

pened? All was dark as night, and yet it was a June afternoon. She could see nothing; all around was black darkness, except a few rays of light peeping through a crack in the door.

Then the truth flashed across her. The gardener had closed the door of the loft when he left, and here was she shut up in a dark room far away from every one! There was no way of getting out; the door was fastened outside, and there was no window.

Poor little Jenny! What could she do? She was a brave little girl, and did not despair all at once. She banged away at the door with her tiny fists, but Giles had shut it too well for her little force to open it; so then she raised her voice, and cried—"Carrie! Carrie!" till she was hoarse.

That, too, was useless; the walls were so thick that her voice could not be heard beyond them, and besides, there was no one near. The children had gone away to look elsewhere for her; and at last the poor child, tired out with knocking and screaming, sank down on the floor, and sad tears now would force their way from her eyes.

Meanwhile, the children had given up looking for Jenny. They had shouted to her to come out, they would look no more; but finding that even these messages did not bring her, Carrie ran into the drawing-room, where her mother was writing.

"Mother, mother!" cried the child, "Jenny is lost. We cannot find her anywhere."

"Lost! nonsense!" said Mrs. Leigh, smiling. "No one can be lost in our garden."

"But she is lost," persisted Carrie; "I am sure she is." And the tender-hearted child burst into tears.

"My darling, do not cry on your birthday," said Mrs. Leigh, kissing her, "I will soon find Jenny for you. Dry your eyes, Carrie, and go in the schoolroom. I will send the others to you, and old nurse shall tell you a story until I come back with Jenny."

Mrs. Leigh left the room, and telling nurse to keep the children amused until she returned, she went into the garden to find the little truant. She was, however, no more successful than the children had been. She went to the summer-house; but at that time Jenny was sobbing on the loft floor, and did not hear Mrs. Leigh's gentle voice calling "Jenny! Jenny!" So that chance was gone.

Mrs. Leigh at last became really anxious. Where, thought she, could the little girl be? There was no river for her to have tumbled into. Could tramps have passed and taken Jenny for the sake of her clothes? Mrs. Leigh remembered seeing a gold locket and chain on the child's neck; could she have been stolen? The thought made her shudder. No, it could not be. There was no public road near the garden, and any tramp wishing to go up the avenue would have been turned back at the lodge. Then where was Jenny? Mrs. Leigh could not imagine, and tired of useless searching, she made up her mind to visit the village policeman, and ask his advice in the matter. So, resolved to lose no time, she left the garden, and walked quickly to the cottage where the policeman lived.

He was enjoying a rest in his garden when Mrs. Leigh arrived.

"Johnson," began Mrs. Leigh, hurriedly, "I want your advice. My little girl has had a party this afternoon, and she and the children have been playing hide-and-seek, in the garden, and one of them is lost—little Miss Lawson. We have looked everywhere. What must I do?"

The policeman thought a moment, and then, assuming his professional voice, said—"I will come and view the premises, ma'am, and then I shall be able to decide what is best to be done in the case."

Johnson loved a "case," and was ready in a few minutes to accompany Mrs. Leigh to the Hall, taking with him Boxer, a clever sheep-dog.

They reached the garden, and Mrs. Leigh showed him the spot whence the child had started.

"We know she went past here," she said, "for one of the children found her scarf, which she must have dropped as she ran."

"Would you let me have the scarf a minute?" asked the policeman, respectfully; and taking the scarf in his hands, he called—"Boxer! Boxer!"

The dog came instantly at his master's call, and showing him the little pink scarf, the policeman trailed it along the ground, saying—"Go seek, Boxer!"

Off ran Boxer, with his nose to the ground, and Mrs. Leigh and the policeman followed.

The dog stopped outside the summer-house, but search as they might, no Jenny was to be seen there.

"The dog must have made a mistake," thought the policeman, as he again searched the empty room; "but I never knew it at fault before." Then addressing Mrs. Leigh, he said—"There is no secret cupboard here, is there, ma'am, that the young lady could have crept into?"

"No, there is no cupboard," said Mrs. Leigh, sadly, feeling another chance gone now the dog had failed. "We keep nothing here. There is the loft above, where old Giles keeps his nets, but how could the child get there?"

It did not seem possible; but as the dog still remained rooted to the same spot the policeman resolved to see what there was in the loft; so, fetching a ladder, he climbed up, opened the door, and there on the floor lay Jenny, tired out with grief and tears, and fast asleep. He took her carefully up in his arms and carried her down the ladder. Mrs. Leigh, who was more thankful than words can say, took the little girl from him and laid her gently on the summer-house seat. Jenny was awake now, and, seeing the policeman, clung tightly to Mrs. Leigh, and implored her not to send her to prison.

Mrs. Leigh did her best to comfort the frightened child, and assured her that they were too pleased to have found her to think of sending her anywhere.

"We will not even send you home till you have had supper," she said, gaily. "Come along, let us go in; the others will be tired of waiting, and there is the birthday cake to be cut."

So Jenny at last let herself be comforted, and went with Mrs. Leigh into the house, where she was rapturously greeted by the children, who had given her up for lost.

"Well, children, you see I have found Jenny for you; so come to supper now, and Jenny shall have the place of honour next me, for I believe she is the only little girl who was ever 'lost in a garden.'"

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#### BETTER UNSAID.

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The first Lord Eldon, in one of his shooting excursions at Warcham, came across a person who was shooting on his land without leave. His lordship inquired if the stranger was aware that he was trespassing, and if he knew to whom the estate belonged. "What's that to you?" was the reply. "I suppose you are one of old Baggs' keepers." "No," replied the peer, "your supposition is wrong, my friend: I am old Baggs himself."