

and to arouse in him the desire to follow it—to follow it wherever it went. These were his quieter moods.

Ordinarily there was something gipsy-like, something Neck-or-Nothing about him. A craving for excitement seemed to burn under him like a fire. The full progression of correction marched upon him and failed to make impression: arguments, orders, warnings, threats, threshings and the stoppage of funds: none of these seemed to improve him in the least.

Josiah's two sisters did their best, but they could do nothing, either.

"I wouldn't whip him again, Josiah," said Miss Cordelia one night, timidly laying her hand upon her brother's arm. "He'll be all right when he's a little older. . . . You know, dear . . . you were rather wild, yourself . . . when you were young. . . . Patty and I were only saying this morning that if he takes after you, there's really nothing to worry about—"

"He's God's own punishment," said Josiah, looking up wildly. "I know—things I can't tell you. You remember what I say: that boy will disgrace us all. . . ."

He did.

One morning he suddenly and simply vanished with the factory pay-roll and one of the office stenographers.