vines, vines which climbed to the sweet gum and pecan tops, which hung in festoons from their topmost branches and trailed in sweeping lines to the ground.

A mile away the river merged into the swamps and bayons of the Arkansas shore under a pall of cypress, whose mossy beards were swaying across its sombre shadows. Higher, a strip of red, rocky bluff; higher still, faintly seen through summer haze, the dim outline of the Ozark Mountains. Barges, rafts, sail boats, stern wheels, and floating palaces moved placidly on the face of the great river, all

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sounds hushed in the rush and ripple and surge of waters in the canebrakes at my feet. Then the rush and ripple takes on a rythmic swell, and it is summer afternoon on the shore of Casco Bay. The long swell of the Atlantic is rolling majestically in and flinging itself into snowy spray on the splintery rocks; rocks glistening white in the sunlight, glowing with coppery hues in their shadows, breaking in promontories of tender greens and delicate purplish greys, hazing away into subtle combinations of every delightful tint until they are lost in the flat, grey shadow of a cloud lying low on the horizon. White gulls are sailing over the serene blue; white winged yachts are waiting idly for a breeze in the offing; white-clad children are picking shells and pebbles on the beach close at hand. Shafted spruces light their amber torches against a low-barred sky, and cast their reflected shadows down on the glassy swell through bands of green and purple and blue; the holiday tints of the summer sea.

But this rushing sound is surely the sound of falling water. It is a great cataract, falling from the crest of an enormous precipice, beating into rain in its swift descent, then into spray, and finally into mist, floating in graceful wreaths up or down the ravine with the fickle wind, or rising in grand columns out of the twilight valley to veil the glittering snow peaks in the sunlight of the upper air. And about the feet of the waterfall, in black silhouette against the grey vapor, Swiss guides and English tourists, grand dames on mule back and sprightly demoiselles with alpinstocks. Women and children are tossing freshly-sickled hay on steep hillsides, and its fragrance comes floating down the valley with delicious suggestions of home.

But no; this is an English meadow, and its breath is rich and sweet, as of old, for yonder the chalk glistens

white out of the sheep-covered downs. That dark, slaty line is the Bristol Channel, and it is flecked with the white caps, which betoken a squall. Cumulis clouds are toppling, gold-edged, overhead, and enveloped in their advancing shadows, the distant headlands are vanishing. People and horses are hurrying about, to secure the crop from imminent rain; it is time to go.

"Time to go, Professor." It was Elderkin's voice, and I awoke with astonishment.

The shadow of the linden had crept round from the north to the east. Everything was packed into the boats the breeze was still fresh, and the young men impatient to move.

I found my hat under my feet, my clothes were full of ants, I had a cold in the head and a pain in every joint. I felt cross. Twenty years ago I used to feel better for a snooze in the open air, but somehow the grass is so damp now-a-days, I must be more careful hereafter.

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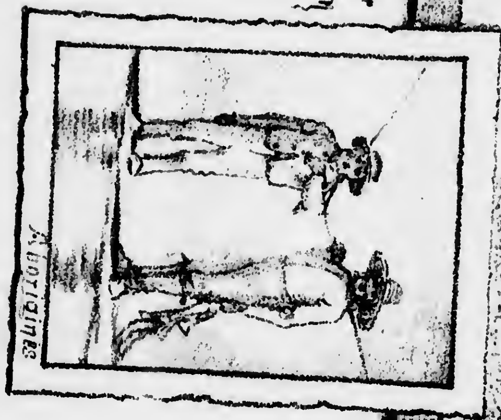

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CHAPTER IX.

ONCE we stopped to get some bait where two men were ploughing on a hillside. It was a rich looking black sod—a promising place for the bait we wanted. The men were astonished at sight of our trim craft, and had a hundred questions to ask. When they had quite mastered the idea that we were going through from London to Detroit by water, one of them delivered his opinion. Said he:—"I can't see the sense in it, anyway; you could go cheaper by railway," which we could not deny. They advised us to stop at the Institution—the headquarters of the Muncey Indian Reserve—and assured us of a kindly reception by the Pastor and Superintendent. We thanked them, and enquired how far it was to Wardsville. "Oh! about thirty mile by the river," said one, which led Oscar to remark that at this rate we should reach the place sooner by going up stream.

We soon reached the Institution at Mount Elgin, or Munceytown. The latter name is applied to the whole reserve, many miles in extent. The Institution consisted of a house, a church, an immense barn and numerous outbuildings, prettily situated on the crest of a ridge commanding a view of "forest, field and river."

Half a mile below the Institute two cloudy figures were shuffling along the beach with rods across their shoulders, one of them with a fine string of bass dragging behind him.

"Hay! Hello!"

"Good day."

"How far is it to Wardsville?"

"With a look of bewilderment, "O! I dunno; maybe forty mile."

"By the river?"

Then they consulted together. Standing on the edge of the water, their dusky reflections were cast down in long, waving lines into the far depths of reflected blue.

"Well, mebbe twenty mile; I dunno."

The spokesman was an oldish man, with deeply furrowed cheeks and eyes. His companion was much younger, and the most inconsequential-looking mortal I had ever seen. As harmless specimens of the aboriginal race as one might wish to meet.

We were looking sharply out for a good camp ground but the essentials seldom occur together, and we looked in vain. When we found a spring the banks would be high and steep, and when we found a level, grassy bank, with shade and firewood and a good landing, there would be no water, or if there was, there would be a house close by with a swarm of inquisitive urchins and a pack of barking dogs. Then we got into the rapids, where for several miles the stream rushes like a mill race. In and out amongst sandy curves, always overhung with willows on the deep side, twisting and turning towards every point of the compass. A sail was of no use there; all our efforts were directed to keeping the boats in the stream, giving just headway enough with a paddle to steer by. This tortuous section ends at the sand cliff, or big bend, as it is called by the natives. This cliff, then reddened by the low sun, rises sheer from the water's edge to a great height, forming part of a ridge which shapes the river's course for a reach of several miles. Straight as an arrow, with high and steeply-sloping banks, the swift rushing stream reflected a patch of red sunset at the extreme end of the vista.

Further on a man in butternut jeans was undressing by the water side.

"Hey! Want to get across?" shouted Frank.

"Yes, if you don't mind," assented the man.

So he got in, and while we were putting him across he told us that the banks were high and springy and the stream swift for miles down.

We began to wish ourselves well in camp. "But," said the man, "you can camp in my sugar bush over there, if you like."

"Hurry up, old man, said Oscar, as he jumped ashore, "and we'll take you back."

So, while the man was hurrying up his cows and separating them from the calves and heifers, we talked the matter over. The bank was about thirty feet high, and rather steep, but darkness would soon be upon us, and it would then be impossible to find a camp-ground at all, so we decided to stop and make the best of it. And while the cows were swimming the stream a little further up, and the young cattle were lowing disconsolately after them, we unloaded the boats and tugged the baggage up the hill, the man and his little boy Jake assisting.

"Why do you pasture your cattle across the stream, when you have so much bush pasture here?" I enquired.

"Oh, cattle all'ays crosses the river if they can," said he. "Stonefish's cattle comes over here to paster, an' mine goes over to his place; they all'ays do it."

Stonefish was an Indian neighbor.

I remembered then that "distant pastures seem the greenest," and thought of the many delightful spots we had rejected between this and Delaware.

However, the camp turned out very well. I had taken the precaution to keep a piece of dry pine driftwood for the

purpose, so we had a roaring blaze in a few minutes. We had sent a little fellow for cherries, milk and fresh eggs as soon as we landed, and by the time the tent had been secured—back to the wind and open to the fire—for it was cool after the rain, tea was ready to serve, and we were all hungry enough to do it justice.

The boy had brought back with him two others of the same pattern—one older, the other younger—hazel eyed, rosy and chubby, with scant costumes, suited to the season.

"Well, Peter," I said, "are you back already?"

"My name ain't Peter," replied the boy.

"I thought your father called you Peter," I said.

"O shucks! Dad calls us all Peter when he's in a hurry; my name's Paul."

"I'm Pete," asserted the eldest.

"An' I'm Jake," piped the little one; "an' my sister Kate wants to know if she can't come down an' see the picters?"

"How did she know we had pictures?"

"Oh, Dad seen 'em. He said you had a lot o' big books full on 'em, and she wants to come right down, if you'll let her."

"Certainly, Jake, certainly; tell Kate to come down."

"Great heavens!" cried Elderkin, aghast at the proposal, "look at my boots. Give a fellow a chance now; give me time to put on a clean collar, at least."

"To be sure, to be sure; we all need a little brushing, perhaps. Well, let her come down to-morrow."

"Yes," assented Elderkin, gallantly, "bring her down to-morrow afternoon about eleven o'clock."

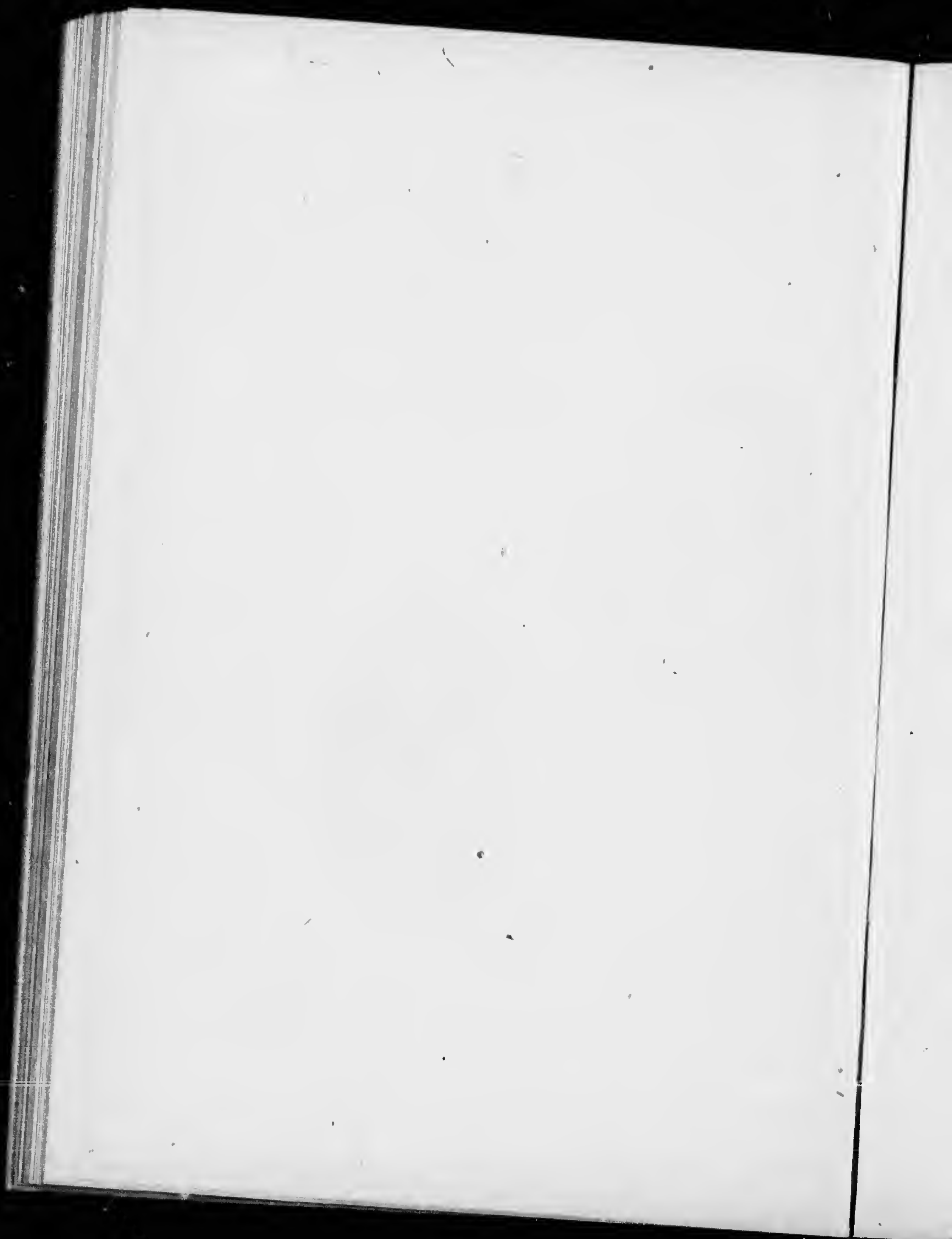
"An' can Lucy come too?"

"Yes, don't forget Lucy."

"An ——"

THE YOUNG

AMBROSE



"Yes, bring the whole family and the dog, but don't forget the date."

"Mister!" It was little Jake again. "Mister, do you have tea every day?"

"No," answered veracious Elderkin, "not every day; this is for my birthday."

"An' d'yer all'ays have sugar?"

"No; the sugar is for that man's birthday."

"Gosh! which one, the old man?"

The imp thus referred to me, and the young men laughed.

"Yes. How old do you think he is?"

"O-o! 'bout a hundred."

Now, I should have thought half that number to be an unflattering guess, and felt that the conversation was growing unpleasantly personal, so I interfered. "That will do, Jake, now you may stand down and let your brother speak." The brother spoke at once; it was the eldest.

"Cherries was ten cents in market Saturday."

"To be sure, my boy; I forgot to pay you for them, and now they are nearly all eaten—stewed—with sugar. Let me see, two dozen eggs, quart of milk——"

"Here," said Frank, tossing a silver half dollar, which the boy caught and pocketed in a twinkling. The younger ones grinned and nudged him, while a look of astonished joy crossed his features like an electric flash, but in an instant he was himself again, with a triple-plated imitation of a look of unconcern, as if half dollars were an everyday affair with him. I caught him afterwards taking a sly peep at it in the shadow of a tree.

Later the inquisitive urchins were rummaging among the baggage and had made a discovery:

"Great gosh! what a big fiddle," exclaimed Paul.

"Sha !" said Peter, with an air becoming an elder brother, "that's nothin'. That's a hoss fiddle."

"A hoss fiddle ?"

"Yes, dad knows all about hoss fiddles ; they use 'em at shiverees."

"What's a shiveree ?" demanded diminutive Jake.

"Sha ! do' know what a shiveree is. Why when there's a weddin' the neighbors get's up a band with shot guns an' wash bilers an' dinner horns an' hoss fiddles. Dad knows all about 'em."

"It so happened that I once had the good (or bad) fortune to witness the construction and performance of a genuine horse fiddle. It was made by pouring melted rosin on the top of a large packing case, duly planted in front of the newly married. It was played by pushing a two by four scantling over it in the manner of a cross-cut saw, and its music resembled the trumpeting of a herd of elephants in a severe thunderstorm. It had great range of power and variety of expression in the arms of a skillful performer. The little fellow had, no doubt, heard his elders talking about the "horse fiddle," and he now jumped at the conclusion that this must be one. It soon turned out, however, to be a guitar, for little Jake could not keep his fingers off it, and at the first tinkle of the strings Oscar made a snatch at the little mischief.

"You scamp," he exclaimed, "drop that. Or, no, bring it here."

How I should have liked to examine that fellow's baggage ; every day he turned up something new. I thought, until then, it was all clothes.

He took the guitar, as he lay on his back on a pile of bedding, and after torturing the strings into some semblance

of harmony, he began to tinkle out a lot of those pretty, trifling arrangements which all guitarists know by heart; he played pretty well too. Warming with his subject he got up and seated himself on the commissary chest; then put a capit astra on the neck of his instrument and inserted a strip of paper between the strings, and he had a capital banjo. I knew it was to be a comic song, for he was making a hideous face, supposed to illustrate the expression of Mr. "Nicodemus Johnsing" when he met the "bumberumble bee." Then he commenced to sing, and performed all the antics to which comic singers are addicted; he rolled his eyes, twisted his mouth, swayed his body about and flung his legs into the air like the vanes of a windmill, exaggerating the exhibit for the astonishment of the three youngsters, who stood, fairly screaming with delight, on the opposite side of the fire. With the last note of his song he struck an attitude of intensified absurdity, supposed to represent the very essence of funniness, as understood by the stage darkey.

What was our surprise, and Elderkin's dismay, when a perfect shower of applause burst from the darkness of the maple grove, above, below and all around; clapping of hands, and cries of "more, some more," and then came trooping down the hill about a dozen frolicsome young men and girls, as full of fun and mischief as youth and health could make them.

Elderkin was disposed to be dignified after recovering from his first collapse, but he could not resist the infection of such laughing good nature. Our visitors simply took possession of the camp, and we had no choice but to fall in with the humor of the thing. I used to enjoy a romp and a racket, but had years ago forgotten its flavor, and preferred now to be a quiet spectator of these modern goings on. I put on my slippers and spectacles, and tried to

assume a grand-paternal appearance, being encouraged thereto by the previously-expressed opinion of little Jake; but it was of no use. I found myself answering a sally with a reply which brought out roars of merriment, and then I surrendered, as young as I used to be.

One interesting girl—sister Kate—came and talked to me about our trip, and told me how this sugar camp was a favorite resort for the young people in sugar time; that such scenes as this were frequent here. She showed me where the big black kettles were hung, now half full of rain water and chips; and explained how the sugar boiling went on night and day in early spring, and hoped that we should not be annoyed by this unceremonious raid on our camp. What lovely hazel eyes she had; and such a rich, peach-bloomy complexion, with a suggestion—just the least—of tawny dusk, in the shadow of the fluffy, close-curling hair. I took off my spectacles. Then she talked about sketching. Painted a little herself, she said, in water color, and insisted on seeing the sketches, and I brushed up my hair with my fingers, and wondered if the little bald spot showed much.

The sketches soon brought round the whole party, who made their comments with all the freedom of perfect ignorance. An outline of the sand cliffs was received with unbounded delight; it was declared to be an exact copy, "just as if you was there yourself." In fact it was a very al fresco performance, but the leading feature of the cliff—a large hemlock hanging on its verge by a few desperate roots—was given boldly and truthfully, so the page of falsehood obtained credit—being found in good company. The scene from the lunch camp was not so fortunate; it had been blobbed in rapidly with color—a brilliant bit of effect—and was soon recognized by one of the youths as Uncle Jake's. Then arose a chorus of recognitions.

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"Why, so it is; and there's the cow shed an' the big maple tree."

"Swizzled if he haint put in Bill's team, the sorrel mare an' gray hoss."

Then there was a laugh, and another recognized Bill himself by his blue overalls. It was wonderful.

But, stay, one sage youth with pants tucked in his boots, had an objection.

"There's one thing wrong about it," said he, solemnly; "there'd ought to be a telegraph pole on the edge o' that knoll. I've clum it hundreds o' times."

There was no denying it; here was a palpable error. Presently one of the girls made another discovery.

"Look at that clothes line," she said, "Aunt Hettie don't have no such washin's as that."

After that the picture had no friends. The fences were in bad repair; there was grass where it should be "taters;" the sky never looked like that at Uncle Jake's; there were too many willows and not enough cedars, and so on. Finally Lucy summed up the sense of the meeting with, "I don't like this picture at all." So it was ignominiously turned down, and they were next lavishing their praises on a row of white geese making their toilet on the water's edge. The geese were declared to be perfection, "but the shadders wasn't plain enough." This referred to the sparkling reflections in the water which were spiritedly broken with the dark greens and browns of the bank. It was considered a sad defect that we could not tell whose geese they were. Of course this was all amusing from its absurdity, as art criticism generally is.

Frank was convulsed with inward laughter, and he told me afterwards how like a marionette show it seemed

to him. And I had to confess that the mannikins did their part well.

Somebody called for a song, and we insisted that our visitors should sing it. This was agreed to on condition that Mr. Elderkin should accompany with the guitar.

Well, what should it be? One of the young ladies demurely asked Oscar if he knew "How to put on airs."

"Know it? I tell you I can play anything," and he said it with such a charming air of confidence that they believed him fully.

So the whole company sang the wretched thing and enjoyed it.

The next thing was a jolly boating song with a full chorus, and at its conclusion we were again surprised by a round of applause. This time from across the stream, faint with distance, and echoed and re-echoed from the sand cliffs above, finally winding up with a genuine war whoop, seemingly a mile away.

