

and subdued him. He could have thrown himself at his father's feet. 'George, I want you to come into partnership with me.'

'I'll be glad to, father,' he promptly replied. 'I'll be glad to work from the bottom upwards, to do anything to please you.'

The father was almost swept away by this outburst of filial affection. He knew not how much the mother had done to save the boy and prepare him for this very hour.

'And, George,' continued the father, 'I do not want to have any secrets hidden from you; and I do not want you to have any from me.'

'I've often wanted to tell you everything, father, but you didn't seem to want to hear me. It was always, "Run away, George, about your play," as if life did not hold anything for me but play. I told mother what I could, and the rest I've hidden from everybody.'

The father rose to his feet and opened his arms, as a lover might. George sprang into them, and father and son clasped each other in one strong, manly embrace.

'This is the game I am after, my son,' said the father.

'But, father,' said George, 'I've got the bigger bag. I've got an open-hearted father.'