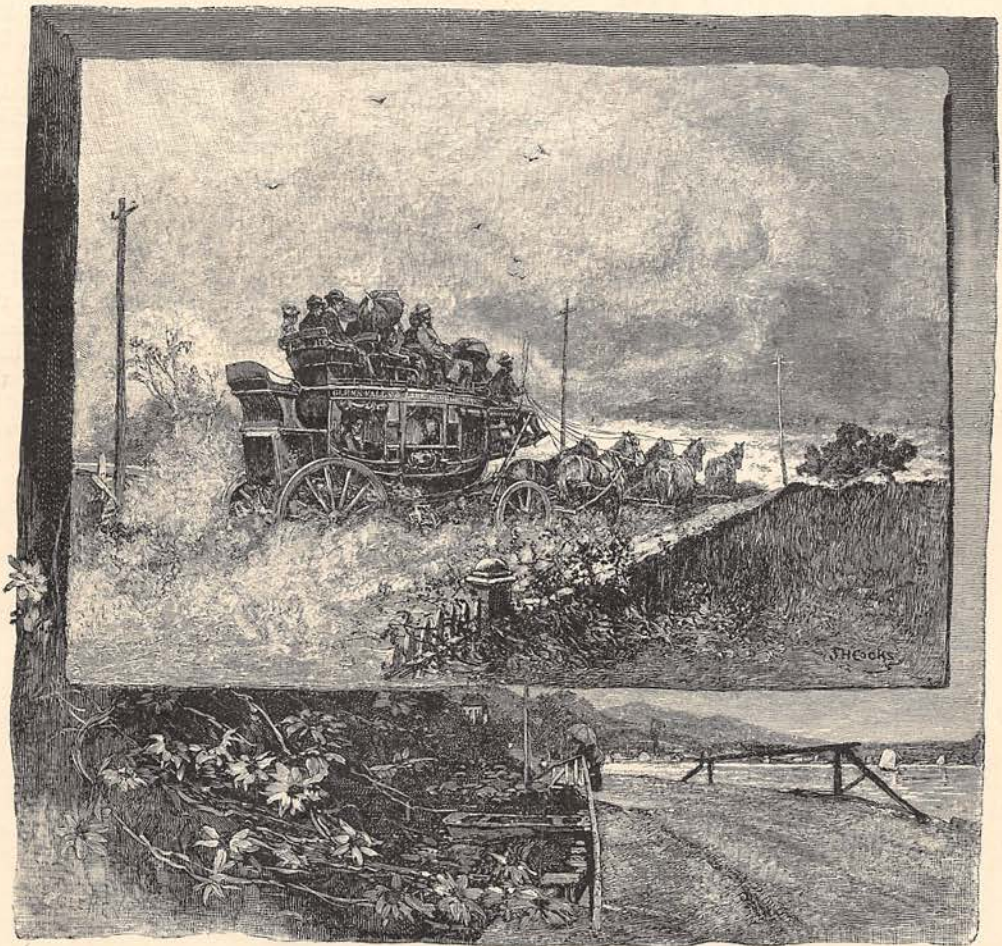


SUMMER DAYS AT LAKE GEORGE.

BY LUCY A. MILLINGTON.



ON THE ROAD TO LAKE GEORGE.

MASTER HARRY HADLEY, aged just fourteen at the time I shall tell you about, was a very genial boy, and had no fear of making the acquaintance of strangers whose appearance pleased him. His sister Anne, two years younger, but almost as tall, went everywhere with him, and shared in all his adventures, without a thought of consequences.

They finally tired of the places they had been in the habit of visiting summer after summer, and, having recently read Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," had succeeded in persuading their mother that, after a brief stay at Saratoga, a visit to Lake George would be an agreeable change for them all.

So it happened that, on a bright summer morning, they found themselves actually at the beginning of their long-anticipated journey, and about to enter the commodious stage drawn up at the door of the hotel. And when a dark, grave-looking stranger, who occupied an outside seat, beckoned to Harry with the air of one who knew the best places, and generally got them, nothing seemed to him more natural than at once to accept so friendly an invitation, in which he also liberally included Anne.

If Mamma made any objections, they were so faint as to be lost in the bustle attending the start, for the next moment the stage was off.