Looking out from our elevation we could see the moonlit plain of the Indian Reservation, with lights twinkling here and there through a soft haze which lay in undulating folds as far as the vision could penetrate. Whoops and yells came back in appreciative response, as song after song floated out on the quiet night, softened no doubt by distance, to something like harmony. It was late —after midnight—when some one proposed to go home, and I had just politeness enough left to ask for one more song. It was soon sung, and away trooped the merry party into the dark vistas of the maple bush, Elderkin having volunteered to show them out with a lantern.

Frank put on another log and we turned in, and were soon dozing into sleep with a delicious murmur in our ears

of rushing water, subdued singing and an occasional faint tinkle of distant cow bells.

It might have been two or three hours before I began to feel an unpleasant consciousness of something wrong—a sort of uneasy, half-waking nightmare; desiring to help some one in trouble, but prevented by sleep from stirring hand or foot. There was a thumping and pounding and tearing outside, and prodigiously loud breathing; then I became still more conscious that there must be something wrong. I could hear faintly, as if through the tree tops, an agonizing cry of distress, which I seemed to have heard before. Then I sat bolt upright in terror, for the guy ropes of the tent had been suddenly jerked loose, and the canvas seemed to be tumbling about our ears.

"Hay! G'lang! Get out!" Frank was yelling outside, and I then perceived that the racket was all caused by a superannuated gray mare, which had taken a notion to browse around the tent, and had become entangled in the guy ropes. She was trotting off with a frisky, mischievous air into the gray, early summer twilight. The fire was out and the air was chilly.

"Good gracious," cried I, making a discovery, "where's Oscar?"

"So he is—missing," owned Frank, in blank surprise, "probably he has stopped for the night at the farm house."

I was alarmed. The cry of distress I had heard was ominous. The treacherous river was running black and swift below us, and it was easy to see that a false step in the dark might have sent him headlong down the steep bank. While we were talking it over the cry was repeated, away off, up on the hillside—a voice faint and hoarse with shouting, and ending in a doleful wail of despair.

"That's him, he's lost," and Frank returned the cry

with a cheery whoop and a whistle through his fingers. We piled sticks on the fire in the intervals of shouting to guide the wanderer, and presently we could hear the dry chips crackling, as some one came stumbling through the bush, and soon after, Elderkin emerged on the level plateau of the camp. He was chilled to the bone, his white ducks dripping with the dew and torn from his limbs, a lantern in his hand and a most woebegone expression of countenance.

We could not laugh; his distress was so evident and genuine. He stood before the blazing logs, turning now and then to thaw the other side, and told us how he had undertaken to escort some of the girls to their home and had missed his path in returning. This was his first experience of life in the woods, and, according to his account, he had been climbing mountains, exploring ravines of incredible depth, had been bewildered in a thicket and stuck in a morass. As he began to get warmer and dryer he remembered about the howling wolves, when Frank suddenly interrupted him with a question:

"How far did you have to go with the girls?"

Oscar hesitated a little and then answered candidly, "I should think about five miles."

Colonel Lawrie was right, the fellow has a genius for getting into scrapes.

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CHAPTER X

POT POURRI.

THE sun was high when we tumbled out next morning, and the day was so warm that no inclination was manifested to take to the river again.

Elderkin was so much exhausted by his late adventure that we allowed him to snooze away until noon.

At lunch, I ventured to broach the subject of moving on.

"How much time have you given yourselves for the trip?" enquired Oscar.

"All summer?"

"Then," continued he, "as we are not rowing against time, I propose to go back to Delaware."

"Go back? Preposterous! That would be against every principle of ethics, art, morals and good usage. Go back indeed! What for?"

"To get shaved."

"Frank, I appeal to you to support me in the cause of consistency. There isn't a barber in all Delaware. Oscar doesn't need shaving!"

"At least," I hastened to add, "his good looks would show through even another day's growth!"

In truth, had he gone a month unshorn, we should have had to take his word for the fact, but his hand went up to his chin, and he looked surprised at my reckless expression.

"Besides," I continued, "we could not possibly get up the rapids above here, though it was easy enough to come down; so there is nothing to do but to adhere to the programme and go on; dont you agree with me Frank?"

I expected Frank to second me eagerly, but was surprised to see him hesitate and to hear his answer.

"Professor, there are a few bits up there which I would not willingly miss, but we came down in such a hurry yesterday that there was no chance to sketch. I was about to propose myself, to go back a few miles, but, as you say, the rapids are impassible, so I will just walk across the big bend, it can't be far, and I will be back again in time for supper."

"My dear boy," I replied, "you will do nothing of the sort, for the sake of a few sketches as like as twins to a dozen others we shall meet with on the way down. You are too generous to compel Oscar and I to spend another day in this unlovely and tiresome place."

"Oh no," said Oscar quickly, "I'll go with him and we'll be on hand all right for supper."

"You'll see Wardsville before you see your supper, unless I get to the bottom of this conspiracy," I answered, confident that the young men were merely chaffing.

"Besides," I suggested, "if we stay here another night, we shall be compelled to repeat last night's programme with additions."

Oscar colored a little, and presently announced his willingness to abide by the decision of the majority. Frank smiled to himself, and said that he always found it most agreeable in the long run to let Professor Blot have his own way.

"Then," said I, "as you both really desire to remain, I, too, will agree with the majority; so we will stay here. Yonder comes little Jake, prospecting."

But they had suddenly become as anxious to go as they had been to remain, and having decided, we were soon afloat again.

The current was strong and the breeze still fair, but we made little headway. With one excuse or another we were continually stopping. Now it was for a sketch, then for a cool drink from a running spring, again to explore the woods for a certain humming, like the swarming of bees, which recurred at intervals in passing through belts of timber. It proved to emanate from the giant basswood trees, which were then in bloom. Myriads of insects—honey bees, bumble bees, May bees, wasps, hornets, yellow jackets, butterflies and moths without end, were gathered to partake of the mellifluous feast. The droning noise produced was tremendous, considering the insignificance of the musicians.

While the shadows were still vertical we floated under a trim iron bridge surrounded by the ruins of two older wooden ones, in a sharp bend of the river, with charming vistas in either direction. A little creek had cut a deep gully in the high clay bank, and a team was crossing it on a bridge of logs, high above our heads.

There was a good camp ground on the opposite bank, and my companions declared that they would go no further, so I resigned myself to what seemed inevitable.

It was a perfect summer day; a warm gray sky without a fleck from horizon to zenith. A brisk breeze kept everything glinting and glittering in the intense light of a meridian sun, and tempered the heat which would otherwise have been excessive, and the air was laden with odors of clover, alder and milkweed.

We had landed in a perfect wilderness of weeds and flowers. Beyond the fringe of iris and rushes dense beds of marsh mallow stood breast high, with its golden stars spangling its breadths of intense emerald, intermingled with tiger lilies and scarlet lobelias; great mats of grape vine, spireas, bindweed, asters, white and purple boneset,

stramonium—whole fields of it—lying in lines and patches of azure blue; and not least picturesque, the Canada thistle, with its purple buttons not yet developed into flowers, a graceful plant, which always groups itself well on a hillside. Higher up was a round headed hawthorn over which a grape vine had climbed and trailed into an impenetrable thatch, whose shadow lay dark along the mossy slope.

There I sat down with pencil and note book, to unravel the tangle; and while I worked, absorbed in the pleasant task, I became aware that Elderkin was extremely busy with something down below. Craning over the bank, I could see him dressing up a pole with the suit of white duck which had already experienced some adventures. He had found an old salt barrel among the driftwood, and he had placed a round log over it to represent a cannon, and the suit of duck was to be a sentinel on guard over it.

"Is that a scare crow, or are you just drying your clothes?" I enquired.

"Hello, Professor, are you there? Oh, never mind, pray go on with your drawing; I see you don't understand military matters. I intend to fortify this camp and levy tribute on all vessels navigating these waters. Come, sir," to the sentinel, "try to assume a more warlike attitude. Brace up!"

It was not long before I heard him again, "Ship ah-o-y!"

Looking round, I was surprised to see, coming round the bend, a good-sized boat with a large gaff sail hiding its passengers. When she went on the other tack, after passing the point, the sail went over, and I could see the familiar outlines of Col. Lawrie at the rudder, and the ladies

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looking eagerly forward, to discover the source of the challenge. Elderkin, in a suit of navy blue with anchors on the wide collar, and a shiny hat with streamers, was standing on a projecting log with a roll of drawing paper for a speaking trumpet.

"Ship ahoy!" he repeated, in a voice intended for tones of thunder.

"Ahoy!"

"What ship is that?"

"The Merciless, or I mean the Cupid, or something," returned the Colonel, falling in with the humor of the thing, and shouting through his hand, though the boat was not ten yards away.

"Show your colors!" and the Colonel waved a red and yellow bandana.

"What's your cargo?"

"Silks, jewelry, nitro-glycerine."

"Heave to, or I'll blow you out of the water," yelled the trumpet, and Elderkin proceeded to execute the threat by sighting the log cannon at him.

"All hands on deck!" cried the Colonel, in mock consternation. "Stand by to go about!" Hard aport your helm! Lower away the main sheet!" and the dainty craft rounded gracefully into the cove and made fast to the projecting log.

"I have no chance," said the Colonel, "against such a formidable armament, so I surrender at discretion."

After handshakings and congratulations, for we were all heartily glad to meet again, Mrs. Lawrie enquired:

"How far do you intend going to-day?"

"No further than this, I believe; my young friends have taken a lazy fit, and are going into camp on the opposite bank."

"What a lovely camp ground," exclaimed Miss Lawrie, "and there is room enough for an army."

It was a grove of red elms, with gracefully drooping branches, casting straight lines of shadow on a level greensward.

Papa saw the suggestion.

"We might camp here, too, you think; true, but you remember how we have strained the canvass all day, because you were in a hurry to reach Wardsville. The breeze is favorable, and it would be wise to use it, for we should find it warm rowing this weather."

"In a hurry, Papa? Not at all. I enjoy the trip too much to wish to hurry, but if you insist on going on you might ask Professor Blot to come too."

"Oh yes, do come with us, Professor" chimed in Mrs. Lawrie, "and the other gentlemen can pick you up to-morrow."

"You flatter me," I said, "and I shall accept the invitation gladly; though I am afraid these laggards will never overtake you again, they have determined, for some inscrutable reason, to pass the night here."

"Ladies," said Elderkin, "I assure you that Professor Blot is mistaken: Mr. Lightred has some such notion, I believe, but for me—let me go with you too."

"Gentlemen," cried Frank, "this is desertion in presence of the enemy. I object. No, I consent. If Mr. Elderkin will leave his sentinel for company I shall be more than compensated. Good-bye, Oscar." — Mr. Elderkin was already climbing into the crowded boat—"Good-bye; the sentinel will bring your canoe."

"Jove," exclaimed Oscar, "I had forgotten the canoe,

and I shouldn't have had a collar to my neck." Then he scrambled out again.

The instant he was ashore Robert pushed off, and Colonel Lawrie called out, "Sorry we can't take you, Elderkin, we should be over-loaded; see you to-morrow."

Robert was hoisting the sail again.

"Professor," cried astonished Elderkin, "you're not going to desert us, are you?"

"If he does," retorted Mrs. Lawrie, "you set the precedent when you deserted us."

"Deserted?" returned Oscar, in a crescendo voice, for the boat was quickly receding—"Better say abducted; they pulled down the tent over my head, in the middle of the night, five o'clock it was, and rolled me out because they wanted their blankets. I *had* to go."

The latter part of this speech was yelled at the top of his voice, and we all laughed at the young fellow's frenzy; especially Robert, who seems to enjoy young Elderkin's misfortunes.

Mrs. Lawrie could only shake her head to Oscar's argument, and Annie wave a farewell before the curving bank shut him out of sight.

"Did you really treat Mr. Elderkin so cruelly?" asked Mrs. Lawrie, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"If we did," I replied, "we also treated him to a grand sunrise."

"A rare thing for him," said the Colonel.

"Well, to do him justice, he enjoyed it; Oscar is a fair shot and a very successful angler, and on these facts I found a good opinion of him, he shows glimpses of the genuine Rosicrucian spirit.

Miss Lawrie looked surprised, "Mr. Elderkin a Rosicrucian."

"Yes. For he sees and feels the spirit of nature."

"A sort of Spiritualist," suggested the Colonel.

"No," I said, ignoring the Colonel's pun, "the spirits I refer to are the wood nymphs, the dryads, the naids, elves, fairies, brownies, undines; the spirits which the Rosicrucians, through prayer and fasting, and purity of lives, and constant searching after truth, were finally enabled to hold communion with; they are seen and recognized everywhere, except in America where they are the most numerous and powerful."

"But you don't believe in fairies, Professor ?"

"Certainly, I do, Annie; but I must let Frank tell you about the fairies, he will be able to show you some, for you too are an artist."

"You base your faith in Elderkin on the fact that he is something of a sportsman; tell us how you manage it," said Colonel Lawrie.

I answered, "It requires no management. Your sportsman is always a lover of nature, whether he knows it or not. Colonel, I saw you, not a year ago, after a day's fishing, with three poor little things in your basket, not a pound of them altogether, and you professed to have had a splendid day. I did not suppose, however, that the reward of your labor lay in those fish, a meal for the cat, probably. Or, how often have you taken a week's shooting, and if you were lucky killed a dozen ducks; there are people who never kill any, yet they go again every year. True, they are people who find their reward in a purely animal enjoyment of fresh air and muscular exercise; others find it in the more ignoble pleasure of telling marvellous tales about it after-

wards. I don't think anybody finds enough pleasure in the mere killing of 'fish, flesh, or fowl,' to pay him for his trouble. No sir, nine times out of ten your sportsman is a lover of nature, and especially if he goes alone, I know him to be a man of heart and a genuine disciple of the Rosie Cross. He will not lack company though he were in the wilds of Sahara. Who heard the goblins at Wishing Well? For him the brook sings. He converses with the winds and is in sympathy with every changing mood of nature; every living and every inanimate thing is to him possessed of an essential individuality, something as real and as appreciable as its form and color, and without which nature would be to him the dead thing which philosophy declares it to be. Your artist develops this quality in its perfection. His life is devoted to the spirit world, and the more completely he can enter into that world the more consummate will be his art. Always a student, every day unfolds to him some new truth or beauty, discloses some hitherto hidden secret; the fairies are his familiars; they nod to him in the tree tops and caress him in the breezes; they lurk in the dimples of beauty and gambol in the clouds, and when some earthy pachyderm disdainfully rejects his work, or flippantly affects the critic, he exults in the knowledge that he lives in a world of beauty into which all the wealth of a Crœsus could not avail to admit this contemptuous mortal to a single glimpse. Without this finer sense, this gift of second sight, if he be not able to catch the spirit of his subject and therewith to vivify his canvass, then he is a mere copyist, a maker of maps. He is no true artist, and perceives only the shadow of nature."

"Do you mean to tell us, Professor, that you favored ones are able to see things to which we 'earthly mortals' are blind?"

"Mrs. Lawrie, I exclude no one who can hear me from the charmed circle. Do you remember wondering only a few days ago, about those filmy shadows which were floating through the air of a cloudless summer day; I confess now that I looked for them in vain, though I had often before seen them, and was able to explain the phenomenon.

That was simply keenness of vision. But you called them unhappy ghosts, and felt in them the gloomy premonition which was their essential spirit; a forewarning of the storm which drenched us on the following day. That was a revelation of the faculty of which I am speaking.

Once I was one of a party who were "assisting" as they say in France, at a sunset. At the supreme moment, when the whole sky was suffused with a wondrous glow of color, grading through every tint of the chromatic scale until it died in the leaden depths of forest shadow; when every heart was thrilled by the divine and inexpressible beauty, a certain man,—I will not name him—gave vent to his feelings in words. He said it was a nice drab, and thought he would have his new wagon painted like it.

Or again! Look at that group of trees in the distance ahead. There's a noble dome of white maple with all the anatomy of its diverging branches seen in perfect detail against a clear grey sky, flanked by a rounding mass of swamp elms with drooping limbs, and a Lombard poplar straight and tall, their shadows broken and softened by a mass of feathery willows into the water, which reflects it all again like a mirror. There are the materials out of which any landscape painter of average ability and moderate industry would make you a pleasing picture. But to set down the physical and palpable facts of the case is one thing, to endow it with life is another thing. It must be the touch of a master which sets the leaves a-rustling, and

the water flowing and flashing; who can pour down the sunlight and fling his gauzy veils of air across the distance; and a master of still subtler power who can show you the muscular energy of the giant trunks, the lithe grace of mounting young saplings, and the resilient spring of stem and foliage, which tells the story of youth and strength; who can show you the majesty, the aspiration, the solemnity of individual expression; who can make his trees to throw up their hands in gladness, and all things to rejoice in the consciousness of their existence; who speaks to the heart and to the intellect. The man who can do that can see the fairies. He who cannot see them in nature will look for them in vain in pictures; they are not of his world. Where are you going now ?"

Colonel Lawrie had headed the boat to the wind, and the flapping sail had nearly carried my hat overboard; the question, however, was not addressed to the hat.

"We must be near Wardsville now, and I want to enquire of this youth about a camp ground," indicating a dusky figure which squatted motionless on the bank.

It was a half-clad Indian lad, speechless and utterly overwhelmed with astonishment at the apparation before him.

"Have you any good water here ?" asked the Colonel. The boy never moved an eyelash. The Colonel repeated the question in German with a like result. Then he tried Latin, and had almost remembered the Chinese word for water when the boy recovered himself, and said that there was "plent' wata' right heah," pointing to a spring close under the lee of a dilapidated board shanty on the stony hillside.

"How far is it to Wardsville ?"

"O! I dunno; heap far—more'n twenty mile."

"Have you ever been down there?"

"No; neva' bin the'. Adam, he go sometime."

"Who's Adam?"

"Dad."

"Does he go there and back in one day?"

"N-o-o. He go down afta' noon, an' come back when he get soba'—maybe two, tree day."

Then, having regained confidence, he began to ask questions himself. Finally, "How much he coss, dat canoe?"

"About a hundred dollars," I told him.

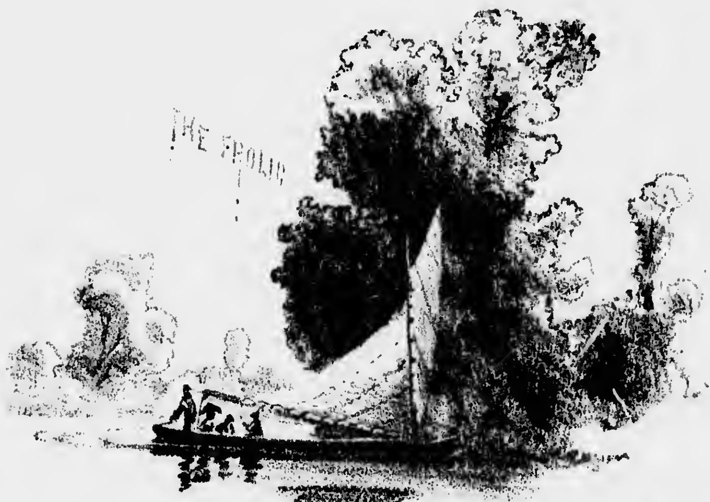
"Tunder!" was all he said, gathering up his tackle with an air as if the whole thing was beyond his comprehension.

He stood on his log watching the boat as long as he could see it, and then started on a run up the hill.

"We shall see him again," said the Colonel, "at the next bend;" and sure enough, when we rounded a curve a half mile further down, we could see the lad standing on the bare hill crest, dark against the sky, shading his eyes from the westering sun; and there he stood until be became a mere speck in the distance. It was an event in his life.

At the end of the next stretch was a rapid—broad, shallow, and curving away out of sight. We lowered the sail and Robert and I took the oars, while Colonel Lawrie kept the rudder. We pulled into the stream just enough to get steering headway. and the boat went rushing down it like a rocket.

