

A TRUE NOBLEMAN, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"Please, sir, will you help me over?"

IT was a wet day in London. You who know London can tell what that means. There had been fogs besides, and the result of rain and fogs together was that the mud was of the very muddiest description.

I suppose there was no crossing swept for those who

wanted to reach the other side of the street; certainly there was no kind policeman in those times to stop the traffic now and then for the help of those who wished to do so.

A little girl was standing on the pavement, wanting to cross; but it was a difficult matter to manage. She