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lales, from Dickens,

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Author of "The Castaway". "Hearts Courageous". etc.

No. XI. Martin Chuzzlewit

Charles. Dickens

HOW MARTIN LEFT ENGLAND

ARTIN CHUZZLEWIT was an old much. One whom they met on this trip to

And perhaps his selfishness was partly his grandfather's fault, because the latter had brought him up to believe he would inherit all his money and would be very Tich

every one he met, old Chumlewit adopted a beautiful orphan girl named Mary Gra-hum, and kept her near him as his nurse and companion. In order that she might spite of himself to love her as a daughter. would not approve of his marrying her, and told the old man his intentions in such a flery way that Chunzlewit resented it. He accused Martin of a selfish at-tempt to steal from him Mary's care, and at this. Martin, whose temper was as quick as his grandfather's, flew to anger. "They quarreled and Martin left him, de-claring he would beneforth make his own way until he was able to claim Mary for bit works. for his wife.

While he was wondering what he should the new was wondering what he should to, Martin saw in a newspaper the adver-tisement of a Mr. Peckenff, an architect, living not many miles from London, who wished a pupil to board and teach. An architect was what Martin wanted to be, d accepted Pecksniff's terms. Now, to tell the truth, Martin had another rea-son for this. Pecksniff was his grand-father's coustn, and he knew the old man thought him the worst hypocrite of all his relatives, and disliked him according-And Martin was so angry with his grandfather that he went to Pecksniff's utly to splite him. Pecksniff was just the man old Chuzzlewit thought him. He was a smooth, sleek hypocrite, with an oily manner. He had eavy eyelids and a wide, whisteriess throat, and when he talked he fairly oozed through and when he taked he fairly oozed virtuous sayings, for which people thought him a most moral and upright man. He was a widower with two daugh-ters, Charity and Mercy, the older of whom had a very bitter temper, who America was a very mournful made it hard for the few students as long he proposed to go with Martin. make it hard for the rew students as long as they stayed there. After Pecksniff had once got a pupil's money in advance, he made no pretense of teaching him. He kept him drawing de-signs for buildings, and that was all. If any of the designs were good, he said nothing to the pupil, but sold them as his own, and pocketed the money. His pupils soon saw through him and none of them over stayed long except one. This one was named Tom Pinch. He had cen poor and Mr. Pecksniff had pretended o take him in him in at a reduced rate. Bot really Pinch paid as much as the others, being a clever fellow who made himself useful in a thousand ways. He was a musician, too, and played the or-gan in the village church, which was a credit to Pecksniff. With all this, Pinch was a generous, open-hearted lad, who believed every one honest and true, and he was so grateful to Peckaniff (whose hypocrisy he never imagined) that he was always singing his praises everywhere. In return for all this, Pecksniff treated him with contempt and made him quite Tom Pinch, however, was a favorite with every one else. He had a sister, Ruth, who loved him dearly, but he seldom saw here, for she was a gov-erness in the house of a brass and iron founder, who did not like her to have pany. One of Tom's greatest friends had been a pupil named John Westlock in vain had tried to open the other's eyes to Pecksniff's real charac ter. When Westlock came into money he left and went to live in London, and it was to take his that the new pupil, Martin, was now coming Another friend of Pinch's was Mark APTER his first burst of anger at apley, a rakish, good-humored fellow, Martin's leaving him, old Chuzzle-Tapley, a rakish, good-humored fellow, Martin's leaving him, old Churzle-whose one ambition was to find a po-sition so uncomfortable and dismal that gradually a different man. He appeared he would get some credit for being jolly in it. Tapley was an assistant at the Blue Dragon, the village inn, whose plump, rosy landlady was so fond of the blue Dragon inn, Pecksniff the blue Dragon inn, Pecksniff plump, rosy isndiady was so fond of him that he might have married her if he had chosen to. But, as Tapley said there was no credit in being jolly where he was so comfortable, so he left the Elue Dragon and went off, too, to Lon-Blue Dragon and went off, too, to Lon-

bage and greens and mice, and Mrs. Todgers herself was bony and wore a row of curls on the front of her head like little barrels of flour. But a lot of young men boarded there, and Charity and Mercy enjoyed themselves very

