

"Now you done it, sure! What'll mam say when I goes home and shows her them broke jars? And what'll the leddies down yander say when they sees the mess in thet basket? And mebbly they won't give me a cent for it, and then mam'll be sure to lick me." And the tears started to his eyes as he pictured his coming fate.

"Oh, come," I said reassuringly, "perhaps it isn't as bad as you think." But a rivulet of milk, gradually widening to larger proportions as it crept away from the basket, belied my assurance.

"Where were you taking this?" I asked, as I removed the fragments of three jars, and surveyed an indistinguishable mass of yellow and white streaks which had been eggs, with several pats of butter peeping out from the mixup.

"Down to the leddies—down yander," and he pointed toward the lake. "And them's the last eggs we had, and mam can't spare no more butter nor milk," and his wailing began anew.

"Oh well, I'll pay for 'em. Here's a half dollar," and I handed the boy the silver. At that his face brightened for an instant, only to darken again with gloom.

"But what'll the leddies say when I don't bring them nothin' this mornin'?" he repeated, dolefully.

"Wait a bit," I said, turning again to the basket. "There's no use crying over spilt milk, but maybe there are a few eggs left." And I began to sort out the contents rather gingerly. But the butter pats, done up so nicely in cool leaves, had formed a sort of union with the eggs, and were "one and inseparable." Out of the original two dozens I found five which seemed capable of transportation. These I carefully cleaned and packed again in the basket. Then, with a sense of having made full amends for my thoughtlessness, I picked up my traps and hurried on. Another half-hour found me safely ensconced on a big flat rock jutting out from 'The Point,' slowly unreeling my line. A few seconds later I dropped the hook into the pool. There was a moment of suspense while the bait sank, and then, with a terrific yank, the line spun out. I played my prize a bit, and then with a sudden dextrous motion, landed him high and dry on the rock beside me. He proved to be a catty weighing perhaps a pound and a half.

"Not so bad for a starter," I said to myself, as I baited and cast again. Another period of waiting ensued, during which the