
A CHILD'S JOURNEY

and the passengers began to collect their wraps and bundles. Mr. Osgood had two or three times made his appearance, but had been waved away with a smile by Dickens, — a smile that seemed to say, — “You will excuse me, I know, but this child has the right of way.”

“You are not travelling alone?” he asked, as he arose to put on his overcoat.

“Oh, no,” I answered, coming down to earth for the first time since I had taken my seat beside him, — “oh, no, I had a mother, but I forgot all about her.” Whereupon he said, — “You are a passed-mistress of the art of flattery!” But this remark was told me years afterwards by the old lady who was sitting