Jonas called on the two Pecksniff daughters, and Charity, the eldest, de-termined to marry him. Jones, how-ever, had his own opinion, and made up

Before long Mariln's grandfather reached London, and when Pecksniff called he told him Martin was an ingrate, who had left his protection, and he asked the architect not to harbor not have any selfish interest in being kind to him, he took an oath in her pres-ence that he would not leave her a cent ence that he would not leave her a cent when he died. He paid her monthly wages and it was agreed that there should wages and it was agreed that there sound be no affection wasted between them. In spite of his seeming harshness, Mary knew his heart was naturally kind, and she soon loved him like a father. And he, softened by her affection, came in his trucking action, he left that very hour in the rain, though he had only a single sliver piece in his pocket. Tom all might have been well but for young All might have been well but for young Martin's falling in love with Mary. He concluded too hastliy that his grandfather ran after him with a book as a parting sift, and between its leaves Martin found another sliver piece, all Tom had Most of the way to London Martin walked. Once there he took a cheap lodging, and tried to find some vessel on which he could work his passage to America, for there, as he walked he had made up his mind to go. But he found no such opportunity. His money gone, he pawned first his watch, and then his other belongings, one by one, until he had nothing left, and was even in distress for food. Yet his pride was strong, and he gave what was almost his last coin to escape the attentions of one Montague Tigg, a dirty, jaunty, bold, mean, swaggering, slinking vaga-

The states to her what no one case was looking. Charity, Pecksniff's older daughter, was not blind to his plan. She was in a sour temper because the miserly Jonas, who came from London often now to see who came from London often now to see them had begun to make love to Marcy instead of to her. To see her father now paying so much attention to Mary Graham made Charity angry, and she left her father's house and went to live in London at Mrs. Todger's bearding-house where she set her can'th catch a

ter.

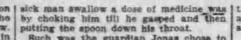
ich. At last, ill and grown suspicious of younger sister.

both of them to influence oid Chumie-wit, it would be easy to do what they pleased with him, and with his money, too. With this end in view, he began to persecute poor Mary with his at a rare mystery, and Ruth in the employer was Tom was not to know. Here was a rare mystery, and Ruth in the the dramming that then ing klasses to her when no one class was not blind to his plan. She was in a sour temper because the misering Jonas the sector of the single excitement and ple-making sour temper because the misering Jonas the sector of the single excitement and ple-making the darkness and iet himself into his reom by choking him till he gaaped and then by choking him till he gaa

1904 by Hallie Erminie

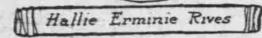
to a dusty room whose floor was covered all over with books. Tom, he said, was

all over with books. Tom, he said, was to arrange and make a list of these. Then he gave him the key, told him to come to him each week for his salary, and disappeared. Still wondering, the two friends went back together, for of course Westlock had to taste the beefsteak pudding. Ruth had supper waiting for them. Every minute Westlock thought she grew more lovely, and as he walked home he knew he was in love at last. Now, the mystery of Tom's library, and of the banknote that Martin had received



were married. If Pecksniff had searched London he

could not have found a worse man for his daughter to marry. But Pecksniff cared for nothing but money, and, as Jonas was now rich, he pretended great love for his new son-in-law and went



But there had been an eye at the shut-ter of the window in the heuse opposite that did not fall to observe Jonus when he went and when he came. And this eye halonged to Nadgett, the spy. tunity, he took it upon himself to answer. He called Martin a shameless, cowardly vagabond and ordered him from the door.

