NEW SILKS
(PATTERNS FREE).
CHECKED AND STRIPED GLACÉS,
£3 2s. for 14 Yards.
BLACK FRENCH FIGURED GLACÉS,
£3 5s. 6d. for 14 Yards.
J. H. HARVEY and SON, LUDGATE HILL.
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.
(PRIZE MEDAL.)
THOMAS'S PATENT SEWING MACHINES,
For Private Family Use, Dressmaking, &c. &c.
THEY WILL HEM, FELL, GATHER, BIND,
BRAID, TUCK, ETC. ETC.
CATALOGUES and SAMPLES of the WORK
May be had on application to
34, ST. MARTIN'S LE GRAND,
AND
REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD STREET.
JAMES L. DENMAN, WINE MERCHANT,
11 ABCHURCH LANE, and 29 PICCADILLY, LONDON.
Wines of Greece and Hungary.
Wholesale and Retail: 11 Abchurch Lane.
Wine Report and Detailed Price List of ALL OTHER WINES, Post Free.
FAMILY HERALD, Part 264, Price Sixpence, contains:
NOVELS:
Smother and Shadow.—Chapters I. to VII.
The Mystery of Monk's Hollow.—Chapters VIII. to XIX.
And other Tales.
ESSAYS:
Julius Cæsar.—First Article.
Juliet Cæsar.—Second Article.
Books, Book Lovers, and Book Lore.
CORRESPONDENTS—Answers to.
"The Answers to Correspondents cannot be repetitions, a romance and a life history being embodied in almost each of them. The editor is the candid and confidential in every station of life."
—Saturday Review.
LONDON: W. STEVENS, 421 Strand.
MABEL MAY. By the Author of 'Twice Married.' The New Tale in the FAMILY HERALD.
"Its novels and tales are as well written as the best circulating library stories."—Saturday Review.
NOW READY.
THE AUTHORISED FASHIONS FOR MAY.
Price One Shilling, by Post 2d. Stamps.
T. THE LONDON AND PARIS LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION. The MAY NUMBER contains thoughtfully Coloured Plates, by English Artists, of the LATEST FASHIONS, sanctioned by the highest circles, and adopted by the chief designers of PARISIAN AND ENGLISH FASHIONS.
A Splendid Double Plate, Coloured, showing four of the latest and most elegant Dresses, and the COURT TRAINS most in fashion at THE LADY'S DRAWING ROOM.
A beautifully Coloured Plate of quite new and magnificent PARISIAN AND ENGLISH FASHIONS. These original designs, being taken from Plates in the private rooms of the first Artists, are exclusively confined to this Magazine.
A finely Engraved Plate of the last Mourning Fashions. An Engraving of the latest designs in Millinery, Bonnets, Hat, &c. Cut Models, full descriptions of all the Plates; Parisian Fashion Intelligence, and description of some of the most beautiful Dresses; with Tales, Poetry, &c.
LONDON: W. STEVENS, 421 Strand; and all Booksellers.
MRS. TROLLOPE'S POPULAR NOVEL.
Now Ready, Price 2s., Pictorial Boards,
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A CLEVER WOMAN.
By MRS. TROLLOPE, Author of "Young Heiress," &c.
"The 'Clever Woman' is of the same class with the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'Widow Harkaway.' It is the best novel the season has produced. No person can fail to be amused by it."—Gribbe.
"Mrs. Trollope has done full justice to her well-earned reputation as one of the cleverest novelists of the day in this new production of her fertile pen."—John Bull.
LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY, W.
And to be had at all Booksellers and Railway Stations.
Our Mutual Friend Advertiser.

North British & Mercantile Insurance Company.


THE 55th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY was held in the Company's Office, 64 Prince Street, Edinburgh, on Monday, 4th March, 1864, in pursuance of the Constitution of the Company.

On the motion of the Right Hon. Viscount Melville, K.C.B., JOHN STIRLING, Esq., of KEPPELDAVE, Senior Extraordinary Director present, was called to the Chair.

A Motion by the Directors was read, showing the following results for the year 1863—

**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**

The PREMIUMS received during the year 1864 amounted to...

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Direct Re-insurances</td>
<td>£415,657 19 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indemnities</td>
<td>£25,732 8 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>During the year 1863 the Premiums less Re-insurances were...</td>
<td>£439,585 10 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thus exhibiting a net increase of...</td>
<td>£54,043 2 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Total Losses by Fire, which during the past year were unusually heavy, amounted to...</td>
<td>£42,035 18 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**

1,260 NEW POLICIES were issued, insuring...

and adding to the Revenue the sum of...

and the Annual Premiums...

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The DEATHS during the Year were 100 in number, Assuring, with Bonus Additions...</td>
<td>£3,635,578 9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>which was considerably under the expectation by the Company's Tables...</td>
<td>£3,635,578 9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the ANNUITY DEPARTMENT 23 Bonds had been granted, for which was received the sum of...</td>
<td>£3,635,578 9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The RESERVATION FUND and SUSPENSION ACCOUNT amounted to...</td>
<td>£3,635,578 9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The ACCUMULATED FUND to...</td>
<td>£3,635,578 9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And the ANNUAL REVENUE to...</td>
<td>£3,635,578 9 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On the motion of Robert Blair Macdonald, Esq., seconded by John W. Carter, Esq., the Report was unanimously approved of, and a Dividend was declared of 7½, 6d. per Share, or 16½ per cent. on the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company, payable on 8th March current, free of Income-tax.

On the motion of Sir James Gardner Ballantyne, Bart., seconded by John Brown, Esq.,—Sir Walter James, Bart., John Cockburn, Esq., of Niddo Plaid, and the Right Hon. Viscount Melville, K.C.B., were re-elected as Extraordinary Directors; James Campbell Tait, Esq., Lawrence Davidson, Esq., and David Baird Weigato, Esq., as Ordinary Directors of the Edinburgh Board; and Passe du Pre Greneli, Esq., Alexander Kieochmann, Esq., and James du Buisson, Esq., as Ordinary Directors of the London Board.

**BONUS YEAR.**

On the Close of the Books on 31st DECEMBER next, the SIXTH SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION, with the view to a DIVISION OF PROFITS in the LIFE BUSINESS, will be made. All Participating Policies opened on or before that date will share.

**ESTABLISHMENT—1865.**

Offices: London.

**President—**His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, K.T.

**Vice-President—**His Grace the Duke of Sutherland. The Most Noble the Marquis of Abercorn, K.G., Sir John L. M. Lawrence, Bart., G.C.B. and K.C. Viceroy of India.

Ordinary Directors.

**EDINBURGH.**

Frederick Pitman, Esq., W.S.

John Brown Innes, Esq., W.S.

Henry D. Ferguson, Esq., W.S.

John Maitland, Esq., Accountant-General to the Court of Session.

R. B. Macdonald, Esq., W.S.

Sir James Gardner Ballantyne, Bart.

David Davidson, Esq., Treasurer of Bank of Scotland.

George Arthur Jamieson, Esq., C.A.

J. P. Walker Promenard, Esq., Merchant.

James Campbell Tait, Esq., W.S.

James Weigato, Esq., W.S.

M. Baird Weigato, Esq., Merchant, Leth.

Secretary—John Ogilvie, actuaries—David Chisholm.

**LONDON.**

John White Carter, Esq., Merchant.

Charles Morrison, Esq., Merchant.

James S. Morgan, Esq., Merchant.

John H. William Schneider, Esq., Merchant.

George Garden Nicol, Esq., Merchant.

George Young, Esq., Merchant.

Alexander Henry Campbell, Esq., Merchant.

Philip Charles Coven, Esq., Merchant.

Peter P. Balfour, Esq., Merchant.

P. R. de C. Greneli, Esq., Merchant.

A. Kieochmann, Esq., Merchant.

James du Buisson, Esq., Merchant.

Manager of Fire Department—George H. Wyting.

Medical Officer—A. H. Harbottle, M.D.

Auditor—Andrew Bades, Esq.

Surveyor—J. W. Luce.

Manager of Agents—Alfred Good.

General Manager—DAVID SMITH.

**HEAD OFFICES.**

**EDINBURGH,** 64 PRINCE STREET; LONDON, 61 THAMES STREET, E.C.

LONDON (West End Office), 6 WATERLOO PLACE, E.G. MALL, S.W.; GLASGOW (Branch Office), 202 S. WATFORD STREET, W. Part XII.—May, 1865.
THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.
EDITED BY GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

It has often been regretted that England has no journal similar to the Revue des Deux Mondes, treating of subjects which interest cultivated and thoughtful readers, and published at intervals which are neither too distant for influence on the passing questions, nor too brief for deliberation.

The Fortnightly Review will be established to meet this demand. It will address the cultivated readers of all classes by its treatment of topics specially interesting to each; and it is hoped that the latitude which will be given to the expression of individual opinion may render it acceptable to a very various public. As one means of securing the best aid of the best writers on questions of literature, art, science, philosophy, politics, and politics generally, we propose to remove all those restrictions of party and of editorial "consistency" which in other journals hamper the full and free expression of opinion; and we shall ask each writer to express his own views and sentiments with all the force of sincerity. He will never be required to express the views of an Editor or of a Party. He will not be asked to repress opinions or sentiments because they are distasteful to an Editor, or inconsistent with what may have formerly appeared in the Review. He will be asked to say what he really thinks and really feels; to say it on his own responsibility, and to leave its acceptance to the public.

In discussing questions that have an exciting influence, and admit diversity of aspects—questions upon which men feel deeply and think variously—two courses are open to an effective journal: either to become the organ of a Party, and to maintain a vigilant consistency which will secure the intense force gained by limitation; or to withdraw itself from all such limitations, and rely on the extensive force to be gained from a wide and liberal range. The latter course will be ours. Every party has its organ. The Fortnightly Review will seek its public amid all parties. It must not be understood from this that the Review is without its purpose, or without a consistency of its own; but the consistency will be one of tendency, not of doctrine; and the purpose will be that of aiding Progress in all directions. The Review will be liberal, and its liberalism as thorough as to include great diversity of individual opinion within its catholic unity of purpose. This is avowedly an experiment. National culture and public improvement really take place through very various means, and under very different guidance. Men never altogether think alike, even when they act in unison. In the Fortnightly Review we shall endeavour to further the cause of Progress by illumination from many minds. We shall encourage, rather than repress, diversity of opinion, satisfied if we can secure the higher uniformity which results from the constant presence of sincerity and talent.

We do not disguise from ourselves the difficulties of our task. Even with the best aid from contributors, we shall at first have to contend against the impatience of readers at the advocacy of opinions which they disapprove. Some will complain that our liberalism is too lax; others that it is too stringent. And, indeed, to adjust the limits beyond which our desire for the free expression of opinion will not permit our contributors to pass, will be a serious difficulty. We must rely on the tact and sympathy of our contributors, and on the candid construction of our readers. The Revue des Deux Mondes has proved with what admirable success a Journal may admit the utmost diversity of opinion. Nor can we doubt that an English public would be tolerant of equal diversity, justified by equal talent.

The Fortnightly Review will be published on the first and 15th of every month. Price Two Shillings.

The First Number will appear May 15.

OFFICE, 133 PICCADILLY.

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MR. THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.—The COMMONWEALTH of FLORENCE. A History of Four Centuries. Vols. I. and II. demy 8vo. 30s. [This Day.

MR. W. HEPWORTH DIXON.—The HOLY LAND. With Illustrations from Photographs by the Rev. James Graham. 2 vols. demy 8vo. [This Day.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE.—The HISTORY OF FREDERICK the GREAT. Vols. V. and VI. completing the Work, with Portraits and Maps. 40s.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING.—POETICAL WORKS. New Edition, 3 vols. 6s. 6d., with a Photographic Portrait. 20s. 6d.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.—A BIOGRAPHY. From the German of his Son, Baron Max Maria Von Weber. By J. Palgrave Simpson, M.A. 2 vols post 8vo. 28s.

MR. JOHN FORSTER.—LIFE of OLIVER GOLDSMITH. A New Edition, with 40 Illustrations. 7s. 6d.


MR. RALPH WORNUM.—EPOCHS of PAINTING. Demy 8vo, with numerous Illustrations. 20s.

MR. JAMES HUTCHINGS.—SCENES of WONDER and CURIOSITY in CALIFORNIA. With above 100 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s.


MR. PERCY FITZGERALD.—NEVER FORGOTTEN: a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

MISS ANNIE THOMAS.—ON GUARD: a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

MR. CHARLES LEVER.—LUTTRELL OF ARRAN. With 32 Illustrations, demy 8vo, 12s.

MR. CHARLES CLARKE.—CRUMBS FROM a SPORTSMAN'S TABLE. 2 vols. post 8vo.

MILES BULLER; or, The Little World of Omnigage: a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

SCRUTATOR.—PRACTICAL LESSONS in HUNTING and SHOOTING. Post 8vo, 10s.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
Now Ready, in Seven Parts, Price Eightpence each,

ELEMENTARY

DRAWING COPY BOOKS

FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN

FROM FOUR YEARS OLD AND UPWARDS

IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

COMPILED BY A STUDENT

CERTIFICATED BY THE SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT AS

AN ART TEACHER.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY,

Agents to the Science and Art Department for the Sale of Art-Examples, &c.

ELEMENTARY DRAWING COPY BOOKS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The present Series of Seven Elementary Drawing Copy Books is intended to aid in making instruction in Drawing to children as general as that of Writing. They are therefore to be used in the same manner as the usual writing copy books—viz: the copy being set at the top or at the side of the page (as the case may be), is to be copied on that same page, either below or on a line with the copy.

