

On their return from the Theatre Mrs. Dombey announced her intention of calling on the talented actress, and the following day she went, accompanied by her daughters, to the St. Lawrence Hall, at that time the most fashionable hotel in the city, where she was cordially received; and the young actress made such a favorable impression on the ladies that they invited her to dine at their house on the following day, an invitation which was readily accepted.

Dombey was greatly moved when he heard that Miss Montague had accepted an invitation to dinner, but there was no help for it, and, as though to make matters worse invitations were sent to a few intimate friends, including Mrs. Trotter. Here, then, was a painful position for the two guilty ones: they were forced to sit and see the child whom they had cast off fêted and honored by the woman both of them had injured. It seemed as if a wet blanket were placed over the whole assembly: Dombey sat moodily biting his finger-nails, and as Mrs. Trotter would not sing and Mrs. Dombey *could* not, matters went very slowly indeed.

When the time came for separating, Mrs. Dombey motioned to Jacob to see Miss Montague to her hotel, but he, being deep in a fit of abstraction, his eldest son Charles stepped forward, and before his father could prevent him, was equipped in greatcoat and overshoes, ready for a moonlight stroll. During the evening he had noticed that Charles was rather attentive to the fair actress, and the