

"Look here, Zook," said Charlie, entering his parlour, "go into that bedroom. You'll find a bundle of new clothes there. Put them on. Wrap your old clothes in a handkerchief, and bring them to me. Tea will be ready when you are."

The surprised pauper did as he was bid, without remark, and re-entered the parlour a new man!

"My own mother, if I 'ad one, wouldn't know me, sir," he said, glancing admiringly at his vest.

"Jim Smith, Esquire," returned Charlie, laughing. "I really don't think she would."

"Zook, sir," said the little man, with a grave shake of the head; "couldn't think of changin' my name at my time of life; let it be Zook, if you please, sir, though in course I've no objection to esquire, w'en I 'ave the means to maintain my rank."

"Well, Zook, you have at all events the means to make a good supper, so sit down and go to work, and I'll talk to you while you eat,—but, stay, hand me the bundle of old clothes."

Charlie opened the window as he spoke, took hold of the bundle, and discharged it into the back yard.

"There," he said, sitting down at the table, "that will prove an object of interest to the cats all night, and a subject of surprise to good Mrs. Butt in the morning. Now, Zook," he added, when his guest was fairly at work taking in cargo, "I want to ask you—have you any objection to emigrate to America?"