Then he gave his arm to the old man and led him from the room. Martin clasped Mary for a moment in WHILE these things were occurring, much had happened to Martin and

his arms as he klased her and told her to keep up heart. Then he left the house and set out with Mark Tapley for

Old Chuzzlewit's Plot Succeeds

WHERE was the guilty Jonas meanest part of the vessel that he would not go on deck. But Tapley had none of this faine pride. He made friends with all. while? Shivering at every sound, listening for the news that Tigg's body had been found in the wood, wondering If by any chance the crime might be laid on him

good a time for him to be jolly with any Already fate was weaving a net about redit. The long voyage of so many weeks came his fect. The men from whom he had to an end at last, and they reached New York. They found it a strange place inbought the poison to kill his father had fallen very III, and in his illness had redeed, and met many strange characters in pented of the part he had played. He had it. Only one they met pleased them; a gentleman named Bevan, and from him they got much information and advice. confessed to Westlock, whom, before he they got much information and advice. There seemed, however, to be little open-ing for an architect in New York, and Martin at length decided to go West and settle in some newer region. In the Western town where they left had fallen into wicked company, he had

In the Western town where they left the train they found a land agent who was selling lots in a new settlement, on the Mississippi River, called "Eden." To buy their train tickets Martin had already sold the diamond ring which Mary had given him, and he had just enough left to purchase a tract of land in "Eden" and to pay their fare there. Martin jooked over the agent's splendid plans of the new town, showing wharves, churches and town, showing wharves, churches and public buildings, and thought it a capital How Jonas had intended to kill his father and how his death had been due not to town for a young architect; so they closed the poison, which he had never taken, but to the knowledge of his son's wickedthe bargain without more ado and took the next steamer down the desolate Mis-DESE.

A terrible disappointment awaited them when they found what "Eden" really was-s handful of rotting log cabins set in a swamp. The wharves and public build-ings existed only on the agent's map with Jonas, in the reaction from his fear, laughed aloud, and was abusively order-ing them to leave, when the door opened and the color suddenly left his cheeks. Policemen stood there, and at their head was Nadgett, the spy.

ings existed only on the agent's map with which he had so cruelly cheated them. There were only a few wan men alive there-the rest had succumbed to the sickly hot vapor that rose from the swamp and hung in the air. At the sight of what they had come to, Martin lay down and wept in very despair. But for his comrade's cheerfulness he would have wholly given up hope. wholly given up hope. Next morning Martin found himself in the grip of the deadly fever with which the piace reeked, and for many days thereafter he lay helpless and himself is own poison which he carried



With neither Westlock nor Mark Tapley there, Tom Pinch was lonely and welcomed the arrival of Martin, with made friends, while Mr.

bond of the shabby-genteel sort, he recognized as one who, had more than once tried to squeeze money out of his grandfather.

But at last when he was almost in despair, a surprise came in the shape of an envelope addressed to himself, containing no letter, but a banknote for a generous amount. There was no whatever to the sender, but the clew sum was enough to pay his passage and he determined to sail next day.

While he was still wondering at this good luck Martin chanced to come upon Mark Tapley, the old assistant of the Blue Dragon Inn. Tapley had found London too pleasant a place to be jolly in with any credit, and, as he had heard America was a very mournful place,

nearby. There he told her of his leav-ing Peckaniff's and of his coming voyage.

ing Pecksnill's and of his coming voyage. She was very sorrowful over his de-parture, but he cheered her by telling her he would soon return, well and pres-perous, for her. She told him that Percus, for her. She told him that Pecksniff seemed somehow to have made his grandfather trust him, and that by his advice they were both to move to the Blue Dragon inn, near his house. Martin told her of Pecksniff's true character. warned her against him, and begged her to trust in Tom Pinch as a true friend. So they parted, pledging each other their love whatever befell.

