

Maria," she said, as the servant appeared, "Master Andrew is lost—at least—I think he is in the house somewhere. Nurse has missed him. I want you and Jane to look everywhere for him. Nurse is hunting too; I think he is hiding. I wish you to send James and Fletcher to me too."

Fletcher, the old butler, who had seen Sir Andrew grow up, in his excitement (much to James' delight) spoke before his lady addressed him.

"Master Andrew lost again, my lady?" he said.

"I hope not, good Fletcher," she said reassuringly, "but I want you to look about the grounds, and James to go to the kennels. Why, Nurse, have you found him?" she added, as nurse appeared at the door.

"No, my lady," said Nurse, "but he has gone out—taken his hat."

"Then, James, go down to the Lodge and see if he is there; and Fletcher, go for your master; he is shooting with Captain Reddan, you know," said Lady Seaforth in a trembling voice, no longer able to repress her anxiety. "No coat! and it is chilly this evening; I hope he went to the Lodge, they would stop him there. I wish Andrew would come," she thought.

Meanwhile Sir Andrew and Captain Reddan, all unconscious of Trumps' disappearance, were slowly making their way home.

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"I wonder what all those crows are collected for in that tree over there, Archie," said Sir Andrew.

"I should say that tree was near the path, so your curiosity will be satisfied if they don't fly away."

"There they go," said Sir Andrew. They had nearly reached the spot. "Why! there is something on the ground. It's a child. Why, Archie! it is *Trumps* as I am alive!"

Yes, it was Trumps, fast asleep. His big red hat had fallen off, and his golden curls gleamed against the moss as if some sunbeam had lost its way and was imprisoned in the woods. His long eyelashes drooped over his rosy cheeks; he was dreaming something pleasant, for he was smiling in his