

"'Bout a mile or so."

"Could you recommend any hotel to me, Mr. Harkins. I'm a stranger in the city, you know, and should feel grateful if you would," said Mr. Toosypegs, humbly.

"Why, yes, I can," said Mr. Harkins, brightening suddenly up. "There's the 'Blue Pig,' one of the finest 'otels in Lunnon, with the best o' 'commodations for man and beast. You've heern o' the 'Blue Pig' over there in Hamerica, hain't you?"

Mr. Toosypegs wasn't sure. It was very likely he had; but, owing to his bad memory, he had forgotten.

"Well, anyhow, you won't find many 'otels to beat that 'ere. Best o' 'commodation—but I told you that hafore."

"Where is it located?" asked Mr. Toosypegs.

"St. Giles. You know where that is, in course—heverybody does. The nicest 'otel in Lunnon—best o' 'commodations. But I told you that hafore. My hold frien' Bruisin' Bob keeps it. You'll like it, I know."

"Yes, Mr. Harkins, I dare say I will. I am very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosypegs, in a somewhat dubious tone.

"That 'ere man's the greatest cove a-goin'," said Mr. Harkins, getting enthusiastic. "Been married ten times if he's been married once. One wife died; one left his bread-board, and run hoff with a hofficer dragoon; one was lagged for stealin' wipes, and he's got three livin' at this present writin'. Great fellar is Bob."

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it, Mr. Harkins," said the proprietor of the freckles, politely; "and I anticipate a great deal of pleasure in making the acquaintance of your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bob. But, good gracious! Mr. Harkins, just look there—if that ain't a woman hurrying on there after," said Mr. Toosypegs, pointing, in intense surprise, to the form of the gipsy, as she darted swiftly away from the cottage.

"Well, what o' that? Some tramper a-goin' to Lunnon." said Mr. Harkins, gruffly.

"But, Mr. Harkins, a woman out in such a storm at this hour of the night! Why, it ain't right," said Mr. Toosypegs, getting excited.

Mr. Harkins picked up his hat, turned down the collar of