Before Martin left next day Mary sent him a diamond ring, which he thought his grandfather had given her, hul for which in reality she had paid all her savings, so that he should have with him mething of value to sell if he should be

So Martin and Mark Tapley took ship for America, and Mary Graham and old Chunzlewit went to live at the Blue Dragon, to the huge satisfaction of the oily Pecksniff, who thought now he co easily get the rich old man under his thumb.

Pecksniff and Old Chuzzlewit

was alone with him he seemed more his old eager self; but only let Peckaniff ap-pear and the strange dull look would

come and he would seem only anxious to ask his advice about the smallest mat-

whom he soon made friends, while Mr. Pecksniff folded his new pupil to his breast, shed a crocodille tear and set lim to work designing a grammar school. Old Chuzzlewit soon heard where Martin, his grandson, was, and wrote to Pecksniff asking him to meet him in London. Pecksniff was so anxious to curve favor with the rich old man that,

taking his daughters with him, he left at once for London, where they put up at a boarding-nouse kept by a Mrs. Todgers, while Pecksniff awaited the arrival of old Chuzzlewit.



WITH THIS END IN VIEW PECKSNIFF BEGAN TO PERSECUTE POOR MARY WITH HIS ATTENTIONS.

The poor girl was in great grandson. trouble then, for she loved Martin and feared Pecksniff's growing power, with Chuzzlewit. And seeing that this threat frightened her, Pecksniff continued his annoyances. from this. He had longed for nothing more than that Martin and Mary should

According to Martin's parting advice Mary had learned to like and to trust Tom Pinch, in spite of his mistaken wor-ship of Pecksniff. One day while Tom was practicing the organ at the church she came to him and confiding in him, told all that she had endured. In his imple-heartedness he had admired and soked up to Pecksniff all his life, but this evidence opened his eyes. At last he saw the pompous hypocrite in his true light. He agreed with her that the architect was a scoundrel and comforted her, and asked her always to trust in his

own friendship. Unluckily while they talked there was an eaveadropper near. It was Pecksniff himself. He had gone into the church nimet. He had gone into the church to rest, and iving down in one of the high back pews, had gone to sleep, and now the voices of Tom and Mary had awakened him. He listened and waited till they had both gone; then he stole out and went home by a roundabout way. That night he went to old Chuzzlewit and, pretending to shed tears of sorrow, toid him he had overheard Tom Pinch, the pauper pupil, whom he had trusted and befriended, making love to Mary, the old mar's ward, in the church, Making a great show of his respect and regard for old Churalewit, he told him this vil-lain should not remain under his resp

lain should not remain under his roof one night longer. Then he called in Tom Pinch and, abusing and insulting him in Chuzzlewit's presence, sent him away as he had sent away Martin. Tom was feeling so bad over his loss of faith in his idol, Peeksniff, that he did

ot greatly mind this last blow. In fact, he had about concluded he could not live any longer with such a wicked hypocrite anyway. He packed his things and set off for London, feeling almost as if the world had come to an end.

however, he plucked up Once there, spirit and felt better. First of all he looked up Westlock, the former pupil of Pecksniff, whom he had found the same friendly, clever fellow now in his riches as he was of old. Westlock was glad that Pinch had at last found his master Ruth at the house where she was gov-

erness He arrived there at a fortunate time or the vulgar brass-and-lron founder who had hired her to try to teach his spolled little daughter, was at that moment scoiding Ruth harshly for what was not her fault at all. Tom had been gaining a spirit of his own since he had parted from Pecksniff, and, now, at sight of his gentle little sister's tears, his honest in-dignation rose. He gave her unjust em-ployer a lecture that left him much as-

tonished, and then, drawing Ruth's arm through his, he led her from the house forever. It was not long before each had told the other all that had happened. Tom decided that they should part no more,

and they set out together to find a lodg-ing. They took some rooms in a quiet neighborhood and wettled down together

though he had misunderstood him at first, but he had seen very plainly the had was growing selfish and wished to save him marry, but he wished to try their love for each other as well as Martin's af-fection for him. It was to test Pecksniff that Chuzzlewii had asked the architect to send Martin from his house, and when to send Martin from his house, and when he saw that Pecksniff was fawning hound enough to do it, he determined to punish him in the end. It was Chumlewit who had found where Martin lodged in London, and had sent him the banknote, And, won by Tom Pinch's goodness and honor, it was he who now, secretly, made this

