

Griswold turned to Dad. "It is Donald Mac-Millan; I knew him in the west," he explained briefly. Then to Sandy he said, "Tell me about the cabin."

Sandy told him what Jim had said, and about the finding of the cabin on the other side of the brook.

"We had better take him there," he said thoughtfully.

"Let me help!" cried Sandy, but the sick man insisted on walking. The shock had weakened him terribly, and he almost collapsed as Griswold and Sandy supported him on the short walk through the woods.

The weather was still dark and unpromising, but all fear of rain seemed to be over. It was too windy for that. There was no talk of taking up their journey, though. The nearest farm house was a mile or two away, and boys were dispatched to give notice of the tragedy and to learn where official notice must be given. It was astonishing how quickly the news spread in that apparently sparsely settled region.

In an incredibly short time half the countryside was there, and soon the body of the drowned man was found half a mile below the rapids. He was well known in the district, through several hunting trips a few years before, and the addresses of several of his friends were known. He had the reputation of being a hard drinker, but a good fellow in other ways, and the country people were shocked at the tragic end of the man who had sat by their firesides and who was such a good comrade.