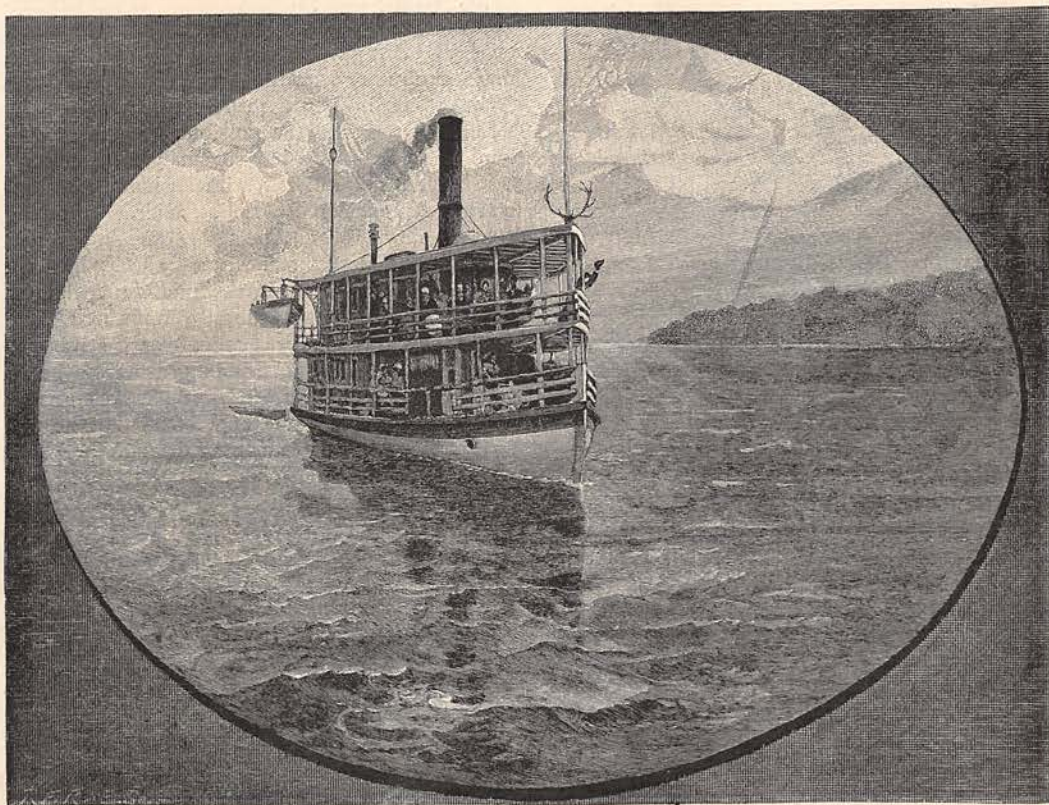
Mamma and her eldest daughter, Marie, settled themselves comfortably inside the coach, content to know that Harry and Anne were at least safely on board, and would need no further care for the present.

It was a perfect summer day. The six shining horses trotting smoothly along the planked road; the light, bounding motion of the coach, the lofty seat whence they could look down complacently on the boys and girls toiling along the sidewalks or roadsides,—all this made Harry's blood tingle with a pleasant excitement.

He sat quite still, however, for he was not given to making a noise when he was pleased; but looked about with an interest sharpened by his keen enjoyment. The swallows darting from low eaves, sparrows in oak thickets, and a kingbird poised on beating wings over a fluttering moth, he

passing over had been used by the armies, that there had often been much fighting along it; and that the block-houses had been built for shelter and protection.

Harry became so interested that he began to make good resolutions about studying colonial history; but he forgot all about them when the stranger beside him asked him if he liked fishing, and pointed out a trout-brook, winding among meadows and thickets. Sometimes it was lost in a green level, and anon hid itself in a small piece of woodland. A miserable little scow, managed by two boys, was coming slowly down the brook, laden with water-lilies. Anne shouted with delight when they threw her a handful. She could not find a penny to throw to the boys, for her purse was at the bottom of a pocket very much like Harry's, full of all sorts of things accumulated in



THE STEAMER "GANOUSKIE."

merely pointed out to Anne. Looking back, he saw distant purple mountains, which their new acquaintance told them were the long, outlying ranges of the Green Mountains. Then Anne remembered having read that, during the French and Indian wars, this very road which they were

their travels. However, that did not matter, for the stranger threw down some small change. "Evidently," thought Harry, "he carries his pennies loose in his pockets."

Then they wound along hill-sides shaded by huge chestnut-trees, whose little fuzzy burs began

to peep from among the green leaves. The hills beyond were high and covered with dark woods. Anne wondered if there were not bears in those woods.

"Very likely," said the stranger; "bears are very fond of chestnuts and acorns."

"Have you ever seen a bear loose in the woods?" inquired Harry.

"Once or twice—yes, twice," said the stranger, meditatively.

Harry took a good look at him for the first time. He was a handsome man, with dark eyes and dark skin, almost like an Indian's, but his hair and beard were fine and smooth. Anne could not help noticing his brown hands, with clean nails, and the "useful" look they had—not at all like most gentlemen's hands; but he seemed in no hurry to tell them about the bears.

"Did you see them here?" asked Harry.

"Oh, no—a long way off in the mountains. We were hunting deer, and our supper depended on our success. I was not anxious to see a bear, because I had become tired of eating bear-steak, and we were wishing for a change. I waited for a deer to pass me, for the dogs had started one; but they had started a bear also. Well, when I heard the small cedar-trees rustle, I thought a deer was coming, and took up my gun; but after waiting a long time, a huge black paw was put out from among the branches, and slowly waved, as though beckoning me to come forward. It was so like a great rough hand that I shuddered. Then there was a silence. I took steady aim, and fired where I had seen the paw. Something or somebody cried 'Oh!' in a deep voice, and a heavy body plunged off the rocks, and fell with a scramble and a crash down the hill. I was so sure that I had shot one of my men that I threw down my gun and ran forward, calling out, 'Who are you? Oh, tell me who it is!' A howl that was more dreadful than any thing I ever heard before or since answered me. I had only my knife, but I knew that my shot would call in the rest of my men, if they were near me. I could hear the bear crashing about in the close thicket. It seemed an age, but it could not have been five minutes, before I had regained my rifle and faced the bear as it scrambled up the rocks. As its breast rose over the hill I fired, and it fell back, dead."

