DOMBEY AND SON BY CHARLES DICKENS 1812 1870

CLASSIC IN A PACE

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Is the story of Edith Dombey and Carker. Take learned painfully by heart; and in the away all the rest of it—the beautiful history of evenings, after sundry hourse orders to Walter and Florence, the wonderful remarks of roar through it in the little back parlor, central story would still remain a great novel.

Furthermore, it would be a problem novel or a the modern ones that are so popular just now, who never was seen abroad or at home except for one thing. It has simple, human tears without his hard glazed hat on, while his and human wickedness and human glory in it and red face shone behind an enormous collar shakes the reader like a storm, instead of being like a sail. stated in the modern form of psychological

from a father Dombey to a son Dombey win her favor. ever since the time of Mr. Paul Dombey's Florence thought as often about Walter.

she had presented to Mr. Dombey in lieu ing until night. of a son some few years before, much to! They left him there-a very little, pale, that gentleman's indignation.

came still less of an important item in made his young bosom heave and swell Mr. Dombey's life, She was retired into when she was gone. Dr. Blimber lost no the care of her nurse, Miss Susan Nipper, time in inducting Paul into the mysteries a young person of strong convictions, who of knowledge, into which there peered gradually became one constant and bellig- beside himself the most depressed and erent protest against the neglect with hopeless young gentlemen who ever had which her darling was treated.

training or her dreses or her appearance eration of old Romans and Greeks and The dignity that attached itself to all his their nights in painful slumbers made ordered and paid that she be brought up tasks. as befited a Dombey, and then dismissed Every evening Florence would pass and her from his mind, which had room alone repass the school and wave her hand to

took to walking in the docks to look at melancholy on the little face. and exult with ponderous dignity over the wealth that was to be the Son's.

but also a lad who occupied the humble clerk-Walter Gay. She became separated enatched up by an old lady who deand promptly took Florence to her hovel In an alley, where she divested her of her fine garments and garbed her in rags taken from a junk heap, after which she turned the frightened child lose again.

Walter Gay saw the weeping little ragamuffin and spoke to her kindly. When he discovered that she was Miss Dombey he hurried her home to the shop and residence of his uncle, Sol Gills, who lived in skipper-like state among nautical instruments which were bought by so few customers that the wooden affigy of the dauntless little midshipman before the door seemed to be peering with the hopeless eagerness of a man on a sinking ship through his sextant for business that

never came. Old Sol Gills clutched his precise little Welsh wig and knocked over a great part of his precise stock in trade when Walter entered with the pretty little girl and told his wonderful adventure. He called on an unnamed power to bless his soul and out anto a huge leg of mutton as if he had lay quite still and tranquil, contented announcing that he had gone to the West been honored by the sudden visit of a famished giant and wound up his chronometers and darkened the windows and pulled a couch to the fire and altogether bustled about like a most lovable and amiable old low the voice of Walter Gay, who had chip suddenly called on to go into action. So soon as Walter had seen Florence comfortably bestowed he hastened to Mr. the lad many times. Dombey's house to report. Mr. Dombey had received the weeping Susan's news of father's voice sounded, bidding the young Florence's loss with lively dissatisfaction that such an unconventional and improper thing should have happened to a Dombey. He received Walter's news with annoyance that he should have been placed in ter, dear papa," he whispered. "Remema position of obligation toward an under- ber Walter. I was fond of Walter." ling. When the lad departed with Miss Busan Nipper, he looked after him with lay still. The old, old fashion! The fashsharp disfavor and such thoughts as he ion that came in with our first garments deigned to bestow on him after he was and will last unchanged till our race has the air of one who sees a prize within his gone followed him with no greater relish. run its course. The old, old fashion- grasp. Meeting her once on the street, he next day to apologize for having been Mr. James Carker, the manager of Dombey & Son, viewed him with the same disapprobation, Mr. Carker was a gentleman looked himself in his room. Every night She was soized with a shudder as he larged on the beautiful affection that exof 38, ten years younger than his employer,

patiate on their beloved boy's wonderful uck and prospects.

treme antiquity, which seemed to him to boy, have a profound similarity to the affair | Another bereavement came into her life