A power of making lines and curves with precision, and imitating the outlines of forms with accuracy, is the first step towards a proper training of the hand and eye; and when it is obtained, the child will readily pass into the next step of drawing objects themselves: just as in writing, the imitation of letters and words must precede the writing out thoughts. But though this power of imitation is essential to drawing accurately, its practical use is limited unless it is coupled with a power of applying it in drawing the forms of nature. Copying by itself is not worthy to be called drawing.

The set of Seven Books is made up as follows:—No. 1. Letters of single lines. No. 2. Letters of double or parallel lines. No. 3. Geometrical and ornamental forms. No. 4. Objects. No. 5. Single leaves. No. 6. Leaves, flowers, and sprays. No. 7. Animals, insects, reptiles, fishes, and beasts. Learning the different kinds of lines by drawing Italian letters, and so starting from something with which the child is already acquainted, will be found easier and far more interesting than drawing abstract lines.

The First Book is made up of the Alphabet, in large and small printing letters of single lines. The letters are arranged in order, beginning with vertical and horizontal lines, and passing on to slanting and curved lines. Letters of small size are placed first, as being least difficult to draw steadily than the longer lines of the larger letters.

Book II.—Letters in the same order as in Book I, the difficulty of the copies being increased by the letters being in double or parallel lines.

Book III.—Geometrical and Ornamental Forms.—These copies will be found much more difficult, and will require to be drawn with great care and accuracy.

Book IV.—Objects.—After the letters and copies in Book III, this set of copies will be found more interesting, as they will perhaps appear more easy to the child; but it must not be forgotten that the same care is equally necessary in drawing the objects, as in the more simple and right copies, whose faults are more easily seen and detected.

Book V.—Leaves.—These copies should lead the child to look at natural leaves, and to understand somewhat their growth and construction. As a great variety of leaves as possible has been given.

Book VI.—Leaves, Flowers, and Sprays.—This book given the extent to which it is necessary the child should go in drawing copies in outline from nature.

Book VII.—Animals, Insects, Reptiles, Fishes, and Beasts.—This last book is really the most difficult of the series; and, though from the greater variety and interest of subjects it may not be so tedious as the preceding copies, the utmost care in drawing them must be given.

A child who has already learnt to write, by passing once through this series of books, with great care and patience, will acquire a considerable power of drawing from objects. The same remark equally applies to an adult wishing to acquire the power of drawing. But if at the first essay the student cannot accomplish the exercises of the first, or any other book well, it is desirable that the copies should be repeated until the end is obtained. With this object a series of blank copy books has been prepared; to be used either for second Copies or Memory drawings.

After each of the last four books the same or similar objects may be drawn direct from nature. The copy previously drawn will serve as a guide to the manner in which to set about the same subject from nature. It will also be found very useful to cause the child to practice any of the copies from memory on a slate between the respective lessons.
THE LONDON SEASON.

To all who Court the Gay and Festive Scenes, the following are indispensable.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, a delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the hair, and as an Antiperspirant and Beautifier beyond all precedent. Price 2s. 6d., 7s. 6d., equal to four small, and 21s. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, for imparting a radiant bloom to the Complexion, and a softness and delicacy to the Knees, and for counteracting cutaneous defects. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE, for preserving and giving a pearl-like whiteness to the Teeth, a pleasing fragrance to the Breath, and for strengthening the Gums. Price 2s. 6d. per box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.

Two Prize Medals Awarded, 1862. Prices from 15s. per set.

JAQUES'S CROQUET.

At all Fancy Repositories.

WHOLESALE, JAQUES and SON, Hatton Garden.

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, Colds, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SPAEMS, &c.

CAUTION.—"IN CHANCERY."

CHLORODYNE.

VICE-CHANCELLOR WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the Inventor of Chlorodyne. Eminent Hospital Physicians of London stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was the Discoverer of Chlorodyne; that they prescribe it largely, and deem no other than Dr. BROWNE'S—See Times, July 13, 1864. The Public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

This INVALUABLE REMEDY produces quick refreshing sleep, relieves pain, calms the system, restores the deranged functions, and stimulates healthy action of the secretions of the body, without creating any of those unpleasant results attending the use of opium. Old and young may take it at all hours and times, when required.

From J. MCARDLE CROFT, M.D., M.R.C. Physic., London, Late Staff-Surgeon to H.M.F.

"After prescribing Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne, for the last three years, in severe cases of Neuralgia and Sciatica, I feel that I am in a position to testify to its valuable results. Really in some cases it acted as a charm, when all other means had failed. Without being asked for this report, I must come forward and state my candid opinion that it is a most valuable medicine."

From J. K. E. GOLSTON, M.D., Brighton.

"I can confidently state that Chlorodyne is an admirable Sedative and Anti-Spasmodic, having cured it in Neuralgia, Hysteria, Asthma, and Consumption with remarkably favourable results. It relieved a fit of Asthma in four minutes, where the patient had suffered 11 years in a most distressing manner, no previous remedy having had so immediate and beneficial an effect. No home should be without it. Sold in Bottles at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. Sent free on receipt of stamps. by J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, London, SOLE MANUFACTURER. Observe particularly none genuine without the words 'Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE' on the Government Stamp."

THE LIFE OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.


BY ELIZA METEYARD.

"This is the Life of Wedgwood to the expected appearance of which I referred at Burnham."—Extract from a Letter to the Author by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

BOOKS FOR MAY.

BRIGAND LIFE IN ITALY. By G. M. Martin. 5 vols. 5s.

IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Lord Ernats Craven. 3vols.

ALICE FORBES OF HOWGLEN. By George MacDonald, M.A. 3 vols.

YACHTING IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. A. G. L'Entraile. 5 vols. With Illustrations. 12s.

Also now Ready.

HISTORIC PICTURES. By A. Ballin Stroud. M.P. 2 vols. 21s.


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Cardinal Wiseman. 2 vols. 21s.

HURST & BLACKETT, Publishers, 3 Great Marlborough Street.

NEW NOVEL.

This day published, 3 vols. crown 8vo, cloth, price 11s. 6d.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS.

A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

Author of 'Austin Elliot,' 'Tawney,' &c.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON & CAMBRIDGE.

C A W N P O R E.

By G. O. TREVELYAN, AUTHOR OF 'THE COMET.'

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PLAN OF CAWNPORE, AND TWO ENGRAVINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BURIAL-GROUND AND THE WELL.

THE HISTORY IS DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC AND IN MANY CASES, FROM NEW SOURCES.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON & CAMBRIDGE.
WORTHY WORDS ON MARRIAGE
and MATRIMONIAL LIFE, with Poems. Dedicated
to the Ladies of England.

Cure of a Severe Cough and
INFLUENZA BY

From Mr. T. F. Ker, Surgeon, 22 Moss Lane, Manchester.

"I was an admiring observer of the progress of the case of Mr. James Wallerton, who for some years had been laboring under a severe cough and influenza—a great deal of languor—great hoarseness—sudden fever, etc., until you were afraid he had entirely removed all the symptoms."

They give instant relief and a rapid cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, and all Diseases of the Breasts and Lungs.

To SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS

They are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the Voice, and have a pleasant flavor. Price 1s. 6d. 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per box. Sold by all Chemists. Small books, containing many hundreds of Cures, may be had from every agent.

THE BOOK OF PERFUMES
BY EUGENE RIMMEL.

With upwards of 250 Illustrations by Thomas, Bourdin, &c.

One of the curiosities of the season—Morning Post.
A learned, elegant, and fascinating volume—London Journal.
An acceptable present—Public Opinion.
A very handsomely illustrated book—Court Journal.
Full of odd, out-of-the-way information—Spectator.
A very good book—Globe.
A beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated book—Neues und Quartett.

Crown 8vo, bound in cloth, gilt edging, 5s.; free by post for 2s. 6d.

DRAWING-ROOM EDITION,
Rose-fronted coloured paper, charcoal margins, lined edges, 1s. 6d.; free by post for 6d. stamps.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

To be had also of the Author, 90 Strand; 128 Regent Street; and 34 Cornhill, London. 17 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, and
BEDDING, carriage free—See our Illustrated Catalogue, containing prices and estimates for furnishing houses of different classes, forwarded gratis. This book is the most useful guide ever published; contains 400 designs of furniture drawn from an extensive stock, and embodies every article necessary in furnishing. The prices are based upon the lowest possible scale and cannot be eclipsed for cheapness and quality combined. The stock always in hand at this extensive establishment is one of the largest in the kingdom. Reference to former customers are offered. Lawrence & Co., Wootton, &c; makers, upholsterers, and bedding manufacturers, 70 and 75, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, N.B. Fifty magnificent Drawing-room suites in various styles, from 10 to 140 guineas. An assortment of old oak furniture. Established 1816.

OSBORNE'S
ANALYSED PROVISIONS.
A saving of 15 per cent.
To the purchaser on these truly excellent food products.

OSBORNE HOUSE,
30 LUDGATE HILL, NEAR ST. PAULS.

DYSPEPSIA.

MORSON'S PEPINE WINE is a perfectly palatable form for administering this popular remedy for weak digestion. Manufactured by T. Mossor and Son, 20 and 46, Southampton Row, Russell Square, W.C., in bottles of 1s. 6d., and 5s. each. Prose in boxes, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each.

KEATING'S PERSIAN INSECT-DESTROYING POWDER, unrivalled in destroying insects, bugs, lice, bugs, mosquitoes, etc., and every species of insect, and harmless to animal life. Sold in packets, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each (2 packets are free by post for 1s. 6d.), by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79 St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.; also sold in Boots with buffers, at 1s. 6d. and 2s.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION is
PRODUCED BY HOWLAND'S, LONDON.
Laxative, stimulating and improving, or applied to the face of the skin, will, immediately on the application of this celebrated preparation, experience its extraordinary salutary qualities, and produce and sustain Great Purity and Delicacy of Complexion, removes freckles, tan, and redness, and promotes healthy action, smoothness, and elasticity of the skin, and is recommended in preference to any other preparation by the Medical profession. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers. Half-pints, 1s. 6d.

PERFUMES
MARROW OIL
IODE JAMES LEWIS

Factory,
BARLETT'S BUILDINGS,
HOLBORN, E.C.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND ADVERTISER.

BENHAM AND SONS' GENERAL FURNISHING IRON-MONGERY CATALOGUE

May be had Grange and Free by Post. It contains Illustrations of their extensive Stock of Stoves, Fenders, and Fire Irons, Kitchen Ranges, and Cooking Apparatus, for which Prize Medals have been awarded to them in the International Exhibitions of 1853, 1855, and 1862.


Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, Bedding, Bed-Hangings, Blankets, &c.

FLAVEL'S PRIZE KITCHENER.

With Patented Improvements, to which a Prize Medal has been awarded in 1854; also the only Kitchen Ranges which obtained a prize medal and special appreciation in 1851. These Ranges are strongly recommended for their simplicity of construction, and economy and cleanliness in use, also as a certain cure for smoky chimney.

They are made from 3 feet to 18 feet in width for large or small establishments, and may be arranged to supply a bath, scullery kettles, hot plates, &c.

BENHAM AND SONS,
19, 20, and 21 WIGMORE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON, W.

"PURITY & EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY"

COLMAN'S

THE ONLY MEDAL AWARDED FOR MUSTARD AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.

PRIZE MEDAL

RETAIL IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

J. Holman, London.
By Appointment to the Royal Family.

W. & J. SANGSTER

Beg respectfully to solicit an inspection of their NEW PARASOL, the

'FLORENTINE,'

Also of their extensive assortment of SUN SHADES and PARASOLS, comprising Poul de Sois, Brocaded and Embroidered Silks, French, Maltese, and Brussels Lace, of the Newest and most Elegant Designs.

PARASOLS ADAPTED FOR MOURNING IN GREAT VARIETY.

To 140, REGENT STREET
ROYAL EXCHANGE
30, LEET STREET
L. S. CHEAPSIDE

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Umbrellas (for which W. and J. S. have been awarded FOUR PRIZE MEDALS) on Fox's Patent Paragon Frames, in every variety of style and price, from 10s. 6d. each.

To Umbrella and Parasol Dealers and the Public.

THE REMARKABLE DURABILITY OF THE
PARAGON FRAMES FOR UMBRELLAS

Is exemplified by a fact which has recently come to the knowledge of SAMUEL FOX & Co., viz., that these frames are frequently taken out of old umbrellas and put into new ones, and the census to which this is done by some manufacturers compels the patents, Samuel Fox and Co., to notice it, and to lavish particular attention to their label, having their trade mark as well as their name, which they issue only with new frames, and which should be placed inside each umbrella or parasol. Samuel Fox and Co.'s frames, made of solid steel wire, are warranted in every way; they are charged one penny per umbrella or parasol, more than the frames of other makers. Samuel Fox and Co.'s Patent Public Tips are used as an additional mark to denote their special manufacture; they are charged without profit, and are of extreme strength and durability, and will last as long as the frames. The various imitations of these tips also necessitates reference to the label of S. Fox and Co.

Deepsea, near Sheffield, January, 1865.

SCOTT ADIE

By Special Appointment to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,

Has on View the largest Choice of

LADIES' WATERPROOF CLOAKS AND JACKETS
In the most fashionable and useful shapes, suited for the Season.

LADIES' SUMMER AND WINTER LINSEY WOOLSEY
DRESSES AND Petticoats,
SCOTCH SPUN Silks, IRISH POPLINS, &c.

BOYS' KILT SUITS
In all the Clans, made to Order.

