

for the village girls, breathless and panting, were just drawing themselves up in a phalanx behind her.

Mr. Reginald had at last made his way through the network of strings, and throwing away the paper, he sat holding up a little ugly brass ring in which a red stone was trying to sparkle.

"There now," said Tommie to the discomfited lady, who murmured, "Well, really this is very strange. I beg your pardon, Mr. Reginald, but I found the little girl acting in a suspicious manner. I took the ring from her. I thought it was your ring. I felt it through the paper. I am very sorry."

Mr. Reginald bowed politely to her. "I suppose you thought this might be called a case of circumstantial evidence. You knew that I had lost a ring and you felt one inside this paper. I am obliged for your interest, but I must say that I should regret extremely to find my jewel in the possession of this child."

"It is most unfortunate," said the lady. "Stephen, I think you had better drive on. Good-morning, Mr. Reginald."

"Good-morning," said Mr. Reginald, holding his hat in his hand as the phaeton disappeared.

Then laughing all over his face he turned to Tommie.

She was glaring after the retreating phaeton. The village girls had drifted away. It was getting hot and the fun was over.

"To-morrow," said Tommie, "I'll have to