"Hold!" shouted the helmsman, suddenly. "Back water, for Heaven's sake. Hard! And he laid his helm to larboard at the same time.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We paused not to make enquiries, but backed at once, and backed with every ounce of energy that was in us; for there was that in the Colonel's face which told us that this was no time for trifling.

With all our efforts we could barely hold our own against the swift current; but we were creeping inch by inch towards the bank, and soon felt that we were able to handle the difficulty, whatever it was. Finally the Colonel said: "Let her go—easy. Stoop down, all," and the boat drifted quickly down, and under *a barbed wire fence*, which some sapient Granger had stretched across the swiftest part of the rapid.

The passage of the rapids is always exhilarating; but when to the excitement of possible wrecking or swamping is added the danger of being cut into sausage meat, one feels that the fun of the thing is overdone.

Considerable changes had appeared in the character of the river during this day's sail. Its banks were generally lower, and fewer slides were visible; the stretches of still water were longer and the rapids less steep and frequent; canoes began to appear at intervals; sunken logs and snags had taken the place of boulders, which had entirely disappeared. The river had lost most of its juvenile boisterousness, and was fast becoming a well-mannered and reliable stream. Still it would break out into occasional freaks of frolic which kept the lookout wide awake. Once it was a succession of willow-clad islands, which nearly choked its course, and crowded the water into narrow, crooked, swift-rushing channels, with barely room for a passage for the boat. At another time a shallow rapid suddenly expanded like a fan over a bed of gravel and stones, and gave us great trouble to find a passage deep euough to float over it.

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The ignorance of the people we met, concerning the river, was surprising, for we found all the information we could obtain to be unreliable. To the question, "How far is it to Wardsville?" we were answered, seven, fifteen and three miles, respectively—all within a half hour's sail. The last one we asked pointed directly across the river, to where, as he said, he could see the town from the high bank on which he stood. It turned out that he was right, for about five miles further on the river made a great bend to the north, and in an hour afterwards we were not a mile away from the same spot.

We did not reach Wardsville that night, however; for the wind died away as the sun sank towards the west, and what little there was left was against us. An hour's rowing brought us to the head of a rapid, which wound in a wide circle around a low bar of sand and gravel, broken here and there with tufts of couch grass and stunted willows. It looked difficult, so we decided to leave it until next morning.

Just above it was a little round low peninsula; its banks set thickly with tall, white willows. Across its neck, on a higher bank, stretched a row of dense locust trees, and between them and the willows we found as perfect a little camp ground as it was possible to conceive. A cattle path made a convenient landing, so there we remained for the night.

After sitting in a boat until the limbs are cramped, the most refreshing thing one can do is to take a walk. The air had become cooler, and the lengthening shadows, lying in undulating bands across the clover meadows, looked inviting.

Our first duty however, was to the cook; having assisted his preparations for a meal by unloading the boat and so on, we were at liberty to pass the half hour before dinner as well as we might. We strolled off down the bank to

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examine the rapids, the Colonel and I, and were soon joined by Mrs. Lawrie. We went farther and stayed longer than we intended, and only returned when Robert had repeatedly announced to all the country round about that dinner was ready.

When we returned to camp, lo! four tents stood in a row, and Elderkin in his shirt sleeves was manipulating a long handled frying pan over the fire; Robert looking on with a cynical smile in his face and a skimming ladle in his hand; and up there on the bank, between the dark locust stems, Annie Lawrie was sitting in the rosy glow of sunset, with a large portfolio before her, and Frank Lightred was bending beside her, eloquent with voice and gesture, teaching her to see the fairies.

After dinner, or supper, or whatever is most appropriate to the hastily prepared but delicious evening meal, a good fire of drift-wood was put on, tobacco was called into requisition, ostensibly to repel the mosquitoes; rugs were spread on the grass and the party gathered round to compare notes and post up the log. Many were the taunts which Oscar and Frank had to endure for the desertion of their fortified camp, and many and ingenious were the excuses pleaded in extenuation: none of them, however, hinting at the truth.

"The problem is now solved," said the Colonel; "the Thames is navigable downwards as we have proved, and with canoes upwards, probably. From Wardsville to its mouth I have travelled the river before, and we shall now have plain sailing."

The stars were burning big and bright in the sky; the moon, low in the east, was looking at us along a path of its own tremulous reflection; but the dew was falling heavily, the fire was sinking and Elderkin was getting out his guitar, so I turned in.

CHAPTER XI.

OLLA PODRIDA.

"HAY! Hey! Heigh! Drive 'em up, Towser. Hey! What the blazes! G'lang with you."

This was our morning salutation from some unknown voice in the meadow above. It was accompanied by the trampling and lowing of cattle and the barking of dogs. I hastily donned my indispensables for the purpose of reconnoitering. Robert was out first however.

"Wots the row ol' man?" he roared, as he passed the door of my tent. "Dang it man, what d'ye mean by kickin' up a racket like that?"

"Hay! Hoy! Fetch 'em back, Towz'. Drat the blamed skittish critters. G'lang here!"

"Shut up yer rattle trap," shouted Robert. "Dang ye, if ye wake the ladies I'll mash yer mug into putty. Shut up.! Get out!" And some cur went off howling and yelping in compliment to Robert's aim.

The strange voice suddenly ceased, and having found my eyeglass, I emerged in time to witness a tableau.

Robert had not stopped even for his indispensables, but rushing madly up the bank to investigate, he had passed through a bed of Canada thistles, and his bare feet and legs were full of the stinging points. He was dancing and gesticulating up there amongst the locust trees, and denouncing in the most vigorous and unvarnished Saxon, a stout and ruddy old fellow who stood in speechless amazement, gazing alternately from the camp to Robert, as if uncertain of his own identity.

EARLY [illegible]

It soon appeared that the cattle in being driven to water had become frightened as soon as they had caught sight of the tents, and stampeded in every direction, to the annoyance and surprise of their owner. The dogs were yelping in the distance, collecting them together again.

The stranger soon found his tongue, and replied to Robert's remarks in equally choice language, and the two would have come to blows had I not interfered at once.

Robert, however, still smarting from the thistle stings, and humiliated by the farmer's allusion to his scant attire, was determined to have it out there and then.

"Robert," I whispered, "the ladies will be coming out."

He wilted at once, and dodged behind the nearest tree trunk.

I apologised to the stranger for the trouble we had unintentionally given him, and proposed to help him to drive the cattle down to water. But the more conciliatory I was the more abusive he became, and when he finally suggested trespass and damages, Colonel Lawrie interfered and requested him, peremptorily, to "Stop!" and he stopped.

The Colonel looked him over carefully and said: "My bucolic friend, you have occupied for twenty years this land which does not belong to you, and for which you pay neither rent nor taxes. Wait. I know. Just look at your deed, and you will find that your farm commences twenty feet from high water mark, consequently these flats are public land. You claim to be a law abiding citizen, yet you come here at an hour when honest folk should be asleep and attack a peaceable party of ladies and gentlemen with unprovoked abuse, and indulge, amongst strangers, in the vilest profanity. A deacon, indeed! How do you think all this will sound before a police magistrate this afternoon? for it will

be my duty to have you arrested as soon as we reach the village."

"Arrested! What for?"

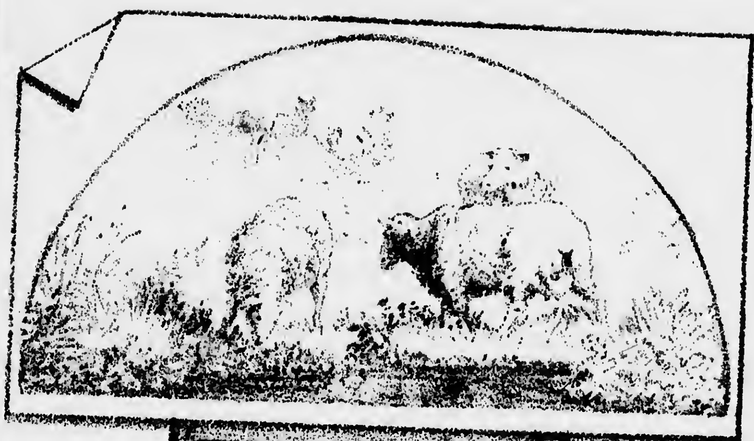
"For assault and attempt to blackmail."

He made the most abject apology which it was possible to frame on short notice.

We were laughing over the event about the fire, and I had quite forgotten the poor cook who was still airing his limbs on the hillside, afraid to show himself in his present disguise. Meanwhile, Oscar had undertaken to get a pail of river water, and had walked out on a half sunken log for the purpose. Just then Robert espied him, and softly called his name, indicating by the most expressive pantomime his urgent want of some kind of safe conduct to his quarters. Elderkin began to laugh immoderately, and seemed disposed to repay the little balance of grudge which stood between them. This rekindled Robert's wrath, and when pantomime no longer availed to express his feelings, he shouted, "Aye, laugh awa', my lad, ye'll find laughin's catchin'."

As soon as I became aware of Robert's dilemma, I hastened to supply the deficiency in his attire, while Elderkin was holding himself together on the log, fairly convulsed with laughter; he laughed indeed too much, for he tumbled into the river, and then Robert became wild with delight; it was his turn to laugh; he ran down to the log and made a great show of helping the unfortunate out, taking care to drag him over the muddy bank until he looked like a brick-maker; then he offered to put him in again and rinse him off; the offer being declined, he proposed to scrape him with a clam shell, but Elderkin was making the best of his way to the tent and declined to listen.

At that moment Miss Lawrie made her appearance, but Oscar's "cheek" never deserted him.



MORNING

"Good morning, Miss Annie," raising his dripping hat with the utmost coolness. "Didn't expect the pleasure of seeing you out so early. I've been taking a morning bath, you see."

"Good morning, Mr. Elderkin," she replied; "I wouldn't bathe in such dirty water if I were you."

After breakfast Oscar begged my company for a walk to Wardsville, where the boats would meet us. I consented willingly; for he had gotten himself up very becomingly, in a suit of tweed, and looked quite presentable.

The morning was cool and dewy, and a fresh breeze was rising with the sun; birds were chirping and warbling and cawing; the air was full of country odors and sounds; the face of nature was all a-smiling, fresh washed in dew—one of those rare occasions when a walk is really enjoyable.

I soon discovered the object of Elderkin's flattering invitation.

"Professor," said he, "I stand no chance at all; that fellow keeps her talking about pictures and things, as if she cared anything about such nonsense. Three days now I've been looking for a chance to get a word with her, and every time the opportunity comes I am just in time to see him walking off with her."

"But why don't you talk to her if you wish? If Frank talks art you can talk music, or amuse her with some of your funny stories."

"Oh!" interrupted Oscar, "it isn't funny stories I want to tell her; nor music, nor art, but something far more interesting to me—to both of us, perhaps."

"What!" I exclaimed, a new light breaking upon me. "You don't mean——"

"But I do mean to say, Professor, I love her, and have told her so, and want to tell her so again."

"Bless my heart. Is it possible? The dear little girl. Why, it was only the other day that she came and sat on my knee and put her little arms round my neck ——"

"Sir!" cried Elderkin, in a tone of consternation.

"I say," continued I, surprised at his sudden warmth, "it seems only the other day, though it must be ten years ago, it was about a doll—how time flies; and now she is no longer a child."

"Child, indeed," interrupted Elderkin, "I assure you she is no child. But what am I to do? Mrs. Lawrie gave me a hint of where they were going, and I followed on the river, expecting to have her all to myself, determined to win her or fail in the attempt. And now I can't make Lightred understand that he isn't wanted. Now, if you could keep him out of the way for an hour or two, Professor, I should—"

"Don't mention it," I said, "only too happy. I'll undertake to manage that for you. But I don't mind giving you a hint, too: Frank Lightred is madly in love with another girl."

"No?"

"Yes. He told me so. He met her in the White Mountains, last summer. O, don't be alarmed, Frank is all right; I'll try and keep him engaged to-night."

We found Wardsville to be a brisk and quite modern village of some pretensions; it has several first-rate hotels, a good selection of churches, a whole street full of stores and shops, indicating a complete recovery from the paralysis which seized all the river towns when the building of the railway directed travel into a new route. Its rival Newbury, is only three miles distant, and the hotel omnibusses

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meet all trains there, so that Wardsville is able to keep well in the movement of modern life and progress, and bids fair to continue to be the leading town of its section.

Descendants of the original Wards who founded the village, are still numerous there, and can tell you how the place originally had its being as a crossroads between the river road and a great trail leading into the trapping grounds of the north.

Relics of the old town still remain in the shape of dilapidated buildings, which have survived their usefulness.

Having interviewed the express, telegraph and post offices, and negotiated the purchase of sundry parcels of fish hooks, ammunition and fresh bread, we were ready to depart. We found the boats drawn up at the bridge; Robert in charge of the "Frolic," the Lawries having already gone to the village.

The morning was fortunately cool, for there was no sailing breeze, and we found it necessary to take the oars.

When we arrived at Cashmere, Elderkin was prospecting along the edge of the milldam; for with his light canoe, he had quickly left us out of sight.

There was a large gap at one end of the dam, through which the water rushed in a smooth, unbroken body, to the lower level.

"Portage?" queried Frank, as we ranged alongside.

"Oh no!" answered Elderkin, "you can easily get down by the gap, the water is smooth and the jump is only about eight feet. Try it!"

We looked at it carefully; then rowed to each end to examine the portage; a rough stony steep bank at one end, an impassable mill race at the other; then we took another look at the breach and thought it possible to descend safely.

"You go first," suggested Frank, "and if you don't swamp we'll try it."

"I would in a minute," replied Oscar, "only——"

"You're not afraid, of course."

"Not exactly; only I believe discretion to be the better part of valor, and until I see some one run the gap without damage I shall consider it a duty I owe to my friends to make a portage here."

The advice seemed good, and we acted on it by unloading on the dry timbers, and lifting the boats over the apron and slide, which was accomplished in a few minutes.

Cashmere has been happily described by the poets time and again. Moore, in particular, has charmed us by his flowery extravagance in conducting his interesting heroine through the "Vale of Roses." Comparing his description with the facts at the present date, we found Cashmere disappointing.

It seemed a most completely dead and dried up relic of Canada's ante railway times.

There are people living who remember it as a brisk and promising little town, its mill site and ford lending it an importance which can scarcely be realized in these days of steam and bridges.

Two old mills still make a ghostly show of business on the river front. Its principal street is still dignified by a phantom store, which bears on its fore-front the ancient legend, "*Post Office*," in shadowy letters. But alas! It is many a day since a disgusted postmaster put up his shutters and turned his key for the last time. So long that its shutters are tumbling from the windows, and the last vestiges of blue and yellow labels announcing the virtues of Bungye's Ointment and Electric Pills are fluttering in

the dejected breeze which still visits the place. Whoever mounts its deserted stair or treads its regulation platform does so at peril of life and limb. The pretty village is in ruins, and its inhabitants literally gone a-fishing. What they do in the intervals, when fish are not in season, does not appear on the surface.

And they will argue that mill dams are no obstruction at all to fish which are bent on reaching the spawning grounds where they first saw the light; that a perpendicular leap of eight or ten feet is mere pastime to them, and that when proper fishways are provided they move up and down without being conscious that their rights are interfered with. This is probably all true from a theoretic standpoint, but it remains a fact that Cashmere—the site of the lowest dam—is the head of the net fishing on the Thames, and that enormous quantities of fish are taken there with the seine, *in the season*, of course. Evidences of the fishing industry were lying around in the most unprofessional carelessness, in the shape of ropes, nets and boats, indicating that at least a portion of the fishermen follow the calling *en amateur*.

For miles below the village every eddy and every angle of the river was occupied by an enormous dip net hanging idly under its bows, and bleaching in the sun and wind, waiting for the next season's work, perhaps; or for the leisure or pleasure of its shiftless owner to stow it away.

Bothwell was evidently near; for hereabouts began to crop out the forlorn monuments of the now historic "Oil Craze"— that singular display of unadvised speculation which built a city in a single season and destroyed it in a single night.

Here and there over the cultivated plain the bleaching derricks were pointing like warning fingers, to their obvious

moral; or nearer, standing like cyclopean giants, each with its one melancholy eye full of mournful suggestions of wasted capital and an unfulfilled mission.

The country had become flat as a table, and but for an occasional vista on the river, wholly unpicturesque under ordinary daylight effects. The hill opposite Bothwell, covered with scrubby spruce and cedar, is only remarkable as being the last elevation and the last growth of evergreens we shall meet with in making a tour of the Thames.

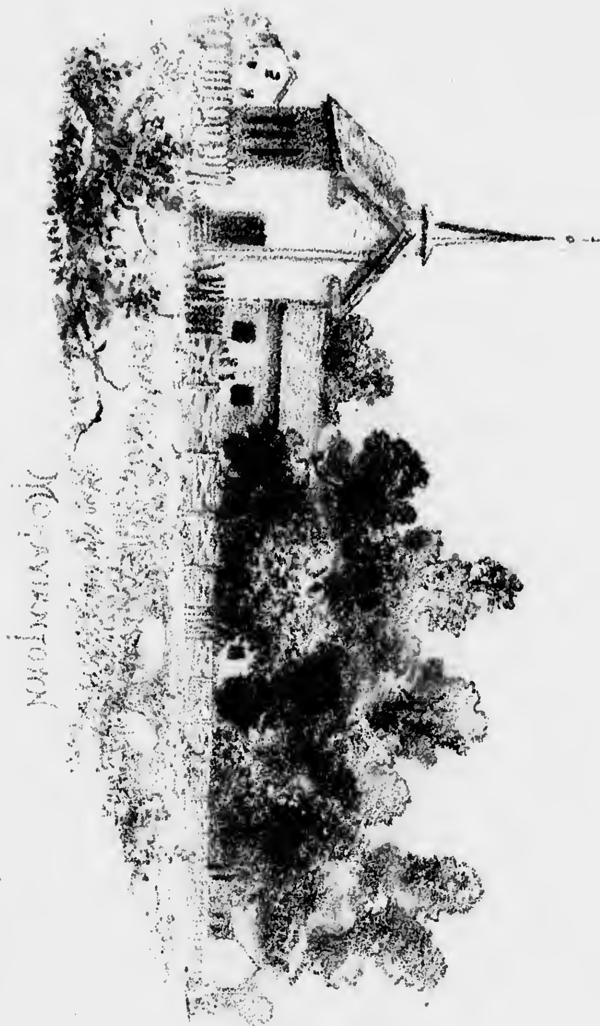
Mineral oil oozes from the bank in great quantities near the site of a prehistoric Indian village—long a noted source of supply of the precious stuff—for it has always been regarded by the aborigines as a valuable and powerful medicine. The present village (Moraviantown), an Indian reservation, we approached by a steep and barren bank of rain-furrowed clay on the south side.

The school was taking its recess, and its mistress, a pretty and interesting looking Indian maiden, was taking an airing in the acacia grove which shades both church and school-house. Log cottages were scattered about over the settlement, generally with some attempt at decorative gardening about their fronts. Myrtle and hollyhocks, larkspur, bleeding heart, lupins pinks and tiger lillies mingled their old fashioned charms in promiscuous freedom.

An Indian inscription adorns the archway leading to the miniature cemetery, where the white slabs, leaning at every angle, tell the old story over again.

An old man, bareheaded, with a cob pipe in his mouth, was hoeing potatoes in a garden opposite. Elderkin wanted to know something of Indian superstition, so he addressed the old man.