Harry's cheeks tingled, and he panted softly, looking into the dark eyes before him.

"Was it a very large bear?" asked Anne.

"Very large," said the stranger, "and we had to eat it, for there was no deer killed that day."

"Oh," said Harry, "I wish I had been with you!"

"To eat bear-meat?" laughed the man. Then

he pointed out to them a bit of blue like the sky, which he said was Lake George. They rolled down the long, sloping embankment of the sliding sand-hill, with its bank swallows wheeling in circles overhead, and then through the pines, and across to the hotel—a thing Harry and Anne cared very little about, and that little only for the supper and the rest, before the glad to-morrow in which they should see the old fort and the scene of the massacre of the unfortunate prisoners by their savage conquerors.

About nine o'clock next morning, Harry and Anne came out of the woods, and climbed the grassy mound that covers what was once Fort George. They had walked slowly across the rough lime-rocks, trying to trace in the confused heaps of broken stone the lines of defense and the fire-places of the log-barracks which once stood there. Harry had grown eloquent in his descriptions, for he knew that he had an admiring audience, and that gave him a sense of freedom which made him rather reckless as to numbers and dates. After a time he began to be speculative, and he seriously questioned the possibility of three thousand men getting inside so small an inclosure. The bit of wall still left, with its half-closed embrasure, he considered a trifling affair. Tramping up and down over the short, fine grass that covered the piles of stones and mortar, he went too near the edge, and, in the midst of a flourish of sneers and gesticulations, disappeared from Anne's admiring eyes, as suddenly as if some hidden savage had extended a long arm from below and pulled him down. Indeed, it was several seconds before she quite understood that he was gone. Then her screams rang through the woods and echoed along the rocky mountain-sides, peal after peal, as, more than a hundred years before, the screams of the helpless prisoners had waked the echoes on the day of the massacre. She dared not look down, though the fall was not great, for she did not doubt that Harry was killed. So she stood with clenched hands, crying loudly in a way that Harry despised and had often scolded her for, when two strong brown hands clutched her arms, and she felt herself swung into the air and carried swiftly along the mound and down the broken rocks below the wall.

Five minutes later, she was laughing through her tears to see the mortified look on Harry's face when he opened his eyes and beheld the grave countenance of their companion of the day before.

Presently, Anne brought some water in Harry's folding cup, and he sat up as well as ever, but with a monstrous bump on his forehead where he had indented the turf, as their new acquaintance smilingly showed them.

"Now," said Harry, "I am Harry Hadley, and this is my sister Anne——"

"And I," said the gentleman, interrupting him, "I am the Old Man of the Mountains, and if you want to address me by a commoner name, you may call me John Jones. Suppose you call me John, and let us shake hands and swear eternal friendship."

"I don't mind if I do," said Harry; "and if you are going to the mountains again soon, I wish you would persuade Mamma to let me go too. I don't care sixpence for school, and I'd rather be a good hunter than any thing I can think of."

"Oh, but I am not a hunter," said John, "and I went to school for many years before I visited the mountains. I should like to have you go with me, but you would not be happy yourself, or help me, until you had a good education. The more you learn, the more you will enjoy the woods; so, my boy, stick to school and be a brave man. Just now, you and I and sister Anne are having a play-spell, so let us enjoy it. Come, if you feel like walking, we will go back to the place you came from in such a hurry, and I will tell you something about this old fort."

So they climbed the mound, and John took them about, and showed them what the shape of the fort had been before it was blown up, and how easily the Frenchmen had taken it by planting guns on a height, and shooting into the inside instead of the outside of the inclosure.

You can read the whole story in any good Colonial History.

Harry, kicking carelessly about in a heap of rubbish dislodged by recent rains, had unearthed a round ball of rusty iron—an old grape-shot, which made him very happy, but not more happy than Anne, who picked up a bit of glazed ware as large as a penny. Nothing but the persuasion of their new friend kept them both from digging with might and main for more relics.

John led them down across the rocks, among the pines and thorn-bushes, to the lake, and then he gathered some waxy white callas and arrow-leaves to put with Anne's harebells. It was very late before they thought of dinner—so late that Mamma and sister Marie began to feel uneasy, and were looking out for them, when they came up from the lake along the road shaded by pines.

It did not add to Mamma's pleasure to observe that the children were accompanied by a stranger, a dark man whom she took to be a foreigner; and, moreover, that both the young people were evidently charmed with him.

However, Mrs. Hadley forebore spoiling their enjoyment by reproofing them, but after dinner she went down and bought tickets for passage on the

"Ganouskie" to French Point the next day. When the young folks heard of it, Anne tried to console Harry by reminding him that the steam-boat ride must be delightful, and then there was the whole afternoon still left for a row.

