

THE VENDALE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649728664

The Vendale Lost Property Office by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**THE VENDALE LOST
PROPERTY OFFICE**

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VENDALE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE.



Lily, I take you always to be my own sister
for evermore. Page 33.

THE VENDALE
LOST PROPERTY OFFICE.

J. A. S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'COPSLEY ANNALS,' 'I MUST KEEP THE CHIMES GOING,' 'WAYSIDE
PILLARS,' &c.

'The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
And laughed, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"'
Log of the Last Minister.

With four Engravings.



SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, 54 FLEET STREET.
LONDON. MDCCLXIX.

250. t. 281.

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PREFACE.

IF the children of K—— town, to whom the following chapters are especially dedicated, may derive from their perusal a small amount of the pleasure and instruction which they have themselves unconsciously furnished to the writer, the object of their publication will have been completely attained.

The hope may further be expressed that, should their elder brothers or sisters amuse themselves for half an hour with "one of the children's books," a word of reminder as to the impossibility of regaining some of the lost properties therein discussed, may not be wholly forgotten or entirely disregarded.

November, 1868.



THE VENDALE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE.

CHAPTER I.

MY UNCLE'S UMBRELLA.

'AND oh, cousin Susie, papa has lost his umbrella.'

I was nine years old, very shy, and very much astonished at everything and everybody round about me. For I had been in England only three hours; and those three hours had seen me transferred from the deck of a large Indian steamer, and from the tearful farewells of a small Indian ayah, to the shores of my country, and to a first-class carriage on its South-Western Railway line, wherein, under the care of a certain Mrs. Lomax, I had sat wondering, silent, and vaguely endeavouring to make conjectures as to what would become of me at last.

If I had been given my choice, I would not have been placed in Mrs. Lomax's care, even during that short journey from Southampton to the Waterloo Bridge terminus. She was the only one of my fellow-passengers from India who had never taken me on her lap, or told me stories of mermaids and Mother Carey's chickens, or played at cat's cradle, or pictured to me what England would be like, or held me up while I climbed three or four steps of the rope-ladder which, if I had climbed the rest, would have led to the rigging, or played with me at walking the whole length of the deck without deviating from one narrow plank,—or, in short, done anything but tell me not to tread on her dress. No; if I could have had my way, I would have asked merry Lieutenant Willis to bring me to London and my uncle Eric. For he had told me long stories about himself and his sister Nelly when they were little children—of how they had climbed trees—he the higher branches and Nelly the lower ones,—and had eaten cherries; of her pet lamb which grew into a sheep, and was mutton at last; and of his dog Horace, which did all sorts of clever things, and saved the house from robbers, and at last died after he went to India, the doctors said, of a broken heart. But Mr. Willis was ordered to Portsmouth, and I did