THE LAST OF MITCHELL 295

been here a fortnight now. Ten days ago, happening to pass Mr. Martin's door, and catching my name, I naturally stood and listened and heard an old clerk tell Mr. Martin that I was taking to the work like a duck takes to water.

I am writing this account of the business at Merivale on sheets of the best correspondence paper of Messrs. Martin & Moss!

They would not like it if they knew.

But they won't know.

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