

ally did, work day and night without rest or sleep for days together, regardless of summer heat or other conditions that affect ordinary men. But forty years of ceaseless toil had told on even this man's India-rubber frame, and every nerve warned him that he must "let up."

But how? His son had neither the ability nor the inclination to take even a part of his burden from off his shoulders, and Mr. Haynes was not the kind of man who could turn over his business to rival firms. The boy had been given a good education. Every inducement had been tried to entice him to work, but so far without creating any interest beyond the most perfunctory and bored performance. So, as Mr. Haynes now said, "right here" was the problem for solution. And there was nothing in Blackfoot to suggest the key.

Meanwhile "the drone" was coming down the walk. Tall, straight, strong with his father's strength, blue-eyed, sunny-faced, with clothes cut after the negligee fashion of the present college boy, he was, as drones are apt to be, a fine-appearing specimen of genius.

Mrs. Haynes's face beamed with a look of pride.

"Harry," she said, rising and approaching him, "your father is wrestling with a problem. Perhaps you can help him. Recall all you know of insectology, and tell us, how can a drone be transformed into a working bee?"

Harry laughed. "Never was a case on record," was his reply. "While the honey is plentiful, the drone enjoys life."

"And when the honey becomes scarce?"

"The drone doesn't think of that. Say, people, I have planned my summer's trip at last," he replied, changing the subject quickly, and hurrying on to leave the old one well behind. I am going to Colorado. Rob. Croft is going with me. He has been out there before, and knows just where to go. We will camp most of the time—camp and fish. It will be a dandy trip; I just began to get the knack of casting last summer up in Maine, and Rob says the Maine trout aren't in it with those in Colorado. Now you be good and let me go: and then when I come back in the fall I will be all in trim for work."

"Work?" Mr. Haynes's dark brow was gloomy, and his month was stern.

"Yes, honest, father," replied the boy half jokingly. "I'll show you some day that I can work. I have it in me by heredity."