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run fast enough," said Jack. "Let's hide."

So they crept into a hollow under some fallen logs, and lay very still; but no one came.

The gypsies in the tent from which they had fled had not been awakened, and the man who went out to discover what the dogs were barking at did not see the children, and returned to his tent.

"They're not coming after us," said

Jack. "Let's try to get as far away from the tents as we can before they get up."

So in the dark night two tired, sleepy little children wandered through the woods. Their feet were sore from long walking, but they kept on until Elsie said, "Jack, look there; I see a light!"

Was it the light from another gypsy camp, or was it some one coming to help them? They could not tell.

"It's getting nearer," said Jack. "We must hide till we see who it is."

They made their way into a clump

of bushes, and waited, fearing and hoping.

Then there came a shout from Elsie, "It's papa; O, it's papa!"

"Papa, papa," cried Jack, "don't go on. Wait, wait. We're here in the bushes. We'll come out."

In a few minutes Elsie was in her father's arms, telling him her story in a voice choked by sobs. And Mr. Scott, the husband of the lady who had said they were very spoiled children, carried Jack.

Afterwards, when they talked about

their adventures, their father and mother thought the gypsies would have sent word that the children were with them, and have claimed a large sum of money for telling where they were.

Jack and Elsie did not forget the fears and hardships of that night in the woods. It helped them to understand that their parents were wise and kind, and knew better than they what was good for them. And a few months later, when Mrs. Scott spoke of them, she said: "And, really, they have grown to be remarkably well behaved children."