The great dramatic part of "Dombey and Sow" of Walter and Florence. This balled he Mittle Paul Dombey, the pretty love story of Sol and Walter to "stand by," he would problem play that would be as modern as any of A fine timber-like man was the Captain,

Walter, too, while he did not share the dormula, wherein the language of the alienist innocent visions of his two admiring conveniently takes the place of the language of old friends, dwelt on the thought of the pretty, trusting helpless child. He pre-THEN Mrs. Dombey died in giving served the tattered shoes that he had birth to a son Mr. Dombey felt taken from her feet. He listened to the a natural regret; but it was tem- sanguine, ever-expanding imagination of pered by the reflection that she had at Captain Cuttle and smiled, for he underlast, though tardily, explated her great stood his humble position with Dombey & fault in delaying so long to provide a suc- Son pretty well in time; but for all that, cessor for the house of Dombey & Son. in a brave, boyish simple way he dreamed The house of Dombey & Son had passed of doing something great some day to

grandfather and in his eyes it would have With the exception of Susan Nipper and been a crime beyond treason to break the little Paul, none others entered into her chain. Mr. Dombey could have conceived lonely life closely enough to touch it exthe picture of Dombey & Son continuing cept on the surface. She loved her brothto exist in glory without the British Em- er with all the might of her affectionate pire; but he could not have imagined the heart, but she dared not show her feel-British Empire as existing without Dom- ings before her stern father; and when bey & Son, who had business all around Paul was only 6 years old they were septhe world and reduced all its romantic arated, for Mr. Dombey felt that it was and adventurous activities into dignified high time for the boy to be fitted for the tremendous position of Son. Therefore he All his relatives and worshipping ac- went one day with a fluttering heart and quaintances and humbly admiring em- with one tiny hand clutching Florence's ployes shared Mr. Dombey's sense of the tightly, while the other lay timidly in awful importance of keeping the great Mr. Dombey's, to be introduced into the house alive. Therefore Mrs. Dombey, who majestic seminary of Dr. Blimber, who had made no great stir in the world while was famous for having introduced pupils she was in it, went out of it with even into Greek at 6 and whose proud boast less. The only one who mourned her sin- was that there was nothing but learning cerely was her daughter Florence, whom going on in his establishment from morn-

shrinking child. Florence ran back again After little Paul was born, Florence be- to throw her arms around his neck. It been gathered under any one civilzed roof. Not that Mr. Dombey neglected her They spent their days in dejected considossessions attached itself to her, too. He terrible by nightmares of unaccomplished

for little Paul, the Son of Dombey & him where he waited for her at his window. So soon as he saw her, even far He had balances struck oftener than be- away, his face was lighted up with joy; fore he died, 'Remember Walter,' and if others. fore, from the day Paul was born. The and so soon as she vanished again the books were kept even more closely. He light would retreat and leave a patient

his tall ships and wharves and cargoes Many times after dark another figure walked before the school. It was that of hands to him. Mr. Dombey. He did not come often now Florence was 6 years old when her avil to see his son face to face. He shrank star brought on her head a Domhevan from the weary, weary look and the tiny, displeasure that involved not her alone wasted form. Yet he could not see what thy mariner's worldly effects, consisting might have been! Hereafter share as you Florence saw. He was too much bent on of an immense silver watch, a sugar tongs will in what we have gained. Spend, enposition of Dombey & Son's youngest making Paul the Son to permit himself and two silver spoons, and which he in- joy, make much of it. Be as happy as even the shadow of a thought that the sisted on giving to his admired young you will. The object of your life is won. from her nurse on the streets and was boy might never succeed to the great friend. house. So he looked up to the window scribed herself as nice old Goody Brown, and waited and watched and planned and hoped.

> They called Paul queer and old-fash much more old-fashioned he was soon to be, for little Paul was going fast to fol-

low the oldest fashion in the world. There came the day when even Dr. Blimber had to confess that the old Romans and Greeks were too much for his pupil. Kind arms carried him down stairs and to the carriage and so home, with his hand.

