

ly soothing, "be persuaded by an old friend, turn over in your mind vot I offer, for it ish not pleasant to be transported, and vot vill poor Mrs. Macfarlane think? Besides the gentlemen in the City vill not drive you to your vit's end; he vill not ask you for an answer till you have time to think of it. By this day eight months you will have all your moneysh free from the hands of trustees and other meddlers, and on that day I shall come for your answer. But, by Israel, you must say yes or no for I vill—I mean he vill—not bate a farthin'."

"Then I have eight months for reflection."

"You have."

"So be it. And now let me put a few questions to you. What has become of my—my—my——"

"Wife? Vell, you see, Mr. Macfarlane, poor Bella,—I mean Mrs. Macfarlane—took to drinking; she's very goot all other vays, but she trinks, trinks, trinks morning, noon and night, and, look you, so much brandy is goot for no one."

"And she is staying—"

"Vell, ma tear Sir, if you vant her, send to Gus Jackson, and he'll let her know."

Having enjoined Abraham's secrecy in the neighbourhood upon all matters relating to his private history, Harold terminated the interview, consenting to pay the earnest demands of a few pounds for expenses.

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Five months of the eight had wafted away upon the wings of time, and April had brought its showers and its flowers, when Harold resolved to pay a visit to London upon some necessary business.

Tottenham Court road on a Saturday night is not a very likely place for a gentleman to select for a promenade, but Harold had strolled out of Oxford Street, and impelled by curiosity, had continued his walk among the busy crowds of the poor man's street-fair. Here stood a woman selling green-groceries, there a man with stationery: cauliflowers, toys, rings, keys, watch-guards, pictures, hardware, and all the requisites and ornaments of a poor man's home, covered the stalls in unlimited profusion, while the flaring naphtha lights lent quite a picturesque glare to the scene. Harold's attention was presently attracted to where a small crowd had assembled at the corner of a street. A young woman stood defiant in front of a man, who threatened her with fierce imprecations. They were better dressed people than one generally finds in a street broil, and consequently their quarrel excited considerable attention. At last the man struck the woman, not once, but twice, severe blows with his open hand on her cheek. To Harold's intense disgust, not a man among all those present, attempted to interfere; a few women gave it as their opinion that it was a shame; and there the affair would have ended, had not our hero sprung in front of the woman, and before another blow could fall upon her, stretched the bully at full length on the pavement, where he lay, for the moment stunned and motionless.

Harold then turned to say a word of encouragement to the woman. The