

more taken up with you own wrong-doing than that of others. It's the other way with most people."

He unfolded the half-sheet of paper and read aloud: "Before I lay me down to sleep, I 'polo-gize humbly and with my heart for bad lang-widge used in my mind 'gainst a young genlman called Mister Reggie, hoping as he will forgive yours truly, Thomasina Warner."

"The writing's bad, 'cause I hadn't any light 'cept the moon."

"That doesn't matter," said Mr. Reggie gravely, and he folded the paper and put it in his pocket.

"Do you receipt it?" asked Tommie meekly.

"Yes, I receipt it," said Mr. Reggie, "with thanks for prompt payment."

"That's good news," said Tommie joyfully.

"Mr. Reggie, I wish I had a horse."

The young man had turned Tartar around, and with the bridle over his arm was conducting Tommie toward the gates of his father's estate.

"Perhaps you will have one some day," said the young man. "Work hard at your lessons and try to improve yourself in every way, and when you are grown up you will be able to support yourself and buy many things that ignorant and lazy people have to do without."

Two weeks went by, the ring had not been found, and although the subject was never mentioned before Tommie by her mother or the Warringtons, she heard of it in other places.