

Donald smiled indulgently at Sandy's remark. "You kids have got your hands full this time," he said.

"That's right. You see, we don't want to bring you this far and then have you disgrace us at the last."

"How are we going to face the music? That's what I want to know," said Barney, as he selected a pebble to skim into the creek. "Who's going first, and what are we going to say?"

"Well, we've got to break it to his mother easy, that's sure," remarked Sandy very decidedly. "I'll just go ahead and tell her that a friend of hers from the States is here and wants to see her."

"You will?"

"Sure I will. If you go butting in, Barney Allen, you'll queer the whole business."

"You will," repeated Barney aggravatingly. "Say, you never did a thing yet without putting your foot in it somehow."

"That's all you know about it," retorted Sandy in an offended tone, and turned to Donald. "I could introduce you as a sewing machine agent, or a fellow that sells medicine for corns and bunions," he suggested tentatively.

Donald smiled wanly. "You fellows own me to-day," he said uncertainly. "I'll let you manage it. You can go ahead when we get near the house, if you want to. It doesn't make much difference to me. I've got just so much to go through anyway."