"Hello, Adam."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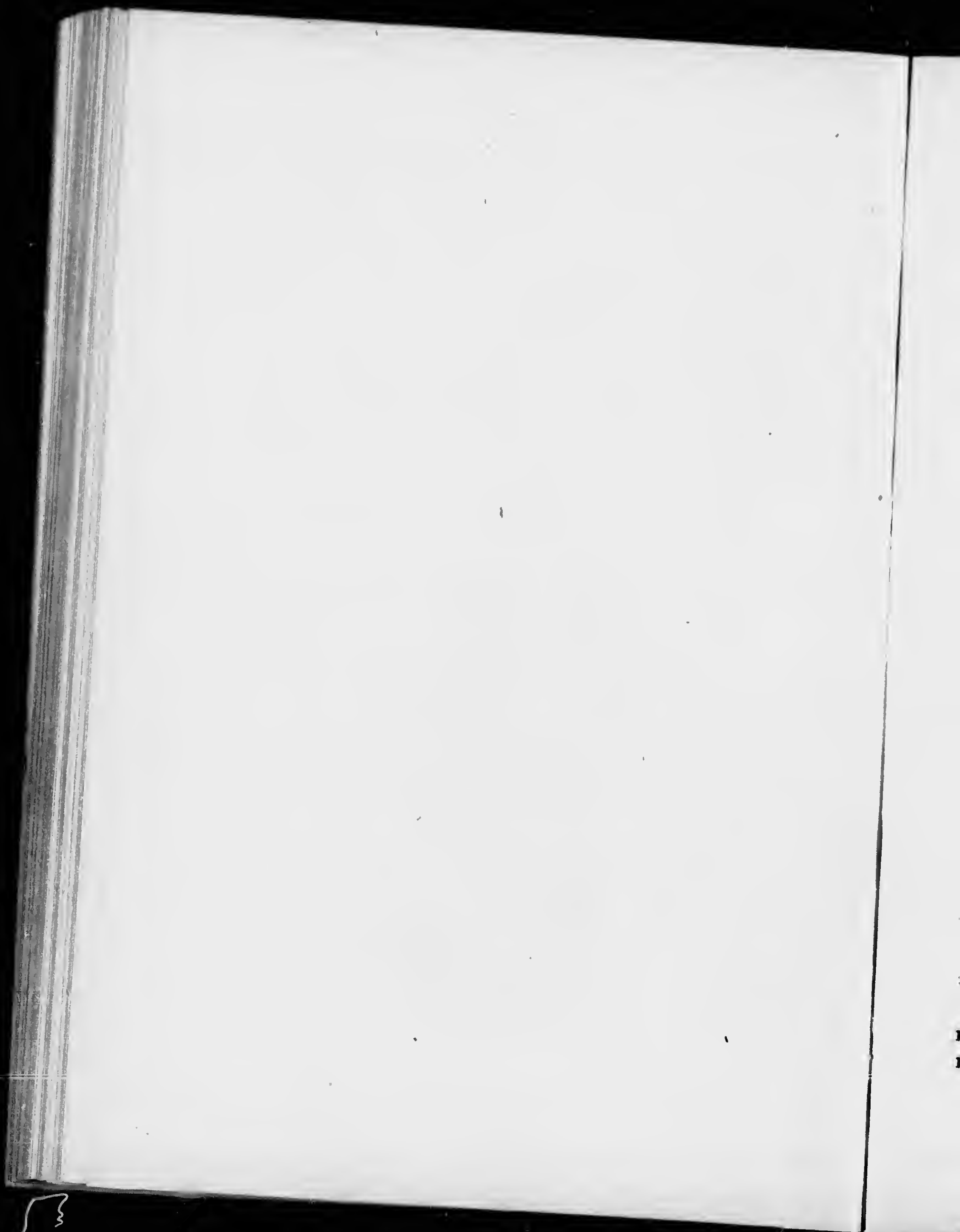

"My name's Tobias," said the Indian, with some dignity.

"All right!" "Can you tell me the meaning of that inscription?"

"No," answered the man, "I can't read, but Coonrod, my boy, he can read if you wait!"

"Don't you find it unpleasant to live so near a graveyard?"

"O! they very quite neighba's ova' there," replied the old man; and he went on with his work, refusing to be interviewed.

Returning to the boats we met several specimens of the worthless 'Injun,' the kind which figures in police reports; dirty, ragged, and walking with that shuffle, peculiar to the shiftless members of the race. One of them was a character. Dressed in a well cut suit of blue broadcloth with brass buttons, and a plug hat, much past its prime, but without either shirt or shoes; he raised his hat with the air of a Parisian, and asked for ten cents with the freshness of an Old London beggar. We gathered from him that his dress was the freak of some oil prince of the "excitement times," who had been struck by Anthony's resemblance to some (probably) French ancestor; the more perishable parts of the outfit having long since disappeared.

The incongruity of the thing was still further increased, when, having passed on, the necks of two black bottles were revealed, protruding from his dangling coat-tail pockets.

A few miles further down, at a spot where the old road touches the river, is the site of the Battle of the Thames, where Tecumseh, the Indian warrior, orator and statesman, ended his remarkable career. The Red Tavern, for many years a prominent landmark, has been transformed

into an every-day farm house, but the original sign—a curiosity of art, with a painted effigy of the noted brave in all the glory of buckskin, paint and feathers—still adorns the gable of a barn on the roadside.

The actual site of the battle has lost all its original distinguishing marks. What was once a swamp is now a dry and level field in summer fallow ; but its exact location may be discovered by examining the broken river bank, where the water, which once collected on the surface, now finds its way down by numerous little springs; draining without doubt, through channels left by the decaying roots of the original forest trees.

On a grassy bank below we took lunch and sunned the blankets, necessary precautions to comportable camping.

It was a model Canadian summer day— cloudless, breezy, vaporless—every detail of the distance cutting as sharply as the blades of grass under my hand. The hum of reapers sounded pleasantly across the river, where a streak of scarlet machinery made gorgeous color with brown and white horses, yellow grain and rustling blue corn.

Some young beeches with wide, flakey branches, lent their welcome shadow, and there we sat and read and smoked till the Frolic came in sight, and then we bestirred ourselves to join her company.

While we were packing the Lawries looked at the historic relics, Elderkin acting as guide and end man, though the Colonel had known the place before the young man had heard of America.

When we were ready to start again Oscar declared that he should not be able to keep up with us, as he had no sail.

"Come in our boat," said Frank ; "plenty of room, and we'll take the canoe in tow."

But Oscar demurred. He would be crowding us, he said, the boat was so small; and he thought the Frolic would run better with a little more weight to windward.

"You are quite right," said the Colonel. "I have asked Professor Blot to join us just for ballast, you know, so Lightred will be glad of your company."

Annie Lawrie was leaning over the bow of the Frolic, apparently absorbed in pulling reeds and ferns, to complete a bouquet of lobelia and iris; but I caught an intensely amused expression on her half-averted face which her occupation scarcely accounted for.

I whispered a little hint to Oscar, and he jumped gaily aboard the Thirteen, and we were soon scudding away in company. Elderkin had taken the rudder, and was making desperate efforts to keep alongside, to the intense disgust of Robert, who was steering the Frolic, and making equally desperate efforts to avoid a collision.

After repeated and futile warnings to Oscar to give him more sea room, Robert suddenly pulled up his lug sail, and putting the helm hard aport, crossed the stern of the Thirteen, and cut loose the canoe. He was very sorry, apparently; but before the young men could recover their lost ground we were moored under the bridge at Thamesville.

CHAPTER XII.

A SERENADE.

A GREAT irregular curve of three or four miles in extent, forms a peninsula whose neck is partly occupied by the village of Tecumseh, better known by the nick name applied to it by the Post Office Department, 'Thamesville.'

It is a pleasant walk, when it is pleasant walking at all, across the neck of this peninsula, taking the village *en route*.

There are many relics of the American invasion and of the Tecumseh battle ground to be seen here, of which the elder inhabitants are justly proud; there is also a picturesque mill site at Cornwall's creek, from which the mill has long since disappeared, dissolved by the slow processes of nature into its original elements.

The village is a smart little railway town, with a very good opinion of itself and its future, slightly more pretentious and agressive than its rivals along the line, but not otherwise remarkable.

The original Thamesville simply consisted of a log tavern and an Indian graveyard, at the intersection of an important trail leading from Little Bear Creek in the north, southward to Lake Erie, at Morpeth, with the Thames river road, the principal trail of the Ontario peninsula long before the advent of white men in America.

This is in Kent, "the garden of Canada," as it is called by those who have farms for sale, and there are evidences of the extraordinary fertility of the soil on every hand, as well

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as of the short sighted and shiftless farming of early days, which has reduced much of the first cleared land to the condition of a desert.

The moment the Thirteen touched the shore Elderkin jumped out, armed with eyeglass and cane, and declared his intention of walking across the neck. He was taking time by the forelock in accordance with the hint I had given him, that Mrs. and Miss Lawrie intended doing the same thing.

The ladies joyfully accepted his escort, and having agreed where to meet again, we continued our course past a quiet graveyard, shaded by two magnificent white willows, where a mower was cutting grass amongst the mounds and slabs. He told us that the willows had grown from a teamster's gad, broken and stuck in the ground after driving a yoke of oxen from the lake shore, nearly a hundred years ago. We passed under the shadow of a noble line of mighty sycamores, which fringe the bank for a mile, their scaley white bases buried in a luxuriant growth of vines and flowering weeds which overhung the banks like drapery, and swept in trailing lines in the margin of the rushing stream.

At the end of the point, a boy in a scow was taking up a trawl and had made a great haul of catfish, of from two to four pounds each; real evidence that we were then below the dams.

Churches, school houses, mills and thrifty looking homesteads at short intervals, had their own story with a moral to tell, and when the river again curved away from the road; where the trees were high and the banks covered on either hand with impenetrable underbrush, we were in the wilderness again. Presently some immense saw mills, with their

accompanying cluster of dwellings, loomed up at the end of the vista, and when we reached them, we found a firmly bolted boom stretched across the river.

We held a council of war, and after a half hour spent in devising futile projects for crossing the obstruction, we found that by standing on the blocks of the boom it would sink sufficiently to allow the boats to float over easily.

At the extreme point of the peninsula, the Great Western Railway crosses the Thames on an imposing iron bridge of a single span.

We found many delightful bits for the portfolio there. Willow-clad islets, noble sweeps of woodland, picturesque curving shallows; and by the time we arrived at the rendezvous, at the mouth of a deep-gullied creek, the sun was already playing hide and seek among the tree tops in the west.

Mrs. Lawrie sat on a grassy slope, sewing; her daughter reading at her feet, while Elderkin lay at full length on the luxurious sward, smoking his favorite meerschaum. We could see the light gray dresses glistening a half a mile away, and reminded of my promise to Oscar, I strolled away to where Colonel Lawrie was pushing off his boat, and called back to Frank that we would go on and select a camp ground while he finished his sketch.

"All right!" he answered, without looking round. "I'll bring the boats presently.

When we reached the end of the stretch we looked back and could see him still in the same place, sharply defined against the blue water beyond, working away, as if for dear life, to secure the effect which was rapidly fading from earth and sky.

Elderkin had already selected a number of camp

grounds in the immediate neighborhood, so he said, but preferred to remain just where he was. Springs were abundant in the vicinity, and our only difficulty was an *embarras des richesses.*

We finally decided on a level, grass-grown flat between the road and the river, secluded by Juneberry and sumach bushes, and shaded and sheltered by a grove of young ash and maple trees.

It had been a long and busy day, and when we all gathered in the red flush of sunset about the now familiar mess table, it was with a grateful feeling of assurance that all the duties of the day had been performed, and we were now to enjoy a pleasant table chat and the delicious hour of cool twilight which follows a warm summer day.

Colonel Lawrie proposed to try the bottom fishing, which is the proper style in those waters; and while we were fitting rods together and discussing bait I noticed Annie Lawrie placing a rug on the root of a buttonwood which overhung the river, and seating herself there, with a limp covered book in her hand, wrapped cosily in a warm white shawl with a crimson border. She did not read, however, but sat gazing into the glowing water and level barred sky with a look in her face of things unutterable.

Frank saw her, too; and I was only just in time when I suddenly remembered having left my sketch book at the last stopping place.

"Frank, my dear fellow, you have twenty years the advantage of me, will you do me the favor to get it before it is too dark?"

"Pardon, Professor; what is it?"

Poor fellow, thought I, he is moping about his White Mountain girl again.

"My little note book; I left it at the last stop. Will you be kind enough to get it for me?"

"Certainly, Professor, certainly;" and he went to his tent at once, to prepare for the errand, as I supposed.

A few yards further down the bank we found a nice spot, where a half-buried log formed a convenient seat near the water's edge; and having lit our cigars and adjusted bait and sinkers to a nicety, we chatted about all things, and felt very comfortable. I looked round once for Miss Lawrie. She was still sitting at the foot of the sycamore, and Oscar was seated on the grass near her, his face turned to the glowing west, and glowing with an added light of its own, perfectly happy.

I told myself that I had done a good action, and unhooked a four pound mullet with a feeling that I was doing it a kindness also.

The twilight hour is a favorite feeding time with mullet and suckers; and though these fish must be considered as essentially "pot" fish, having not a particle of "game" about them, yet they made themselves very interesting. We had taken about a dozen fish when the Colonel hooked a big-mouthed, black, spikey catfish.

"Time to stop," said he, "when these hideous things begin to bite!"

It certainly was no beauty, though the night prowling cat-fish is much esteemed by pot hunters.

Elderkin had just gone to his quarters, and I could hear him rummaging about the baggage above us; he was getting out his guitar, determined to make the most of his opportunity.

The evening had settled down to a stillness so perfect, that not a ripple broke the surface of the glassy water, the

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air was still full of that opalescent light, which follows a warm day and a cloudless sunset in June. Trees and banks, in black, soft edged silhouette, melted softly into their reflected images, and ended in black, soft edged shadows against the reflected sky.

Frank seemed to be gaining favor with Mrs. Lawrie, for she was gracious to him that night. They had been walking up and down the level sward and had stopped beside the sycamore. Mrs. Lawrie shivered a little.

"It is actually chilly," she said.

"Let me bring you a shawl," suggested Frank; "where shall I find one?"

"Take this one," said Annie, rising from her snug seat, "and I will get another;" and before Mamma could refuse, her daughter had wrapped her in the creamy white shawl, which she had taken from her own shoulders.

Mrs. Lawrie seated herself, and picked up the book which lay on the grass at her hand. Frank stood beside her, leaning with one extended arm against the flakey trunk, looking out into the solemn stillness of the gathering gloom.

Annie soon returned, comfortably clad in a paisley check, and after a few words with Mrs. Lawrie, she and Frank strolled away on the grassy road which led to the village.

Robert had made up a cheerful fire, for a fire is always pleasant in camp, when it is not actually too warm. He was sitting, hugging his knees before it, with a short clay pipe in his mouth, listening to the copious talk of a stranger, grisly, long and bony, who sat opposite on an inverted mess kettle.

"Evenin' gents," said the man; "hope I ain't intrudin'."

We assured him to the contrary.

"I'm yer landlord," he continued; "live in that shanty up thar," waving his pipe towards the road. We could see no shanty, but cheerfully took his word for it.

"I see yer camp, an' it 'minded me of old times, so't I had to come down and see yer."

"Been in the army?" queried the Colonel.

"No. Californy; six years thar."

"In the diggings?"

"Yaas, diggin' an' prospectin.' In camp all the time; sometimes in a shanty, sometimes under a sage bush. I'm an old residenter for all that. I don't go back on Canady, you bet. What's that?"

It was the jingle of Elderkin's guitar, at the foot of the sycamore tree behind him.

"Gad!" ejaculated the stranger. "You camp in style, you do." Then he rattled on about himself and his belongings, evidently enjoying a rare treat in having a new audience.

"Yer right," said he. "I chopped this farm myself. See that little hillock there, with the long grass on it? That was the stump of a big walnut that would be worth a hundred dollars if it was standin' now. It was worth nothin' then, an' I felled it into the river, and dozens more like it, just to get rid of 'em. That was forty year ago. I ain't so badly off as it is; but if I had all the timber back that I burnt or rolled in the river off this farm, I wouldn't call the King my uncle."

"Game? Yes; no end on it. I've killed a deer in my turnip field, back thar, within ten year. When I was a boy deer was about the only meat we had, 'ceptin' once in a

while we killed a b'ar or a porker. Did I ever kill a b'ar? Well, I come mighty nigh it once. How nigh? Well, I'll just tell yer. Ye see the old man 'ad brought up a sow from Detroit. It was in the spring, an' she was grubbin' about the woods with as fine a litter of pigs as ever you seen. We thought a heap on 'em, 'cause they was the fust we'd had; but all at once we begun to miss 'em—from a dozen they got down to eight—and then to five, and then we penned 'em up. Next mornin' the pen was pulled down an' another pig gone; so we built it up tighter and shut 'em up again. 'Twas the same thing next mornin'—pen down, an' on'y three pigs left. Well, that thing kep' on till we had on'y one pig, so I says to my brother (he's dead now, poor fellow, this twenty year), says I, 'I'm goin' to have that b'ar,' for we knew by his tracks 'twas a b'ar. Says I, 'if you'll set up half the night, I'll set up t' other half, an' we'll have him, sure, for he's bound to come after t'other pig.' 'Agreed,' says he. So when it come dark we tied the pig in the edge o' the woods, right in front o' the winder, for it was on'y a little clearin' then. We loaded the shot gun an' the rifle, an' fixed everything handy, an' I went to bed. Well, come 'bout midnight, my brother woke me up, an' said he hadn't seen nothin', so I sot down at the winder to watch, an' he went to bed. 'Twas awful solemn settin' thar in the dark watchin' that little white grunter in the moonlight, squeakin' an' squealin', for he never stopped a minute the hull night. Well, I sot thar hour after hour, till I begun to git awful sleepy. All at once I thought I seen somethin' stir in the shadder, an' I levelled my rifle on the pig. Very soon I did see somethin'. It was a big black b'ar, sure enough, snuffin' an' smellin' round an' round the pig, an' comin', sometimes, near enough to club him; but somehow I couldn't, to save me, shoot that b'ar. I tried my

deadest to pull the trigger; but 'twas no use, I was as helpless as the pig itself. I dunno how long I should a kep' that thing up if the ole man hadn't come in the room. 'Rast,' says he, all at once. Then I woke up; it was broad daylight. The b'ar was gone an' so was the pig. I'd slep the hull time an' drempt it all."

"Well, we keep good hours in the country; it's my bed time, I must be goin'."

"Yes; we seen hard times, too, sometimes. The nearest town was Detroit—seventy mile by the river. We had to take our corn thar to git ground; five days, it took. We all'ays had plenty meat an' fish, an' gen'ly taters an' corn. We kep' a few sheep for the wool; the gals made all the clothes we wore outen it them times. I never owned a pair o' boots till I was married, an' then some folks thought we was gettin' too awful toney."

Elderkin had been singing and strumming his guitar the while, and was growing sentimental. "Would I were with thee every day and hou-hour," cried he, in a key a little too high. "Lean on my heart, love," he warbled in a tender voice, which would have been very touching only his B string was a little out. "I'd offer thee this hand of my-hine," he continued, while his voice was beginning to get husky in the damp air. He was pouring out a full flood of melody when Frank and Annie sauntered into the circle of firelight.

Looking shyly at the gaunt stranger, Miss Lawrie nestled up to her father, and laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"Is this you, pet?" said the Colonel, in surprise. "I thought you were sitting there by the tree."

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"No, Papa; I have been looking at the village with Mr. Lightred; that is Mamma."

"I'll wager my hat," said the Colonel, addressing me, after a moment's pause, "that Elderkin thinks he is singing to Annie."

The absurdity of the idea sent Miss Lawrie into a rippling peal of laughter, which was not half finished when Oscar's song suddenly ceased. He sprang to his feet, and turning full round, stared at Miss Lawrie for a minute, as if utterly bewildered. Then he walked to the fire, to assure himself of her identity. He flushed and paled by turns, and stared long at the wondering group before he realized the truth, and found words to stammer an apology. Mrs. Lawrie had come forward, and was evidently puzzled at Oscar's strange behavior; but as the truth dawned upon her I could see a look of motherly sympathy growing in her eyes, which should have gladdened Oscar's heart had he known how to interpret it. But he did not. He made a fibbing apology about surprise at seeing the stranger, and went away and locked his guitar case with an air as if he considered the episode a deliberate trick; and the look of womanly sympathy changed for one of mild contempt, and I knew that Oscar had lost his case.

