

"Yes, ma'am. I'm happy to say it is," said Mr. Toosypegs. "Allow me to hand you in."

And Mr. Toosypegs got up to fulfill his offer; but Dobbin at that moment gave the wagon a malicious jerk, and dumped our patriotic American back in his seat. Before he could recover his breath, the gipsy had declined his assistance, with a wave of her hand, and had entered the wagon unassisted, and taken her seat.

"I know that tramper," said Mr. Harkins in a nervous whisper to Mr. Toosypegs. "It's the gipsy queen, Ketura, from Yetholm; most wonderful woman that ever was, 'cept Deborah, the woman the Bible tells about, you know, wot druv the nail through the fellar's head when she found him takin' a snooze. Heard a minister take her for his tex' once, and preach all about it. Our cow's name's Deborah, too," said Mr. Harkins, absently.

"And she's a gipsy queen? Lord bless us!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, turning round and looking in some alarm at the fixed, stern, dark face before him—like the face of a statue in bronze. "Does she tell fortunes?"

"Yes; but you'd better not hask her to-night," said Mr. Harkins, in the same cautious whisper. "Her son's in prison, and sentenced to transportation for life for robbin' the plate of the Hearl De Courcy. He's goin' off with a lot of hothers airly to-morrow mornin'. Now, don't go exclaiming that way," said Mr. Harkins, in a tone expressive of disgust, as he gave his companion a dig in the side.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. Toosypegs, in a tone of sympathy. "Why, it's too bad; it really is, Mr. Harkins."

"Sarved him right, it's my opinion," said Mr. Harkins, sententiously. "Wot business had he for to go for to rob Hearl de Courcy, I want ter know? His mother, the hold lady ahind here, went and sot him up for a gentleman, and see wot's come hof hit. She, a hold gipsy queen, goin' and sendin' her son to Heton with hall the young lordses, and baronetses, and dukeses, and makin' believe he was somethin' above the common. And now see what her fine gentleman's gone and done and come to. Wonder wot she'll think of herself, when she sees him takin' a sea voyage for the good of his 'ealth at the 'spense of the government, to-morrow?"