

—a yellowish something with a shining clasp. Jack's face flushed crimson as he picked it up. "Good gracious! 'tis a purse!" he said.

It was a purse—a yellow leather purse; his fingers trembled as he tried to undo the clasp. Some one had dropped it on the way—one of the skaters, probably. "What a find for me!" thought Jack. A find indeed it was—the purse held five gold pounds. "Five pounds! I never had so much in all my life!"

Then, seeing some people coming up the road, he pocketed the purse. "They would have found it if I hadn't first. Why, what a lucky thing! I'll have the skates!" thought Jack. The skates! Why, they were only three and six! How many other things he could buy!

A new suit for himself—his best was getting shabby! Something for mother—he would not keep it all. Annie would want a present, too. Good gracious! How very rich he was!

So many thoughts kept running through his mind. His face was hot and flushed. Somehow the person who had lost it did not enter his mind. He had found the purse! He felt it affectionately with his hand, so snug in his trousers pocket! and at a convenient moment took it out and examined it again. How pleased his mother would be! How happy, too, he was himself! It was quite a providence he had come that way. It was evidently meant that he should. And as he went along he counted up again what he could buy.

Skates first! A new suit for himself! A shawl perhaps for mother. Annie—Annie might like—when, "Lost" caught his eye in a big round hand on a sheet of paper stuck in Gray, the grocer's window!

Jack turned quite pale. He almost ran away, but something impelled him to stop and read the rest

"Between Lennox Street and Alexander Terrace, a buff-coloured purse with a horse-shoe clasp, containing five pounds in gold. Five shillings reward is offered by the owner, who is in very great distress"

"Five shillings!" Jack could have almost cried. He had been counting five pounds as his very own.

And now? Somehow he had never thought of the loser at all, and had taken it for granted that the find was all his own. His pleasant castles in the air came tumbling down. Ought he to give it up?

"I wish I hadn't seen the notice at all. I *wish* I hadn't," he thought.

Nobody had seen him pick it up. Nobody knew that he'd found it. "Why shouldn't I keep it?" said poor Jack. "Nobody will be any the wiser."

Why shouldn't he keep it? Yes, why not? He removed his eyes from the paper in the window and slowly sauntered along.

If no'ody had claimed it, it might have been a different thing, but now—now he knew the owner's name, or would know by asking at the shop.

"Pooh!" said Jack, "what a noodle I am! My purse needn't be *that* purse, of course; people lose purses every day, and this is another purse."

He tried to get a little comfort from the thought, but the comfort would not come—"a buff-coloured purse with a horse-shoe clasp, containing five pounds in gold"—the description was quite complete—far too complete for Jack.

"Nobody knows I found it, nobody need ever know," in a dogged