Elderkin did not re-appear, and an awkward silence fell on the party. The grizzly stranger balanced himself first on one foot then on the other, looking apologetic, yet not knowing what to apologize for. At last he blurted out:

"Dern him; he looked as if he'd seen Ole Nick hisself. I must be gettin' uncommonly ugly now-a-days."

Colonel Lawrie assured him that the youth was subject to these spells.

"Well," said the man, "I never was no great beauty; I'm sorry I skeert the young fellow, though. Ef he don't git over it, just charge it to me. Good night."

Before retiring Frank handed me the little book which had caused all the trouble.

"Here is your sketch book, Professor; I did not remember when you mentioned it that I had it then in my pocket."

CHAPTER XIII.

STILL WATER.

NEXT morning we were stirring early. The rising sun showed large and red through purple mists on the distant edge of the wide, flat landscape. Mists were rising from the river and lying in flakey folds along the level meadow; barring the dark woods and melting the blurred grey horizon into a yellow sky.

Elderkin was the last to turn out. He appeared while Mrs. Lawrie was dispensing the coffee, whose delicious aroma blended with the fragrant woodsy odors of the fresh earth and burning bark. He was quite himself again, and bowed with a great flourish to the ladies and enquired after their respective healths with his usual solicitude.

No allusion was made to the malappropriate episode of the previous evening. He devoted himself to Miss Lawrie as usual, and was overjoyed when the Colonel invited him to a seat in the Frolic.

In passing through Thamesville he had procured a number of those little handkerchief flags with which he gleefully proceeded to decorate the mast heads. For "Dominion Day," he explained, to our surprise, for we had been so long on the river that most of us had overlooked the fact that this was the first day of July.

We were afloat and well on our way before the day became very warm, fortunately; for there was but little breeze, and we had to depend on the oars and current for progress.

The stream was moderately swift for the first ten miles, with numerous rapids, but there were none of the stony shallows which gave us so much trouble in the upper part of the river. Sharp curves around tongues of clear, white sand, dotted with stunted willows were frequent; the flat face of the country became lower with every mile, and the growth of foliage was still more luxuriant. A distant promontory seemed to rise perpendicularly from the water in solid and impenetrable masses of vegetation; tall and stately as a war frigate with all its sail set.

We were evidently in a well settled country for it was a succession of apple and cherry and peach orchards rolling in wide spreading masses about cosy farm houses. Forest timber had disappeared, excepting an occasional sugar bush or the scattered elms and sycamores which still gave grace and variety to the vistas of the winding stream. Occasional picturesque, one-streeted villages, beaded the bank with squares of checkered color.

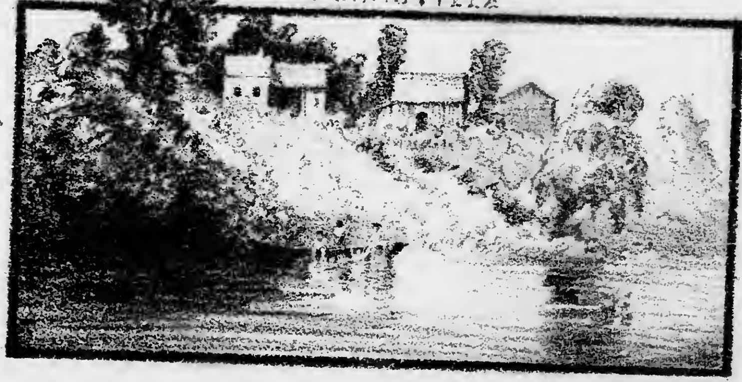
At one of these, where a trim and perky looking iron bridge looked sadly out of place, having replaced an old fashioned wooden truss which seemed to have grown there, we had stopped to get a draught of cool water where it gushed out in a perennial spring under the shelter of a graceful clump of saplings, when the Frolic drew up to the bank.

"I remember this place," said Colonel Lawrie. "There used to be a track here, where we drove down to the river on the way to Chatham, and I once had a narrow escape here."

"Is this the place?" asked Mrs. Lawrie, interested but inconsistent.

"Do tell us, Papa," pleaded Annie.

LEWISVILLE



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"It was nothing worth telling," he answered. "A broken strap or something startled the horses, and they jumped over the bank here, instead of keeping the track, and ran away down the middle of the river, dragging the driver for half a mile—for he hung on to the ribbons like a terrier—and scattered the rest of us in all sorts of attitudes. One had a broken head, another a sprained arm, while I escaped with a terrible fright."

"How did they escape drowning?" queried Elderkin, speaking for all of us at once.

"Drowning? How could they drown?" queried the Colonel, in turn.

"I'm afraid you are stuffing us," said Elderkin; "there must be twenty feet of water here now."

"So there was then," assented the Colonel, "but it had two feet of ice on it, for it was in winter. Didn't I say so?"

There is a picture in one of the galleries—at Munich, I think—by one of the early Flemish masters; a head of Christ. It is brown with the grime of centuries, and furrowed by the inevitable seams of age and past neglect; but neglect or time has not been able to efface the ineffably sweet expression of the divine features. The eyes are closed; the drooping lashes resting on the tear-wet cheeks, pale with the pallor of death. You gaze, fascinated by the wonderful power of melancholy in the picture; and slowly, as you gaze, you become conscious that the sad, soft eyes are fixed upon you with a look of the most profound sorrow. The face and the look will haunt you; but return as often as you will, you can never again see the eyes as you first saw them, closed and wet with tears.

How curiously the most incongruous ideas sometimes re-

cur to the memory. I was reminded of the picture by the similar mental effort, as I tried to realize the idea of two feet of ice. Here was the limpid liquid swirling in graceful eddies about our bows, smiling with a myriad dimples on its mobile face, flashing back the sunlight in silver gleams and glowing green and golden in its profounder depths about the purple shadows of the swinging boats. And the trees, gorgeous in their royal mantle of full summer leafage, majestic in their masses of light and breadths of misty shadow; twinkling, trembling, tossing masses of endless form and name. Two feet of ice? The mind refused to grasp the idea under the conditions. In the actual presence of all this living beauty to substitute the dark steely lines of wind swept ice, drifted snow piled in furrowed banks, clouds of blinding snow dust flying before a howling blast that cracked and screamed in the naked branches of the trees.

The vision refused to appear, and I could see around me incredulous and wondering faces, slowly recovering from the shock of a mental cold bath.

This was at Kent Bridge. Our next stop was at a cove formed by an ancient and long discarded bed of the river, similar to the one near London.

We found it difficult to penetrate the dense masses of water weeds and mosses, but the rare loveliness of the place well repaid the effort. Acres of pure white water lilies scented the air with their peculiar delicate perfume. There were elegantine and convolvulus, lobelias, iris, and spider lilies, bulrushes, and endless varieties of sedges, blue, white, and yellow.

Annie Lawrie was in ecstacies, and Oscar Elderkin was her humble servant, only too happy to scratch his hands with the dogroses, and wet his blue flannel sailor jacket to the elbows in securing choice specimens of lilies.

Just below the cove, in a picturesque bend of the river, we found a long drawn out collection of many colored houses, the village of Lewisville. A cosy little white cottage perched smilingly on the opposite bank, and a bevy of little children were frolicking in the water with an old scow, nude as nature made them, and with all the grace and confidence of perfect innocence. A number of thrifty young mulberry trees, growing along the steep edge of a sharp promontory of clay, attracted the Colonel's attention.

"Tommy," said he, addressing the group of water imps, "who lives up there?"

"Aunt Susie," came a chorus of voices, as if they were all Tommies.

"Oh, Aunt Susie. Anybody else?"

"Yes; Granny and the hired man."

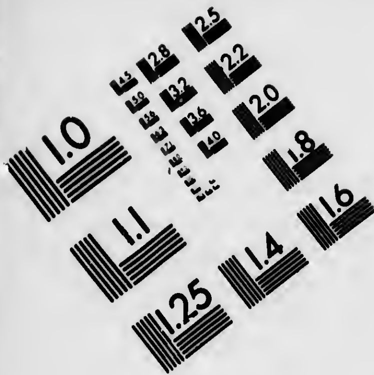
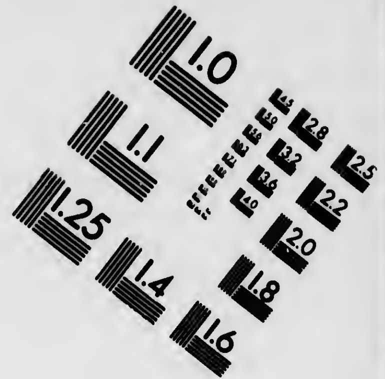
The Colonel contented himself with making a note of the spot where a native mulberry might be found when wanted.

From Lewisville the river became deep and still, occasionally widening to magnificent proportions, and everywhere lined by a fringe of trees, which forms a graceful and striking feature of these level plains. Here and there a schooner-rigged hay barge nestled against the leafy bank, or slowly worked its way up, by the aid of a sluggish breeze.

We were out of bait, and being anxious to try our luck in this new phase of the river, were on the lookout for an opportunity of obtaining some.

"Yonder is a fisherman," said Frank; "no doubt he will have some kind of bait."

"He seems to be using a net," I remarked; for as we came nearer we perceived that the man was standing on a

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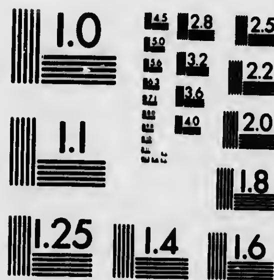
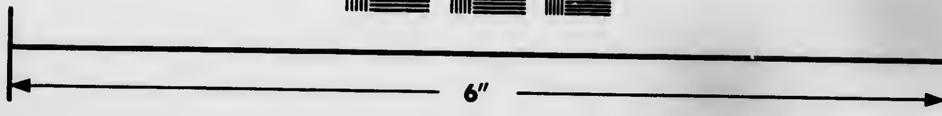

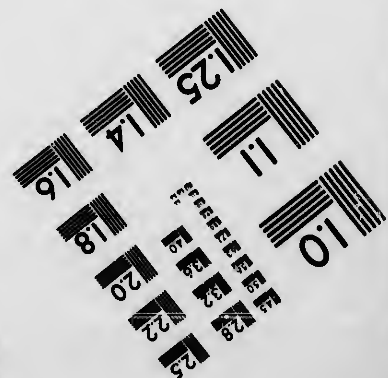

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sort of platform, rigged over two shallow scows, and handling a pair of slender poles in the manner of an oyster dredger.

When we stopped rowing the negro looked up and bowed politely, as is the custom of his race.

"Good morning," said I.

"Mo'nin', sah."

"Fishing?"

"Yessah." Promptly and gravely.

"Have you any bait to spare?"

"No, sah; don't use no bait."

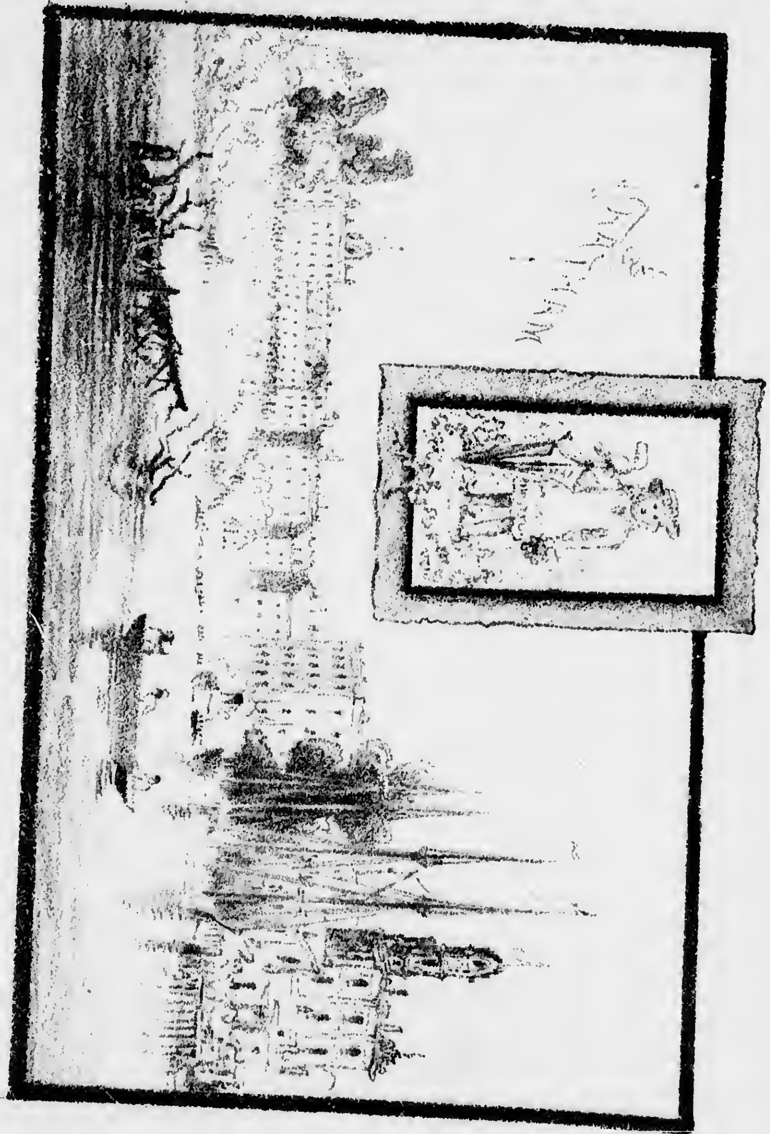
"I see. You are using a net, I suppose."

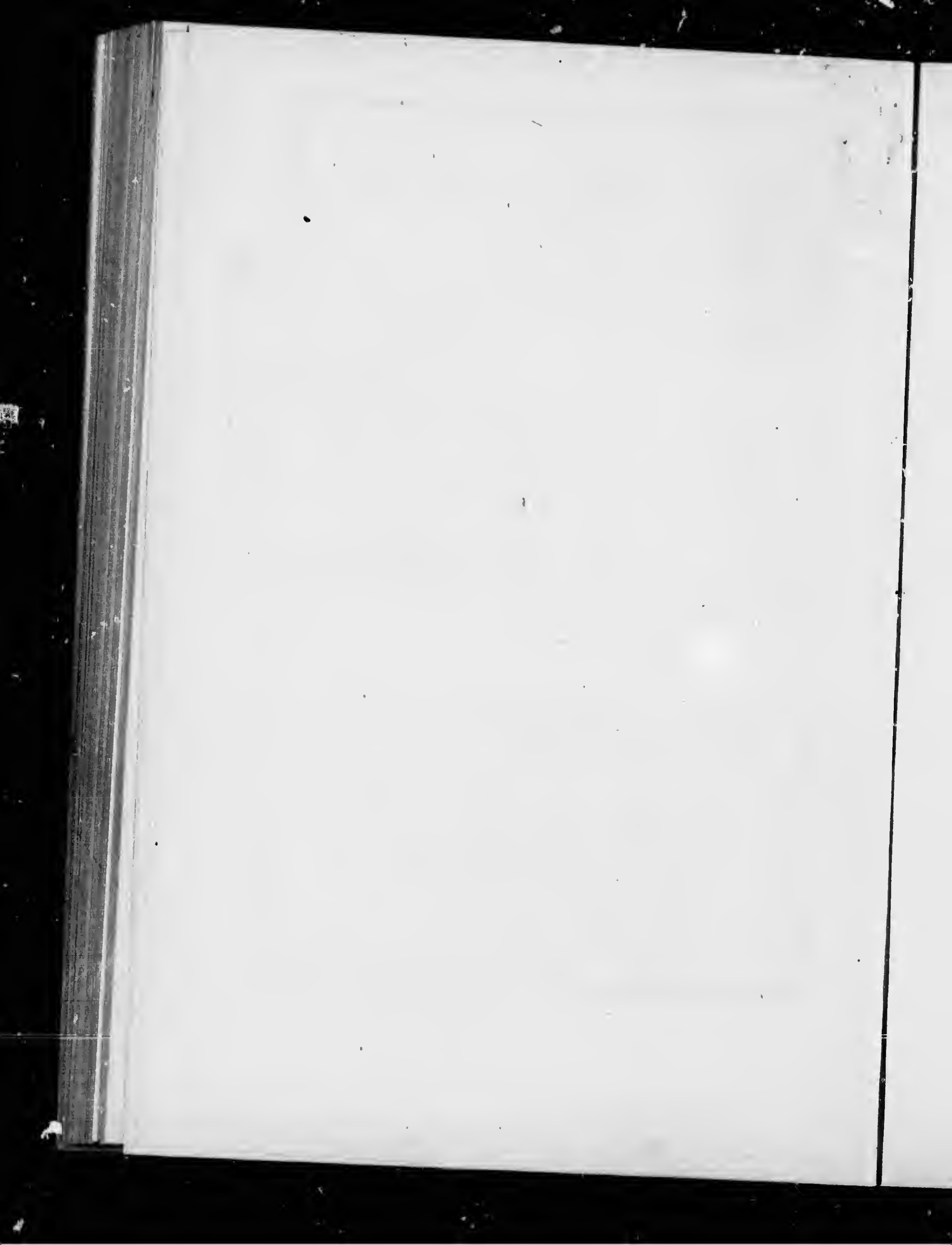
"No, sah."

"What are you fishing for, then?"

"Logs," and his ivories flashed for an instant, like a gleam of sheet lightning on a summer night. Then he looked grave again, and continued to prod the bottom with his long poles.

In response to our surprised enquiries, he told us that saw logs, while floating down to the mills, frequently become water soaked, and sank; that in years gone by they have not been worth the trouble of raising; that they are generally the best and soundest oak, but that he sometimes strikes a bonanza in enormous logs, and even whole trees of walnut, originally cast into the water to save the trouble of burning, and that he was doing very well at the business. At high noon we went ashore for lunch in a grove of tall willows, with a beach of clean white sand, overgrown further up with beds of blue stramonium. We were nearing Chatham, and this would probably be the last place where we might land without trespassing.





A pleasant hour we spent there with ham sandwich, cold fish and pickles, biscuit and cheese; walking about in the little grove, and pelting with sticks, stones and hard names, a herd of too inquisitive young cattle, which seemed to share the universal instinct to plunder the tourist.

"Look here, Oscar," said Frank, looking up from the newspaper he was reading, "there is to be a regatta at Chatham to-day. Why don't you go in for the canoe race; you must be in splendid training now?"

"Jove, you're right. It wouldn't be a bad idea. Just for fun, you know."

"Do. Go in my boy, and we will all stay and see you win."

Elderkin's vanity was tickled. He could see himself flashing by the winning post like a parti colored meteor, amid the plaudits of the crowd and the approving glances of Miss Lawrie, covered with perspiration and glory. So he decided to paddle, and we left him behind to dress for the race, as he expressed it.

CHAPTER XIV.

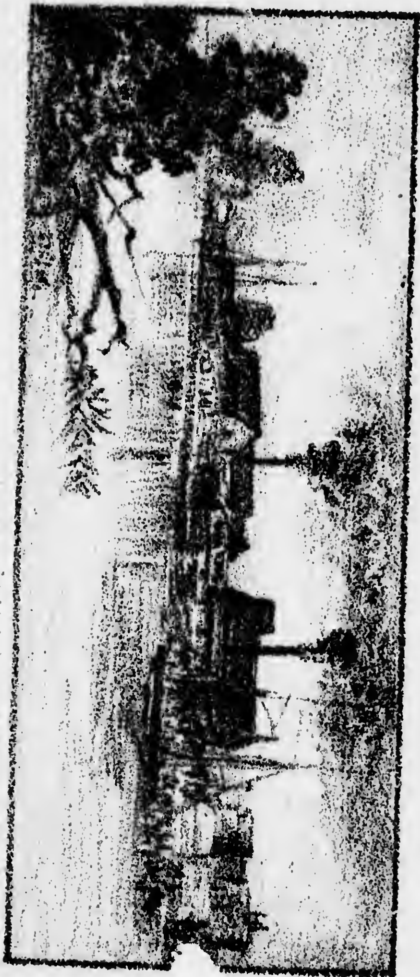
THE CANOE RACE.