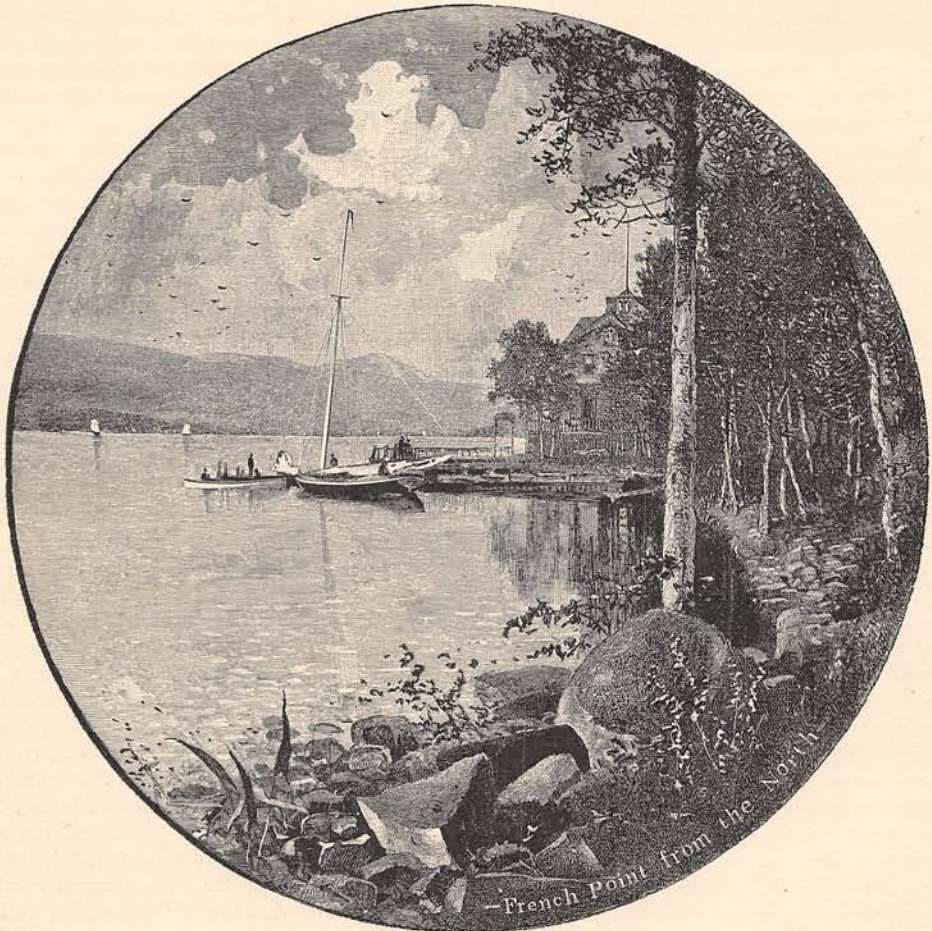
Harry had learned to row well, so that his mother readily gave her consent to his taking Anne for a ride on the lake. They had not long been on the water before they discovered Mr. Jones at a little distance in a pretty boat. Though they did not speak to him, he presently rowed near them, and kindly showed Harry where to land on one of the little islands. They were very much puzzled by his proceedings. He rowed up and down, and looked through a telescope at the mountains for a long time, first from one point, then from another. When they left the lake he was still lying down in his boat, with the long glass resting across the side.

When Mamma took Harry and Anne on board the "Ganouskie" the next morning, she looked all about the boat and the dock for the dark man, but he was nowhere in sight; so she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the beautiful blue sky, with its great, fleecy, piled-up banks of white clouds, that were so perfectly reflected in the lake as to seem another sky below. Even the ripple made by the boat when under way did not spread far or fast enough to break the picture, and rocks, trees, and mountains all floated in doubles along the shore. Little steamers, with gay parties on board, trailed lines of light from point to point, and canoes and yawls, holding specks of dazzling scarlet, blue, and white, flitted about like some strange species of water-beetles. Anne was in ecstasies, and even sister Marie forgot her fine complexion, and let the sun and the wind kiss her pink cheeks. Harry was having a splendid time watching the boys out on the water.

So Harry watched the boats, and let the shores, with their glimpses of houses embowered in trees, stretches of woods along the water, and bits of green meadow-land, slip by him unobserved. When he saw a boy about his own age hauling in fish, he could hardly keep from clapping his hands.

Often, the little boats lay so near that he could look down into them as they danced about in the swell the "Ganouskie" made, and the little steamers puffing away so spitefully bobbed about in such a merry way that Mamma and the children laughed to see them.

But there are other ways of traveling than by steamer, for here, some miles up the lake, pulling easily along in a pale green tinted boat, built as long and slim as a trout, was Mr. Jones himself. He turned his dark face toward them, and nodded smilingly to both Anne and her brother. Harry



FRENCH POINT FROM THE NORTH.

became thoughtful as he watched him. Of all ways of traveling, he decided he should prefer canoeing. It cuts one off from the rest of the world—at least, that part of it which travels in cars and steam-boats. "Everybody goes this way," said Harry to Anne, as he confided to her his preference for small boats; "but to row about wherever you like, to sleep in your boat, and to cook and eat in it, would be glorious. I say, Anne, you and I will go off together that way, some day."

Anne was sure she should like it if Harry did.

After seeing Mr. Jones, Harry began to be interested in the places where the boat made landings. He could not help being amused by the troops of children at every little pier. Some were busy with rods and lines, and one party of boys had a splendid water-spaniel that plunged in and brought back to shore whatever they threw to him, till one boy pulled off his shoe, and tossed it out, crying, "Take it, Charley!" But before Charley could

reach it, the shoe turned around once and sank out of sight, to the great amusement of the boys, who made the hills ring with their shrill laughter. Before the boat left, Harry saw the boy hobbling up to the house with but one shoe on, for they had not been able to make the dog understand that he was expected to dive for the one tossed out to him.