SCOTT ADIE'S FAMOUS WATERPROOF HIGHLAND CLOAKS
For Gentlemen, of SCOTCH TWEEDS, in various Textures, suited for all Seasons and Climates.

HAND-LOOM TWEEDS of real HIGHLAND WOOLS
For Shooting, Fishing, and General Country wear.

BANNOCKBURN MAUDS in the Heathers, Granites, Stone, Lovat, and other Mixtures,
Sufficient in each for Suits, at 20s. 6d. each.

HOME-SPUN SHEPHERD'S PLAIDS, 1 lb. each.
BLACK and OXFORD SCOTCH TWEEDS in all substances for Clergymen a wear.

SCOTT ADIE, 115 and 115A REGENT STREET.
ENTRANCE, CORNER OF VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.

FIRST MANUFACTURED IN LONDON,
A.D. 1742.

We guarantee the perfect purity of this Mustard.

Sold in 2 lb. Canisters, at 6d. each.
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.
WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARCUS STONE.
Cases can be had for binding Vol. I.
CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

SLACK'S IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE.

FAMILIES FURNISHING will find it to their advantage to inspect the
STOCK and compare the PRICES, a few of which can only be quoted in the limits of an advertisement.
Black Fenders, from 3s. 6d.
Bronzed Fenders, from 15s.
Bright Steel and Ornamental, 4½s.

SLACK’S CATALOGUE, with 380 drawings and prices of every requisite in Furnishing
Ironmongery, gratis or post-free. No Person should Furnish without one.

RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK,
336 STRAND, Opposite Somerset House.

Cash’s Cambric Frilling
Requires neither hemming nor
whipping, and is of a fine and
peculiarly durable material,
perfectly free from all dress.
It is of various widths.
For trimming all kinds of
LADIES' and CHILDREN'S
WASHING APPAREL.
Sold by all Drapers, in Envelopes
containing 12 yards, and bearing the
names of J. & J. CASH, Patentees.

This Frilling is not attached to any band, and can be sewn on with great neatness.

ESTABLISHED 1814.
THURSTON AND CO.,
Billiard Table Manufacturers
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
BY APPOINTMENT,
And to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The great superiority of the Billiard Tables manufactured by this Firm is fully attested by the fact of
their Tables having been patronised by Royalty since the reign of George III., during which period they
have been honoured also by the patronage of the principal Nobility and Gentry of England, upwards of
two hundred of Her Majesty’s and the Native Regiments at home and abroad, and more than one hundred
of the principal London, Provincial, and Foreign Clubs.

Catherine Street, Strand, London.

Fry’s
HOMEO PATHIC
PEARL
ICELAND MOSS
ROCK
Fry’s Soluble Chocolate.
Fry's Chocolate for Eating, in Sticks, Drops, &c. Fry's Chocolate Creams.

J. S. FRY & SONS are the only English House in the trade
to whom a PRIZE MEDAL was awarded at the International Exhibition,
1862. The superior quality of their articles has been attested by uniform
public approbation DURING A CENTURY.

For Children’s Diet.
GUARANTEED PERFECTLY PURE.

Brown & Polsons
PATENT CORN FLOUR.

Corrected Recipe for Infants’ Food.
To two teaspoonfuls of Brown and Polson's Corn Flour,
mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, add half-spoon of boiling milk and water (equal quantities); boil for seven
minutes, and serve very slightly. It should be warm
about the thickness of cream.
THE PERFECT HAIR-DYE.

UNWIN AND ALBERT'S COLUMBIA. - Its extraordinary power is so effective and instantaneous that grey hair is coloured permanently a natural brown or black in the moment. It is touched by the dye, leaving it perfectly clean and not at all before the application.

In cases at 2s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. Sample case, 3s. 9d. by post 40 stamps. 24 POUNDING, where Specimens may be seen.

BEWARE OF Imitations.

AURICOMUS FLUID, for producing the rich golden sunshine colour so greatly admired in beautiful and becoming shade, on Balms and children's hair. Prepared only by UNWIN and ALBERT. Each Hairdressers, 24 Poundin. In bottles, 10s. 6d. and 21s.

SHEPPARD'S NEW MODEL DAIRY BUTTER.

Always good, in One Pound Baskets, 12 1/4d.,edition included. Cheese, Hams, Bacon, Tongue, Chops, etc., of the choicest descriptions. Cuts and Blackwood's Pickles, Sauces, and Breakfast and Luncheon Delicacies.

 Provision Warehouses,
58 Borough, S.E., & Terminus Stores,
London Bridge, S.E.

Bond's Permanent Marking Ink.

The ORIGINAL INVENTION, established 1871, is by far the BEST for Marking NAMES and INITIALS upon household linen, wearing apparel, etc. Price, 1s. per bottle. No engravings on ever made. Sold by E. H. BOND, 10, Holborn Gate, London. E.C., and by all respectable Chemists and Stationers in the United Kingdom. Removed from 26, Long Lane, K.C. (where it has been established nearly a half a century) to 10, Holborn Gate Street, Westminster, E.C.

PIESE & LUSIN'S
LOVE AND KISSES!
THE CONGRESS OF FLOWERS.
THE SANDRINGHAM BOUQUET.

P 1487 NEW BOND STREET.

New & Improved Toilette Requisites.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, established upwards of thirty years, is the best and only certain remedy ever discovered for Preserving, Strengthening, Beautifying, or Enrifting the Hair, Whiskers, or Moustaches, and preventing them from greying. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 6s., and 11s., by C. & A. GSE.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY V. COGNAC BRANDY.

THIS celebrated OLD IRISH WHISKY rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England; and, wholesale, at Great Windmill Street, Haymarket, W. Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded “KINAHAN'S LL Whisky.”

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS,
WALL LIGHTS AND LUSTRES, FOR GAS AND CANDLES.

TABLE GLASS, ETC.

Glass Dinner Services for 12 Persons, from 21s. 15d. Glass Dessert Services for 12 Persons, from 21s. 15d.

Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents, Men, Women, and Furnishing Orders promptly executed.

LONDON—SHOW ROOMS, 45 OXFORD STREET.

BIRMINGHAM—MANUFACTORY & SHOW ROOMS, BROAD STREET, ESTABLISHED 1877.

Chandeliers in Bronze and Ormolu for Dining-room and Library.

Candelabra,Moderator Lamps, in Bronze, Ormolu, China, and Glass.

Smaltsets in Persian, Venetian, and other Ornaments, in a Show-Room erected expressly for these Articles.

OSLER, 45 OXFORD STREET, W.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

JOSEPH GILLOT,
METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN,

BEGINs to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the Public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions, which, for EXCELLENCE OF FINEST, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHAPRICES IN PRICE, must insure universal approbation and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality. They are put up in boxes containing one pen each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of numerous persons engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his WARRANTED SCHOOL and WRITING PENS, which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 84 John-street, New York; and at 37 Gracechurch-street, London.
WILLIAM S. BURTON,
GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER,
By Appointment, to H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

THE REAL NICKEL SILVER,
Introduced more than thirty years ago by
WILLIAM S. BURTON,
When PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Herrington
and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article
to sterling silver that can be employed as such,
either malleable or ornamental, as by no possible test
it can be distinguished from real silver.
A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish
and durability, as follows.—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>5½d. or 6d.</th>
<th>6d.</th>
<th>8d.</th>
<th>1s. 6d.</th>
<th>2s. 6d.</th>
<th>3s. 6d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fish Knives</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teaspoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner Forks</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dessert Forks</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dessert Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Table Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egg Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fish Knives</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teaspoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner Forks</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dessert Forks</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dessert Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Table Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egg Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2s. 6d.</th>
<th>3s. 6d.</th>
<th>4s. 6d.</th>
<th>6s. 8d.</th>
<th>1s. 6d.</th>
<th>2s. 6d.</th>
<th>3s. 6d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fish Knives</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teaspoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner Forks</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dessert Forks</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dessert Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Table Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egg Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea Spoons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CUTLERY WARRANTED.
The most varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the
World, all warranted, is on sale at
WILLIAM S. BURTON'S,
At prices that are commensurate only because of the
largeness of the sales.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table Knives per doz.</th>
<th>Dessert Knives per doz.</th>
<th>Carvers per pair</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4&quot; Ivory Handles</td>
<td>6&quot; Ivory Balance Handles</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5½&quot; Ivory Handles</td>
<td>6½&quot; Ivory Balance Handles</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6½&quot; Ivory Handles</td>
<td>7½&quot; Ivory Balance Handles</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Largest Stock in existence of PLATED DESERT KNIVES and FORKS, in Cases and otherwise, on
the new Plated Fish Carvers.

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and FURNITURE.—WILLIAM S. BURTON'S Stock on Show
of IRON and BRASS BRISERAILS and CHILDREN'S COTS, stands unrivalled either for extent or moderateness
of prices. He also supplies Bedding, manufactured on the Premises, and Bed Hangings of guaranteed quality
Patent from Bedsteads, fitted with downfall joints and
patent packing, from 1s. each. Ornamental Iron and
Brass Bedsteads in Great Variety, from 14s. to 25s.

Complete suites of Bed-room Furniture in mahogany,
fancy woods, polished and japanned deal, always on show.
These are made by WILLIAM S. BURTON, at his Manufactory,
at Newman Street, and every article is guaranteed.
China Toilet Ware in great variety, from 4s. the set of five pieces.

WILLIAM S. BURTON,
GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER,
By Appointment to H.R.H. THE PRINCE of WALES,
Sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post paid. It contains upwards of 600 Illustrations of his Illimitated Stock of
Sterling Silver and Electro Plated, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot-water Bases, Silver,
Fenders, Marblin Chimneypieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasoliers, Tea Trays, Uris and Kettles, Clocks, Table
Cutlery, Beds, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room Cabinets Furniture, &c., with Lists
of Prices, and PLANS of the TWENTY LARGE ROOMS at
39 OXFORD STREET, W.; 1, 2, 3, & 4, NEWMAN STREET;
& 5, 6, PERRY'S PLACE; & 1 NEWMAN YARD, LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1829.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STANFORD STREET, CHANCERY LANE.
CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF A LONG JOURNEY.

The train of carts and horses came and went all day from dawn to nightfall, making little or no daily impression on the heap of ashes, though, as the days passed on, the heap was seen to be slowly melting. My lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, when you in the course of your dust-shovelling and cinder-taking have piled up a mountain of pretentious failure, you must off with your honorable coats for the removal of it, and fall to the work with the power of all the queen's horses and all the queen's men, or it will come rushing down and bury us alive.

Yes, verily, my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, adapting your Catechism to the occasion, and by God's help so you must. For when we have got things to the pass that with an enormous treasure at disposal to relieve the poor, the best of the poor detest our mercies, hide their heads from us, and shame us by starving to death in the midst of us, it is a pass impossible of prosperity, impossible of continuance. It may not be so written in the Gospel according to Podmynery; you may not "find these words" for the text of a sermon, in the Returns of the Board of Trade; but they have been the truth since the foundations of the universe were laid, and they will be the truth until the foundations of the universe are shaken by the Builder. This boastful handiwork of ours, which fails in its terrors for the professional paper, the sturdy breaker of windows and the rampant tearer of clothes, strikes with a cruel and a wicked stab at the stricken sufferer, and is a horror to the deserving and unfortunate. We must mend it, lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, or in its own evil hour it will mar every one of us.

Old Betty Higgen fared upon her pilgrimage as many ruggedly honest creatures, women and men, fare on their toiling way along the roads of life. Patiently to earn a bare bare living, and quietly to die, untouched by workhouse hands—this was her highest sublunary hope.

Nothing had been heard of her at Mr. Boffin's house since she trudged off. The weather had been hard and the roads had been bad, and her spirit was up. A less stanch spirit might have been subdued by such adverse influences; but the loan for her little outfit was in no part repaid, and it had gone worse with her than she had foreseen, and she was put upon proving her case and maintaining her independence.

Faithful soul! When she had spoken to the Secretary of that "deadness that steals over me at times," her fortitude had made too little of it. Often and ever oftener, it came stealing over her; darker and ever darker, like the shadow of advancing Death. That the shadow should be deep as it came on, like the shadow of an actual presence, was in accordance with the laws of the physical
world, for all the Light that shone on Betty Higden lay beyond Death.

The poor old creature had taken the upward course of the river Thames as her general track; it was the track in which her last home lay, and of which she had last had local love and knowledge. She had hovered for a little while in the near neighbourhood of her abandoned dwelling, and had sold, and knitted and sold, and gone on.

In the pleasant towns of Chertsey, Walton, Kingston, and Staines, her figure came to be quite well known for some short weeks, and then again passed on.

She would take her stand in market-places, where there were such things, on market-days; at other times, in the busiest (that was seldom very busy) portion of the little quiet High Street; at still other times she would explore the outlying roads for great houses, and would ask leave at the Lodge to pass in with her basket, and would not often get it. But ladies in carriages would frequently make purchases from her trifling stock, and were usually pleased with her bright eyes and her hopeful speech. In these and her cheap dress originated, a tale that was well to do in the world: one might say, for her station, rich. As making a comfortable provision for its subject which costs nobody anything, this class of fable has long been popular.

