

and farewell, they had seen the last reminder of Camp Couchiching. It was about to close, and they were going straight home after this.

They could not forget how the Chief had jumped on the train before it had well stopped, and how he had hurried forward and given Donald such a hand-clasp as brought the glow to his cheek and the sparkle to his eye. When the Chief bore down on a man like that, it always made him sit up and want to do things worth while.

Donald had insisted on walking from the station; in fact there was nothing else to do, but by the time they reached the bridge, he was weak and spent, and the boys suggested that they rest on the bank of the creek.

"You've got to buck up some before we take you home," urged Sandy, eyeing him critically but affectionately, as they threw themselves down under a spreading tree. They had learned to like him for his own sake during the past few days. Despite his weakness, there was a breezy directness about him which attracted them wonderfully. Then, too, his utter devotion to Griswold won them. Not that he said anything, or even looked it; they just felt it; that was all. He had grown strangely silent as they neared home, and the boys, too, felt vaguely uneasy. With fine reticence they had refrained from any reference to his father, but they had not forgotten what they had heard on their former visit, and they wondered what would be his attitude towards the wanderer.