

together, there were a couple of fights going on. Some one had borrowed some oil and had not returned it and for this the peace was broken up.

Soon the crowd dispersed to their various homes to get their evening meals. No one said a word to the young man nor offered to help him at all. He felt still worse but still kept wandering along from house to house in the hope of having someone aid him. As he approached the outskirts of the village at the other end, he espied an old couple resting peacefully outside. He was struck as if by a lightning shock when he saw their faces. No wonder, for he thought he saw in them those faces of his father and mother for whom he was looking. The old couple looked up and were also astonished to see the face of one who looked like their long-lost son. The old man beckoned to the young man to approach and seat himself near. There is never any mistake in distinguishing a Brahmin from a person of any other caste. The old man asked some questions, but on receiving no very satisfactory answers, he concluded that this young man could not be his boy. However, he offered him something to eat and night's lodging. The youth accepted both invitations very heartily and soon had finished his meal. It was now dark and they turned in for the night. The old man began singing songs of his own composition, which were composed about this son. The young fellow took it all in but decided not to bother asking any questions until the "Feast of Feeding the Dead." Then it was that he hoped to find out more. The next day he hired himself out to work for the old gentleman.

At last the long-looked-for day came. Concealing himself where he could hear but not be seen, he waited until the old couple came out to pay their regards to the dead. Their story convinced him of something, and we shall see what that was.

Walking around the house unconcernedly, he came up to them and poured forth a voluminous story of how when a boy of ten years he had been sold by his father, because of the dreadful famine. From then he had roamed most everywhere when he had the money. The broad sheets of water of the Ganges; the Himalayas, the wonderful roof of the world; Bombay, the opening of mails to India; Delhi, Calcutta, Allahabad and Colombo had not escaped him in his travels in search of his father and mother. "And now," said he, "I have