WHEN we reached Chatham, early in the afternoon, the Park was thronged with a gaily-colored crowd of holiday-makers, intent on the regatta, which was the central event of the day.

Hundreds of flags were fluttering along the picturesque skyline of the town, for Chatham makes an imposing show from the river, albeit only the reverse side of its King street palaces are presented to the view. Brass bands were rending the air with their blatant tones, and the river seemed alive with craft of every description, from the Detroit excursion steamers to the paper shell of the embryo champion.

We had to run the gauntlet of thousands of curious eyes, as we rowed quietly down, threading our way through the lively throng. Evidently we presented a new type of visitor, and probably looked a little out of place in such a gay scene, with our well-laden boats piled with trunks, hat boxes, carpet bags and camp kettles. Under the bridge, densely packed with humanity, along by the crowded wharves and between lines of swarming steamers and merchant schooners, we pushed a passage, and drew up in a sheltered angle beneath some great warehouses, in obedience to the polite request of some officious master of ceremonies, to "Get out o' that."

The races were already in progress, and we were scarcely settled in a good position for seeing when a flock of "double scull" contestants came rushing past, pink,



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white, blue, and red; the first two boats neck and neck, the second and third following at short intervals. They were gone almost before they could be analyzed into separate groups. A roar of cheering followed them into the distance like rolling thunder, and then began to roll back again as the contesting boats again emerged from a mass of crowded vessels, and swept past with a grand flourish of muscular action, one boat far in advance, two others contending hard for second place, the fourth not in sight.

When the result was announced from the judge's boat the cheering commenced again, and was taken up at the other end of the course like an echo, just as it would if some other crew had won the race.

The next was a four-oared race, three crews contesting, and was almost a repetition of the first. They started at a pistol shot, one boat taking the lead at the first stroke and losing it in less than a minute. The enthusiasm of the crowd was contagious; we cheered with the rest when the rear boat forced ahead, and strained forward to keep them in sight.

"There they come again," cried the crowd directly, and all eyes were bent to note the new position of the boats. So intense was the excitement that no one seemed to notice a gaily dressed canoeist who came paddling leisurely down the middle of the course, until some one above raised the cry, "clear the track." The canoeist kept his way with perfect indifference, his thin white arms gleaming under a short-sleeved pink rowing shirt, and a perky looking yellow cap, with the tiniest excuse for a nib, sitting well over his bump of self-esteem, a bare white forehead, eyeglasses, and a downy little mustache completing the incongruous oddity of the figure.

The crowd began to yell at him, "Hanlan! Get out! Clear the track!" and many strange phrases not to be repeated. At last, under pressure of the increasing din, he turned his bow and disappeared in the shelter of a huge pic-nic steamer. But he was out again in an instant, intent on crossing the river; too late; the racing boats were within five yards of him, bearing down with terrific speed, he brought his paddle round with a desperate sweep, intending to go back again; too late again; one of the boats had already altered its course to pass behind him. He might still have been safe, but the crowd raised such a row that the youth became bewildered, and pawed the water at random. In another instant the iron shod keel of the four oar struck the canoe with resistless force, and mounting the flimsy craft bore it under.

There was a great scream of terror, and a great howl of rage from the onlookers. The bark canoe stood upright for a moment, and then fell with a crash across the thwart of the third boat, which had arrived at the same time.

During that brief instant—for the accident occupied but an instant—a strangely suggestive look came over the face of the youth. A picture recurred to me of a young face, bare and blank, streaming with water, thrust through the opening of a tent in the dim light of a lamp, and before I could give utterance to my thought Mrs. Lawrie exclaimed, "Great mercy, it is Mr. Elderkin."

Frank, too, had recognized him, and leaping into the Thirteen, he seized an oar and pushed off with the energy of a desperate occasion.

The unfortunate fellow had disappeared beneath the surface, and while boats were swarming round the spot and grappling with oars and boat hooks, several men had boldly

jumped in to the rescue, and were diving about in search of the remains. Meanwhile the remains had re-appeared at some distance below, and was swimming for a quiet spot, where he could land unobserved. But he was not to escape so easily. The moment he was seen another cry was raised, and the boats swarmed about him again, determined to rescue him whether or no. They dragged him aboard an old sand scow, and called for doctors. Several responded promptly from the crowd on the wharf, and having examined the patient, one of them prescribed a cold bath. No doubt the man had money on the race.

Frank was pushing forward, and as soon as he could make himself heard through the hubbub, he claimed the body as a particular friend and next of kin.

Finding that the canoeist had taken not the slightest harm, the crowd were disposed to make what sport they could out of the event, and with many taunts a dozen strong arms handed him over to Frank, and laid him in his dripping clothes along the pile of baggage, with his head on a valise, still insisting on treating the fellow as half drowned.

Frank had sent us word—by an urchin who claimed a quarter for the service—that Elderkin was all right, and suggesting that we should proceed down the river. Accordingly, as soon as we could disentangle the Frolic from the crowd of boats around her, we found Frank in mid stream, with Oscar posing in an interesting attitude on the baggage. Murmurs of sympathy could be heard from every side, for the occupants of the steamers and wharves had not yet learned the real state of the case.

Our ladies had been terribly alarmed in spite of Frank's assurance that nothing serious had occured. As soon therefore, as we came alongside, Mrs. Lawrie, her face beaming

with motherly solicitude, seized the hand which hung limp over the gunwale, and enquired "Mr. Elderkin, how do you feel now?"

Mr. Elderkin sat up with the agility of a harlequin, and retaining the hand with a hearty shake, he answered simply, "Wet."

There was a great laugh and a cheer from the spectators.

"What can we do for you now," enquired the Colonel, who, in spite of his amusement, was annoyed at the ridiculous position, in which Elderkin's genius for scrapes had placed the whole party.

"Nothing," answered the youth, "except to go into camp early, and give me a chance to dress for dinner."

"Then jump in here and let us get out of this grinning crowd!"

"I'll change places with you," said I, "for Frank has business in the town, and we are not yet ready to go."

The change was soon effected, and as the polite master of ceremonies was again passing down to clear the course, Robert bent to the oars, and the Frolic was soon out of sight.

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CHAPTER XV.

DISCOVERED.

FRANK was in immensely good spirits, and as we pulled leisurely down the stream, he began to hum the refrain of a song which I had heard on a certain moonlight night but lately. His thoughts, though pleasant, were far away, and when his song ended almost in a sigh, he looked up with a conscious flush and laughed gaily.

"Well, Professor," said he, "you have been lecturing me for moping, and now you look grave because I am jolly. What shall I do to please you?"

"Laugh away, my boy; I am glad to see you getting back your color and your old gaiety. I was only wondering that our little trip should have turned out so well for you."

He answered flippantly, "Oh! The Thames air is salubrious; recommend it to all your friends."

I was reflecting that our trip was fast nearing its close, and that Oscar had not yet had the "fair chance" I had promised him, and was puzzling myself for a way tc caution Frank as to the state of affairs without compromising Elderkin.

"Come, Professor," said Frank, in his own serious manner, "there is a 'but' in your voice if not in your words. Why should I not be jolly when life looks so bright before me?"

"You should, of course; but I cannot quite comprehend how it should have brightened so wonderfully for you in one short week."

It was a delicate subject to touch, and I feared to see the old weary expression come into his face again; but to my surprise he laughed, and hummed again the air which seemed to haunt him.

I was a little hurt by his levity, for I had taken an almost painful interest in his unfortunate love affair, so that his present conduct seemed nothing short of ingratitude. I spoke more plainly. "What," said I, "has become of your unknown inamorata? Was the wound so slight that a few days of fresh air could cure it?"

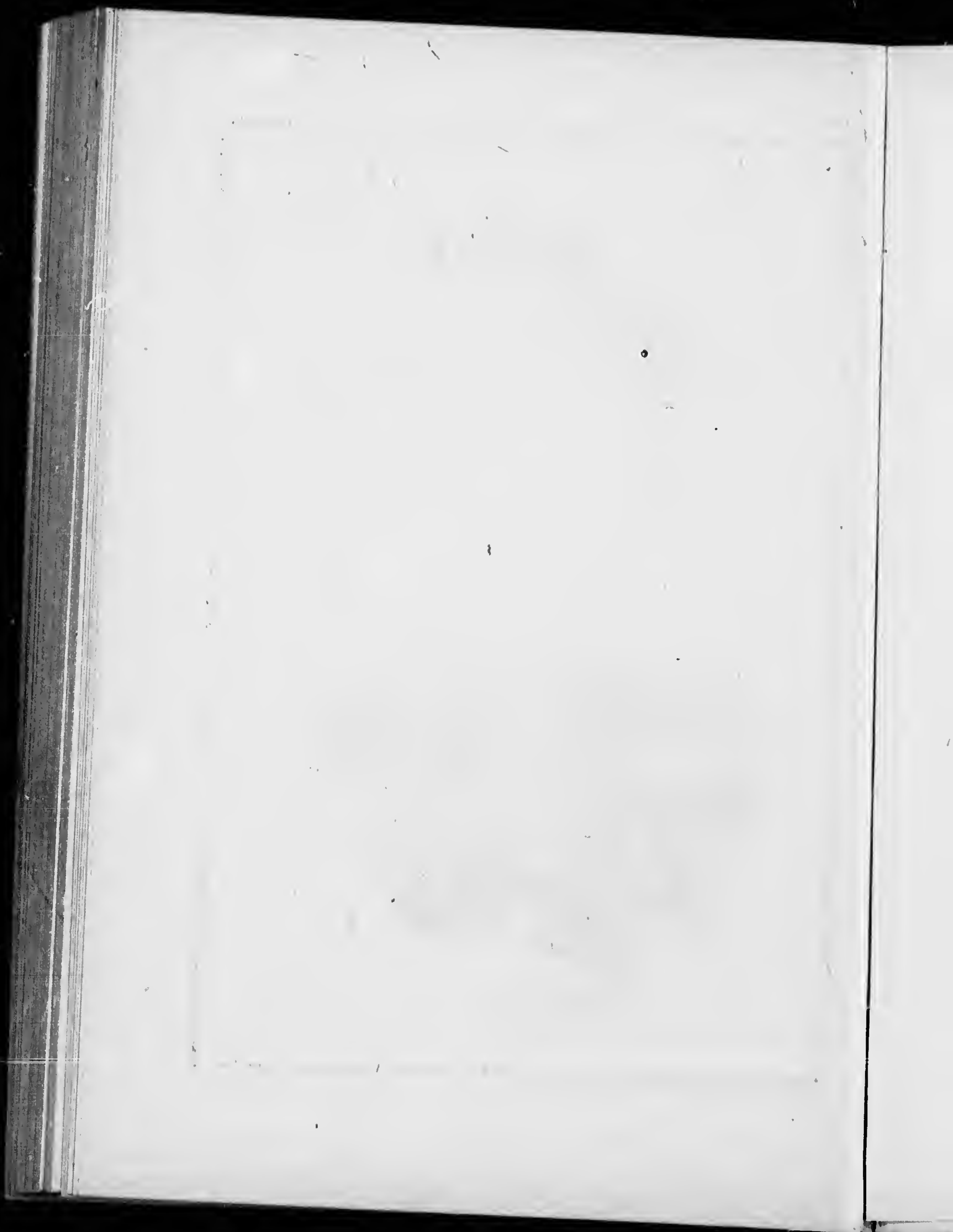
That touched him. He looked serious at once.

"Professor," he began; and immediately I could see a smile of amusement getting the better of his gravity, "I was hoping that you would guess that I had discovered her. Did I never tell you her name?"

"Certainly, you must have told me; but strangely I could never recall it, though I have tried repeatedly. What was it?"

"Her name is Annie Lawrie."

I was astounded, incredulous; yet the revelation fitted so exactly with the events of the past week that I began to wonder I had not discovered the fact before. I was delighted, and congratulated him with enthusiasm; and then, as the previous question began to force itself to the surface, I sighed, "Poor Elderkin, you have lost your case, indeed."



CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST CAMP.

EXPECTING to find the camp close by, we had deferred our departure until the sun was low in the west. The sports were over, and the crowd was streaming out by every road.

We rowed a mile between sloping, verdure-clad and villa-crowned banks, and then began to look sharply out for our friends. Another mile of furrowed clay and brick yards, still no camp visible. Another mile through a flat country, with banks quickly descending to the level of the plains; then we began to look anxiously both up and down the stream. While we were resting, perplexed, on our oars, a twinkling light in the distance suddenly threw up a column of white smoke, and we struck out with renewed vigor, confident that this was our beacon. Presently the fire-lit canvas began to gleam through the gathering twilight, for the sun had sunk, and a level band of after-glow was burning redly above the low, blue line of the western horizon, reflected in splashes of light and broken shadow on the tremulous water below.

We found our friends standing together on a low bank, in front of the firelight, discussing anxiously the question of our identity, for there were many people on the river that holiday night. One old man who had followed us down closely, called out as he passed, "Better take your boats out the water, folks, big steamers comin' down; they'll get

smashed in the wash." We took them out, and when the big steamers did come down we mentally thanked our adviser, for the wash was terrific.

What weakness is that which prompts excursionists to such lively demonstrations whenever they catch sight of a camp?

I have sometimes felt bewildered at the sudden avalanche of complimentary wavings and cheerings, wondering what I or my friends could have done to deserve it; or flushing with the illusory and transitory fancy that the local papers, perhaps, had divulged the secret that the famous—that is—that Professor Blot was amusing himself in the locality. But the next camp might be a party of young vagabonds, whose tent was a ragged quilt thrown over a broken clothes pole: who fished with pin hooks, and subsisted on potatoes and corn, plundered from neighboring fields; and they would get as many cheers and as much cambric fluttering as we, and return them too, with a long tin horn and a genuine appreciation of the compliment. But what became of the compliment paid to Professor Blot and his highly respectable friends? The next demonstrative excursionists who passed would excite in us only a mild surprise; we would look at each other, and enquire who these people were.

On this occasion, however, Oscar Elderkin absorbed all the credit for the attention bestowed on us by passing picnickers. We assured him that these demonstrations were the result of public joy at witnessing his complete recovery after the morning's accident. Oscar, therefore, bowed very gravely in acknowledgement whenever he felt himself called to the footlights.

Colonel Lawrie was fond of bantering Frank in order to "draw him out," as he called it, for the Colonel had accidentally found that Frank could talk well, when the crust

of his rather excessive reserve was broken through. I noticed however, that the Colonel generally did most of the talking himself.

"Genius," said he, is only a certain high development of mental qualities; it is the same thing whether directed to science, law, art, or war. You talk of special aptitudes as essential to success. They are not so. A taste for philosophy may give a bent to the natural activity, or a love of beauty may lead the mind in another direction, but I mean to say that the quality of mind required to lead armies to victory, might, if properly directed, succeed equally in grappling with the problems of science or art, or that the mental force expended in the production of a great picture, might equally lead to the amassing of wealth in mercantile pursuits, or the attainment of success in whatever direction it may exert itself. What you call a special gift, is merely a slight warp of the mind, leading in this direction or that in preference to other directions, and generally deciding the profession of its owner, but altogether unimportant to success. Your genius, or man of talent entirely without that mental warp will succeed in any pursuit. Mind, I don't object to painting; I simply point out that it is a lucrative profession only to the very few, and that the majority who follow it, wear out their lives in comparative poverty, in longing and disappointment."

"Your view of the matter is not quite fair, Colonel," said Frank. "There are poor painters, to be sure, and many who are poor in more senses than one; but there have lived many painters who have spent their lives in contented poverty, and attained glorious fame after their labor and suffering were ended. I could name you a long list of brilliant painters of our own century who were unknown

and poor while they lived, yet whose genius is now acknowledged and undoubted; and their history proves that your theory is a mistaken one. Men are like flies. Did you ever notice the flies on a window pane? The fly is a very intelligent bug, as bugs go; but like man, he has only room for one idea at a time. He sees the great outdoors, and wants to be there. The idea is "go ahead," and ahead he goes, and bangs himself against the pane, and there he will buzz and fret and worry his little life out before he will happen to think that he cannot push the glass away. If he would sit down and think it over, or fly back into the room and take a look at the situation, he would discover the upper part of the sash to be open, with room for all flydom to go to glory at once. But he has no time for that; he sees distinctly that the way out is through this glass; no room for argument; and he pushes ahead until he exhausts or stuns himself, and as likely as not, will die there. We are all doing the same thing, every one of us; driving might and main at some great object in the distance, and not one in twenty hitting the right road. Sooner or later we come bang against the inevitable pane. If we hit it squarely under full speed, it either kills or ruins us; if not, we work and sweat, and go hungry and thirsty and tired, and worry at the pane until worry kills us, but we get no nearer the object.

"And the moral of your parable is that there is a way to success for every man?" suggested the Colonel.

"Yes," answered Frank; "higher up—perhaps. After all," continued he, laughing, "our arguments are all fallacious, for they are based on wrong premises. We have assumed that the great aim of life is the amassing of money, whereas that is, in fact, only a means to the real end, the

BRICK KILNS

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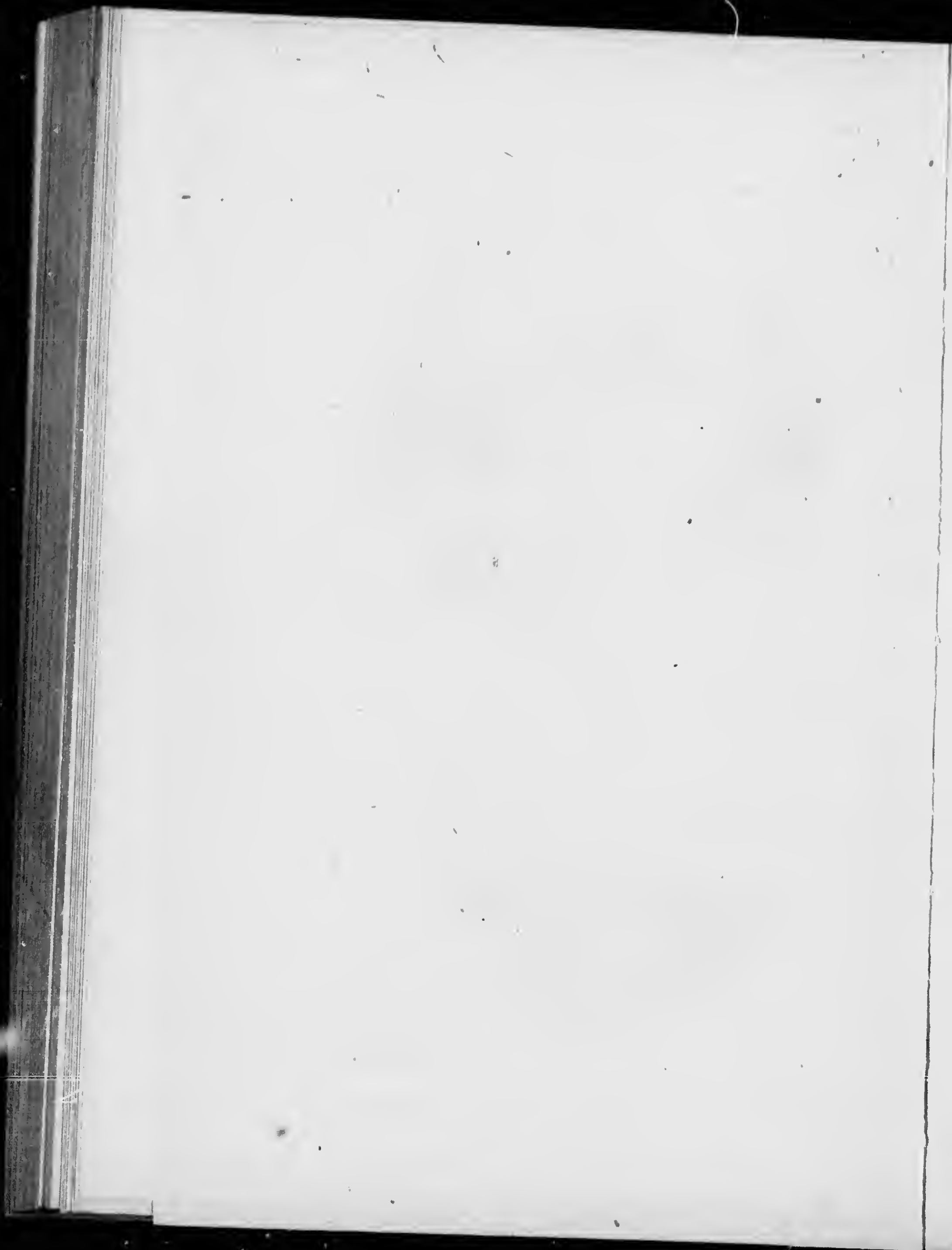


attainment of happiness. Now, an artist whose heart is in his work, finds his reward in it, and his works live after him, to make happy those who live to preserve his memory; and all the wealth which genius can command cannot avail to do more than that."