"Florence," he whispered, "Floy, my own pet, wasn't that papa standing in the hall when they carried me up stairs from the coach? Did he cry and go into his room when he saw me?" Florence shook her head and pressed

her lips against his cheek. "I'm very glad he didn't cry." said little Paul. I thought he did. Don't tell them

that I asked." He never rose from his bed again. He unutterably to have Florence with him always, One day, when he had been drifting long and far on the river that will bear us all away some day, he heard become on an errand. Florence and he had talked about him often and he had seen

"Send Walter to me," he cried, and his man come up. Paul stretched out his hand and said: "Walter, dear, goodby." Then he turned to his father, who had bent his face close to the pillow. "Remember Wal-

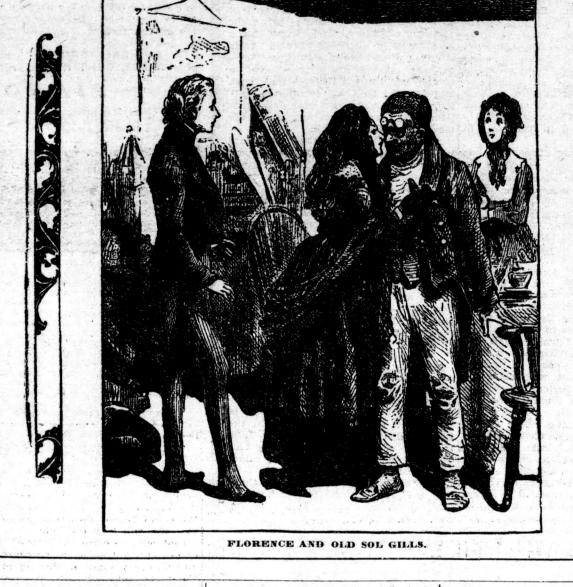
He put his arms around Florence and

Death. For many days afterward Mr. Dombey Florence stole lightly down the stairs and looked at her. whom he treated with an immense respect stopped before his door with beating heart and a carefully assumed independence and blinded eyes and hair that fell down that were as incense to the gratified Mr. loosely and unthought of. She touched the Dombey. He had a florid complexion and glosed door with her wet cheek and whistwo unbroken rows of glistening white pered "Good night, dear, dear papa," and teeth that he showed continually in a wide stole back to bed again, with her heart and mortar, she hurried in, astonished, smile-a smile that never extended be- full of love-a love cast away, but always and found her father with two ladiester Gay from that day as a young person at her since Paul's death.

One night he heard her and came out Happily unconscious of the results of The face that he turned on her had not Walter's adventure, old Bol Gills and his one gleam of tenderness or interest or Walter's adventure, old Sol Gills and his one gisam of tenderness or interest or a proud and weary air.

Florence, too, and promptly struck at her pity in it. There was a change in it, but indused in beaming hopes and sat together in deep joy benot of that kind. It cast a shadow on her hind the vainly peering midshipman to example of the pound in the pou ing hopes and sat together in deep joy be- not of that kind. It cast a shadow on her her young eyes her father's face told her that it was gall to him to see her in her The Captain purchased a ballad of ex- youth and her promise and to think of his

mama,



ence came to the sign of the the Little Midshipman, who surely never had seen a sweeter and prettier vision through his arm to Mrs. Skewton to lead her confidence.

gazed so industriously through it.

"I have come to say goodby, dear Walyou'll be like a brother to me now that he is gone and I have none on earth I'll be dream that her new and beautiful mama and simple heart she held out both her

The next day Walter sailed, his last act the reluctant Captain Cuttle all that wor- girl-a girl like Florence-how different I

The last sight that Walter had of those he loved was when the boat shoved off from the side of the ship. He saw his her bridal. uncle's head hanging dejectedly, while the

and the spoons. So he sailed away, and day after day who hurried at once to the Little Midshipman, where Captain Cuttle dauntlessly vowed that Walter could not be his brave simplicity, "I ain't a bit afeared as yet. It ain't easy," and he made a