In those pleasant little towns on Thames, you may hear the fall of the water over the weir, or, even, in still weather, the rustle of the rushes and their fronds from the bridge you may walk on. You may feel the breath of the river, you may feel the sun, and the late creature—or some wretched ragged groups of either sex, or of both sexes, with children among them, huddled together like the smaller vermin for a little warmth—lingering and lingering on the doorstep, while the appointed evader of the public trust did his dirty office of trying to weary them out and so get rid of them. Now, she would light upon some poor decent person, like herself, going afoot on a pilgrimage of many weary miles to see some worn-out relative or friend who had been charitably clutched off to a great blank barren Union House, as far from old home as the County Jail (the remoteness of which is always its worst punishment for small rural offenders), and in its dietary, and in its lodging, and in its tending of the sick, a much more penal establishment. Sometimes she would hear a newspaper read out, and would learn how the Registrar General cast up the number of the dead in the various hospitals, and of corpses to the weather: for that which recording Angel seemed to have a regular fixed place in his sum, as if they were its halfpence. All such things she would hear discussed, as we, my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, in our unapproachable magnificence never hear them, and from all such things she would fly with the wings of raging Despair.

This is not a figure of speech. Old Betty Higden always cried, however facetiously, would start up and be driven away by her awakened horror of falling into the hands of Charity. It is a remarkable Christian improvement, to have made a pursuing Fury of the Good Samaritan; but it was so in this case, and it is a type of many, many, many.

Two incidents united to intensify the old unreasonable abhorrence—granted in a previous place to be unreasonable, because the people always are unreasonable, and invariably make a point of producing all their smoke without fire.

One day she was sitting in a market-place on a bench outside an inn, with her little wares for sale, when the deadness that she strove against came over her so heavily that the scene departed from before her eyes; when it returned, she found herself on the ground, her head supported by some good-natured market-women, and a little crowd about her.

"Are you better now, mother?" asked one of the women. "Do you think you can do nicely now?"

"Have I been ill then?" asked old Betty.

"You have had a faint like," was the answer, "or a fit. It ain't
that you've been a-struggling, mother, but you've been stiff and numb.

"Ah!" said Betty, recovering her memory. "It's the numbness. Ye'll come over me at times."

"Was it gone now?" the woman asked her.

"It's gone now," said Betty. "I shall be stronger than I was afore. Many thanks to ye, my dears, and when you come to be as old as I am, may others do as much for you!"

They assisted her to rise, but she could not stand yet, and they supported her when she sat down again upon the bench.

"My head's a bit light, and my feet are a bit heavy," said old Betty, leaning her face drowsily on the breast of the woman who had spoken before. "They'll both come nat'ral in a minute. There's nothing more the matter."

"Ask her," said some farmers standing by, who had come out from their market-dinner, "who belongs to her."

"Are there any folks belonging to you, mother?" said the woman.

"Yes," answered Betty. "I heerd the gentleman say it, but I couldn't answer quick enough. There's plenty belonging to me. Don't ye fear for me, my dear?"

"But are any of 'em near here?" said the men's voices; the women's voices chiming in when it was said, and prolonging the strain.

"Quite near enough," said Betty, rousing herself. "Don't ye be afraid for none, neighbours."

"But you are not fit to travel. Where are you going?" was the next compassionate chorus she heard.

"I'm going to London when I've sold out all," said Betty, rising with difficulty. "I've right good friends in London. I want for nothing. I shall come to no harm. Thank ye. Don't ye be afraid for me."

A well-meaning bystander, yellow-legginsed and purple-faced, said hoarsely over his red comforter, as she rose to her feet, that she "oughtn't to be let to go."

"For the Lord's sake don't meddle with me!" cried old Betty, all her fears crowding on her. "I am quite well now, and I must go this minute."

She caught up her basket as she spoke and was making an unsteadily rush away from them, when the same bystander checked her with his hand on her sleeve, and urged her to come with him and see the parish-doctor. Strengthening herself by the utmost exercise of her resolution, the poor trembling creature shook him off, almost fiercely, and took to flight. Nor did she feel safe until she had set a mile or two of by-road between herself and the market-place, and had crept into a copse, like a hunted animal, to hide and recover breath. Not until the first time did she venture to recall how she had looked over her shoulder before turning out of the town and had seen the sign of the White Lion hanging across the road, and the fluttering market booths, and the old grey church, and the little crowd gazing after her but not attempting to follow her.

The second frightening incident was this. She had been again as
"Stop a bit," said the Deputy, striking in between her and the door. "Why are you all of a shake, and what's your hurry, Missis?"

"Oh, Master, Master," returned Betty Higden, "I've fought against the Parish and feel from it, all my life, and I want to die free of it!"

"I don't know," said the Deputy, with deliberation, "as I ought to let you go. I'm a honest man as gets my living by the sweat of my brow, and I may fall into trouble by letting you go. I've felt into trouble afore now, by George, and I know what it is, and it's made me careful. You might be took with your deadness again, half a mile off—or half of half a quarter, for the matter of that—and then it would be asked, Why did that honest Deputy Lock let her go, instead of putting her safe with the Parish? That's what a man of his character ought to have done; it would be forgot, said the Deputy Lock, cunningly harping on the strong string of her terror; "he ought to have handed her over safe to the Parish. That was to be expected of a man of his merits.

As he stood in the doorway, the poor old careworn, wayworn woman burst into tears, and clasped her hands, as if in very agony she prayed to him.

"As I've told you, Master, I've the best of friends. This letter will show how true I spoke, and they will be thankful for me."

The Deputy Lock opened the letter with a grave face, which underwent no change as he eyed its contents. But it might have done, if he could have read them.

"What a monstrous sight of small change, Missis," he said, with an abstracted air, "after a little meditation, "might you call a morsel of money?"

Hurriedly emptying her pocket, old Betty counted on the table, a shilling, and two sixpenny pieces, and a few pence.

"If I was to let you go instead of handing you over safe to the Parish," said the Deputy, counting the money with his eyes, "might be your own free wish to leave that there behind you?"

"Take it, Master, take it, and welcome and thankful!"

"I'm a man," said the Deputy, giving her back the letter, and pocketing the coins, one by one, "as earns his living by the sweat of his brow; here he drew his sleeve across his forehead, as if this particular portion of his humble gains were the result of sheer hard labour and virtuous industry; and I won't stand in your way. Go where you like."

She was gone out of the Lock-house as soon as he gave her this permission, and her tottering steps were on the road again. But, afraid to go back and afraid to go forward; seeing what she fled from, in the sky-clare of the lights of the little town before her, and leaving a confused horror of it everywhere behind her, as if she had escaped it in every stone of every market-place; she struck by side ways, among which she got bewildered and lost. That night she took refuge from the Samaritan in his latest accredited form, under a farmer's name; and if—worth thinking on, perhaps, my fellow-Christians—the Samaritan had in the lonely night, "passed by on the other side," she would most devoutly thank Him, Heaven for her escape from him.

The morning found her afoot again, but fast declining as to the clearness of her thoughts, though not as to the steadiness of her purpose. Comprehending that her strength was quitting her, and that the struggle of her life was almost ended, she could neither reason out the means of getting back to her protectors, nor even form the idea. The overmastering dread, and the proud state of resolution it engendered in her to die unaided, were the two distinct impressions left in her failing mind. Supported only by a sense that she was bent on conquering in her life-long fight, she went on.

The time was come, now, when the wants of this little life were passing away from her. She could not have swallowed food, though a table had been spread for her in the next field. The day was cold and wet, but she scarcely knew it. She crept on, poor soul, like a criminal afraid of being taken, and felt little beyond the terror of falling down while it was yet daylight, and being found alive. She had no fear that she would live through another night.

Sewn in the breast of her gown, the money to pay for her burial was still intact. If she could wear through the day, and then lie down to die under cover of the darkness, she would die independent. If she were captured previously, the money would be taken from her, as a pauper who had no right to it, and she would be carried to the gaol of the workhouse. Gaining her end, the letter would be found in her breast, along with the money, and the gentle folks would say when it was given back to them, "She prized it, did old Betty Higden; she was true to it; and while she lived, she would never let it be disgraced by falling into the hands of those that she held in horror."

Most illogical, inconsequential, and light-headed, this little band of people, in the valley of the shadow of death, are to be light-headed; and were old people of low estate have a trick of reasoning as indifferently as they live, and doubtless would appreciate our Poor Law more philosophically on an income of ten thousand a year.

So, keeping by byways, and shunning human approach, this troublesome old woman hid herself, and fared on all through the dreary day. Yet even in her stagnant imagination, she sometimes, as the day advanced, there was a light fink in her eyes, a quicker beating at her feeble heart, as though she said excitedly, "The Lord will see me through it!"

By what visionary hands she was led along upon that journey of escape from the Samaritan? By what voices, hushed in the grave, seemed to be addressed; how she fancied the dead child in her arms again, and times innumerable adjusted her shawl to keep it warm; what infinite variety of forms of tower and roof and steeple the trees took; how many furious horsemen rode at her, crying, "There she goes! Stop! Stop, Betty Higden!" and melted away as they came close; be these things left untold. Faring on and hiding, hiding and faring on, the poor harmless creature, as though she were a Murderess and the whole country were up after her, wore out the day, and gained the night.

"Water meadows, or such like," she had sometimes murmured, on the dead pilgrim's way, when she had raised her head and taken any note of the real objects about her. There now arose in the darkness,
a great building, full of lighted windows. Smoke was issuing from a high chimney in the rear of it, and there was the sound of a water-wheel at the side. Between her and the building, lay a piece of water, in which the lighted windows were reflected, and on its nearest margin was a plantation of trees. "I humbly thank the Power and the Glory," said Betty Higden, holding up her withered hands, "that I have come to my journey's end!"

She crept among the trees to the trunk of a tree whence she could see, beyond some intervening trees and branches, the lighted windows, of their reality and their reflection in the water. She placed her orderly little basket on the ground, supporting herself against the tree. It brought her mind the foot of the Cross, and she committed herself to Him who died upon it. Her strength held out to enable her to arrange the letter in her breast, so that it could be seen that she had a paper there. It had held out for this, and it departed when this was done.

"I am safe here," was her last bemoaned thought. "When I am found dead at the foot of the Cross, it will be by some of my own sect; some of the working people who work among the lights yonder. I cannot see the lighted windows now, but they are there. I am thankful for all!"

The darkness gone, and a face bending down.

"It cannot be the boomer lady?"

"I don't understand what you say. Let me wet your lips again with this branding iron I have been away to fetch it. Did you think that I was long gone?"

It is as the face of a woman, shaded by a quantity of rial dark hair. It is the earnest face of a woman who is young and handsome. But all is over with me on earth, and this must be an Angel.

"Have I been long dead?"

"I don't understand what you say. Let me wet your lips again. I hurried all I could, and brought no one back with me, lest you should die of the shock of strangers."

"Am I not dead?"

"I cannot understand what you say. Your voice is so low and broken that I cannot hear you. Do you hear me?"

"Yes!"

"Do you mean "Yes}?"

"Yes."

"I was coming from my work just now, along the path outside (I was up with the night—hands last night), and I heard a groan, and found you lying here."

"What work, deary?"

"Did you ask what work? At the paper-mill."

"Where is it?"

"Your face is turned up to the sky, and you can't see it. It is close by. You can see my face, here, between you and the sky."

"Yes!"

"Dare I lift her?"

"Not yet."

"Not even lift your head to get it on my arm? I will do it by very gentle degrees. You shall hardly feel it."

"Not yet. Paper, Letter."

"This paper in your breast?"

"Bless ye!"

"Let me wet your lips again. Am I to open it? To read it?"

"Bless ye!"

She reads it with surprise, and looks down with a new expression and a sudden interest on the motionless face she kneels beside.

"I know these names. I have heard them often."

"Will you send it, my dear?"

"I cannot understand you. Let me wet your lips again, and your forehead. There. O poor thing, poor thing! These words through her fast-dropping tears. "What was it that you asked me? Wait till I bring my ear close."

"Will you send it, my dear?"

"Will I send it to the writers? Is that your wish? Yes, certainly."

"You'll not give it up to any one but them?"

"No."

"As you must grow old in time, and come to your dying hour, my dear, you'll not give it up to any one but them?"

"Most solemnly."

"Never to the Parish!" with a convulsed struggle.

"No. Most solemnly."

"Nor let the Parish touch me, nor yet so much as look at me!" with another struggle.

"No. Faithfully."

A look of thankfulness and triumph lights the worn old face. The eyes which have been darkly fixed upon the sky, turn with meaning in them towards the compassionating face from which the tears are dropping, and a smile is on the aged lips as they ask:

"What is your name, my dear?"

"My name is Lizzie Hexam."

"I must be sore disfigured. Are you afraid to kiss me?"

The answer is, the ready pressure of her lips upon the cold but smiling mouth.

"Bless ye! Now lift me, my love."

Lizzie Hexam very softly raised the weather-stained grey head, and lifted her as high as Heaven.

CHAPTER IX.

SOMEBODY BECOMES THE SUBJECT OF A PREDICTION.

"We give thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our sister out of the miseries of this sinful world."

So read the Reverend Frank Milvey in a not untroubled voice, for his heart misgave him that all was not quite right between us and our sister—or say our sister in Law—Poor Law—and that we some-
times read these words in an awful manner, over our Sister and our Brother too.

And Sloppy—on whom the brave deceased had never turned her back until she ran away from him, knowing that otherwise he would not be separated from her—Sloppy could not in his conscience as yet find the hearty thanks required of it. Selfish in Sloppy, and yet excusable, it may be humbly hoped, because our sister had been more than his mother.

