

caught sight of my clothes upon the bank, and called his father's attention to the matter. Thinking it strange that a man's clothes should be lying on the bank, and no man in sight either in the pool or in the bush, suggested strange things. Having identified the clothing, both father and son concluded that my body was at the bottom of the pool. Hurrying away, they told the Campbells, and all four men returned to the river to search and drag for the body of the missing man. Hearing their cries, one to the other, I dressed and went out. Seeing me approach, they ceased their efforts and asked for an explanation. Putting on the best face I could, I tried to explain by saying that I often bathed and then retired to bed, leaving my clothes upon the bank until later. Mr. Campbell protested against such a practice, and I promised to discontinue it in future.

All were badly frightened by the incident of the day. But their fright was nothing to my shame. Neglecting to take home my clothing was a most careless act; more than that, it was a crime and I was a criminal. To excuse and justify my conduct, I had lied to my friends. I was a liar, too. Shame and remorse seized me. How I wished that I had never risen to the sur-