But old Sol Gills did not share his friend's faith. He seemed lost and brooding. The next day Captain Cuttle received a letter from the old instrument maker, Indies to seek news, and asking the mariner to take charge of the shop and keep it as a home for Walter if he him-

self should die in foreign lands. Captain Cuttle sat him down in the little shop, among the scientific instruments which he looked at with awe, and lost count of time as he brooded and sor rowed and mourned for Solomon Gills and Walter and Florence, and all the innocent, dreams of his pure old heart, as among

the things that had been. Mr. Carter did not mourn. His teath were exposed in a smile that was most close to a real one when his reports assured him that the ship undoubtedly was lost. He took to riding past the Dombey house on pleasant evenings and looking at the windows of Miss Dombey's room with bowed low and said, with his widest present at the unpleasant scene. He smile, "There is no news of the ship."

Not long afterward she went away to ting there face to face with him while he the country. When she returned she was tendered her false oath at the altar to her amazed to find the house covered with again and again, knew that he was descaffolding on which workingmen were liberately stabbing her heart for his own engaged. Everywhere were piles of brick purposes. wond his mouth. Mr. Carker marked Wal- turning back to him who never had looked one an old, terribly skinny lady, with false hair and false eyebrows, and an amazingly

Florence, to morrow this lady will be your ready sufficiently ill-disposed toward her.

Florence started and looked at the beautiful face with surprise, admiration, and several times.

before the grass on Paul's grave was at the same moment an indefinable sort of Under the pretense of loyalty to Mr.

Mr. Dombey turned away and offered

That night Florence went to bed to your sister all my life." And with her full would teach her to gain her father's love, ing before Mrs. Skewton and saving: "Oh. mother, mother! If you had but left me I forgive you your part in to-morrow's wickedness. May God forgive my own!" Thus did Edith pass the night before

Coldly, impassively, haughtily, she went

the words of introduction, offended him straight. deeply. Before the honeymoon was over When Mr. Dombey spoke to him now, when he withdrew after the scene.

not come. He would have been equal to slights and affronts. it; but the intense, unutterable, withering At this time he applied himself to busiineffable disdain and haughtiness in which gence than ever. Night after night found she sat before him, defeated him complete- him exploring the innermost recesses of ly. He left her with her whole overbear- the iron rooms where the books and paing beauty concentrated on despising him. pers of the firm were kept. Shrewd ob-

Florence in the moonlight toiling up with vestments and said that Jem Carker, longlittle Paul. He saw her go into Florence's headed dog, was looking about him to see room, and he saw her come out again what he was worth. with a face so changed, so altered and softened, that he realized all the more how unable he was to subdue it.

In its utmost pride and passion Edith's face never knew such a dark shadow as fell on his when he saw that change that came on her through Florence. Mr. Carker called on Mrs. Dombey the

treated it as a lovers' quarrel and enisted between the couple, till Edith, sit-

From that time he lost no opportunity to show her that he knew her in her true colors; that every degradation she had suffered in her own eyes was as plain to roseate complexion, and the other a tall him as to herself; that he read her life lady, very beautiful, very haughty, with as if it were a book. He saw her love for

Mrs. Dombey. He long remembered the to a far

ter," said Florence crying. "And you hurriedly: "Florence, you will not begin she crept to Florence's room and laid her land. must call me 'Florence,' for Paul said be- by hating me?" and went to join the head down beside the beautiful, innocent only and last hold; and that if this, the Steady, darling! Courage! See there!" and while she dreamed Edith was stand- were torn from it she would sink and be Walter Gay.

stubborn, insolent pride failed to bend the France. Bowing servants led her to a the house.

ticulated hopefully with the sugar tongs journey. Coldly, impassively, haughtily ment she hated her husband, and every gleamed strangely on him. She said not and thinking—thinking that if blood were she entered the house which had become day her hatred and loathing grew. Mr. a word to him. hers, and received her husband's guests. Carker, ever with that wide smile, watched Florence sitting by his side and holding given up officially. It came to Florence, less than an East India director or a Bank saw her in his mind exactly as she was. seek compensation for old slavery." Director capable of buying up anything. He watched her on the dangerous way That Mrs. Dombey should receive them that she was going. On that way he folwith neither wish or pretense of pleasure, lowed her steadily. Not a footprint did and stepped back one pace. lost. "No, Heart's Delight," said he in and without opening her proud lips after she mark on it but he set his own there,

