

"Your purse!" exclaimed Frank. "Why, no. Do you really mean that you've lost it? Did it have much inside of it?"

"Much inside of it!" cried Uncle Moses, mournfully. "Why, it hed every cent of money that we've got to travel on."

"And do you mean to say that you really lost it?" said David.

"Wal, raily," said Uncle Moses, timidly, "that's the very thing that I'm afeard on just now."

At this alarming intelligence the boys forgot everything else, and stared at one another with faces full of grave concern.

"When did you first miss it?" asked Frank, at length.

"Wal, I missed it from my pocket fust up in the crowd at St. Peter's."

"In the crowd at St. Peter's!" repeated Frank. "Why didn't you say something about it?"

"Wal, you see, I kin o' thought that I might have left it home here on the table."

"Where did you have it last in your hands?"

"In this here room. I had it in my pocket, an then I had it on the table to look at the papers, an after that I don't mind exactly whether I put it back again in my pocket or not."

"Well, if you put it back in your pocket, and then went up into the midst of that crowd, your pocket was probably picked."

"That thar's just about what I'm afeard on," said