

"I guess I must wait for the moon," he said, with a patient little sigh. But long before the moon rose an old crow on his way home spied Trumps fast asleep at the foot of the stump, and called a meeting of his friends and relations to know what it meant.

Now when Trumps left the nursery, Nurse was still down stairs; and to tell the truth, she had stayed longer than she ought to have done. When she came up she found Trumps gone and Fiddle wandering round the room. "Me-ow, me-ow," said Fiddle, and I suppose that was *her* way of giving a message, but Nurse didn't understand. To tell the truth she was a little alarmed, but soon comforted herself by thinking that Lady Seaforth had probably taken him down stairs. She put the toast down by the fire to keep warm, and sitting down comfortably in a rocking-chair began to mend one of Trump's lace cuffs; after a bit she glanced at the clock.

"Half an hour after tea time," she muttered. "I don't think my lady knows the tea is ready. I better go down and fetch Master Andrew."

So after arranging her cap and donning a fresh apron, she went down stairs and knocked at the door of Lady Seaforth's study.

"Come in, nurse," said a sweet voice, "has Master Andrew been naughty?"

Nurse's face grew very puzzled. "I came for Master Andrew," she said. "I thought perhaps you didn't notice it was past his tea-time, my lady."

"Why he is not here, I haven't seen him this afternoon. Nurse; isn't he in the nursery?" said Lady Seaforth, an alarmed look crossing her pretty face.

"No, my lady," said Nurse, thoroughly alarmed, "not unless he is hiding. I went to get his tea, and when I came back he was gone. I thought he was with you."

"How long since you missed him, Nurse?" said Lady Seaforth.

"A half an hour and more, my lady."

"Ring the bell, Nurse, and then go and look about the nursery carefully; he must be somewhere in the house.