

"Be kind enough, Mrs. Butt, to show Mr. Zook to his bedroom."

"My heye!" murmured the pauper, marching off with two full inches added to his stature. "Not in there, I suppose, missis," he said facetiously, as he passed the coal-hole.

"Oh, lawks! no—this way," replied the good woman, who was becoming almost imbecile under the eccentricities of her lodger. "This is your bedroom, and I only 'ope it won't turn into a band-box before morning, for of all the transformations an' pantimimes as 'as took place in this 'ouse since Mr. Brooke entered it, I——"

She hesitated, and, not seeing her way quite clearly to the fitting end of the sentence, asked if Mr. Zook would 'ave 'ot water in the morning.

"No, thank you, Missis," replied the little man with dignity, while he felt the stubble on his chin; "'avin left my razors at 'ome I prefers the water cold."

Leaving Zook to his meditations, Mrs. Butt retired to bed, remarking, as she extinguished the candle, that Mr. Brooke was still "a-writin' like a 'ouse a fire!"