

Grenfell. It might have considerable weight with the man.

When he reached home his mother had gone to bed; but she wakened sufficiently to ask:

"Did you get any errands to do?"

"Yes, 'm," he replied, "Captain French gave me a quarter for bringing his boots from the shop."

His determination to talk over the newspaper-scouting project with his mother weakened at the sound of her hopeless voice and he resolved to confer with the shoemaker and possibly to see if he could get the place before saying anything to her about it.

He did not realize how very tired the long tramp from Grenfell and the excitement of the evening had made him until he kicked his pants off on the floor and stretched out, at full length, upon the bed.

For some time his legs ached so that he could not sleep; but his mind was so filled with the great crisis of his career that he gradually lost consciousness of his pain and finally sank to sleep in a splendid dream of really going to war.