

children took off shoes and stockings and made a great show of wading across, skirts held high, or helped their father wash off the heavy lumber wagon, while water was near and plentiful.

It occurred to me that I could do something of the same sort. Accordingly, after loosening Prince's check rein, I drove down the gentle slope leading to the water. Prince, thirsty from the long country drive, ducked his head and drank and drank. Finally, at my urging with a cluck and a snap of the reins, he started across the stream, his jaws still dripping.

The ground seemed to go down more sharply than I had expected, and in no time at all, the water had reached the hub of the wheels; suddenly it was inches higher; finally it flowed over the wheels, and began to seep into the bottom of the buggy. Prince seemed to be having trouble finding a firm footing and I was in a panic for fear he might fall. Where would we be then! The other shore looked a mile away to my frightened eyes. I debated the possibility of turning around but didn't dare try it in mid-stream. The level of the water continued to rise--it was now nearly to the seat of the buggy and I had to put my feet up on the dashboard.

When I realized that I was actually sitting in water, I gave a yelp, grabbed the whip and laid it lustily over Prince's back. He made a tremendous heave from shocked surprise, and gathering his feet under him, swam until he could catch terra firma again. He struggled up the farther slope, turned sharply on the homeward road (nearly upsetting us in the process) and galloped a long distance before I could bring him to a standstill.