

the regular conveyances. On the present occasion his sole freight consisted of a young gentleman with a brilliant-hued carpet-bag, glowing with straw-colored roses and dark-blue lilies, rising from a background resembling London smoke. The young gentleman was a very remarkable young gentleman indeed. He was exceedingly tall and thin, with legs like a couple of pipe-stems, and a neck so long and slender that it reminded you of a gander's, and made you tremble for the safety of the head balanced on such a frail support. His hair and complexion were both of that indefinite color known to the initiated as "whity brown"—the latter being profusely sprinkled with large yellow freckles, and the former as straight and sleek as bear's grease could make it. For the rest, he was characterized by nothing in particular, but for being the possessor of a pair of large, pale-blue eyes, not remarkable for either brilliancy or expression, and for wearing the meekest possible expression, of countenance. He might have been eighteen years old, as far as years went; but his worldly wisdom was by no means equal to his years.

"By jingo! that 'ere was a blast!" said Mr. Harkins, bending his head as a gale swept shrieking by.

"Yes, it *does* blow, but *I* don't mind it—I'm very much obliged to you," said the pale young man, with the white hair and freckles, holding his carpet-bag in his arms, as if it were a baby.

"Who said you did?" growled Bill Harkins. "You'll be safe in Lunnon in half an 'our, while I'll be a-drivin' back through this 'ere win' and rain, getting wetted right through. If you don't mind it, *I* does, Mr. Toosypegs."

"Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toosypegs, humbly, "I'm very sorry to put you to so much trouble, I'm sure, but if two extra crowns—"

"Mr. Toosypegs," interrupted Mr. Harkins, with a sudden burst of feeling, "give us yer hand; yer a trump. It's easy to be perceived, them as is gentlemen from them as isn't. You're one o' the right sort; oughter to be a lord, by jingo! Get up, hold lazybones," said Mr. Harkins, touching the near-wheeler daintily with his whip.

"Mr. Harkins, it's very good of you to say so, and I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure," said Mr. Toosypegs,