> little bow, "to break up the hearts of oak he reproved her majestically in the pres- with his offensive air of state, Mr. Carker ence of Mr. Carker, who showed his teeth smiled as obsequiously as ever; but bein his widest smile and bowed low to her hind his back he shot glances of black When husband and wife were alone, Mr. thought with leering exultation how pres-

He watched her an hour afterward on servers in the city noticed that he was the staircase where he had once seen calling in his own not inconsiderable in-

Thus came the second anniversary of the was at dinner with the two. Mr. Dombey was more offensively arrogant than usual. to a separation. He refused, immeasur- and knowing what I mean." ably shocked at the thought of such a He sprang toward her with a great oath. Dombey; "this is a most delicious wine." be a wise proceeding, whereupon Mr. too.

ployedmiliation of Mrs. Dombey," said Mr. seals are unbroken. Take them!" Carker quickly, with his widest smile. 'Oh, yes. It was expressly understood. I forgot." And he bowed to her.

hair and her bosom, she cast them to the and grown richer. We meet and part tofloor and left the room.

awakened by a stir in the house. She stood on his white lips. The wet stood you kiss me?" looked out and heard her father ask if on his forehead. "We don't part so," he Mrs. Dombey had come home yet. The said. "Do you think I am driveling to let the Florence!" and smooths away the curls Edith. this is my daughter Florence. said Mr. Carker-and that her father, al- coachman was called and reported that he you go?" had driven Mrs. Dombey to her old home The door by which he had entered was probably would send her away if he knew early in the evening, where Mr. Carker behind him. He turned back to lock it. it, as he already had contemplated doing had met her. Florence saw her father running to his wife's apartments and my good name and fame to the winds, re-

The rooms were empty. He rushed in and that you know it—and that he shall never found a letter telling him that he was know it. Nothing can save you now. If dishonored; that she had left on the anni- I live, I saw him on the street to-night on versary of her shameful wedding day with your track." the man whom he had chosen for her At the moment the bell rang loudly in humiliation.

bade her follow her.

when the tearful girl came in weeping. passed and fled into the night. "It's Heart's Delight!" gasped he. "It's Out there under the stars a sudden what cheer, now?"

whither he carried her, for nothing would opened his prayer book where he new was less shock, speeding up and roaring past. and in a true and simple spirit had committed Walter's body to the deep.

As he pondered he was startled by a knock at the door. A messenger told him that he was wanted around the corner. Having assured himself that Florence was sleeping soundly, he tiptoed out. When he came back again he was very pale indeed and greatly agitated, and seemed to have been shedding tears. He poured himself a dram of rum and sat down.

When Florence descended his actions were most wonderful. He laughed and choked in turns. "Poor Wal'r, my pretty," said he, again and again. "Wal'r's drownded, ain't he?"

It was not until twilight that he began to talk at all connectedly. Then after many false starts he began a story of the sea-of a stout ship that had been wrecked green. Walter was sent to Barbados by fear. Then she cried out: "Oh, papa, may Mr. Carker, who seized the opportunity you be happy! May you be very, very quit his conscience only by reposing the and how that one was picked up after sound and struck." offered by a vacancy there. Before he happy all your life!" and fell weeping on responsibility for keeping the secret in many days and taken in a sailing ship look she gave him; but she accepted the touched for long and weary months, and his sextant in all the years that he had through the rooms. The beautiful lady When he had gone, the humiliated wom- to send word home, until at last he got released her hold on Florence. Then sud- an hid her face in her hands and cried; a ship that bore him, after a long and denly she returned to her again and said "Oh, Florence! Florence!" That night devious voyage, safe home to his native

> "And that brave lad," said the Captain, face of the sleeping girl. In her sense of with a sudden uncontrollable sob-"look self-degradation she felt that this was her at me, my pretty one! Don't turn around! one pure sentiment that filled her heart, She started up, looked around and saw