The words were read above the ashes of Betty Highden, in a corner of a churchyard near the river; in a churchyard so obscure that that was nothing in it but grass-mounds, not so much as one single tombstone. It might not be to do an unreasonably great deal for the diggers and heavers, in a registering age, if we ticketed their graves at the coroner’s charge; so that a new generation might know which was which; so that the soldier, sailor, emigrant, coming home, should be able to identify the resting-place of father, mother, playmate, or betrothed. For, we turn up our eyes and say that we are all alike in death, and we might turn them down and work the saying out in this world, so far. It would be sentimental, perhaps? But how say ye, my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, shall we not find good standing-room left for a little sentiment, if we look into our crowds?

Near unto the Reverend Frank Milvey as he stood, stood his little wife, John Rokesmith the Secretary, and Bella Wilfer. These, over and above Sloppy, were the mourners at the lowly grave. Not a penny had been added to the money sewn in her dress: what her honest spirit had so long projected, was fulfilled.

"I’ve toke it in my head," said Sloppy, laying it, inconsolable, against the church door, when all was done: "I’ve toke it in my wretched head that I might have sometimes turned a little harder for her, and it cuts me deep to think now.

The Reverend Frank Milvey, comforting Sloppy, expounded to him how the best of us were more or less remiss in our turnings at our respective Mangles—some of us very much so—and how we were all a half-flygling, feeble, and inconsistent crew.

"She warn’t, sir," said Sloppy, taking this ghostly counsel rather ill, in behalf of his late benefactress. "Let us speak for ourselves, sir. She went through with whatever duty she had to do. She went through with me, she went through with the Minders, she went through with herself, she went through with everythink. O Mrs. Highden, Mrs. Highden, you was a woman and a mother and a mangler in a million million!"

With those heartfelt words, Sloppy removed his dejected head from the church door, and took it back to the grave in the corner, and laid it down there, and wept alone. "Not a very poor grave," said the Reverend Frank Milvey, brushing his hand across his eyes, "when it has that homely figure on it. Richer, I think, than it could be made by most of the sculpture in Westminster Abbey!"

They left him undisturbed, and passed out at the wicket-gate. The water-wheel of the paper-mill was audible there, and seemed to have a softening influence on the bright wintry scene. They had arrived but a little while before, and Lizzie Hexam now told them the little she had added to the letter in which she had enclosed Mr. Rokesmith’s letter and had asked for their instructions. This was merely how she had heard the ground, and what had afterwards passed, and how she had obtained leave for the remainders to be placed in that sweet, fresh, empty store-room of the mill from which they had just accompanied them to the churchyard, and how the last requests had been religiously observed.

"I couldn’t have done it, or nearly all, of myself," said Lizzie. "I should not have wanted the bill; but I should not have had the power, without our managing partner."

"Surely not the Jew who received us?" said Mrs. Milvey.

("My dear," observed her husband in parenthesis, "why not?")

"The gentleman certainly is a Jew," said Lizzie, "and the lady, his wife, is a Jewess, and I was first brought to their notice by a Jew. But I think there cannot be kinder people in the world."

"But suppose they try to convert you?" suggested Mrs. Milvey, bristling in her good little way, as a clergyman’s wife.

"To do what, ma’am?" asked Lizzie, with a modest smile.

"To make you change your religion," said Mrs. Milvey.

Lizzie shook her head, still smiling. "They have never asked me what my religion is. They asked me what my story was, and I told them. They asked me to be industrious and faithful, and I promised to be. They most willingly and cheerfully do their duty to all of us who are employed here, and we try to do ours to them. Indeed they do much more than their duty to us, for they are wonderfully mindful of us in many ways."

"It is easy to see you’re a favourite, my dear," said little Mrs. Milvey, not quite pleased.

"It wouldn’t be very ungrateful in me to say I am not," returned Lizzie, "for I have been already raised to a place of confidence here. But that makes no difference in their following their own religion and leaving all of us to ours. They never talk of theirs to us, and they never talk of ours to us. If I was the last in the mill, it would be just the same. They never asked me what religion that poor thing had followed."

"My dear," said the Reverend Frank aside to the Reverend Frank, "I wish you would talk to her."

"My dear," said the Reverend Frank aside to his good little wife, "I think I will leave it to somebody else. The circumstances are hardly favourable. There are plenty of talkers going about, my love, and she will soon find one."

While this discourse was interchanging, both Bella and the Secretary observed Lizzie Hexam with great attention. Brought face to face for the first time with the daughter of his supposed murderer, it was natural that John Harmon should have his own secret reasons for a careful scrutiny of her countenance and manner. Bella knew that Lizzie’s father had been falsely accused of the crime which had had so great an influence on her own life and fortunes; and her interest, though it had no secret springs, like that of the Secretary, was equally natural. Both had expected to see something very different from the
real Lizzie Hexam, and thus it fell out that she became the unconscious means of bringing them together.

For, when they had walked on with her to the little house in the clean village by the paper-mill, where Lizzie had a lodging with an elderly couple employed in the establishment, and when Mrs. Milvey and Bella had been up to see her room and had come down, the mill bell rang. This called Lizzie away for the time, and left the Secretary and Bella standing rather awkwardly in the small street; Mrs. Milvey being engaged in pursuing the village children, and her investigations whether they were in danger of becoming children of Israel; and the Reverend Frank being engaged—to say the truth—in evading that branch of his spiritual functions, and getting out of sight surreptitiously.

Bella at length said:

"Hadn't we better talk about the commission we have undertaken, Mr. Rokemosmith?"

"By all means," said the Secretary.

"I suppose," faltered Bella, "that we are both commissioned, or we shouldn't both be here?"

"I suppose so," was the Secretary's answer.

"When I proposed to come with Mr. and Mrs. Milvey," said Bella, "Mr. Boffin urged me to do so, in order that I might give her my small reputation not worth anything, Mr. Rokemosmith, except for it being a woman's—which indeed with you may be a fresh reason for it being worth nothing—of Lizzie Hexam.

"Mr. Boffin," said the Secretary, "directed me to come for the same purpose."

As they spoke they were leaving the little street and emerging on the wooded landscape by the river.

"You think well of her, Mr. Rokemosmith?" pursued Bella, conscious of making all the advances.

"I think highly of her."

"I am so glad of that! Something quite refined in her beauty, is there not?"

"Her appearance is very striking."

"There is a shade of sadness upon her that is quite touching. At least I do not set up my own poor opinion, you know, Mr. Rokemosmith," said Bella, excusing and explaining herself in a pretty shy way; "I am consulting you."

"I noticed that sadness. I hope it may not," said the Secretary in a lower voice, "be the result of the false accusation which has been retracted."

When they had passed on a little further without speaking, Bella, after stealing a glance or two at the Secretary, suddenly said:

"Oh, Mr. Rokemosmith, don't be hard with me, don't be stern with me; be magnanimous! I want to talk with you on equal terms." The Secretary at suddenly brightened, and returned: "Upon my honour I had no thought but for you. For my sake I force myself to be constrained, lest you might misinterpret my being more natural, there. It's gone!"

"Thank you," said Bella, holding out her little hand. "Forgive me."

"No!" cried the Secretary, eagerly. "Forgive me!" For there were tears in her eyes, and they were prettier in her sight (though they smote him on the heart rather reproachfully too) than any other glitter in the world.

When they had walked a little further:

"You were going to speak to me," said the Secretary, with the shadow so long on him quite thrown off and cast away, "about Lizzie Hexam. So was I going to speak to you, if I could have begun." "Now that you can begin, sir," returned Bella, with a look as if she italicized the word by putting one of her dimples under it, "what were you going to say?"

"You remember, of course, that in her short letter to Mrs. Boffin—short, but containing everything to the purpose—she stipulated that either her name, or else her place of residence, must be kept strictly a secret among us."

Bella nodded. "Yes, of course. The Secretary with a smile held up his hand, so plainly interposing "not for better taste," that Bella's colour deepened over the little piece of coquetry she was checked in.

"And so," resumed the Secretary, "if you would speak with her alone before we go away from here, I feel quite sure that a natural and easy confidence would arise between you. Of course you would not be asked to betray it; and of course you would not, if you were. But if you do not object to put this question to her—to ascertain for us her own feeling in this one matter—you can do so at a far greater advantage than I or any else could. Mr. Boffin is anxious on the subject. And I am," added the Secretary after a moment, "for a special reason, very anxious."

"I shall be happy, Mr. Rokemosmith," returned Bella, "to be of the least use; for I feel, after the serious scene of to-day, that I am useless enough in this world."

"Don't say that," urged the Secretary.

"Oh, but I mean that," said Bella, raising her eyebrows.

"No one is useless in this world," retorted the Secretary, "who lightens the burden of it for any one else."

"But I assure you I don't, Mr. Rokemosmith," said Bella, half crying.
"Not for your father?"
"Dear, loving, self-forgetful, easily-satisfied Pa! Oh, yes! He thinks so."
"It is enough if he only thinks so," said the Secretary. "Excuse the interruption: I don't like to hear you depreciate yourself."
"But you once depreciated me, sir," thought Bella, pouting, "and I hope you may be satisfied with the consequences you brought upon your head!" However, she said nothing to that purpose; she even said something to a different purpose.
"Mr. Rokesmith, it seems so long since we spoke together naturally, that I am embarrassed in approaching another subject."
"Mr. Boffin. You know I am very grateful to him; don't you? You know I feel a true respect for him, and am bound to him by the strong ties of his own generosity; now don't you?"
"Unquestionably. And also that you are his favourite companion.
"That makes it," said Bella, "so very difficult to speak of him. But—— Does he treat you well?"
"Yes, and I see it with pain," said Bella, very energetically.
"The Secretary gave her a such a radiant look, that if he had thanked her a hundred times, he could not have said as much as the look said."
"I see it with pain," repeated Bella, "and it often makes me miserable. Miserable, because I cannot bear to suppose government to be in a position which I cannot approve of, or have any indirect share in. Miserable, because I cannot bear to be forced to admit to myself that Fortune is spoiling Mr. Boffin."
"Miss Wilfer," said the Secretary, with a beaming face, "if you could know with what delight I make the discovery that Fortune is not spoiling you, you would know that it more than compensates me for any slight at any other hands."
"Oh, don't speak of me," said Bella, giving herself an impatient little slap with her glove. "You don't know me as well as——"
"As you know yourself?" suggested the Secretary, finding that she stopped. "Do you know yourself?"
"I know quite enough of myself," said Bella, with a charming air of being inclined to give herself up as a bad job, "and I don't improve upon acquaintance. But Mr. Boffin."
"That Mr. Boffin's manner to me, or consideration for me, is not what it used to be," observed the Secretary, "must be admitted. It is too plain to be denied."
"Are you disposed to deny it, Mr. Rokesmith?" asked Bella, with a look of wonder.
"Ought I not to be glad to do so, if I could: though it were only for my own sake?"
"Truly," returned Bella, "it must try you very much, and—you must promise me that you won't take ill what I am going to add, Mr. Rokesmith?"
if all the images it has in its time reflected could pass across its surface again, it would fail to reveal some scene of horror or distress. But the great serene mirror of the river seemed as if it might have reproduced all it had ever reflected between those placid banks, and brought nothing to the light save what was peaceful, pastoral, and blooming.

So, they walked, speaking of the newly filled-up grave, and of Johnny, and of many things. So, on their return, they met brisk Mrs. Milvay coming to seek them, with the agreeable intelligence that there was no fear for the village children, there being a Christian school in the village, and no worse Jewish interference with it than to plant its garden. So, they got back to the village as Lizzie Hexam was coming from the paper-mill, and Bella detached herself to speak with her in her own home.

"I am afraid it is a poor room for you," said Lizzie, with a smile of welcome, as she offered the post of honor by the fireside.

"Not so poor as you think, my dear," returned Bella, "if you know all." Indeed, though attained by some wonderful winding narrow stairs, which seemed to have been erected in a pure white chimney, and though very low in the ceiling, and very rugged in the floor, and rather blackening as to the proportions of its lattice window, it was a pleasant room more than that despised chambers once at home, in which Bella had first bounded the miseries of taking lodgers.

The day was closing as the two girls looked at one another by the fireside. The dusky room was lighted by the fire. The grime might have been the old braizer, and the glow might have been the old hollowness by the fire.

"It's quite new to me," said Lizzie, "to be visited by a lady so nearly of my own age, and so pretty, as you. It's a pleasure to me to look at you."

"I have nothing left to begin with," returned Bella, blushing, "because I was going to say that it was a pleasure to me to look at you, Lizzie. We can begin without a beginning, can't we?"

Lizzie took the pretty little hand that was held out in as pretty a little frankness.

"Now, dear," said Bella, drawing her chair a little nearer, and taking Lizzie's arm as if they were going out for a walk, "I am commissioned with something to say, and I daresay I shall say it wrong; but I won't if I can help it. It is in reference to your letter to Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, and this is what it is. Let me see. Oh yes! This is what it is."

With this exordium, Bella set forth that request of Lizzie's touching secrecy, and delicately spoke of that false accusation and its retraction, and asked might she beg to be informed whether it had any bearing, near or remote, on such request. "I feel, my dear," said Bella, quite amazing herself by the business-like manner in which she was getting on, "that the subject must be a painful one to you, but I am mixed up in it also; for—don't know whether you may know it or suspect it—I am the willow-heap girl who was to have been married to the unfortunate gentleman, if he had been pleased to approve of me. So I was dragged into the subject without my consent, and it is very little to choose between us."

"I had no doubt," said Lizzie, "that you were the Miss Wilfer I have often heard named. Can you tell me who my unknown friend is?"

"Unknown friend, my dear?" said Bella.

"Who caused the charge against poor father to be contradicted, and sent me the written paper."

Bella had never heard of him. Had no notion who he was.

