

got all about it. And then *you* kids think you know him. Not much!"

The boys were silent for a moment and then Sandy said humbly, "I guess we don't know him, but he has done us some good, too."

"Take it from me," said Donald emphatically, "it isn't what a fellow says that makes you believe in him and swear by him. It's what he is. I've been a poor fool and not worth anybody's notice, but by God's help, I'm not going to break faith again. I've had my lesson, and I intend to lead a decent life, and do all I can to help other fellows to do the same."

Sandy impulsively reached out and gave Donald his hand. There was more than approval and encouragement in the action. As they looked into each other's eyes, they knew it was a solemn pact.

Barney blinked at them a moment, and then said quickly, "See here, you fellows, you can count me in on that, too. Yes, I mean it, and I'll stand by it."

After that, there was silence for a few moments, and then half reluctantly they turned to the road again. As they neared the lane leading to the Mac-Millan home, each heart was beating fast with suppressed excitement.

The boys were eager and happy. They had read of such denouements in novels, but had never hoped to figure in one. But to Donald there was much of pain and shame in the situation. He was also very doubtful as to the welcome he would receive from his father, and when once more the boys offered to go ahead and break the news, he gladly consented.