If Pecksniff had guessed this, he would robably have had a stroke of apoplexy.

for him

Jonas Gets Rid of an Enemy

JONAS, meanwhile, in his cruel, miser ly soul, had been wishing that his old father would hurry and die. He wanted the money and he wanted to marry Mercy Pecksniff, and to do both he preferred the old man out of his way. He thought of this and wished it so long that at last work, got on the right side of "Sairy" he began to think of helping the matter Gamp, the nurse, found out how old Crufalong.

His father kept in a drawer some cough lozenges which he constantly used. Jonas at last bought some poison from a dissipated man who needed money badly, and stant by the way Jonas' face whitened made some lozenges like them. These he with fear that he had stumbled on the truth in his father's drawer instead of the put in his father's drawer instead of the others.

His father, however, and Chuffey, the old clerk, noticed the difference, and they guessed what Jonas had done. The shock of discovering that his own son had tried to murder him proved the old man's death. He made Chuffey promise not to betray Jonas, then fell in a fit and never to hide the first-the murder of Tigg, who

spoke again. Jonas naturally thought the poison had done the work, and was at first in dreadful fear of discovery. He made a fine funeral, with four-horse coaches, velvet trappings as they sped, the latter laid his plans. out, and began at once to plan for his and silver plate, so that people would future. Next Tom went to see his sister think he loved his father, and it was not till the body was buried that he forgot his dread

Chuffey, however, seemed to go almost daft. He would walk and cry and wring his hands and talk so strangely about his master's death that Jonas feared he would suspicion that all was not a So he hired a nurse to come and keep him

This nurse went by the name of "Sairy" Gamp. She was a fat old woman, with a red face, a husky voice and a moist eye, which often turned up so as to show only the white of it. Wherever she went she carried a faded umbrella with a round white patch on top of it, and she always smelled of whisky. Mrs. Gamp was fond of talking of a certain Mrs. Harris, whom she spoke of as a dear friend, but whom dy else had ever seen. When she wanted to say something nice of nerveit she would put it in the mouth of Mrs. Harris. She was always quoting, "I says to Mrs. Harris," or "Mrs. Harris says to me." People used to say there was no such person at all, but this never failed to make Mrs. Gamp very angry. She was anted to say something nice of herself may, the old mail consented, and they main that, taking his daughters with him, be left as boarding-nouse kept by a Mrs. is to old Chuzzlewit. Mrs. Todgers' house simelied of cab-

never ceased to love Martin, his grandson. tague, president of the great "Angle-Bengalee Company."

The Anglo-Bengalee Company was a business which pretended to insure people's lives. It had fine offices with furniture, new paper and a big brass plate on the door. It looked most solid and re-spectable, but it was really a trap, for Martin came to know himself truly and to see his own selfishness. As he nursed Tapley to health again he determined to Tigg and its other officers were only waiting until they had taken in enough money before they ran away with it to a foreign root it out of his nature and to return to England a nobler man. He began to country. Jonas, sharn as he was, was de-ceived into believing it an honest enterthink not of what he had sacrificed for Mary, but of what he had sacrineed for Mary, but of what she would have sac-rifleed for him, and to wish with all his heart that he had not parted from his grandfather in anger. And even before Tanks was which to div works before prise. He came there to get his wife's life insured, and so he met Tigg.