A month later, an hour before midnight. Mr. Dombey looked darkling on the a beautiful woman arrived quite alone in being after great effort to force back on to my natural heart when I, too, was a friendship between the two. When all his a hotel near the railroad station in Dijon, pride of his wife, he ordered Carker to private suite of rooms where preparations signify to her that he demanded a com- had been made as for a splendid supper. plete change in her behavior and also to Monsieur, said they, had ordered it when inform her that her attitude toward Flor- he passed through before and had told ence was too markedly different from her them that he would be there. And here his room, a haggard, wasted likeness of attitude toward him to be satisfactory and is Monsieur now. In fact, Monsieur, with himself, brooding over an empty fireplace. would lead to the removal of the girl from his white teeth gleaming, advanced at Now he rose and walked about. Now he that moment through the open door. toned in the house. Old-fashioned indeed to the altar. Coldly, impassively, haughtly, she went to the altar. Coldly, impassively she set forth with Mr. Dombey on their wedding lowed the indignity; but from that mo-Monsteur sent the servants away and back with something in his hand. Now

> "This has been a cruel probation." said the hall it would be a long time going so went by, and week followed week and be- He did not like it. Mr. Dombey's friends her. He knew that she hated him, too. he. "Hard, unrelenting terms were those far. He sat down again and thought. came months, and there came no news of were invited to his house in their capacity But he led her on by his craft, added by that you made. But they are all fulfilled the ship. At last men ceased waiting and as fellow monarchs—lesser ones, to be her pride and resentment, to endure him and past and make the present more his hand grasping firmly the thing he had hoping and there ran the news through sure, but still monarchs. Not a man and to speak to him as one privileged, of delicious and safe. Sicily shall be the brought. At that instant he was arrested the shipping districts that she had been darkened the doors of Dombey who was her deflant disregard of her husband. He place of our retreat. There we shall both by a cry-a wild, loud, piercing, leving

He advanced toward her, when in an in stant she seized a knife from the table "Stand still," she said, "or I shall

der you!" The sudden abhorrence and fury sparkhad stopped him.

Putting her hand to her bosom she said: rage at the pompous gentleman and "I have something lying here that is no love trinket. Sooner than endure your Dombey waited for some outbreak. It did ently he would revenge himself for all the touch I would use it on you with less reluctance than on any creeping thing," He affected to laugh, but he struck the scorn with which she looked at him, the ness with even more extraordinary dill- ground with his foot and muttered an

Surveying him with a haughty contempt and disgust that made him shrink in spite of himself, she said:"If all my other reasons for despising my husband had been blown away, his having you for his counselor and favorite would have been enough. That is why we are face to face here for the first and the last time. On that night, ing up his eyes, said: "Oh, my God, forwhen, emboldened by the scene you had give me, for I need it very much!" assisted at, you dared to come to my room wedding of Edith and Mr. Dombey. Carker and propose flight, I turned from every from the light of day and is hoary with consideration but that of passion and re- dust and cobwebs is standing on the table sentment. I struck a blow that laid your in the little back parlor behind the shop Carker poured oil on the flames. At last rofty master in the dust and that now has over which the Little Midshipman stands Edith demanded that Mr. Dombey agree set you there, before me, looking at me guard as of yore.

happening in the house of Dombey. Mr. She stepped behind the table and put her Carker ventured to suggest that it would hand into her bosom. He stood still. She, Dombey nods to him.

mistake your position. You were em- hand. "See these!" she said contemptuously. "You have addressed these to me, at home, though such a home we never "Being an inferior person, for the hu- one here, some elsewhere on the road. The

She crunched them and tossed them to his feet. A smile came to her face. "You have fallen on Sicilian days and voluptu-She stood up with a dreadful smile on ous rest too soon," said she. "You might night."

At dawn next morning Florence was He menaced her with his hand. Foam

"Too late." said she. "I have thrown

striking furiously at the door. It yielded, solved to know that it attaches falsely-

the hall. He set his back against the door. Florence ran to him and held out her for he fancied that she was about to try arms. In his frenzy he raised his arm to pass him. Instead, she turned and and struck her down, and as he dealt the vanished through a door that he had not blow he told her what Edith was and seen. He followed almost instantly, but the rooms behind were empty.