The pretty pavilion standing on the bank of the lake, within the line of tall trees, with groups of ladies in delicately tinted dresses standing about or sitting on the grassy banks, shone down on the water like some fairy picture. Harry was mainly interested in the name, "Trout Pavilion," for once or twice in his life he had done a little trout-fishing—enough, however, to make him wish for more. He thought of the beautiful rod and the flies that were packed in his trunk, and the pride and pleasure he had had in buying them. He did not quite understand whether trout were to be looked for in the lake or in the brooks, and he

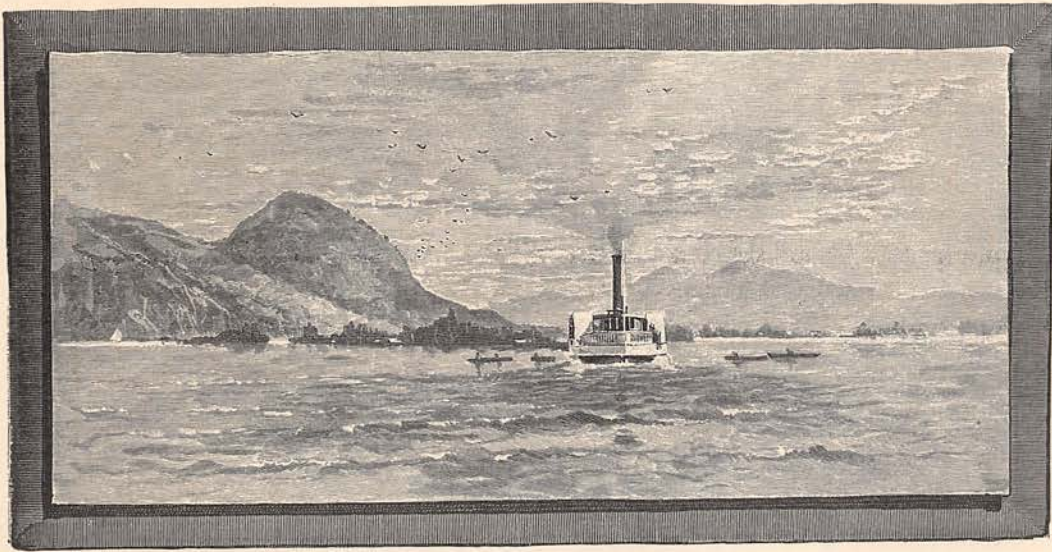
would not have asked about it for the world; but he resolved to try the lake on the first opportunity.

Anne tried hard to interest him in the beautiful scenery, but just now he could think only of good places to fish from. Shelving Rock, stretching out along the lake, looked like good fishing-ground, and he rather wondered at seeing so many people fishing from boats.

The shores were dotted with tents and tiny cottages, that seemed to swarm with people. Their flags looked like blossoms among the leaves. Boats darted in and out of every nook in the rocky shores, and from among the islands that were covered with trembling poplars and fragrant cedars. They swarmed along the steamer's track, and were supplied with ice, milk, fish, bread, and mail-matter by the boat-steward. The steamer's whistle was

summer. The stony desert of the city streets, the methodical school-drill, the constraint within known lines of city life had drifted so far into the past that they seemed to them both but a vague, hazy memory compared with the present, vivid with sunshine, sweet airs from evergreen woods, and the sheen of crystal water.

After dinner, which proved a pleasant occasion, as Mamma liked her rooms, and the children were in high spirits, Harry fished his rod out of his trunk, and, with Anne's help, arranged his lines for use. Just then, he was struck with a sudden pang of remorse. It had not occurred to him before, but he remembered that a good many of the boats he had seen held boys, no older than himself, who had young girls fishing with them—evidently brothers and sisters.



SHELVING ROCK.

blown every few minutes, and it was generally the signal for some boat that lay in waiting somewhere near. Young girls in gay flannel dresses, or boys with bare legs and arms and the broadest of hats, brought the letters and empty milk-cans from their camp. There were small cannon mounted on a hillock on the shore, and the girls fired a salute as the boat passed. It seemed a general holiday. Everything and everybody was enjoying the golden summer days. Even the leaves on the trees seemed to rustle happily on their stems, and the little puffs of wind that roughened long streaks of the silvery lake and made them look a steely blue, wandered aimlessly about, as if in the general enjoyment they too had a share. Long before they reached French Point, Harry and Anne had entered into the very spirit of a Lake George

“Anne,” said he, “I must go down into the office; I won't be gone five minutes.”

He came back silent and preoccupied. He could send an order to town for fishing-tackle, but could not get it until the next day, and he was determined to try the lake early in the morning.

After the tackle, he must secure his boat; so he took Anne to the wharf, and they climbed in and out of every one, tried the seats, and inspected the oars carefully.

