

It was evening, and she walked across the pasture, wearing the golden crown on her head, and leading by each hand a little girl.

"Come to my home," said Doris, "that I may tell Goody Bell to come with us, for I shall never leave your side nor be parted from Poppie again."

And to Goody Bell's cabin they went. The old woman was standing in the doorway when they came in view, weeping a little, for Doris had been gone many hours, and Goody was very anxious. The good little girl ran to her:

"Oh, dear Goody," she said, "here I am, and not hurt at all, and here is the lady who brought Poppie and me out of Downbolo."

But the old woman did not hear her, for at first sight of the crowned lady, she had hastened forward, and courtseyed very low.

"It is the lost Queen," she said.

"Yes," replied the beautiful lady, "it is the Queen, suddenly rescued from nameless misery, and restored in the same moment to my two dear children. You, Goody Bell, I shall reward, for you have sheltered my Doris from harm. Come with us now and share our happiness, for you cannot live here alone. You shall have a home in the Palace."

It would make this story a great deal too long to tell the rejoicings that arose when the Queen, her children, and Goody Bell entered the town, and followed by the crowd walked up to the chief entrance of the Tower and rapped at the door. It is said that the King, who, from his lookout at the top, had seen their arrival, was so excited, that he forgot his dignity and slid down the whole way on the bannister, reaching the door in time to open it before the Home Secretary, whose office it was, had dusted his salver. One thing that is known for certain is that His Majesty recovered his reason in that hour, and the next day made a speech at the great banquet that was held, which fully explained to everyone the mys-