

Uncle Moses, with a sickly smile. "It was a pooty thick crowd, an I dar say thar were lots of pick-pockets thar. That's the very fust thing I thought on. Ye see, as soon as I felt myself inside that thar crowd I recollected my purse, and felt anxious for fear I'd lose it. So I clapped my hands over my pocket so as to guard my pocket-book, an suddenly found it was gone. It wan't thar. I declar, I never felt so cut up an taken aback in all my born days. I couldn't bar to think of it. I didn't dar to speak of it. I don't remember seein a thing of all that happened after I found the purse was gone. The wust of it was, my handkerchief was left."

"Your handkerchief!" exclaimed Frank. "Why, Uncle Moses, do you mean to say that you carried your purse and your handkerchief in the same pocket?"

"Yes," said Uncle Moses; "in my coat-tail pocket."

"Your coat tail!" cried Frank. "Why, it's tempting Providence. It's throwing your money away."

"Wal, I've allus done it all my life," said Uncle Moses, "an it comes kin o' natral to keep my wallet thar. Tain't easy to change a habit when you get as old as I be."

"Well, it's gone, any way," said Frank. "There's no doubt of it. Your pocket was picked by some one in the crowd."

"That's what I'm afeard of," said Uncle Moses, mournfully. "I did hope for a time that I might