

farms fail we'll never sell an acre of Las Flores. And he knows it; the sly rascal!"

This expert opinion as to the ethics of business rascality greatly heartened Boyd. To be sure as respects this transaction he cut a sorry figure in the eyes of the financier; but that was better than being considered to have gone back on his business word. And, after all, it took his own son to catch him!

Then one day Brainerd driving down Main Street saw him on the sidewalk and drove up alongside. This was sufficiently unusual, as the men had never more than nodded stiffly.

"Hullo, grandpa," cried Brainerd, jovially. "How's it feel?"

Boyd looked his inquiry.

"Came off last night. Everything flourishing. And it's a boy, too."

Boyd repressed a pang. He had not known. And to him it was significant of the community's attitude that nobody had hinted to him that this important event was to occur.

The reconciliation followed, and grew at equal pace with the grandson. At first matters were a trifle awkward; but Kenneth Second arranged all that. Patrick Boyd became asoting a grandfather as Brainerd; and as much about the place. All was well.

Once or twice he attempted to utter a veiled, mild joke as to how skillfully Kenneth had managed things, but with an implication that he entertained no resentment; and he was met with so bewildering an outburst that he never reopened the subject. But to the end of his days he was to retain deep in his heart the idea that his son had overreached him very cleverly; and cherish a mingled feeling of hurt and admiration at the feat

THE END