"I should have been glad to thank him," returned Lizzie. "He has done a great deal for me. I must hope he will let me thank him some day.

"You asked me if anything to do with the accusation itself, Bella put in."

"Yes. Has either anything to do with my wishing to live quite secret and retired here? No."

As Lizzie Hexam shook her head in giving this reply and as her glance sought the fire, there was a quiet resolution in her folded hands, not lost on Bella's bright eyes. "Have you lived much alone?" asked Bella.

"Yes. It's nothing new to me. I used to be always alone many hours together, in the day and in the night, when poor father was alive."

"You have a brother, I have been told?"

"I have a brother, but he is not friendly with me. He is a very good boy though, and has raised himself by his industry. I don't complain of him."

As she said it, with her eyes upon the fire-glow, there was an instantaneous escape of distress into her face. Bella seized the moment to touch her hand.

"Lizzie, I wish you would tell me whether you have any friend of your own sex and age."

"I have lived that lonely kind of life, that I have never had one," was the answer.

"Nor I neither," said Bella. "Not that my life has been lonely, for I could have sometimes wished it lonelier, instead of having Ma going on like the Tragic Muse with a face-ache in majestic corners, and Lavvy being spiteful—that of course I am very fond of them both. I wish you could make a friend of me, Lizzie. Do you think you could? I have no more of what they call character, my dear, than a canary-bird, but I know I am trustworthy."

The wayward, playful, affectionate nature, giddy for want of the weight of some sustaining purpose, and capricious because it was always fluttering among little things, was yet a captivating one. To Lizzie it was so new, so pretty, at once so womanly and so childish, that it won her completely. And when Bella said again, "Do you think you could, Lizzie?" with her eyebrows raised, her head inquiringly on one side, and an old doubt about it in her own bosom, Lizzie showed beyond all question that she thought she could.

"Tell me, my dear," said Bella, "what is the matter, and why you live like this."

Lizzie presently began, by way of prelude, "You must have many..."
lovers"—when Bella checked her with a little scream of astonishment.

"My dear, I haven't one!"

"Not one?"

"Well! Perhaps one," said Bella. "I am sure I don't know. I had one, but what he may think about it at the present time I can't say. Perhaps I have half a one (of course I don't count that idiot, George Sampson). However, never mind me. I want to hear about you."

"There is a certain man," said Lizzie, "a passionate and angry man, who says he loves me, and who I must believe does love me. He is the friend of my brother. I shrink from him within myself when my brother first brought him to me; but the last time I saw him he terrified me more than I can say." There she stopped.

"Did you come here to escape from him, Lizzie?"

"I came here immediately after he so alarmed me."

"Are you afraid of him here?"

"I am timid generally, but I am always afraid of him. I am afraid to see a newspaper, or to hear a word spoken of what is done in London, lest he should have done some violence."

"Then you are not afraid of him for yourself, dear?" said Bella, after pondering on the words.

"I should be even that, if I met him here. I look round for him always, as I pass to and fro at night."

"Are you afraid of anything he may do to himself in London, my dear?"

"No. He might be fierce enough even to do some violence to himself, but I don't think of that."

"Then it would almost seem, dear," said Bella quizzically, "as if there must be somebody else?"

Lizzie put her hands before her face for a moment before replying:

"The words are always in my ears, and the blow he struck upon a stone wall as he said them is always before my eyes. I have tried hard to think it is not worth remembering, but I cannot make so little of it. His hand was trickling down with blood as he said to me, "Then I hope that I may never kill him!"

Rather startled, Bella made and clasped a girdle of her arms round Lizzie's waist, and then asked quietly, in a soft voice, as they both looked at the fire:

"Kill him! Is this man so jealous, then?"

"Of a gentleman," said Lizzie. "—I hardly know how to tell you—of a gentleman far above me and my way of life, who broke father's death to me, and has shown an interest in me since."

"Does he love you?"

Lizzie shook her head.

"Does he admire you?"

Lizzie ceased to shake her head, and pressed her hand upon her living girdle.

"Is it through his influence that you came here?"

"O no! And of all the world I wouldn't have him know that I am here, or get the least clue where to find me."

"Lizzie, dear! Why?" asked Bella, in amazement at this burst. But then quickly added, reading Lizzie's face: "No. Don't say why. That was a foolish question of mine. I see, I see."

There was silence between them. Lizzie, with a drooping head, glanced down at the glow in the fire where her first fancies had been nursed, and her first escape made from the grim life out of which she had plucked her brother, foreseeing her reward.

"You know all now," she said, raising her eyes to Bella's. "There is nothing left out. This is my reason for living a secret life, with the aid of the good old man who is my true friend. For a short part of my life at home with father, I knew of things—don't ask me what—that I set my face against, and tried to better. I don't think I could have done more, then, without letting my hold on father go; but they sometimes lie heavy on my mind. By doing all for the best, I hope I may wear them out."

"And wear out too," said Bella soothingly, "this weakness, Lizzie, in favour of one who is not worthy of it."

"No. I don't want to wear that out," was theflushed reply, "nor do I want to believe, nor do I believe, that he is not worthy of it. What should I gain by that, and how much should I lose?"

Bella's expressive little eyebrows demonstrated with the fire for some short time before she rejoined:

"Don't think that I press you, Lizzie; but wouldn't you gain in peace, and hope, and even in freedom? Wouldn't it be better not to live a secret life in hiding, and not to be shut out from your natural and wholesome prospects? Forgive my asking you, would that be no gain?"

"Does a woman's heart—that has that weakness in it which you have spoken of," returned Lizzie, "seek to gain anything?"

The question was so directly at variance with Bella's views in life, as set forth to her father, that she said internally, "There, you little mean, ungrateful wretch! Do you hear that? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" and unclasped the girdle of her arms, expressly to give herself a penitential poke in the side.

"But you said, Lizzie," observed Bella, returning to her subject when she had administered this chastisement, "that you would lose, besides. Would you mind telling me what you would lose, Lizzie?"

"I should lose some of the best recollections, best encouragements, and best objects, that I carry through my daily life. I should lose my belief that if I had been his equal, and he had loved me, I should have tried with all my might to make him better and happier, as he would have made me. I should lose almost all the value that I put upon the little learning I have, which is all owing to him, and which I conquered the difficulties of, that he might not think it thrown away upon me. I should lose a kind of picture of him—or of what he might have been, if I had been a lady, and he had loved me—which is always with me, and which I somehow feel that I could not do a mean or a wrong thing before. I should leave off prizing the remembrance that he has done me nothing but good since I have known him, and that he has made a change within me, like—like the change in the grain of those hands, which were coarse,
and cracked, and hard, and brown when I rowed on the river with father, and are softened and made supple by this new work as you see them now."

They trembled, but with no weakness, as she showed them.

"Understand me, my dear," thus she went on, "I have never dreamed of the possibility of his being anything to me on this earth but the kind of picture that I know I could not make you understand, if the understanding was not in your own breast already. I have no more dreamed of the possibility of my being his wife, than he ever has—and words could not be stronger than that. And yet I love him. I love him so much, and so dearly, that when I sometimes think my life may be but a weary one, I am proud of it and glad of it. I am proud and glad to suffer something for him, even though it is of no service to him, and he will never know of it or care for it."

Bella sat enchaîned by the deep, unsullied passion of this girl or woman of her own age, courageously revealing itself in the confidence of her sympathetic perception of its truth. And yet she had never experienced anything like it, or thought of the existence of anything like it.

"It was late upon a wretched night," said Lizzie, "when my eyes first looked at me in my old riverside home, very different from this. His eyes may never look at me again. I would rather that they never did; I hope that they never may. But I would not have the light of them taken out of my life, for anything my life can give me. I have told you everything now, my dear. If it comes a little strange to me to have parted with it, I am not sorry. I had no thought of ever parting with a single word of it, a moment before you came in, but you came in, and my mind changed."

Bella kissed her on the cheek, and thanked her warmly for her confidence. "I only wish," said Bella, "I was more deserving of it."

"More deserving of it?" repeated Lizzie, with an incredulous smile.

"I don't mean in respect of keeping it," said Bella, "because anyone should fear to bid before getting a syllable of it—though there's no merit in that, for I am naturally as obstinate as a pig. What I mean is, Lizzie, that I am a mere impertinent piece of concert, and you shame me."

Lizzie put up the pretty brown hair that came tumbling down, owing to the energy with which Bella shook her head; and she demonstrated while thus engaged, "My dear!"

"Oh, it's all very well to call me your dear," said Bella, with a pettish whimper, "and I am glad to be called so, though I have slight enough claim to be. But I am such a nasty little thing!"

"My dear?" urged Lizzie again.

"Such a shallow, cold, worldly, Limited little brute!" said Bella, bringing out her last adjective with culminating force.

"Do you think," inquired Lizzie with her quiet smile, the hair being now secured, "that I don't know better, that I don't know better, that I don't know better?"

"Do you know better, though?" said Bella. "Do you really believe you know better? Oh, I should be so glad if you did know better, but I am so very much afraid that I must know best!"

Lizzie asked her, laughing outright, whether she ever saw her own face or heard her own voice?

"I suppose so," returned Bella; "I look in the glass often enough, and I chatter like a magpie."

"I have seen your face, and heard your voice, at any rate," said Lizzie, "and they have tempted me to say to you—with a certainty of not going wrong—what I thought I should never say to any one. Does that look ill?"

"No, I hope it doesn't," pouted Bella, stopping herself in something between a humoured laugh and a humoured sob.

"I used once to see pictures in the fire," said Lizzie playfully, "to please my brother. Shall I tell you what I see there now where the fire is glowing?"

They had risen, and were standing on the hearth, the time being come for separating; each had drawn an arm around the other to take leave.

"Shall I tell you," asked Lizzie, "what I see down there?"

"Limited little brute?" suggested Bella with her eyebrows raised.

"A heart well worth winning, and well won. A heart that, once won, goes through fire and water for the winner, and never changes, and is never daunted."

"Girl's heart?" asked Bella, with accompanying eyebrows.

Lizzie nodded. "And the figure to which it belongs—"

"Is yours," suggested Bella.

"No. Most clearly and distinctly yours."

So the interview terminated with pleasant words on both sides, and with many reminders on the part of Bella that they were friends, and pledges that she would soon come down into that part of the country again. Therewith Lizzie returned to her occupation, and Bella ran over to the little inn to rejoin her company.

"You look rather serious, Miss Wilfer," was the Secretary's first remark.

She felt rather serious," returned Miss Wilfer.

She had nothing else to tell him but that Lizzie Hexam's secret had no reference whatever to the cruel charge, or its withdrawal. Oh yes, though! said Bella; she might as well mention one other thing; Lizzie was very desirous to thank her unknown friend who had sent her the written retraction. Was she, indeed? observed the Secretary. Ah! Bella asked him; had he any notion who that unknown friend might be? He had no notion whatever.

They were on the borders of Oxfordshire, so far had poor old Betty Higden strayed. They were to return by the train presently, and, the station being near at hand, the Reverend Frank and Mrs. Frank, and Sloppy and Bella and the Secretary, set out to walk it. Few rustic paths are wide enough for five, and Bella and the Secretary dropped behind.

"Can you believe, Mr. Hokesmith," said Bella, "that I feel as if whole years had passed since I went into Lizzie Hexam's cottage?"

"We have crowded a good deal into the day," he returned, "and you were much affected in the churchyard. You are over-tired."

"No, I am not at all tired. I have not quite expressed what I
mean. I don’t mean that I feel as if a great space of time had gone by, but that I feel as if much had happened—to myself, you know."

“For good, I hope?”

“I hope so,” said Bella.

“You are cold; I felt you tremble. Pray let me put this wrapper of mine about you. May I fold it over this shoulder without injuring your dress? Now, it will be too heavy and too long. Let me carry this end over my arm, as you have no arm to give me.”

Yes, she had thought. How she got it on, in her muffled state, Heaven knows; but she got it out somehow—there it was—and slipped it through the Secretary’s arm. “I have had a long and interesting talk with Lizzie, Mr. Rokemsmith,” said Bella, stopping short as she glanced at him, “to say to me just what she said about it."

“I infer that it must be because I feel just as she felt about it,”

“And how was that, do you mean to say, sir?” asked Bella, moving again.

“That if you were inclined to win her confidence—anybody’s confidence—you were sure to do it.”

The railway, at this point, knowingly shutting a green eye and opening a red one, they had to run for it. As Bella could not run easily so wrapped up, the Secretary had to help her. When she took her opposite place in the carriage corner, the brightness in her face was so charming to behold, that on her exclamations, “What beautiful stars and what a glorious night!” the Secretary said, “Yes, but seemed to prefer to see the night and the stars in the light of her lovely little countenance, looking out of window.

O booper lady, fascinating booper lady! If I were but legally executor of Johnny’s will! If I had but the right to pay my legatees and with the blast of the train as it cleared the stations, all knowingly shutting up their green eyes and opening their red ones when they prepared to let the booper lady pass.

CHAPTER X.

SCOUTS OUT.

“And so, Miss Wren,” said Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, “I cannot persuade you to dress me a doll?”

“No,” replied Miss Wren snappishly; “if you want one, go and buy one at the shop.”

“And my charming young goddaughter,” said Mr. Wrayburn plaintively, “down in Hertfordshire—?”

(“Humbugshire you mean, I think,” interposed Miss Wren, “is to be put upon the cold footing of the general public, and is to derive no advantage from my private acquaintance with the Court Dressmaker?”

“If it’s any advantage to your charming godchild—and oh, a precious godfather she has got!”—replied Miss Wren, pricking at him in the air with her needle, “to be informed that the Court Dressmaker knows your tricks and your manners, you may tell her by post, with my compliments.”

