

"Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toosypegs, briskly, thrusting his hand into his pocket, "what will you take and bring her to London?"

"Hey? 'A fool and his money'—hum! What'll you give?"

"There's a crown."

"Done!" said Mr. Harkins, closing his digits on the coin, while his little eyes snapped. "Hullo! you, woman!" he shouted, rising his voice.

The gipsy—who, though but a yard or so ahead, was indistinguishable in the darkness—sped on without paying the slightest attention to his call.

"Hallo, there! Hallo!" again called Mr. Harkins, while Mr. Toosypegs followed him:

"Stop a moment, if you please, madam."

But neither for the sharp, surly order of the driver, nor the bland, courteous request of Mr. Toosypegs, did the woman stop. Casting a brief, fleeting glance over her shoulder, she again flitted on.

"You confounded old witch! Stop and take a ride to town—will you?" yelled the polite and agreeable Mr. Harkins, holding up a dark lantern and reining in his horse by the woman's side.

The dark, stern face, with its fierce, black eyes and wildly-streaming hair, was turned, and a hard, deep voice asked what he wanted.

"A gipsy! I knew it!" muttered Mr. Harkins, shrinking involuntarily from her lurid glances. "Ugh! What a face! Looks like the witch in the play?" Then aloud: "Get in, ma'am, and I'll take ye to town."

"Go play your jokes on some one else," said the woman, curtly, turning away.

"I ain't a-jokin'. Nice time o' night this to stop and play jokes—ain't it?" said Mr. Harkins, in a tone of intense irony. "This 'ere young man, which is a Hamerican from the New Knighted States, has paid yer fare to Lunnon outer his hown blessed pocket. So jump in, and don't keep me waitin' here in the wet."

"Is what he says true?" said the dark woman, turning the sharp light of her stiletto-like eyes on the freckles and pale-blue eyes of good-natured Mr. Toosypegs.