Tigg. however, knowing Jonas of old, knew he had a great deal of money of his own, and he thought, too, that he might influence Mr. Pecksniff, now his father-inlaw. Tigg flattered Jonas accordingly by

tening him what a sharp man he was and offered to make him a director in the company. He assured Jonas there would us profits, and showed him how by putting his own money in it he could cheat other people out of much more. This idea tickied Jonas and he agreed.

Having got thus far, Tigg hired a spy named Nadgett to see if he could discover from a year before, poorer than he had left it, but at heart a better and a sounder man. His false pride was gone whether Jonas had ever committed any crime the knowledge of which would put him in their power. Nadgett began his

fee was locked up for fear he might talk, and soon had a suspicion that Jonas had been concerned in his father's death. As an experiment Tigg boldly charged him with it one day, and knew in an in-

sniff. They saw him excorted along the street, pointed out by the crowds as "the great architect." They goon discovered chitect." They soon discovered that day the cornerstone of a that on that day the cornerstone of a splendid public building was to be laid, and that Pecksniff's design for this structure had taken the prize. They went must put into the company more of his own money, but he must persuade Peck-sniff to do likewise, and Jonas for his life with the crowd to hear Packsniff's speech, and looking over a gentleman's shoulder at a picture of the building as dared not now refuse him. He thought of escaping to some other country, but now wherever he turned he found Tigg's sples it was to look, Martin saw that it was the very grammar school he himself had designed when he had first come to Peckuniff's, and which the old rascal had stolen

Martin was angry, of course, but there was no help for it, and besides he had other things to think of, Mary Graham, to be sure, was his first thought, and he and Tapley set out at once for the Blue Dragon to learn the latest news. The rosy undlady laughed and cried Near their destination nature came near assisting him. In a storm the carriage was upset and Tigg was thrown under the together to see them and Mark Tapley horses' feet. Jonas kicked and lashed the sed her so many times that she was struggling horses, hoping they would trample and kill his companion, but the quite out of breath. She cooked the finest dinner in the world for them and told them all she knew about their friends; how Tom Pinch had been sent away, and driver pulled him out just in time. They finally reached the Blue Dragon

Inn, and there next day Jonas brought how everyone said that Pecksniff Intend-ed to marry Mary. This news made Martin grind his teeth, and it would have Pecksniff to dine with Tigs. Though Pecksniff pretended he took the idea as a joke, yet the thought of cheating other Though been unlucky for the architect if he had been near at that moment. ple for big profits was very attractive him, and before evening was over he Martin first sent Tapley with a note

addressed to his grandfather, but Peck-sniff, who came to the door, tore up the had fallen into the trap and had promised next day to give Tigg his money for the wonderful Anglo-Bengales Company. letter before the bearer's face, He Jonas, his part of the bargain finished. went back to London. There, after tell-ing Mercy not to disturb him, as he ex-

Martin of this, and together they forced themselves into the house, and into the room where old Chuzziewit sat, with iff beside him, and Mary standing pected to aleep all next day, he locked himself in his room. When it was dark he dressed himself in a rough suit that he had prepared for disguise, let himself out by a back way and took the stage back again to the village where he had behind his chair.

behind his chair. Martin's grandfather hardly looked at him, keeping his eyes on Peckaniff's face, as though he depended on him even for his thoughts. Martin, seeing this, was almost hopeless, but he did as he had determined, and in a few manly words begged old Chutzlewit's pardon for his own haste and temper, and asked him to take him beck to his favor. While he

days thereafter he lay helpless and burning, nursed like a child by the faithful Mark Tapley. When he had begun to recover it came the other's turn to fall sick and Martin took by in his pocket, and was as dead as any hen hangman could have made him. Old Chuzzlewit had yet another purpos his place at nursing.

them both to that city. Once there

England and his wages proved sufficient to pay for Martin's passage. So Martin

started back to the home he had parted

now. He mingled with others and helped them, and by the time they landed he

ing, curiously enough, was the olly Peck-

stastppl.

