

"Had'nt ye best be out of the road," suggested his better half.

"I guess you are right for once, old woman," answered Mr. Timothy Smith to his wife's last hint.

By this time the family had finished their breakfast, and each in turn having drank their share of the milk that remained, they set about their daily toil—Mrs. and Miss Smith to clear up the house, Master Timothy to look out his cane and gloves—while Mr. Timothy Smith, accompanied by Bobby, his youngest son, left the house, in order to escape meeting with his friend, old 'Squire Bell. Mr. Smith would sooner face any body than the 'Squire on this particular day.

"Bobby," said he, addressing his son, a little moleskin-clad being, with a face that claimed acquaintance with the surface of Drury Lane, and who held water in as great aversion as any toper ever did : the consequence was, that his face was always dark and grim, having many shades of a brownish tint dispersed over its surface : "Bobby," said he, "hand me that stick there." Bobby, as advised by his parent, picked from the gutter a stick that in its better days might have been a broom-handle, but now it was impossible for any one else than Mr. Timothy Smith to know what it was.

"Bobby, that will make a very good walking cane," said Mr. Timothy Smith, addressing his son, at the same time surveying the stick with a pleasant smile.

"It's a better one than brother Tim's," quoth the sensible Bobby, "it'll hit harder, and is stronger than his by a sight."

"That it will—that it is," quoth Mr. Timothy Smith, gravely ; "there's no mistake in that, Bobby."

By this time Mr. Timothy Smith and his hopeful son had reached the Market Square, where we soon lost sight of them. But let us return once more to their story in Drury Lane, late in the afternoon, where sat Mrs. Timothy Smith and her daughter Rebecca, the former darning her husband's stockings, while the latter was repairing a pair of inexpressibles, that had once belonged to her brother, Master Timothy, but were now destined to grace the person of Mr. Timothy Smith himself.

"There's a knock at the door, mother," said Miss Smith, on hearing somebody outside the door demanding entrance.

"Well, Becca, why don't you open it, and see who's there," replied Mrs. Smith.

Miss Rebecca said something about her hair being all mussed, and that she was not fit to

be seen ; and asked her mother whether she would'nt go.

"How can I go?" asked Miss Rebecca's mother.

Miss Rebecca said, "that that was a curious question to ask ; that she supposed that whoever went must go on their feet,"—at which piece of wit Miss Rebecca laughed outright.

But all these suggestions were cut short by the unknown demanding admittance a second time ; and Mrs. Timothy Smith's curiosity being now greatly excited, she condescended to go to the door herself, which on opening, great was her surprise to behold old 'Squire Bell almost breathless, with indignation, caused by his not being let in sooner.

"Lauk, Mr. Bell," said Mrs. Timothy Smith, as soon as her surprise would let her ; "lauk, Mr. Bell, is that you ?—dear me, I am glad to see you."

Mr. Bell being a man of very few words nodded an assent to Mrs. Smith's affectionate inquiries ; but at the same time doubting as to whether she was glad to see him or not.

"Come in, and sit down, Mr. Bell," continued Mrs. Timothy Smith.—Mr. Bell complied, and after surveying the room from end to end, and looking to see if all the windows were whole, he at length sat down by the fire.

"I suppose, Mr. Bell, you have come for the rent—he, he, he!—Mr. Bell, dear me, Mr. Bell how young you look—he, he, he!"—said the politic Mrs. Smith, at the same time casting a look of despair at her daughter.

Mr. Bell said, "that he had come for the rent, and hoped it was ready."

"I know you have," said Mrs. Timothy Smith, smiling at the 'Squire,— "I know very well you have, Mr. Bell—Becca," said she, addressing her daughter—"Becca, why don't you sit upright!—Mr. Bell, I suppose you know Miss Rebecca Smith, my daughter ; but she has overgrown herself so much—so very much indeed, that you can scarcely know her to be my daughter."

"Yes, I would," said Mr. Bell, "yes I would ; I remember seeing her talking to a young gen—"

"Oh ! oh ! mother, my head !"—cried out Miss Rebecca, so loud as almost to drown the last word of Mr. Bell's sentence.

"My child ! what is the matter with your head ?" asked Mrs. Timothy Smith.

"It is better, now, mother," answered Miss Rebecca.

"Well, well, now," said Mr. Bell, in a tone of some importance ; "well, well, now, Mrs.