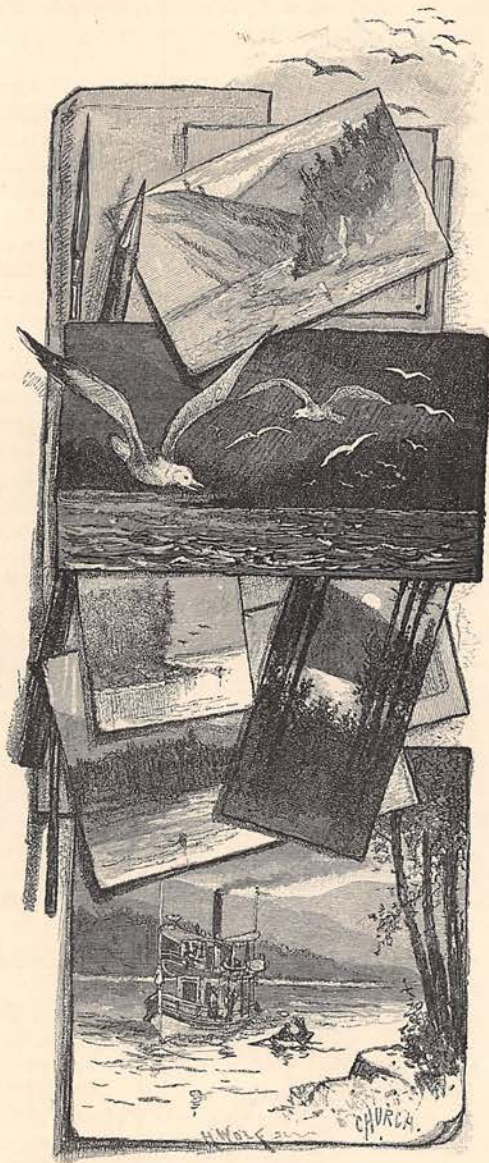
One of the boys playing about on the beach came and looked at them with a knowing smirk on his sunburnt face. Seeing Harry pause at a boat with a rather broad stern-seat, with the name “Fred” painted above it, he could not restrain himself, but burst out:

“Oh, I would n't take that, if I were you. I took

it once because *my* name 's Fred; but it hangs back so in the water that it is very hard to row."

"What ails it?" asked Harry.

"I don't know, I'm sure, but the man said it



GLIMPSSES ALONG THE LAKE.

'hogged'; whatever that means I can't say, but I know it seems as if it touched bottom all the time."

"Have you a boat?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, that one with the pink-tipped oars is mine. It is the 'Anne.'"

"Oh," said Harry, "I should like that. That

is my sister's name," and he looked at Anne, who blushed when Fred took off his rather rusty straw hat and made her a bow.

"You might have it if Papa had not taken it for the month; but there are others just as good. Pick out one, and enter your name for it, and then I should like to have you and your sister try mine. I'm going fishing over toward the other shore."

Harry looked the boats over once more, and finally took the one Anne liked best. It was named the "Susan," to which some school-boy had added a "Jane" in straggling red chalk letters, so that it read "Susan Jane." Harry and Fred laughed at it, but Anne tried to wipe it off with her handkerchief.

"No use, Miss Anne," said Fred. "I've seen it tried before, and it wont come off."

"What do you catch the most of?" asked Harry, as though he had but to choose the fish he wished for, and catch them.

"Perch mostly, and sometimes bass and pickerel. It is the best time in the season for pouts, too; but they are ugly things to handle, though they are nice eating. I'll get my bait now and take you over, if you will go."

"Very well; I will see about the boats first."

Harry was ashamed to say, "I will ask my mother," for he felt himself at the age of fourteen very tall and old, and he thought he ought to be able to go fishing without asking permission. However, his sense of honor was his strongest trait, and he went at once and told his mother about the boat and the invitation. Anne, with a keener instinct as to what her mother would most approve, enlarged somewhat on Fred's good manners, and the result was a cordial permission to go fishing with his new friend.

When they got down to the boat, Harry found that some cushions and three kettles of bait had been put in, and he remembered with some chagrin that poor Anne had no tackle. He had not thought, when at home, of a girl fishing; but here the girls had as many privileges as their brothers, and he was ashamed of his carelessness. He was resolved, too, that Anne should have a nice dark flannel dress, so that she could go about without trembling for her skirts and sister Marie's reproof for a stain or a water-splash.

Fred then rowed them over quickly to his fishing-ground.

Harry was a long time in getting out his rod, in order to see what Fred would do; then he followed him as nearly as possible in all things. Anne watched their floats and the neighboring boats till she singled out a pale green one that seemed to be getting all the fish. It made her nervous to see Harry's fingers pricked till they bled

by the two or three pouts that he caught, but with Fred's help he presently learned to unhook them more skillfully. Still, they were not getting many fish, and Fred put them nearer the green boat, in which they found their friend Mr. Jones. He was glad to see them, shook hands cordially, and inquired after Harry's head. Five minutes later, Anne found herself in the green boat, dropping a coil of line into the water, under Mr. Jones's instruction. Anne had never fished before, and she needed all her life-long habits of prompt obedience to keep her from rising in the boat and becoming wildly excited when an active fish ran away with her line. It darted madly about, now on this side, then on that, shooting off like an arrow, flinging itself at last quite out of the water, before she lifted it over the side of the boat, doing it all at Mr. Jones's quiet dictation.

"Hurrah for Anne!" shouted Harry and his friend, and they pulled over to inspect the prize.

Harry's elation knew no bounds when he found that it was a trout, and a heavy one at that. Mr. Jones thought it would weigh five pounds, and he complimented Anne on her coolness and skill.