Miss Wren was busy at her work by candle-light, and Mr. Wrayburn, half amused and half vexed, and all idle and shiftless, stood by her bench looking on. Miss Wren’s troublesome child was in the corner in deep disgrace, and exhibiting great wretchedness in the shivering stage of procrastination from drink. “You disgraceful boy!” exclaimed Miss Wren, attracted by the sound of his chattering teeth, “I wish you’d all drop down your throat and play at dice in your stomach! Oh, wicked child! Bee-baa, black sheep!”

On her accompanying all of these reproaches with a threatening stamp of the foot, the wretched creature protested with a whine. “Put five shillings for you indeed!” Miss Wren proceeded; “how many hours do you suppose it costs me to earn five shillings, you infamous boy?—Don’t cry like that, or I’ll throw a doll at you. Pay five shillings fine for you indeed. Fine in more ways than one, I think!” I’d give the dustman five shillings, to carry you off in the dust cart.”

“No, no,” pleaded the absurd creature. “Please!”

“Be’s enough to break his mother’s heart, is this boy,” said Miss Wren, half of approving to Eugene. “I wish I had never brought him up. He’d be sharper than a serpent’s tooth, if he wasn’t as dull as ditch water. Look at him. There’s a pretty object for a parent’s eyes!”

Assuredly, in his worse than swinish state (for swine at least fatten on their guzzling, and make themselves good to eat), he was a pretty object for any eyes.

“A swelling and a swipey old child,” said Miss Wren, rating him with great severity, “fit for nothing but to be preserved in the liquor that destroys him, and put in a great glass bottle as a sight for other swipey children of his own pattern,—if he has no consideration for his liver, has he none for his mother?”

“Yes. Detachment, oh don’t!” cried the subject of these angry remarks.

“Oh don’t and oh don’t,” pursued Miss Wren. “It’s oh do and oh do. And why do you?”

“Won’t do so any more. Won’t indeed. Pray!”

“There!” said Miss Wren, covering her eyes with her hand. “I can’t bear to look at you. Go up stairs and get me my bonnet and shawl. Make yourself useful in some way, bad boy, and let me have your room instead of yours, for one half minute.”

Obeding her, he shambled out, and Eugene Wrayburn saw the tears spring from between the little creature’s fingers as she kept her hand before her eyes. He was sorry, but his sympathy did not move his carelessness to do anything but feel sorry.

“I’m going to the Italian Opera to try on,” said Miss Wren, taking away her hand after a little while, and laughing satirically to hide that she had been crying; “I must see your back before I go, Mr.
Wrayburn. "Let me first tell you, once for all, that it's of no use your paying visits to me. You wouldn't get what you want, of me, no, not if you brought pincers with you to tear it out."

"Are you so obstinate on the subject of a doll's dress for my godchild?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Wren with a hitch of her chin, "I am so obstinate. And of course it's on the subject of a doll's dress—or address—whatever you like. Get along and give it up."

Her degraded charge had come back, and was standing behind her with the bonnet and shawl.

"Give 'em to me and get back into your corner, you naughty old thing!" said Miss Wren, as she turned and sipped her wine. "No, no, I won't have your help. Go into your corner, this minute!"

The miserable man, feebly rubbing the back of his flailing hands down the grilles of the wrists, shuffled on to his post of disgrace; but not without a curious glance at Eugene in passing him, accompanied with what seemed as if it might have been an action of his elbow, if any action of any limb or joint he had, would have answered truly to his will. Taking no more particular notice of him than instinctively falling away from the disagreeable contact, Eugene, with a lazy compliment or so to Miss Wren, begged leave to light his cigar, and departed.

"Now you prodigal old son," said Jenny, shaking her head and her emphatic little forefinger at her burden, "you sit there till I come back. You dare to move out of your corner for a single instant while I'm gone, and I'll know the reason why."

With this admonition, she blew her work candles out, leaving him to the light of the fire, and, taking her big door-key in her pocket and her watch-stick in her hand, marched off.

Eugene lounged slowly towards the Temple, smoking his cigar, but saw no more of the dolls' dressmaker, through the accident of their taking opposite sides of the street. He lounged along moody, and stopped at Charing Cross to look about him, with as little interest in the crowd as any man might take, and was lounging on again, when a most unexpected object caught his eye. No less an object than Jenny Wren's bad boy trying to make up his mind to cross the road.

A more ridiculous and foolish spectacle than the cowering wretch making unsteady sallies into the roadway, and as often staggering back again, oppressed by terrors of vehicles that were a long way off or were nowhere, the streets could not have shown. Over and over again, when the course was perfectly clear, he set out, got half way, described a loop, turned, and went back again, when he might have crossed and re-crossed half a dozen times. Then, he would stand shivering on the edge of the pavement, looking up the street and looking down, while scores of people jostled him, and crossed, and went on. Stimulated in course of time by the sight of so many successes, he would make another sally, make another loop, would all but have his foot on the opposite pavement, would see or imagine something coming, and would stagger back again. There, he would stand making somnambulistic preparations as if for a great leap, and at last would decide on a start at precisely the wrong moment, and would be roared at by drivers, and would shrink back once more, and stand in the old spot shivering, with the whole of the proceedings to go through again.

"It strikes me," remarked Eugene coolly, after watching him for some minutes, "that my friend is likely to be rather behind time if he has any appointment on hand." With which remark he strolled on, and took no further thought of him.

Lightwood was at home when he got to the Chambers, and had dined alone there. Eugene drew a chair to the fire by which he was having his wine and reading the evening paper, and brought a glass, and filled it for good fellowship's sake.

"My dear Mortimer, you are the express picture of contentious industry, reposing (on credit) after the virtuous labours of the day."

"My dear Eugene, you are the express picture of discontented idleness not reposing at all. Where have you been?"

"I have been," replied Wrayburn, "—about town. I have turned up at the present juncture, with the intention of consulting my highly intelligent and respected solicitor on the position of my affairs."

"Your highly intelligent and respected solicitor is of opinion that your affairs are in a bad way, Eugene."

"Though whether," said Eugene thoughtfully, "that can be intelligently said, now, of the affairs of a client who has nothing to lose and who cannot possibly be made to pay, may be open to question."

"You have fallen into the hands of the Jews, Eugene."

"My dear boy," returned the debtor, very composedly taking up his glass, "having previously fallen into the hands of some of the Christians, I can bear it with philosophy."

"I have had an interview today, Eugene, with a Jew, who seems determined to press us hard. Quite a Shylock, and quite a Patriarch. A picturesquely-judged and grey-bearded old Jew, in a shawl-hat and gabardine."

"Not," said Eugene, passing in setting down his glass, "surely not my worthy friend Mr. Aaron?"

"He calls himself Mr. Rich."

"By-the-by," said Eugene, "it comes into my mind that—no doubt with an instinctive desire to receive him into the bosom of our Church."

"Eugene, Eugene," returned Lightwood, "you are more ridiculous than usual. Say what you mean.

"Merely, my dear fellow, that I have the honor and pleasure of a speaking acquaintance with such a Patriarch as you describe, and that I address him as Mr. Aaron, because it appears to me Hebraic, expressive, appropriate, and complimentary. Notwithstanding which strong reasons for its being his name, it may not be his name."

"I believe you are the absurdest man on the face of the earth," said Lightwood, laughing.

"Not at all, I assure you. Did he mention that he knew me?"

"He did not. He only said of you that he expected to be paid by you."

"Which looks," remarked Eugene with much gravity, "like not
knowing me. I hope it may not be my worthy friend Mr. Aaron, for, to tell you the truth, Mortimer, I doubt he may have a prepossession against me. I strongly suspect him of having had a hand in spirited away Lizzie."

"Everything," returned Lightwood impatiently, "seems, by a fatality, to bring us round to Lizzie. 'About town' meant about Lizzie, just now, Eugene." "My solicitor, do you know," observed Eugene, turning round to the furniture, "is a man of infinite discernment!"

"Did it not, Eugene?"

"Yes it did, Mortimer."

"And yet, Eugene, you know you do not really care for her."

Eugene Wrayburn rose, and put his hands in his pockets, and stood with a foot on the fender, indolently rocking his body and looking at the fire. After a prolonged pause, he replied: "I don't know that. I must ask you not to say that, as if we took it for granted." "But if you do care for her, so much the more should you leave her to herself."

Having again paused as before, Eugene said: "I don't know that, either. But tell me. Did you ever see me take so much trouble about anything, as about this disappearance of hers? I ask, for information."

"My dear Eugene, I wish I ever had!"

"Then you have not? Just so. You confirm my own impression. Does that look as if I cared for her? I ask, for information."

"I asked you for information, Eugene," said Mortimer reproachfully. "Dear boy, I know it, but I can't give it. I thirst for information. What do I mean? If my taking so much trouble to recover her does not mean that I care for her, what does it mean? If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper, where's the peck, dear?"

Though he said this gaily, he said it with a perplexed and inquisitive face, as if he actually did not know what to make of himself. "Look on to the end—" Lightwood was beginning to remonstrate, when he caught at the words: "Ah! See now! That's exactly what I am incapable of doing. How very acute you are, Mortimer, in finding my weak place! When we were at school together, I got up my lessons at the last moment, day by day and bit by bit; now we are out in life together, I get up my lessons in the same way. In the present task I have not got beyond this:— I am bent on finding Lizzie, and I mean to find her, and I will take any means of finding her that offer themselves. Fair means or foul means, are all alike to me. I ask you— for information — what does that mean? When I have found her I may ask you— also for information — what do I mean now? But it would be premature in this stage, and it's not the character of my mind.

Lightwood was shaking his head over the air with which his friend held forth— an air so whimsically open and argumentative as almost to deprive what he said of the appearance of evasion — when a shuffling was heard at the outer door, and then an undecided knock, as though some hand were grooping for the knocker. "The frolicsome youth of the neighbourhood," said Eugene, "whom I should be delighted to pitch from this elevation into the church-yard below, without any intermediate ceremonies, have probably turned the lamp out. I am on duty to-night, and will see to the door."

His friend had barely time to recall the unprecedented gleam of determination with which he had spoken of finding this girl, and which had faded out of him with the breath of the spoken words, when Eugene came back, ushering in a most disgraceful shadow of a man, shaking from head to foot, and clothed in shabby grease and soot.

"This interesting gentleman," said Eugene, "is the son— the occasionally rather trying son, for he has his failings— of a lady of my acquaintance. My dear Mortimer— Mr. Dolls," Eugene had no idea what his name was, knowing the little dressmaker's to be assumed, but presented him with easy confidence under the first appellation that his associations suggested. "I gather, my dear Mortimer," pursed Eugene, as Lightwood stared at the obscene visitor, "from the manner of Mr. Dolls—which is occasionally complicated— that he desires to make some communication to me. I have mentioned to Mr. Dolls that you and I are on terms of confidence, and have requested Mr. Dolls to develop his views here."

The wretched object being much embarrassed by holding what remained of his hat, Eugene airily tossed it to the door, and put him down in a chair. "It will be necessary, I think," he observed, "to wind up Mr. Dolls, before anything to any mortal purpose can be got out of him. Brandy, Mr. Dolls, or — ?"

"Three spoonfuls of rum," said Mr. Dolls. A judiciously small quantity of the spirit was given him in a wine-glass, and he began to convey it to his mouth, with all kinds of falterings and gyrations on the road.

"The nerves of Mr. Dolls," remarked Eugene to Lightwood, "are considerably unstrung. And I deem it on the whole expedient to fumeigate Mr. Dolls."

He took the shovelful from the grate, sprinkled a few live ashes on it, and from a box on the chimney-piece took a few pastilles, which he set upon them; then, with great composure began placidly waving the shovelful in front of Mr. Dolls, to cut him off from his company. "Lord bless my soul, Eugene!" cried Lightwood, laughing again, "what a mad fellow are you! Why does this creature come to see you?"

"We shall hear," said Wrayburn, very observant of his face withal. "Now then. Speak out. Don't be afraid. State your business, Dolls."

"Mist Wrayburn!" said the visitor, thickly and huskily. "—'Tis Mist Wrayburn, ain't it?" With a stupid stare.

"Of course it is. Look at me. What do you want?"

Mr. Dolls collapsed in his chair, and faintly said "Three spoonfuls of rum, he says."

"Will you do me the favour, my dear Mortimer, to wind up Mr. Dolls again?" said Eugene. "I am occupied with the fumigation."
A similar quantity was poured into his glass, and he got it to his lips by similar circuitous ways. Having drunk it, Mr. Dolls, with an air of fear of running down again unless he made haste, proceeded to business.

"Mist Wrayburn. Tried to nudge you, but you wouldn’t. You want that direction. You want t’know where she lives. Do you Mist Wrayburn?"

With a glance at his friend, Eugene replied to the question sternly, "I do.

"I am er man,” said Mr. Dolls, trying to smite himself on the breast, but bringing his hand to bear upon the vicinity of his eye, “er do it. I am er man er do it.”

"What are you the man to do?” demanded Eugene, still sternly.

"Er give up that drection.”

"Have you got it?”

With a most laborious attempt at pride and dignity, Mr. Dolls rolled his head for some time, awakening the highest expectations, and then answered, as if it were the happiest point that could possibly be expected of him: "No."

"What do you mean then?”

Mr. Dolls, collapsing in the drowsiest manner after his late intellectual triumph, replied: "Threepenn’orth Rum.”

"Wind him up again, my dear Mortimer,” said Wrayburn; “wind him up again.”

