

the exultant feelings of the two boys, and filled them with vague suspicions.

"Why, what's the matter?" they asked.

For some time Ludlow did not answer, so amazed was he at this credulity of David and Clive. He turned over each article in succession, and surveyed it with an eloquent face.

"So you paid for them?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"About thirty dollars."

"Thirty! Thirty dollars! What, not dollars! You mean cents, not dollars!"

David and Clive were silent.

"Do you know what these really are?" asked Ludlow.

"No."

"Well, they're manufactured articles, made to sell to tourists. They make coins and vases here of any age, and cover them with rust and mould, and make them of any tint you like. Unfortunately you've paid an exorbitant price for them. If you'd given a half dollar for the lot it mightn't have been so bad, though even that would have been a waste of money, for these wouldn't be worth carrying home."

Before the crest-fallen boys could make any remark, a loud yell was heard from the adjoining room. All started. It was the voice of Uncle Moses. But they were not left long in suspense,