

his grandmother often told about a bear which had stolen a little girl--" and she was never seen again."

One small boy volunteered that once while walking with his father in the forest they had seen a fox. Another went one better, by announcing that his grandfather had known some Injuns.

By this time Lucy was in a panic, which would soon spread to the whole group. Mr. Atwood was grave and troubled.

"You children must all go home. I'll harness up the team and drive into the village for help. We'll bring out a lot of men and find Willie in a hurry! Lucy, you stay with Mrs. Atwood. We'll send word to your mother that you'll be along soon so she won't worry."

Accordingly Lucy went weeping into the farmhouse, as the rest of the children rode off. Mr. Atwood turned towards the barn to harness up his team. The barn was dark, and smelled of hay, horses and old leather. He went into the stall to put the bridle on the big bay when something under the feed bin glittered in the light of his lantern. He bent down to take a closer look. The glitter was a bright button. The button was a blue sailor suit. The suit was on Willy--curled up in a little ball on the hay, sound asleep, his mouth and chin still covered with dabs of butter and a coating of maple sugar.

Pulled somewhat roughly from his comfortable nap, Willie smiled shyly, let Mr. Atwood carry him into the house, hardly heard Lucy's glad cry of relief and joy when she gathered him with her arms--and was asleep again by the time they reached the wagon which was to take them home.