

and a way of sighing to himself as though asking a question, and then answering it with a muffled "Yes . . . Yes . . ." This may have been partly due to the past and partly due to the future, for the son whom he had brought home with him began to worry him—a handsome young rascal who simply didn't have the truth in him at times, and who was buying presents for girls almost before he was out of short trousers.

His name was Paul—"Paul Vionel Olgavitch Spencer," he sometimes proudly recited it, and whenever we heard of that we thought of his mother.

The older Paul grew, the handsomer he grew. And the handsomer he grew, the wilder he became and the less the truth was in him. At times he would go all right for a while, although he was always too fond of the river for his aunts' peace of mind.

At a bend below the dam he had found a sheltered basin, covered with grass and edged with trees. And there he liked to lie, staring up into the sky and dreaming those dreams of youth and adventure which are the heritage of us all.

Or else he would sit and watch the river, although he couldn't do it long, for its swift movement seemed to fascinate him and excite him,