

TRADE-MARK SCOTT'S EMULSION

glanced across me at the same mo- did." ment that I had heard no knock at

here !'

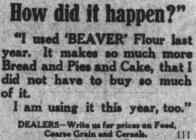
the door.

tighten convulsively round mine, and hot perspiration which had gathered her breath I heard, came quick and on her brow run in large drops down hill they had just ascended, drew the short. I was hardly less agitated my- her cheeks. But the reader's fancy boy's attention to that direction. In self. will supply the best image of this & moment he had sprung from his

Steps-slow and deliberate steps- unexpected and extraordinary scene. were presently heard ascending the 1 cleared the house of intruders and like delight, at the appearance of a stairs, the door opened, and in walk- visitors as speedily as possible, well gay cavalcade which approached. ed a gentleman in the uniform of a assured that matters would now adyeomanry officer, whom ,at the first ' just themselves without difficulty. glance I could have sworn to be the And so it proved. Martin was not riages, one of which contained two deceased Mr. Allerton. A slight ex- sent to the hulks, though no question of His Majesty's Judges, accompanied clamation of terror escaped Mrs. Al- that he amply deserved a punishment by the High Sheriff of the county, who lerton, followed by a loud hysterical as great as that. The self-sacrifice, with his javelin-men, was conducting scream from the Swindon young wo- as he deemed it, which he had at last them to the city, in which the Lent man, as she staggered forward to- made, pleaded for him, and so did his Assizes were about to be held. wards the stranger, exclaiming, "Oh pretty-looking wife; and the upshot merciful God-my husband!" and was, that the mistaken bride's dowry then fell, overcome with emotion, in was restored, with something over, the outstretched arms. and that a tavern was taken for them

"Yes," said the Rev. Mr. Wishart in Piccadilly-the White Bear, I think promptly, "that is certainly the gen- it was-where they lived comfortably tleman I united to Maria Emsbury. and happily, I have heard, for a con-What can be the meaning of this siderable time, and having considerscene?" ably added to their capital, removed "Is that sufficient, Mr. Sharp?" ex- to a hotel of a higher grade in the





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The tramp of horses, coming up th the gate.

mother, and was shouting, with childwhere?---you see they are strangers About thirty men on horseback, in crimson liveries, surrounded two car-

The woman knelt until the car riages and the gaudy javelin-men had turned the corner at the foot of a hill and were no longer visible; with her hands clasped together, she have grayed to God to temper with mercy the heart of the Judge, before whom her unfortunate husband, now in jail would have to stand his trial. Then, aking the boy again by the hand-unable to explain to him what he had to eat.

seen-she pursued her way with him silently, along the dusty road. As they drew nearer to the city they overtook various /groups of stragglers, who had deemed it their duty, in spite of the inclement weather to wander some miles out of the aty to catch an early glimpse of "My Lorde Judge," and the gay Sheriff's officers. Troops, also, of itinerant vallad-singers, rope-dancers, mounteanks, and caravans of wild beasts. still followed the Judges, as they had done throughout the circuit. "Walk more slowly. Ned.' said his mother. checking the boy's desire to follow the 'shows.' "I am very tired; let us rest a little here." They lingered until the crowd was far ahead of them-and were left alone on the road.

Late in the evening, as the last strägglers were returning home, the wayfarers found themselves in the suburbs of the city, and the forlorn woman looked around anxiously for a lodging. She feared the noisy perple in the streets: and, turning tipidly towards on old citizen who stood by his garden-gate, chatting to his nousekeeper, and watching the passers-by-there was a kindness in his ook which gave her confidence-so with a homely coursesy, she ventured o inquire of him where she might find a decent resting-place.

he asked.

woman," she said, turning away from Dickenson, Edward Dosken, E. R. "Stop, Martha, stop,' said the citizen. "Can't we direct them some-

wonder where they could get a odging?" "I am sure I don't know," replied Martha, peevishly; "yoar supper wil

he cold-come in!" "We've had no supper," said the

"Poor little fellow:" said the old gentleman: "then I am sure you shall not go without it. Martha, the bread and cheese!" And, opening the garden-gate, he made the travellers enter and sit down in the summerhouse, whilst he went to fetch then. a draught of cider. In spite of Marthas grumbling, he managed to get a substantial repast; out it grieved him that the woman. though she thanked him very grate. fully and humbly, appeared unable

"Your boy eats heartily," said he 'but I am afraid you don't enjoy it.' With a choking utterance she thank ed him, but could not eat.

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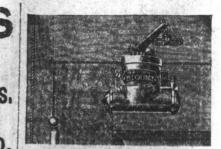
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