

rooms in the house, was very kind to me, at least until she found that my father had left no money. He had then been only reading for a long time, and, when I looked back, I could see that he must have been short of money for some weeks at least. A few bills coming in, all our little effects—for the furniture was our own—were sold, without bringing sufficient to pay them. The things went for less than half their value, in consequence, I believe, of that well-known conspiracy of the brokers which they call *knocking out*. I was especially miserable at losing my father's books, which, although in ignorance, I greatly valued—more miserable even, I honestly think, than at seeing my loved piano carried off.

"When the sale was over, and everything removed, I sat down on the floor, amidst the dust and bits of paper and straw and cord, without a single idea in my head as to what was to become of me, or what I was to do next. I didn't cry—that I am sure of—but I doubt if in all London there was a more wretched child than myself just then. The twilight was darkening down—the twilight of a November afternoon. Of course there was no fire in the grate, and I had eaten nothing that day; for although the landlady had offered me some dinner, and I had tried to please her by taking some, I found I could not swallow, and had to leave it. While I sat thus on the floor, I heard her come into the room, and some one with her, but I did not look round, and they, not seeing me, and thinking, I suppose, that I was in one of the other rooms, went on talking about me. All I afterwards remembered of their conversation was some severe reflections on my father, and the announcement of the decree that I must go to the workhouse. Though I knew nothing definite as to the import of this doom, it filled me with horror. The moment they left me alone, to look for me as I supposed, I got up, and, walking as softly as I could, glided down the stairs, and unbonneted and unwrapped, ran from the house, half-blind with terror."

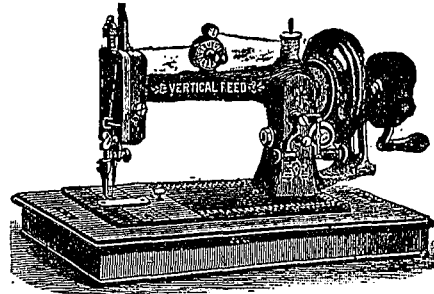
(To be continued.)

"He's no better, Doctor. You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on sixpence. I hadn't sixpence, but I gave him as much as would lie on five pennies and two halfpennies, and it's done him no good at all, at all."

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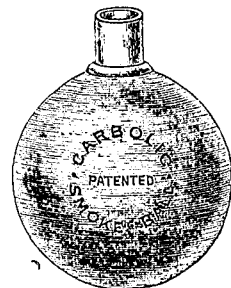
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