

very easily, and it was all because he and his father were real friends. Whether so wicked a man as his father was a good person to have for a friend moralists must determine. Perhaps it would have been better to make a horrible uproar about this sad escapade. Some fathers would have broken furniture and Jack's head. Jack would have promptly knocked his father down and would have enlisted. Then every one would have been satisfied with every one else, and all concerned would have been hideously wretched. As to Botfield, it is impossible to defend him. He got a new cottage and a permanent addition of ten shillings a week out of Molly's misfortune. He should have beaten Molly, and turned her out to become a street-walker. He ought to have left Sir John's employ. In that case, he would have taken to drink, and he and his wife would have gone to the workhouse. But he acted otherwise than he should have done, and was doubtless a loathsome ruffian. He met Jack the very next day, and didn't try to knock him down. He shook his head and touched his cap and said:

"Oh, Master Jack, did 'ee still want to buy that tarrier?" Jack didn't want to buy it; but he did buy it all the same, and gave two pounds for a fox-terrier worth fifteen shillings.