"Eugene, Eugene,” urged Lightwood in a low voice, as he complied, "can you stoop to the use of such an instrument as this?"

"I said,” was the reply, made with that former gleam of determination, “that I would find her out by any means, fair or foul. These are foul, and I’ll take them—if I am not first tempted to break the head of Mr. Dolls with the fumigator. Can you get the direction? Do you mean that? Speak! If that’s what you have come for, say how much you want.”

"Ten shillings—Threepenn’orth Rum,” said Mr. Dolls.

"You shall have it.”

"Fifteen shillings—Threepenn’orths Rum,” said Mr. Dolls, making an attempt to stiffen himself.

"You shall have it. Stop at that. How will you get the direction you talk of?"

"I am er man,” said Mr. Dolls, with majesty, “er get it, sir.”

"How will you get it, I ask you?”

"I am ill-used visual,” said Mr. Dolls. "Blown up morning tonight. Called names. She makes Mist money, sir, and never stands Threepenn’orth Rum.”

"Get on,” rejoined Eugene, tapping his paissed head with the fire-ashovel, as it sank on his breast. "What comes next?"

Making a dignified attempt to gather himself together, but, as it were, dropping half a dozen pieces of himself while he tried in vain to pick up one, Mr. Dolls, swaying his head from side to side, regarded his questioner with what he supposed to be a haughty smile and a scornful glance.

"She looks upon me as mere child, sir. I am not mere child, sir.

Man. Man talent. Lertsers pass betwixt em. Postman lertsers. Easy for man talent er get drection, as get his own drection.”

"Get it then,” said Eugene, adding very heartily to his breath, "Mr. Wrayburn! Get it, and bring it here to me, and earn the money for sixty threepenn’orths of rum, and drink them all, one a top of another, and drink yourself dead with all possible expedition.”

The latter clauses of these special instructions he addressed to the fire, as he gave it back the ashes he had taken from it, and replaced the shovel.

Mr. Dolls now struck out the highly unexpected display of retentiveness that he had been insulted by Lightwood, and stated his desire to "have it out with him” on the spot, and defied him to come on, upon the liberal terms of a sovereign to a halfpenny. Mr. Dolls then fell a crying, and then exhibited a tendency to fall asleep. This last manifestation as by far the most alarming, by reason of its threatening his protracted stay on the premises, necessitated vigorous measures. Eugene picked up his worn-out hat with the tongue, clapped it on his head, and, taking him by the collar—all this at arm’s length—conducted him down stairs and out of the precincts into Fleet Street. There, he turned his face westward, and left him.

When he got back, Lightwood was standing over the fire, brooding in a sufficiently low-spirited manner.

"I’ll wash my hands of Mr. Dolls—physically,” said Eugene, "and be with you again directly, Mortimer.”

"I would much prefer,” retorted Mortimer, "your washing your hands of Mr. Dolls, morally, Eugene.”

"So would I,” said Eugene; "but you see, dear boy, I can’t do without him.”

In a minute or two he resumed his chair, as perfectly unconcerned as usual, and railed his friend on having so narrowly escaped the prowess of their muscular visitor.

"I can’t be amused on this theme,” said Mortimer, restlessly, "You can make almost any theme amusing to me, Eugene, but not this.”

"Well!” cried Eugene, "I am a little ashamed of it myself, and therefore let us change the subject.”

"It is so deplorably underhand,” said Mortimer, "It is so unworthy of you, this setting on of such a shameful scout.”

"We have changed the subject,” exclaimed Eugene, airily. "We have found a new one in that word, scout. Don’t be like patience on a mantelpiece frowning at Dolls, but sit down, and I’ll tell you something that you really will find amusing. Take a cigar. Look at this mine. I light it—draw one puff—breathe the smoke out—there it goes—it’s Dolls—it’s gone—and being gone you are a man again.”

"Your subject,” said Mortimer, after lighting a cigar, and comfort- ing himself with a whiff or two, "was scouts, Eugene.”

"It’s exactly. Isn’t it droll that I never go out after dark, but I find myself attended, always by one scout, and often by two?"

Lightwood took his cigar from his lips in surprise, and looked at his friend, as if with a latent suspicion that there must be a jest or hidden meaning in his words.

"On my honour, no,” said Wrayburn, answering the look and
smiling carelessly: "I don't wonder at your supposing so, but on my honour, no. I say what I mean. I never go out after dark, but I find myself in the ludicrous situation of being followed and observed at a distance, always by one scout, and often by two."

"Are you sure, Eugene?"

"Sure? My dear boy, they are always the same."

"But there's no process out against you. The Jews only threaten. They have done nothing. Besides, they know where to find you, and I represent you. Why take the trouble?"

"Observe the legal mind," remarked Eugene, turning round to the furniture again, with an air of indolent rapture. "Observe the dyer's hand, assimilating itself to what it works in,—or would work in, if anybody would give it anything to do. Respected solicitor, it's not that. The schoolmaster's abroad."

"The schoolmaster?"

"Ay! Sometimes the schoolmaster and the pupil are both abroad. Why, how soon you rust in my absence! You don't understand yet? Those fellows who were here one night. They are the scouts I speak of, as doing me the honor to attend me after dark."

"How long has this been going on?" asked Lightwood, opposing a serious face to the laugh of his friend.

"I apprehend it has been going on, ever since a certain person went off. Probably, it had been going on some little time before I noticed it; which would bring it to about that."

"Do you think they suppose you have inveigled her away?"

"My dear Mortimer, you know the absorbing nature of my professional occupations; I really have not had leisure to think about it."

"Have you asked them what they want? Have you objected?"

"Why should I ask them what they want, dear fellow, when I am indifferent what they want? Why should I object, when I don't object?"

"You are in your most reckless mood. But you called the situation just now, a ludicrous one; and most men object to that, even those who are utterly indifferent to everything else."

"You charm me, Mortimer, with your reading of my weaknesses. (By-the-bye, that word. Reading, in its critical use, always charms me. An actress's Reading of a chambermaid, a dancer's Reading of a hornpipe, a singer's Reading of a song, a marines-painter's Reading of the sea, the kettle-drum's Reading of an instrumental passage, are phrases ever youthful and delightful.) I was mentioning your perception of my weaknesses. I own to the weakness of objecting to occupy a ludicrous position, and therefore I transfer the position to the scouts."

"I wish, Eugene, you would speak a little more soberly and plainly, if it were only out of consideration for my feeling less at ease than you do."

"Then soberly and plainly, Mortimer, I goad the schoolmaster to madness. I make the schoolmaster so ridiculous, and so aware of being made ridiculous, that I see him chafe and fret at every pore when we cross one another. The amiable occupation has been the solace of my life, since I was baulked in the manner unnecessary to recall. I have derived inexpressible comfort from it. I do it thus: I stroll out after dinner, a little way, look in at a window and furtively look out for the schoolmaster. Sooner or later, I perceive the schoolmaster on the watch; sometimes accompanied by his hopeful pupil; often, pupil-less. Having made sure of his watching me, I tempt him on, all over London. One night I go east, another night north, in a few nights I go round the compass. Sometimes, I walk; sometimes, I proceed in cabs, draining the pocket of the schoolmaster who then follows me in cabs. I stand and get up abstruse No Thoroughfares in the course of the day. With Venetian mystery I seek those No Thoroughfares at night, glide into them by means of dark courts, tempt the schoolmaster to follow, turn suddenly, and catch him before he can retreat. Then we face another, and I pass him as unaware of his existence, and he undergoes grinding torments. Similarly, I walk at a great pace down a short street, rapidly turn the corner, and, getting out of his view, as rapidly turn back. I catch him coming on post, again pass him as unaware of his existence, and again he undergoes grinding torments. Night after night his disappointment is acute, but hope springs eternal in the scholastic breast, and he follows me again to-morrow. Thus I enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and derive great benefit from the healthful exercise. When I do not enjoy the pleasures of the chase, for anything I know he watches at the Temple Gate all night."

"This is an extraordinary story," observed Lightwood, who had heard it out with serious attention. "I don't like it."

"You are a little hipped, dear fellow," said Eugene; "you have been too sedentary. Come and enjoy the pleasures of the chase."

"Do you mean that you believe he is watching now?"

"I have not the slightest doubt he is."

"Have you seen him to-night?"

"I forgot to look for him when I was last out," returned Eugene with the calmest indifference; "but I dare say he was there. Come! Be a British sportsman and enjoy the pleasures of the chase. It will do you good."

Lightwood hesitated; but, yielding to his curiosity, rose.

"Bravo!" cried Eugene, rising too. "Or, if you'd be in better keeping, consider that I said Yeicks. Look to your feet, Mortimer; for we shall try your boots. When you are ready, I mean. I say with a Hey Ho Chevey, and likewise with a Hank Forward, Hank Forward, Tantivy."

"Will nothing make you serious?" said Mortimer, laughing through his gravity.

"I am always serious, but just now I am a little excited by the glorious fact that a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting evening. Ready? So. We turn out the lamp and shut the door, and take the field."

As the two friends passed out of the Temple into the public street, Eugene demanded with a show of courteous patronage in which direction Mortimer would like the run to be? "There is a rather difficult country about Bethnal Green," said Eugene, "and we have
not taken in that direction lately. What is your opinion of Bethnal Green?" Mortimer assented to Bethnal Green, and they turned eastward. "Now when we come to St. Paul's churchyard," pursued Eugene, "we'll loiter artfully, and I'll show you the schoolmaster." But, they both saw him, before they got there; alone, and stealing in the shadow of the houses, on the opposite side of the way.

"Get your wind," said Eugene, "for I am off directly. Does it occur to you that the boys of Merry England will begin to deteriorate in an educational light, if this lasts long? The schoolmaster can't attend to me and the boys too. Get your wind! I am off!"

At what a rate he went, to breathe the schoolmaster; and how he then lounged and loitered, to put his patience to another kind of wear; what preposterous ways he took, with no other object on earth than to disappoint and punish him; and how he wore him out, by every piece of ingratitude that his eccentric humour could devise; all this Lightwood noted, with a feeling of astonishment that so careless a man could be so wary, and that so idle a man could take so much trouble. At last, far on in the third hour of the pleasures of the chase, when he had brought the poor dogging wretch round again into the City, he twisted Mortimer up a few dark entries, twisted him into a little square court, twisted him sharp round again, and they almost ran against Bradley Headstone.

"And you see, as I was saying, Mortimer," remarked Eugene along with the utmost coolness, as though there were no one within hearing but themselves; "and you see, as I was saying—undergoing grinding torments."

It was not too strong a phrase for the occasion. Looking like the hunted and not the hunter, baffled, worn, with the exhaustion of deferred hope and consuming hate and anger in his face, white-lipped, wild-eyed, drooping, crowded with jealousy and anger, and torturing himself with the conviction that he showed it all and they exulted in it, he went by them in the dark, like a haggard head suspended in the air; so completely did the force of his expression cancel his figure.

Mortimer Lightwood was not an extraordinarily impressive man, but this face impressed him. He spoke of it more than once on the remainder of the way home, and more than once when they got home.

They had been abed in their respective rooms two or three hours, when Eugene was partly awakened by hearing a footsteps going about, and was fully awakened by seeing Lightwood standing at his bedside.

"Nothing wrong, Mortimer?"

"No."

"What fancy takes you, then, for walking about in the night?"

"I am horribly wakeful."

"How comes that about, I wonder!"

"Eugene, I cannot lose sight of that fellow's face."

"Odd!" said Eugene with a light laugh, "I can." And turned over, and fell asleep again.
The Furnishing of Bed-rooms.

HEAL and SON having observed for some time that it would be advantageous to their customers to see a much larger selection of Bed-room Furniture than is usually displayed, and that to judge properly of the style and effect of the different descriptions of Furniture, it is necessary that each description should be placed in separate rooms, have erected large and additional Show Rooms, by which they will be enabled not only to extend their show of Iron, Brass, and Wood Bedsteads, and Bed-room Furniture, beyond what they believe has ever been attempted; but also to provide several small rooms for the purpose of keeping complete suites of Bed-room Furniture in the different styles.

Japanned Deal Goods may be seen in complete suites of six or six different colours, some of them light and ornamental, and others of a plainer description. Suites of Stained Deal Gothic Furniture, Polished Deal, Oak, and Walnut, are also set apart in separate rooms, so that customers are able to see the effect as it would appear in their own rooms. A Suite of very superior Gothic Oak Furniture will generally be kept in stock, and from time to time new and select Furniture in various woods will be added.

Bed Furniture are fitted to the Bedsteads in large numbers, so that a complete assortment may be seen, and the effect of any particular pattern ascertained as it would appear on the Bedstead.

A very large stock of Bedding (HEAL and SON's original trade) is placed on the Bedsteads.

The stock of Mahogany Goods for the better Bed-rooms, and Japanned Goods for plain and Servants' use, is very greatly increased. The entire Stock is arranged in eight rooms, six galleries, each 120 feet long, and two large ground floors, the whole forming as complete an assortment of Bed-room Furniture as they think can possibly be desired.

Every attention is paid to the manufacture of the Cabinet work; and they have just erected large Workshops on the premises for this purpose, that the manufacture may be under their own immediate care.

Their Bedding trade receives their constant and personal attention, every article being made on the premises.

They particularly call attention to their New Spring Mattress, the Somnier-Elastique Portalif. It is portable, durable, and elastic, and lower in price than the old Spring Mattress.

HEAL AND SON'S
Illustrated Catalogue of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bed-room Furniture sent Free by Post.

196, 197, 198 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.