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a week ago

between Van-L. P. Locke, of the Seas

Fan hung on to his arm, and stared at the great van as it passed Clove alley.

"Who sends the presents?" asked she, a curious little glitter in her wan eyes.

"Why, the Queen," said Bobble quickly.
"Them carts belong to the Queen; she's got her name writ on the outside, and its chock full of presents."

"Oh, Bobble!" she gasped; "what a good Queen! and nobody ever told me before!" of the presents."

"Come on, then," said he, pulling her arm, but averting his face, "and I'll show you. It's true—tell ve straight." The van touched the shawl, and she flung it away touched the shawl, and she flung it away to the great van as it passed Clove alley.

"Marfald everywhere, whether it's in the dark or the light." Nothing had ever alarmed her before, not even when Gran had left them for two whole days and nights without food; but now her heart was heavy. Her spirits oppressed with a new grief that brought with it both humiliation and fear. She was a thief—so was her beloved brother at the school again, never. Fan jumped up, school ag

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A Present From
The Queen,
When the measurement was the property of the propert