"And," added the Colonel, with admirable paternal forethought, "if a man can attain both the means and the end he blesses all who surround him, as well as himself."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE whole camp was awakend early next morning at an unseasonable hour by the noisy chatter of a colony of chipmonks, whose domain we had invaded. They were swarming over the limbs of the butternut trees, under whose shelter the tents were pitched, barking and swearing like diminutive terriers, throwing down showers of leaves and sticky green nuts, and behaving generally in an impudent and aggressive manner. Even Elderkin tumbled out into the chilly fresh air at an hour when he usually took his soundest nap—unable to sleep amid the babel.

Robert had built his breakfast fire, and in the intervals of peeling potatoes and turning the dutch oven, he was pelting the squirrels with sticks and butternuts.

Elderkin seized a blackened tin coffee pot by the spout —for in a moment of forgetfulness some one had allowed the handle to melt off—and having filled it with fresh water, took it to the fire.

"Can you find room for my coffee pot," said he cheerfully, at the same time setting it down on the snuggest part of the log fire.

"Dang it no, ye can't. I aint got no room; 'side I aint goin' t' mak' tires for all Ameriky!"

Robert was not in his best humor that morning. He gathered up his buckets, and marched away towards the nearest house for fresh water, but after a few steps, he looked back and said repentantly; "I aint got no room, but ye can [illegible] a brand an' mak' a fire o' yer own."

Oscar took him at his word and brought away the back log.

When Robert returned and found his fire about out, and the dutch oven nearly cold, his indignation knew no bounds. Only his fear of the Colonel prevented an outburst of bad English, if not worse ; as it was, his curses were not loud but deep.

"Bring your pots over here Robert," cried Oscar, "here's a good fire and plenty of room."

To save his cakes, Robert had to endure the still further humiliation of taking the insulting advice.

"On'y for t' cakes, dang ye, I'd——."

He did not finish the details of the threat, for the ladies just then appeared, sniffing the crisp air and shading their eyes from the dazzling sunrise.

From Chatham, the level of the very gently undulating country gradually becomes lower, and a mile or two below our last night's camp we could see, sitting in our boats, immense breadths of treeless plain dotted with thinly scattered white cabins, and bounded on the horizon by a dark purple line of timber. Again, in some of its curves and stretches, the river would be extremely picturesque, with variety of willows and aspen lining its banks, backed by market gardens and whitewashed cottages, close to the level beach, glistening through heavily laden cherry trees, where women and children were busily gathering the juicy harvest.

"Hello Grandma ! What are cherries worth ?" shouted Elderkin, to a stout old lady in a lilac sun bonnet, who, perched on the top of a ladder, was busily picking and gossiping with some neighbors similarly employed.

The startled dame drew her skirts closer about her

ankles, and slowly turning about, discovered a face of ebony, with a pair of iron-rimmed spectacles pushed up amongst the kinky gray locks.

"Dey's fow an' five cents dis mo'nin'."

"How many was you wantin'?" screamed a shrill voice from the inner depths of dusky foliage.

"How many are in a quart?" queried Elderkin.

"Take car' yo' doesn't cut yo'seff, sonny. Go 'long; yo' doesn't wan' no cherries," said the old lady.

"Give me a couple of quarts of the four cent kind," he said, heading the boat to the wind and shore at the same time.

While they were filling up the pail Oscar enquired, "Auntie, couldn't you let me have them for three cents?"

"Guess I could, sonny, if dat was de price."

"You said four and five; why not three and four?"

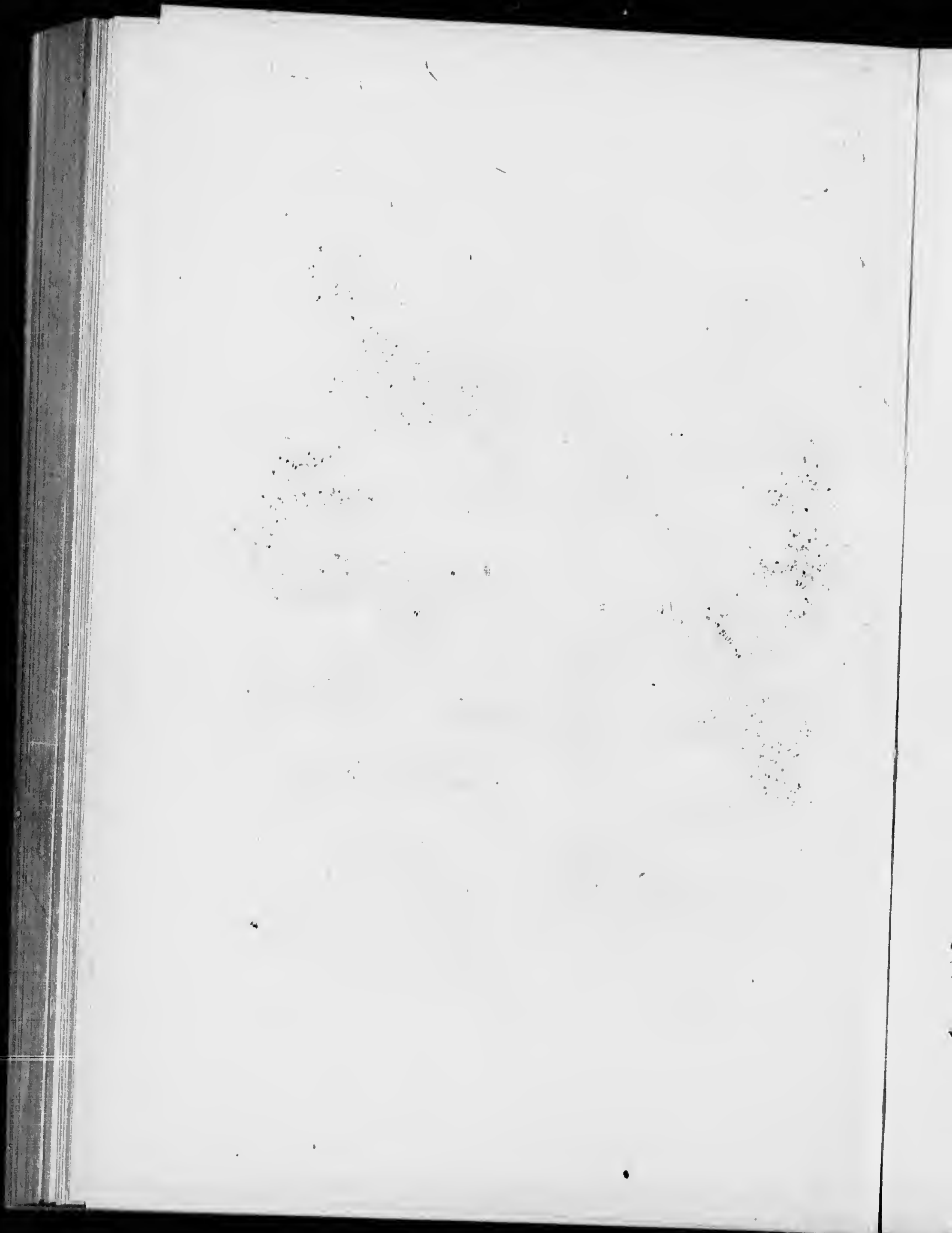
"Or five an' six," she retorted. "Dry's fow cents to huckste's an' po' folks; but ladies and gemmen gen'ly gives all dey can 'ford, 'bout ten cents, I guess."

He paid liberally for the cherries, and we departed.

A peculiar and lovely feature of the scenery is a tall variety of white willow, which I had not seen elsewhere. It grows upright as a Lombard poplar, and almost as tall, but its branches have all the picturesque angularity of the common variety. They stand in rows on the curving banks before the farm houses and buildings, and forming groups in the distance, with the glistening buildings nestling under them, and their reflections thrown down in vertical lines on the water, the effect is charming.

An old frame church standing alone on the banks of the stream can be seen for miles up and down the river, and

CHERRIES



is consequently a decided feature of the locality, just as a single tall mountain will in some districts appear to back up every scene and close every vista within sight of it.

Lower the banks sink, until the arable land disappears in marshy cow pastures, and only occasionally a fisherman's hut finds solid earth enough for itself and the skeleton wheel on which the nets are hung to dry.

Approaching one of these miserable habitations, we saw an old man pushing off from the shore in a dory-looking skiff made of boards. He was bent with age, and handled the paddle feebly with his thin hands. Long white hair streaming from under a little black skull cap, framed his pinched and wrinkled and sallow face.

I remember one starlight night in Boulogne, when, having landed at the Custom House quay from the London tidal boat, there was the usual rush for the railway station. Crossing the new stone bridge I became in some way detached from the hurrying crowd, and ventured to enquire the way—in the best French I could muster—from a blouse clad figure, who approached, smoking, from the opposite direction; "Monsieur, Voulez vous me montrez la gare de la Chemin du Fer du Nord?"

He answered promptly; "Right forninst ye, af ye hadn't shtopped to jabber ye'd be there now!"

I was not more surprised on that occasion than on this morning, when, in answer to our "good morning," the little old man lifted his skull cap politely and answered, "Bon jour Messieurs, Il fait bien ce matin;" and so it did.

We shewed him the fish we had caught that morning with trolling hooks, expecting to surprise him. He regarded

them as a matter of course, and told about some of his own wonderful catches, as fishermen always do.

Further on, the land finally settles out of sight, and the marsh extends indefinitely on both sides. Here and there, a little rise in the distance, capped by a ruined cabin, told the tale of a fruitless experiment in reclaiming these marshy wilds.

The breeze was fresh and steady there, where there was no obstruction, and we scudded along gaily to the music of rippling water under our bows.

It was very quiet; not a sound of human voice or labor reached the ear; only the sighing of wind over whispering rushes, the low bellow of distant frogs, or an occasional 'chip chip' of some startled water hen.

The banks disappeared, and instead only a line of marsh grass and rushes, interspersed with flowering sedges of every hue, buttercups and beds of mallows. The expression of such a landscape would be inexpressably disheartening on a dreary autumn day. But on that brilliant July morning, with the fresh cool breeze on our cheeks, sunlight dancing on the rippled water, and waving in sheeny reflections on the glowing color of wind swept herbage; above all, the wide expanse of cloud-flecked sky, inspired us with such a perfect sense of joyous freedom that the whole party was in the highest spirits.

After a week spent in the narrow, tree-shadowed channel of the upper river, this seemed like an escape from prison. Once, when the first sound of breaking waves on the distant beach reached our ears, Elderkin shouted and waved his cap, and gave vent to his feelings in "A life on the ocean wave." He dropped alongside of the Frolic and told Miss Lawrie how he loved the ocean and yachting, and

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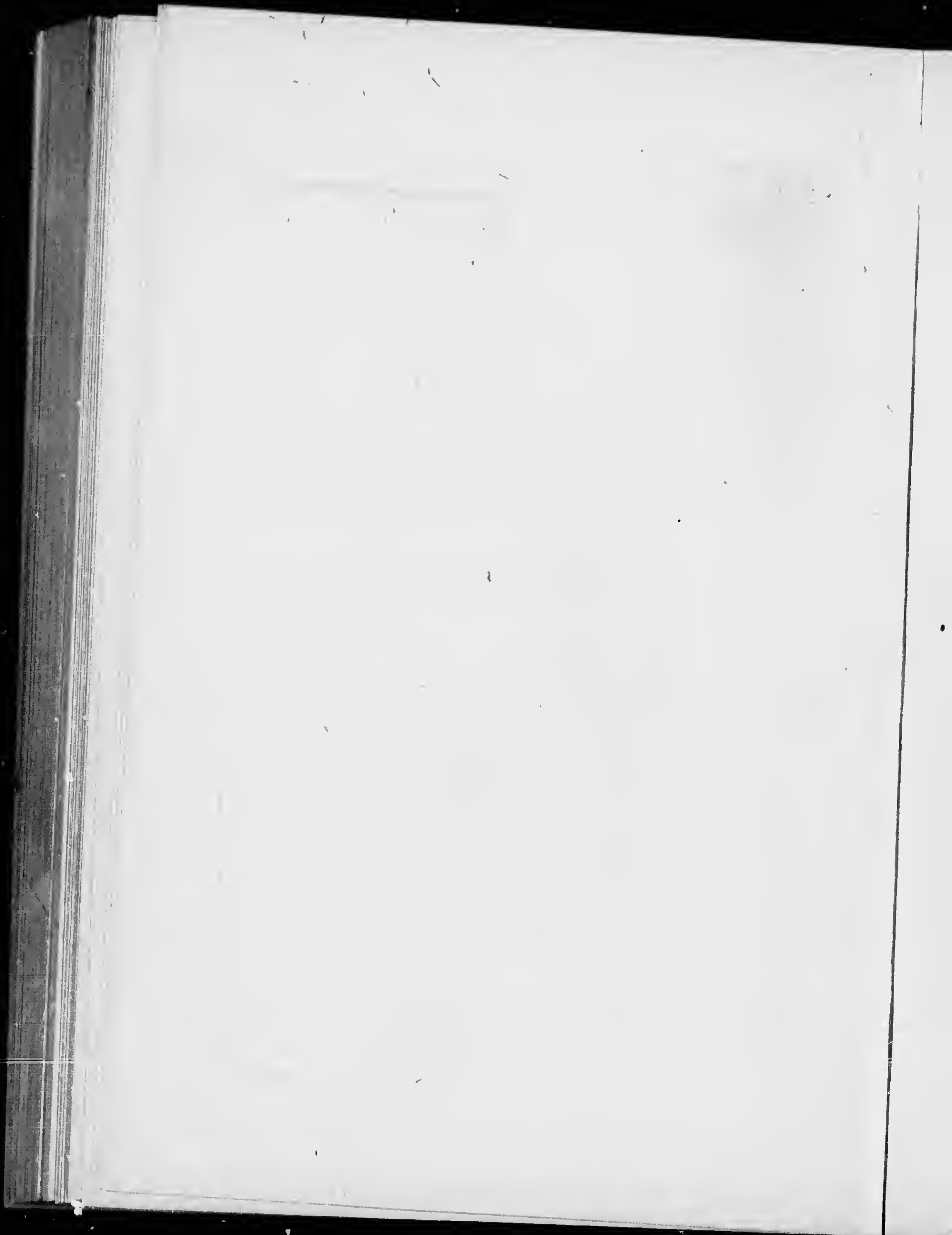

related some tales of terrific squalls and narrow escapes in a voice which might be heard a mile.

He had rigged a sail on the canoe Indian fashion, and the light vessel fairly flew over the water.

Thus we arrived all together at the lighthouse, where a stone-laden barge was moored to the rotton old pier, and the captains of several vessels which lay outside were idling about, waiting for a tug to take them up the river.

They lounged under the shadow of a swinging sail, evidently regarding the new arrival with interest.

"How's the weather outside?" enquired Colonel Lawrie.

"'Twas putty lumpy when I come in just now," answered a brown old man. "That's my brig yonder," pointing to the offing with a look which seemed to demand surprise and admiration.

The Colonel accordingly looked flattered.

"Oh, indeed;" said he, "you are the captain of the brig?"

"Yes; an' part owner. I come off to telegraph for a tug. D'ye see any tugs at Chatham?"

Yes; he remembered two at least.

"It's all right," said the captain. "Where ye bound?"

"Detroit."

"Um! Where you from?"

"London."

"What! In them boats?"

"Just as we are."

The whole crowd of loungers laughed outright.

"Humbug," said the captain.

Just then a dirty, freckled, red-headed boy protruded himself out of the companion way, and said "Dinner!" and the mariners unceremoniously went below.

We took lunch together on the pier, and prepared for departure. Frank was to finish the journey in the Frolic, and Oscar in his canoe, while I should return by rail, taking back the Thirteen. We could see the station from the lighthouse, a little creek winding towards it through the reedy plain.

Frank, indefatigable, was at work again, and the party were waiting for him to finish his sketch.

It was a pencil outline of a bit of local topography—a long line of gleaming water, barred across with wide extended beds of feathery rushes, under a gleaming sky, its edge beaded with a line of dotted trees, seemingly detached from the earth. The foreground was an angle of the crazy old wharf, the freckled faced lad nursing his knees on its edge and looking vacantly out to sea with open mouth, the lout to a dot.

The sailors had gathered around, as idle people always gather about an open air sketcher, and were delighted with the portrait. "Come here, Dan, and see yer picter." shouted the captain of the brig.

Dan came as he was bid, with a sheepish air and a grin of tickled vanity.

"Gosh!" was all he said.

"Get out the man's light," said the captain, noticing that the boy's shadow fell on the paper; "don't you know nothin'? He can't make picters when the sun ain't shinin'."

"I thought he did it with that pencil," said the boy, looking apologetic.