Poor Anne! Her hands certainly trembled very much, and she wondered more and more how she ever got the fish into the boat. Harry and Fred did not waste much time talking about it, but hurried their lines over the side, and waited impatiently for the almost imperceptible signal from below that a fish was taking the bait.

Twice Fred lost a fish, and then caught a small trout. Anne caught nothing more, and Harry

in the bottom of the boat, and he could feast his eyes on it and wish that his father was there to see it. So much absorbed was he, that he did not see nor hear another boat coming up with them, until its inmate exclaimed, "My! but that's a bouncer!" And Anne cried out in unselfish glee, "Hurrah! Harry has beaten me."

Then the happy young people came back to the Point, for Fred enjoyed their success almost as much as if it had been his own. Next came the exhibition to Mamma and sister Marie, and the triumphal procession to the kitchen to hand the fish over to cook to be weighed and dressed, so that they might have them for tea and breakfast.

In the meantime, Mamma had discovered that she knew of Fred's family. They were the Lelands, of Fairton, and she told Harry to send Mr. and Mrs. Leland a plate of fish from their own table, which led to further acquaintance and much pleasure for Anne and the two boys.

Anne told her mother that her fish was caught from Mr. Jones's boat, and with his tackle. She at first seemed to be somewhat vexed that Anne should have allowed herself to be indebted for so much attention to a perfect stranger; but when she learned that Mr. Jones was staying at a neighboring hotel, she made no further remark.

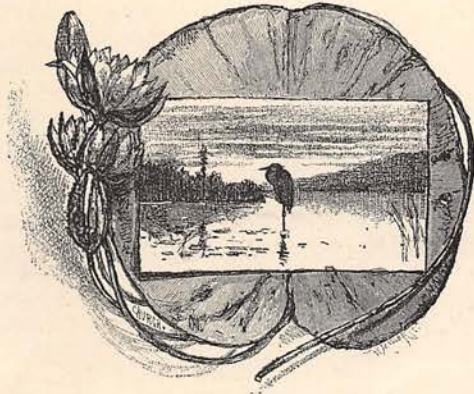
The next morning, Fred and Harry got up early and went out to catch pouts. The sun had not risen, and the great mountains that nestle so closely on all sides of the beautiful lake wore the loveliest garbs of purple and gold. Light scarfs of lace-like mist floated across their tops. The wood-duck led out her brood in the shadows of the rocks, and the great northern diver called his mate in the far-off, plaintive voice that, once heard, can never be forgotten. The lake lay still before them, black in shadow, streaked with steely blue where the brightening sky was reflected on the placid water. The two boys laid down their oars when they reached their fishing-ground, and sat a moment silent, looking and listening.

"This is glorious," said Harry at last. "I wish it would last forever."

"So do I," said Fred; "I would fish every day."

The word fish recalled them to the business of the morning, and they drew their boats away from each other and put out their lines.

In the meantime, Anne, who was awakened by Harry's going out, had risen and dressed, and went out to look at the sky and the mountains. She could see the boats and the flash of water from the oars, as they rose and fell. A bittern in some moist hollow near by called to his mate, and the kingfisher's clanging cry came from some tall old trees beside the lake. A bustling robin, that had already given its brood their breakfast, came



began to feel hot and flurried over his lack of success, when the signal came so suddenly as to almost upset his usual calmness.

"Go slow, or you'll lose him!" Fred shouted.

It seemed a long time to Harry, but a delicious time, too, before his fish lay glistening before him

down in the grass on the lawn for a bath, and fluttered its feathers, and rolled about in the dew, until it was thoroughly wet; then flew up and began to dry itself, with many cunning motions and twirling of rustling wings. The swallows flew in and out of the barn, squeaking and twittering, and sweeping over the trees and down on the lake, dipping here and there a wing, and then whirling back again, until Anne forgot, in watching them, that she lived in a world where breakfasts and dinners were occasions which well-behaved young people were expected to remember.

Several happy days had gone by, when Mrs. Hadley and the children were invited by the Lelands to share in a picnic at the Narrows. They had hired a large sail-boat, and would land somewhere and have lunch. Fred and Harry could tie their boats behind if they wished, and then row about when they reached the picnic ground. The weather was hot, but when once fairly upon the water the breeze that wafted them smoothly along made a delicious coolness in the air. The lake was alive with saucy little steamers, sail and row boats, their gay bunting and the brilliant-colored dresses of their occupants shining in the sun. The mountains in the distance were faintly tinged with purple, while the nearer rocks glowed in blended hues of russet and gold.

The young people were happy. They sang and whistled to the birds, they clapped their hands, hurrahed, and waved their handkerchiefs by way of returning the salutes of the camps they passed.

dodging in and out of all sorts of queer places, sometimes so close to the shore that they could look into pleasant camps and see bits of country roads, where carriages, toiling over the rocks or through the sand, made their own easy sailing-boat seem more delightful, until they reached a spot which seemed to be the very place for their picnic.

The two boys carried the party ashore in their small boats. They brought out the baskets, gathered sticks for their gypsy fire, and then went down to the beach to hunt for periwinkles and to catch crickets for bait.

Harry called them to dinner with a fish-horn. It was the merriest dinner they had ever eaten, and though they had laughed until they were tired, they none the less enjoyed the sail back to the hotel above, where they were to join another party going to French Point.

