

did not move fast enough to suit him, he put his fingers in his mouth and made the shrill, unearthly whistle that only a boy in dead earnest can make.

The men hastened from the barn at the unseemly disturbance, and the women came out to protest.

"Yes, it's Donald," Sandy was saying excitedly. "We found him and we brought him home to you. He's been sick, but he's getting better."

The mother's face was pallid and her eyes were straining past him towards the figure coming up the lane; the while she was repeating dazedly: "Donald, Donald." Then she knew him, and with a glad cry, she ran to meet him with arms thrown wide. He was not the ruddy-faced boy who had run away from home years before, but she gathered the pale, shabbily-dressed man to her arms as if he had been a child.

"Oh, my lad, my lad," she breathed, "your faither's deen', and he couldna' dee content until he made it right wi' you."

Together they stood clasped in each other's arms, and then the onlookers stood aside while she led her son in to his father.

Even at that moment, she was not forgetful of the two boys who had brought to her this great joy in the midst of her sorrow, and she silently motioned to them to come in.

Wondering they followed. It was all turning out so different from what they had planned, and they sat down in the roomy kitchen to wait. It was the same cheerful room, with the yellow-painted