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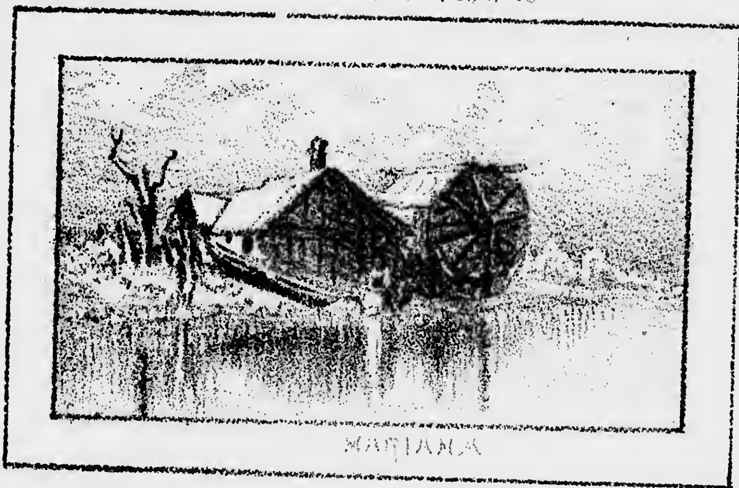

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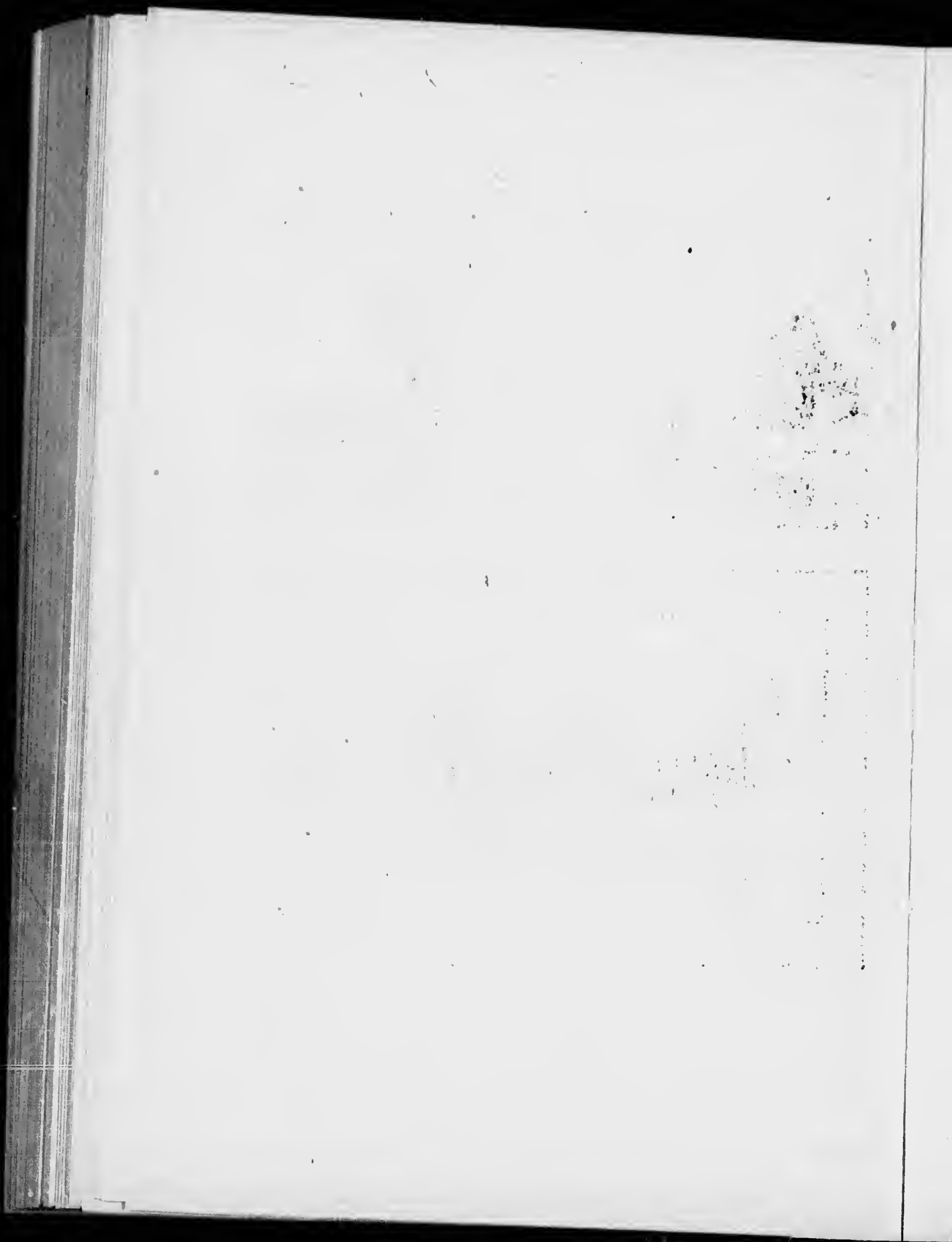

"So he does, but its the sun as makes the picter," explained the captain, believing that he was witnessing the production of the wonderful photograph.

Elderkin was the first to go.

"Professor," said he in parting, "I did not know you a week ago, but it seems now as if we were very old acquaintances."

"I trust we may be so," I replied.

Oscar, I continued, feeling that I owed him some sort of an apology for my part of the contretemps at Thamesville, "I promised you to—er—a——."

"To give me a chance as it were," he interrupted, "Yes, just so."

And I want you to understand that I really tried to do so. It was only by the merest accident——.

"Don't mention it Professor," he interrupted again, "I quite understand, and shall always be grateful for your good intentions. There's another thing I wanted to say myself before we part, if you don't mind, as an old friend of the family. 'There's just as good fish in the sea——.'"

"As ever were caught." I completed the sentence for him, with a hearty grasp of the hand, pleased to see him able to take his disappointment so philosophically.

"Professor," cried the Colonel, from the other end of the pier, "You may as well come to the mouth of the river with us."

It seemed a pleasant thing to do, so I went.

For a half mile further immense beds of rushes extend into the lake, and mark the presence of the bar, which defines the river channel. Long before we reached the end of them, as we rowed leisurely down, the ground swell

became very perceptible, and about the same time Oscar Elderkin came rushing back with sail and paddle.

"What's the matter?" cried two or three at once.

He braced up with an evident effort. "Oh, I remembered an engagement," he said, without looking round. He was pale, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. We were alarmed; and stopped to see him work his way to the wooden pier, climb upon it, and lie down, as if utterly overcome. The sailors gathered round him, and we could hear them jesting and laughing over the invalid.

"Just what I expected," chuckled the Colonel; "that little shell of his was too light, and the motion was too much for him."

"Poor fellow," sighed Mrs. Lawrie, "he seems to be never out of trouble."

"I must bid you good-bye now, my friends," I said. "If we go farther out, I shall not be able to come alongside."

"There is considerable sea on," said the Colonel; "but we are all pretty fair sailors, and if this wind holds we shall be in Detroit river in three hours."

Annie Lawrie, dear child as she had always been to me, gave me her soft little hand, and then laid the other upon it; for she, too, had something to tell me before we parted.

The tale was told in a glance; for a tiny ring, glistening with brilliants, encircled her forefinger, where no ring had been before.

A rosy glow rippled into her cheeks as she looked frankly into my face for the approval which I knew she

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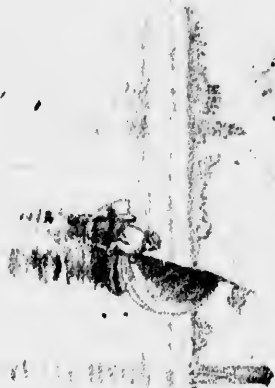

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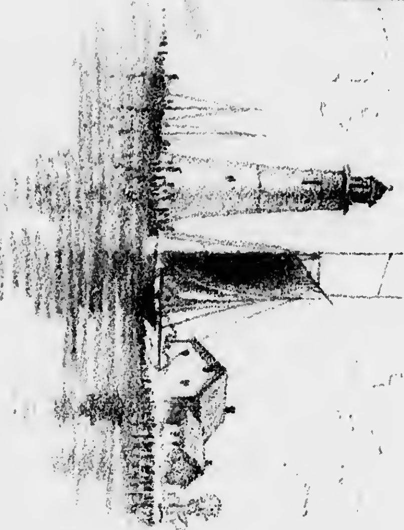

THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES

earnestly desired, and tears sprang into the beautiful brown eyes as I answered their appeal. What could I do but approve? They were both dear to me as my own offspring could have been had fate been kinder to me.

"I am very glad," I said. "Heaven bless you, my children."

A figure in dark blue serge was hoisting the sail; and like a steed which feels the spur, the Frolic careened to the breeze, and sped away into Lake St. Clair.

I followed them out to the end of the rush beds, where the waves were breaking white on the bar, and answered the fluttering cambric until it became a speck in the distance, and the sail disappeared in a glow of sunlit water on the limitless horizon.

APPENDIX.

BUSINESS.

IT is a matter for surprise, that a tour of the Thames should be a novelty to attract widespread attention, and even much incredulous comment. The trip was accomplished with such ease and pleasure, as to demonstrate the availability of the route for a regular summer tour.

Without doubt, the most interesting portion of the river is the forty miles between London and Delaware, embracing the principal rapids, the Wishing Well cascade, and the wild scenery of the Komoka hills. Two or three days may be spent in the journey advantageously, and the boats can be returned from Longwoods station, distant only a few miles from Delaware.

The requisites for camping are few and simple; though if one wish to travel *en Prince,* the capabilities of the route are abundant.

Any kind of boats which can be handled at the portage, may be used, though canoes are preferable, as being more manageable in the rapids.

The 'Number Thirteen' was a light skiff of only thirteen feet in length, and was quite large enough for three persons, and ample baggage and camp equipage. Two or three such parties, travelling together, would find the trip a most enjoyable one; for many hands make light work, and the trouble of making camp and cooking is very little more for a dozen than for two. A tent is not indispensable,

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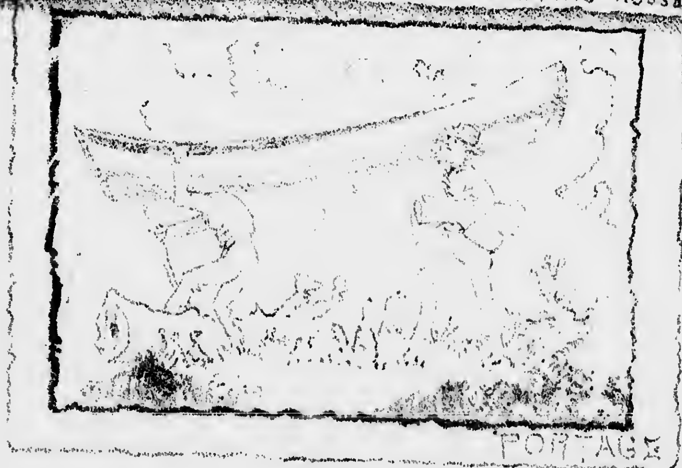

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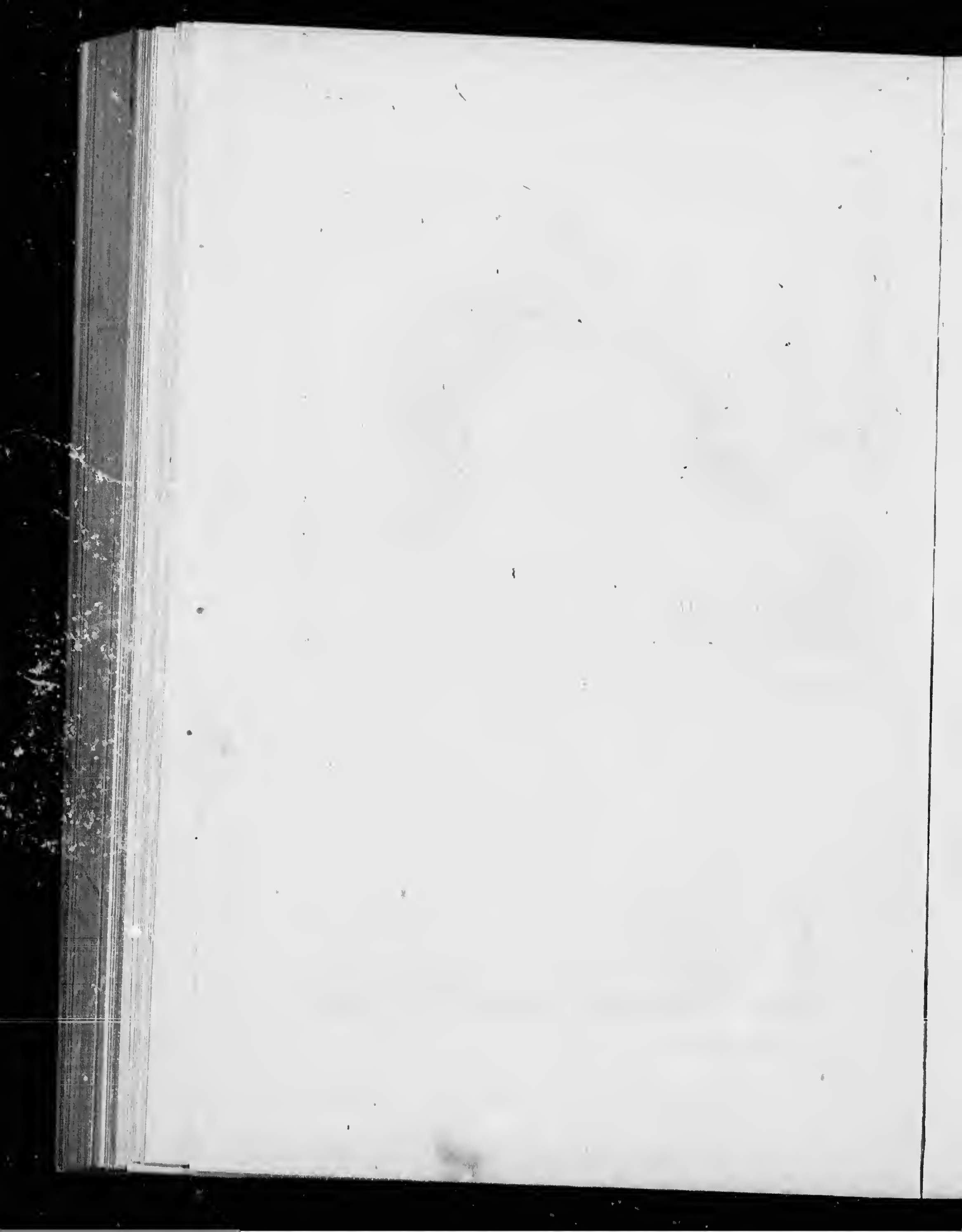

though often very comfortable in stormy weather; a boat turned upside down, makes a capital shelter in an emergency, and will quite answer the purpose, if the party is bent on roughing it.

The trip may be so divided as to avoid the necessity of camping altogether, if the object be merely to get through. For instance: pass the first night at Delaware. To do this, it would be necessary to leave London very early. The distance is about forty miles by the river—a good days work on a clear course; in this case there are many delays and obstructions on the way. Wardsville may be reached for the next night with comparative ease; the distance is about forty miles, but the current is swift, and there are few obstructions.

To Chatham, forty miles further, is an easy stage, with numerous villages on the way. Thence to the lighthouse, where the Thames enters Lake St. Clair, is seventeen miles; or Detroit, forty miles from Chatham, may be reached the same evening.

Such a trip means hard work and endurance. A much shorter division would therefore be advisable if summer comfort is an object.

There is an excellent camp ground opposite the Wishing Well cascade—the most romantic spot on the river—where the first night should be spent if possible. The second camp might be in the neighborhood of the Institution, at Munceytown, before entering the rapids. There are many tempting spots, but springs are rare in that vicinity.

The third night might be passed in the Wardsville region, where it will most likely be found necessary to climb to reach a good camp ground.

Springs are abundant about Thamesville, below rather than above, and there will be no difficulty in finding grassy banks or gravelly flats easy of access.

It should be observed that neither Wardsville nor Thamesville are visible from the river.

The fifth camp should be located on some of the clean, sandy beaches, a few miles above Chatham, or on some of the low pasture lands a few miles below. There are no springs in that region, and it would be advisable to lay in a supply of water during the afternoon, or to camp not too far from a well.

If the journey extends beyond the Thames, the next camp will be on the low, level shore of Lake St. Clair, which is available everywhere, for the water is pure and cool. Thence, an easy stage brings the tourist to the G. W. R. dock at Windsor, where the boats and belongings may be placed in charge of the Company.

A sail is occasionally of use all the way down, but it cannot be relied on for progress until Lewisville is passed, where the banks are low and the river wide.

The most formidable obstacle on the route is the dam of the London Waterworks; it is necessary to make a portage there; for this reason the boat should not be heavier than the party can carry conveniently. The portage is not difficult on the north side. The dam at Byron can be got over without unloading; the one at Cashmere is a little more difficult, though not serious; when the water is high, it will be necessary to make a portage on the south side, the distance is only a few feet, however.

All the serious rapids occur within thirty miles of London; they are often swift and full of boulders, but not

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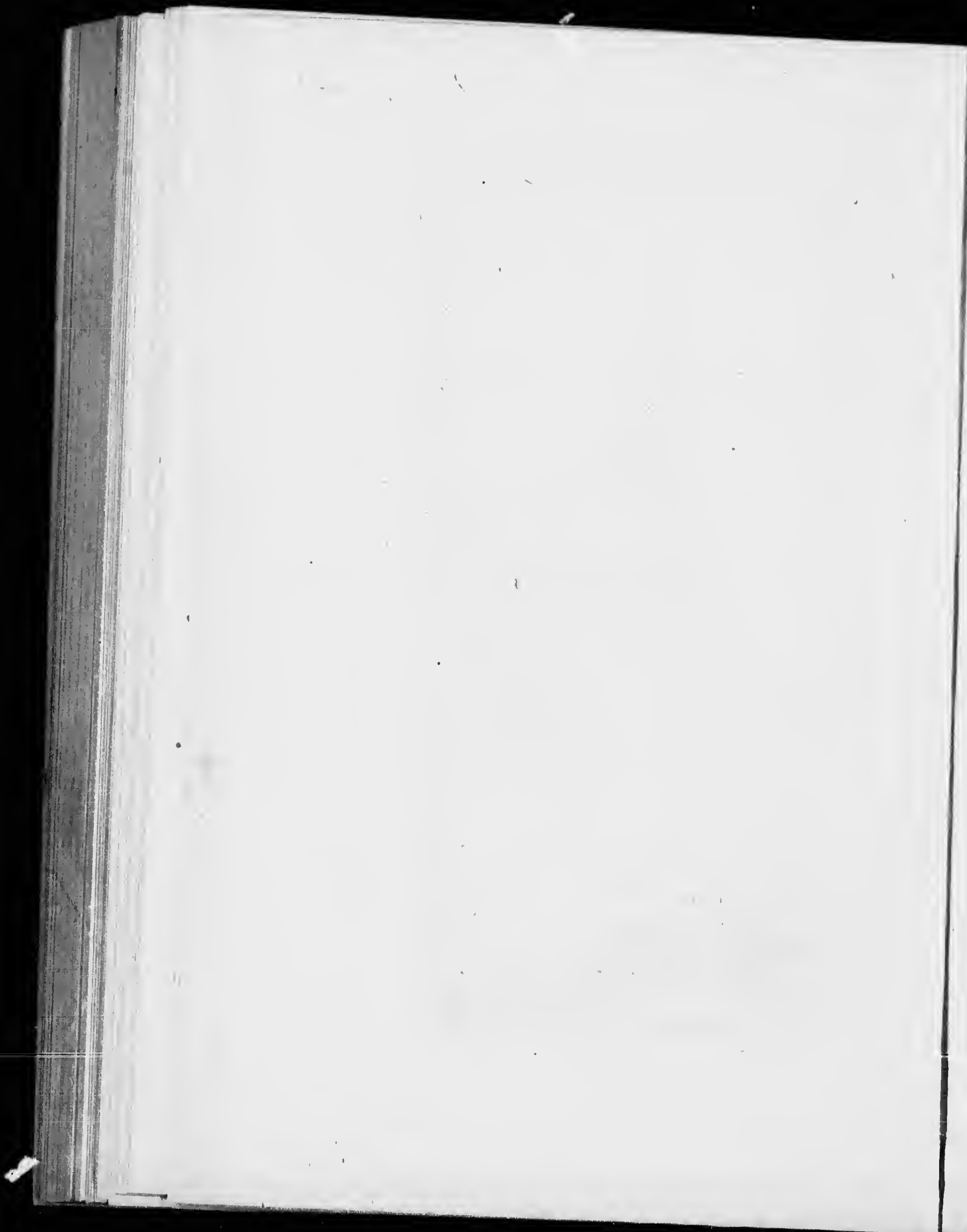

so dangerous as they look. There would probably be sufficient water on them at any time, if the boats are not too heavily laden. Still, an easy passage over the upper river would be more certain earlier in the season or immediately after a rain. If oars are used, the method indicated at page 42 is the best and safest way of getting down. In running down with canoes, the bulk of the load should be stowed well astern, so as to avoid catching on the sunken rocks, and swinging round broadside to the current, an accident which is sure to end with an upset.

Nothing but experience will avail to meet the numerous emergencies which arise in running the rapids; one has need of a keen eye, a brain quick to decide, and a hand prompt to execute.

The only danger—beside the minor ones of smashing the boat or taking an involuntary bath—is that, in case of an upset, of being thrown under some of the huge boulders and held there by the force of the current; the water on the rapids is rarely more than two feet deep, until the danger from this source has been passed.

The commissary department need give little trouble. Fresh provisions can be obtained at any of the villages or at the farms along the route. Fish are so abundant as to soon become a drug. Bass is the favorite game fish above Cashmere; lower down, pike, pickerel, and sturgeon are common enough early in the season. Wild ducks are occasionally met with all the way down, and they are especially plentiful on the flats about the mouth of the river.

Abundance of dry pine and drift wood will be found along the banks and piled against the bridges; a supply should always be secured during the day to start the evening camp fire.

Make small fires when camping in the woods, and be careful to extinguish them thoroughly when leaving. It is necessary to comfort that one should be welcome ; bush fires, a source of great loss and annoyance to owners of land, are generally caused by careless campers.

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