Trip to America

sage in the steerage. For a long time Martin was very seasick, and even when

he grew better he was so ashamed at having to travel in the worst and cheap-

helped every one he could and soon be-

came such a general favorite that (as he thought sadly) he was having much too

Mark Tapley far away in America. The sailing vessel on which they crossed was crewded and dirty, and in order to husband their money they had taken pas-

to carry out before he left London, and for this purpose he asked Westlock to Through all Tapley never complained. At last he found himself in circumstances where to be jolly was really a credit to anybody. He always insisted that he meet him in his rooms at a certain hour next day. He sent besides for Tom Finch and his sister Ruth, for his grandson Mar tin and Mark Tapley, and last, but not was in great spirits, and when he was least, for Pecksniff himself, all to meet weakest and could not speak he wrote "jolly" on a slate for Martin to see. Watching his sick friend day by day

him there at the same moment. All save Pecksniff arrived together, and greatly astonished most of them were you may be sure, to see old Chuzalowit so changed. For now the old, dull, bent look had vanished. His eyes were bright, his form erect and every feature eager and full of purpose. Even Mary scarcely knew what to make of it.

As they sat wondering and waiting, Pecksniff came hurriedly in, to start back as if at a shock of electricity. But he recovered himself, and clasped his hands with a look of pious joy to see old Chunzle-Tapley was able to sit up Martin had determined to return as soon as possible wit safe and well. Then he looked around him and shook his head. He laid aside his pride and wrote to Bevan, who had befriended them in New York, to borrow money enough to bring

"Oh, vermin! Oh, bloodsuckers!" he said 'Horde of unnatural plunderers and robhers! Begone! Leave him and do not stay Tapley found a position as cook in the same ship that had brought them from in a spot hallowed by the gray hairs of

his patriarchal gentleman!" He advanced with outstretched arms to the old man, but he had not seen now tightly old Chuzzlewit's hand clasped the walking-stick he held. The latter, in one great burst of indignation, rose up, and with a single blow stretched him on the with a single blow stretched him on the ground. Mark Tapley dragged him into a corner and propped him against the wall, and in this ridiculous position, cringing, and with his assurance all departed, he was as popular as a passenger as Mark Tapley was as a cook. Almost the first man they saw on landlistened, as did they all, to the story old man told.

He told the assembled company how the curse of selfishness had memed always to rest upon his family. How he had misunderstood Martin, his best loved grandson, and how he had seen Pecksniff doing his best to add to this bad feeling. He beckoned Martin to him and put Mary's hand in his, as he told how he had tested them both and had at last resolved to see to what length the hypocrisy of Pecksniff would lead him. How to this end he had pretended feebleness of mind and planned and plotted finally to expose Pecksniff and set all right. When he had finished, the door was

opened and Pecksniff, looking all shrunk en and frowsy and yellow, passed never to enter again into the lives of any of them.

There was a great and joyful gathering that night when all of these so strangely united took dinner together. Martin sat beside Mary, while Westlock walked home with Ruth, and before they reached there she had promised to be his wife.

Martin and Mary were married soon and old Chuzzlewii made Martin his heir. He also gave a home to Poor Mercy, the wife of the dead Jonas. Tom Pinch ilved a long and happy life in the home which Westlock made for Ruth, where he had a fine organ on which he played every day. Mark Tapley, of course, married the rosy landiady of the Blue Dragon, and set married the tled down at the inn, which he renamed the "Jolly Tapley." Charity Pecksniff succeeded in ensnaring

told

her young man at last. The day they were to be married, however, he did not come to the church, but ran off to Van Dieman's Land, and she lived and died a vinegary, shrewish old maid. As for Peckaniff, himself, having lost all his Processing, himself, haring lost an inte-money in the Angla-Bengalee Company (which, of course, went to pieces on Tigg's death), he sank lower and lower, till at inst, a drunken, squall did man, he aked out a miserable existence, writing whining, begging letters to the very p ple whom he had once labored so hard