

and began whistling "The Devil Among the Tailors," in a voice like a frog with the influenza.

They were now rapidly approaching the city—the loud crash and din of which had somewhat subsided, owing to the inclemency of the weather and the lateness of the hour. The gipsy, who had not heard a word of the foregoing conversation—it having been carried on in a prudently-subdued tone—had wrapped her coarse cloak closer around her, while the gaze of her devouring eyes grew more intense, as the lights of the city began to appear. One by one, they came gleaming out through the dense fog with bug-like stars here and there; and in every direction.

The city was gained; and they were soon in the very midst of the great, throbbing heart of mighty London.

The wagon stopped, and Mr. Toosypegs sprung out to assist the woman to alight.

But waving him away with an impatient motion, she sprung out unassisted, and without one word or look of thanks, turned and flitted away in the chill night wind.

"There! I knowed that would be all the thanks ye'd get," said Mr. Harkins, with a hoarse chuckle. "Hoff she goes, and you'll never see her again."

"Well, that don't matter any. I didn't want thanks, I'm sure," said the kind-hearted Mr. Toosypegs. "Good-by, Mr. Harkins. Give my respects to Mrs. Harkins."

"Good-night, hold fellar," said Mr. Harkins, giving Mr. Toosypegs' hand a cordial shake. "You're a brick! How I'd like to come hacross one like you hev'ry night! Go right to Bob's, sign o' the 'Blue Pig,' St. Giles, best o' 'commodation for man and beast; but I told you that before. Tell Bob I sent you, and I'll call and see you in a few days."

"You're very good, Mr. Harkins. I'll certainly tell Mr. Bob so when I see him!" said Mr. Toosypegs, with a severe twinge of conscience at the deception he felt himself to be using; "and I'll be very glad to see you whenever you call. I'm very much obliged to you."