

I'm going home, and I'm going to see my mother. That is all I'm thinking about."

"Yes, we'll attend to the rest," said Sandy comfortingly.

"Do you see the new barn they're putting up?" asked Barney irrelevantly.

Sandy glanced over at it uneasily, and the whole scene of that awful night came vividly before him. He thought of poor, good-natured, old Bill, and of the murderer awaiting trial now in that northern town. His watch had been recovered and was at home waiting for him, but the memory of that night would never be effaced—never.

"I heard a man say as we got off the train that someone had been hurt there to-day," remarked Donald.

"Gracious! I feel as if that might be my fault, too," groaned Sandy.

Donald had heard the story of the experiences of that night, and changed the subject by some reference to camp.

"Gee, how funny it will be to be back in the city," cried Barney. "I feel as if I was going to burst my collar button every minute."

"That's because you're too fat," retorted Sandy.

"I am, eh? Well, look here," and Barney proudly drew himself up, and expanded his chest until not only his collar-button, but every button on his clothes was in danger of flying to pieces.

"We are going to form a new patrol of the boy scouts and I am to be leader," remarked Sandy. "Mr.