

versation forbade it. Now he could restrain himself no longer.

"You are Donald!" he cried, as with a spring, he stood beside Griswold.

"That is my name," said the man wonderingly, while Griswold looked surprised.

"And you left home fifteen years ago last June, and your mother has white hair, and eyes just like yours?"

"The rest is all true enough, but my mother's hair wasn't white. It was brown, the color of mine. At least it was when I saw it last."

"It's white now. Oh, I knew it was you as soon as you told Mr. Griswold about leaving home, and I'm so glad! Barney!" he cried as that youth stepped up to the door. "What do you think? This is Donald!"

"Donald!" repeated Barney in a stupefied manner. "Who's Donald?"

"Oh, don't you know? The one who ran away from home, that his mother hasn't heard from since."

Barney looked as pleased and excited as Sandy himself, while Donald continued to look from one to the other in astonishment.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said at last, half impatiently.

"Didn't you live in a white house at the end of a long lane, with a cupboard with blue dishes, and a picture of a boy on the wall, and red geraniums in the window?" demanded Sandy.