Every wind that blew was favorable, and almost too soon they swept up to the place where their boat was waiting for them. It was a small steamer, and had been whistling frantically for some minutes. They threw a line on board the Lelands' boat, and away they went across the lake. Sailing was well enough, but being towed was a new experience, and Fred enjoyed it to the utmost; and when they had nearly reached the other shore, he wished to have Harry and Anne sit near him.

As Harry was helping Anne over, he tripped on a rope, and in falling gave her such a pull that they both fell head foremost into the dark water. Their mother's cry of distress hardly quivered on the air

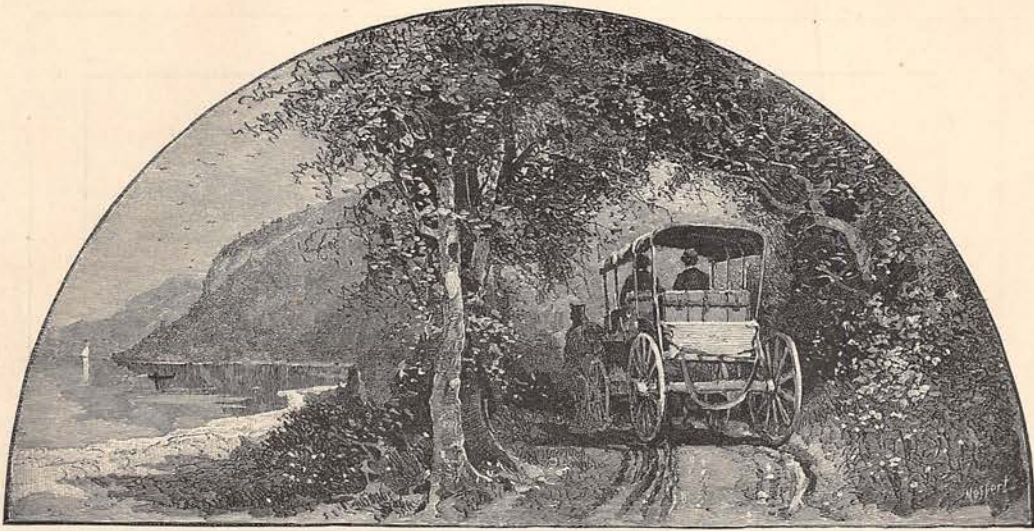


SAILING ON LAKE GEORGE.

The little steamers whistled to them, and everybody appeared to be glad with everybody else.

The sail was so delightful that the young people begged for more, and the boat went on up toward Shelving Rock, creeping between the islands, and

before there was a splash from the steamer. Somebody had gone over after them. Fred jumped into his boat, and some one cast him loose, while the steamer turned slowly about and lay head on, ready to go in any direction. All eyes were turned toward



A ROAD-WAY BY THE LAKE.

the bubbling wake of the "Water Witch" to see the children rise.

Anne appeared first. Fred rowed with might and main to reach her, and the swimmer beat the water with strong arms. Just as poor Harry came up, groping about for her with both hands while he gasped for breath, she sank out of sight again.

Fred forged ahead, and, hooking his feet under a stationary seat, lay far over the side, waiting breathlessly for the child to come in sight. In the meantime the swimmer had reached Harry, and was supporting him until he could take breath, while gasping over and over: "I tried to find her—I tried so hard to find her!"

The poor mother moaned, and wrung her hands, not daring to look on. If she had, she would have seen Fred lean suddenly far out and plunge his head and arms into the water, rising again with Anne's pretty, white face close to his. As he afterward told Harry privately, it was like something done in a dream. He had clutched her dress, and then had grasped both arms.

Fred was able to hold his precious burden until Harry and his preserver came and lifted her into the boat, into which they also climbed, and rowed away with all their might to the hotel at the Point, not far off, while the rest of the party came on behind as fast as possible.

Blankets and hot-water bottles were hurried out, and before very long Anne opened her eyes upon a rather misty scene. Unknown faces peered at her through the mist, and hollow voices sounded in her ears; but presently all faded slowly out of sight and hearing, and she had a little sleep.

As soon as it was possible to take Anne away from Harry, he was sent to his room to change his wet clothes. He would not consent to leave her until he was assured that she was alive and would soon be all right. By the time he had got on some dry clothes, Fred came to the door with his father and Mr. Jones, and Harry discovered that his rescuer was no other than his friend of the fort. They clasped hands with an earnest look into each other's eyes. Fred had a sudden call to the window, and Mr. Leland said smilingly: "Harry, you seem to know this gentleman. I'm glad you have found him out, for I have known him a long time. We knew each other when we were boys, like you and Fred. We went to college together, and almost every summer we meet here at Lake George."

Mamma and sister Marie stepped forward and heartily thanked the stranger for his noble kindness to them, to which he replied with a blush that showed even through his tanned cheek; and then honest, cordial little Anne ran up to him and threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming: "Dear John Jones, I think you are just splendid!" at which everybody laughed, especially Mr. Leland, who, as they went out of the door together, patted his friend's shoulder, and said smilingly: "*John Jones*, indeed! Since when has my old chum, Rob Hamilton, become John Jones?"

I should like to tell you more about this pleasant summer trip, but must content myself with saying that all the rest of the days at Lake George were golden days, that made their lives brighter and happier, and the very memory of them filled the winter with sunshine.