

lady in the phaeton, waving her hand high in the air. "The ring is found—the ring is found."

Tommie, with her mouth full of dust, gnashed her teeth at the victorious words. She was pretty long-winded, but she could not speak for a few instants after the phaeton drew up beside the horseman and she flung herself on the back of it in silence.

Handsome Mr. Reginald looked at her in amazement, and stooping down from his horse took from the lady's hand the little roll of brown paper.

"Give me my ring," Tommie managed to gasp out. "You mean lady. You are a thief."

"Oh, protect me, protect me from this little cat," exclaimed the lady childishly, for Tommie was trying to climb into the front seat.

Tommie however, suddenly abandoned the attack, for she had just discovered that the ring had passed into Mr. Reginald's hands.

She hopped nimbly to the road and ran to his side, crying, stamping her feet and clinging to his trousers' leg, while she breathed out confused and wrathful exclamations against the mistress of the phaeton.

Mr. Reginald did not quite understand the situation, yet he saw that his duty was to get inside the roll of brown paper.

"Yes," gasped Tommie, "hurry up. Open it quick. I wanted to give it to you myself, but you'll see," and she shook her fist at the phaeton. "You're worse than ten Susy Browns. You—you, oh, my," and looking behind she bit her lip,