fore I could get in a blow. Swaying and
straining, we wrestled, and I put forth all my
strength to throw him, but he withstood me like
a wall, and then slowly bent me backward.
Back, back to my knees he forced me, and
then we stopped braced up by a tree. His
hands sought my throat. I lost all hope, and
looking into the bright fierce eyes so close to
mine, I tried to pray to God. But suddenly,
as I gazed steadfastly into his eyes, resolved
to look my foe in the face to the last, what did
I see? Surely there was nothing familiar in
that low, broad forehead and the features,
scarcely distinguishable under that long beard.
But in those eyes, in their peculiar color and
glitter,—that brought to my mind the lumber
camp of years gone by and Jacques Ladousac.
I felt his hands close round my neck, and I
cried despairing, "Jacques! Jacques Ladou-
sac!"

He let me go and staggered back, pressing
his hand to his forehead. I rose to my feet,
and saw the look in the eyes soften; then with
a wild cry he rushed away into the woods.
And I was saved! saved! Never before
had I been so near death, with the grasp of
that wild man on my throat and his face so
close to mine. Saved by a recollection, a sud-
den memory, causing in the mind of the mad
man who knows what old memories to spring
up, and softening him by the mention of his
name.

The Merrimack Circuit.

"BUDGY! O Budgy! five o'clock! Star-
bowline!" This exclamation bursts upon
the tired and sleepy canoeist with anything but
a pleasing sensation; however, he stretches his
arms two inches beyond their natural limit and
arises, giving vent to a most startling yawn.
A cup of cocoa is soon steaming before the
caller and callee, and a lunch is partaken of,
which, though light, serves to raise their spirits
a point or two. By 5.30 A. M. all is ready,
and each paddler takes his seat for a brisk
thrash to windward.

From City Point a straight course is made
for Charles River; and after backing, turning,
and sheering, to avoid tugs and steamers, and
paddling in the teeth of a brisk northwest wind,
the Navy Yard is reached. A short rest is
taken, which short respite brings back wind
and muscle, so the regular dip of the blades
does not again cease until the Harvard Boat-
house is reached.

After waiting an hour and a half the Peter-
borough is joined by "the doctor" and "Bob"
in a Racine canoe. The more the merrier, so
up through the delightful marshes of the
Charles push the voyagers, until the dam at
Watertown causes shallow water. Anything
for variety, so the canoes are shouldered and
manfully struggled with through the streets of
the town. The dams are finally passed and
dropped all along the streets, when rounding
a corner a group of urchins send forth in shrill
tones, "Tippecanoe!" More dams, not on
the map, are left behind.

Next comes Waltham, a busy place,—that
is, if the obstructions in the river signify any-	hing.

Here "Bob," who has raided a pie wagon,
is suddenly in need of brandy in a temperance
town; but luckily "the doctor" is along, so a
prescription is forthcoming, and soon Robert
is himself again.

Three P. M. finds the boats at Riverside,
where "the major" and "the Blink" are im-
patiently awaiting their arrival. A short rest
is enjoyed, and a chat with the new compan-
ions; and then more paddling.

The crew of the Peterborough are tired,
having already paddled twenty-five miles;
hence they do not overwork themselves, but
take it leisurely. Newton Lower Falls and its
dams are carried around; then a short run and
the Upper Falls are treated in a like manner;
after which a sigh of relief breaks from all, for
there are no more carries between them and
their nights haven, Dedham. The sun has
hidden his face behind the clouds which hang
heavy upon the horizon, and the cool evening