She did not utter a word of reproach, The ringing at the bell continued. Then but ran out, orphaned, from the house, some one began beating at the door. He Half an hour afterward Captain Cuttle heard English words. Furiously he threw turned as pale as the egg he was boiling himself at the door through which she had

Heart's Delight! Stand by, my pretty terror came over him-an inexplicable one, stand by! Drink a little drop of this thing, associated with a trembling of the here, my pretty one. What cheer, now; ground-a rush and sweep of something through the air like Death upon the She laid her head on the rough creat- wing. He shrank as if to let the thing go ure's breast and clasped him, and while by. As soon as he recovered himself he he wiped his own honest eyes, told him hurrled to the post house to order a post chaise. Then followed, as in a dream, long He made her lie on the couch up stairs, days of traveling over endless roads; of a monotony of useless rage and disappointed induce him to believe she could walk. passion; of sun, and dust and towns, seen Then he sat down in the shop to gather as unreal phantoms; of never sleeping, his wits after this most astounding hap- but dozing with unclosed eyes; and of pening. With Heart's Delight safe up fevered visions of things past and presstairs he fell to reflecting with new sor- ent all confounded together. And again row over Walter. Long before he had and again there came over him the name-

At last one morning he found himself back again in England. In the dawn he alighted at a little railway station and waited for the train to take him to a quiet retreat whither all his disordered thoughts had begun to tend wearily in the latter days of his flight.

As he walked up and down the platform the sun was rising, and he looked upon it with faded eyes. Then suddenly he saw a man emerging from the door of the station. Their eyes met. It was the man from whom he was fleeing.

In the quick unsteadiness of his surprise he stepped back, staggered and slipped over the edge to the rails. He heard a shout-another-saw the face change from vindictive passion to a faint sickness and terror-felt a trembling of the ground, a rush and sweep of something through the spun him around and around and struck him limb from limb

When Mr. Dombey recovered his senses how he waited there without opportunity covered board. It lay heavy and still, and he turned away trembling.

He returned to London a man suddenly grown old. Again he shut himself up in his great house. Month after month it stood, silent and gloomy, while the servants held quiet and mournfully joyful feasts below stairs, where they talked "it" over with never-falling interest. Then one day there came a sudden bustle into the dreary mansion. Strange visitors arrived-visitors with greasy note books and shrewd dirty faces, who addressed the footman as "old boy," and pinched hangings and tapestries with grimy but skillful fingers. The house of Dombey and

Son had falled and was being "sold up." Through it all Mr. Dombey sat shut in passed into his dressing room and came to trickle that way and to flow out into

cry-and at his knees was his daughter. Clinging to him, praying to him, unchanged still, of all the world unchanged. raising the same face to his as on that last miserable night.

Suddenly he rose with a terrible face

"Dear papa," cried she, "don't look so strangely upon me! I never meant to ling in her eye made him stop as if a fire leave you. I was frightened when I went away and could not think. Papa! Dearest papa! Forgive me!" He tottered to his chair. He felt her

draw his arms around her neck. He felt her wet cheek against his. He felt-oh, how deeply-all that he had done. Upon the breast that he had bruised, against the heart he had almost broken. she drew his face, now covered with his hands, and said, sobbing:

"Papa, love, I am a wife. I am married to Walter Gay. Forgive me, dear papa, and never let us be parted any more. never let us be parted any more!" His gray head was encircled by her

arms. He kissed her on the lips, and lift-A bottle that has long been excluded

"You are right. Mr. Gills." says Mr.

Captain Cuttle beams with joy. Mr.

"We have always promised ourselves," Dombey said majestically: "Carker, you She held out some letters in her left says Sol Gills, "Ned Cuttle and I, that we would drink this one day to Walter, safe dreamed of." "To Walter and his wife," says Mr.

Dombey, and turns to kiss her. There are two children now, a boy and a girl. The old, white-haired gentleman her face. Dragging her gems from her have cajoled and fawned a little longer his heart. He steals to her when she is loves them both, but he hoards the girl in in bed. When they are quite alone together the little girl sometimes asks: "Dear grandpapa, why do you cry when

He only answers, "Little Florence! Lit-