

For two hours Donald MacMillan slept, and Griswold and Sandy watched together in the cabin.

Once in a while the others came and went away again, but Sandy would not leave. The look of sore trouble and disappointment on Griswold's face worried him: never had he seen him so weary and unresponsive. He was gentle enough—more so than usual, in fact—but he spoke but seldom. At last Sandy went down to the river for water, and stayed for a little time discussing the events of the day with the others. When he returned, the man was awake and talking earnestly.

Sandy set the water inside and sat down on the doorstep.

"I don't want you to think that I didn't try, or that I didn't keep straight for a long time, for I did," the voice was saying. "There wasn't a boy in the bunch that wasn't on the square after you went away. If there was any doubt about a thing, they always asked what the Kid would have thought of it, and that settled it.

"I tell you it was great to feel that I was a man again, and not a slave, and I began to make my plans to go home and see the old folks. I never told you, did I, that I ran away from home when I was fifteen and I've never written to them since? No? Well, it's a fact. Perhaps I was more to blame than I thought, but my father—well, there's no use talking now, but he was the kind that nobody could live with. I never worried much about him, but thoughts of my mother have haunted me ever since. I wanted