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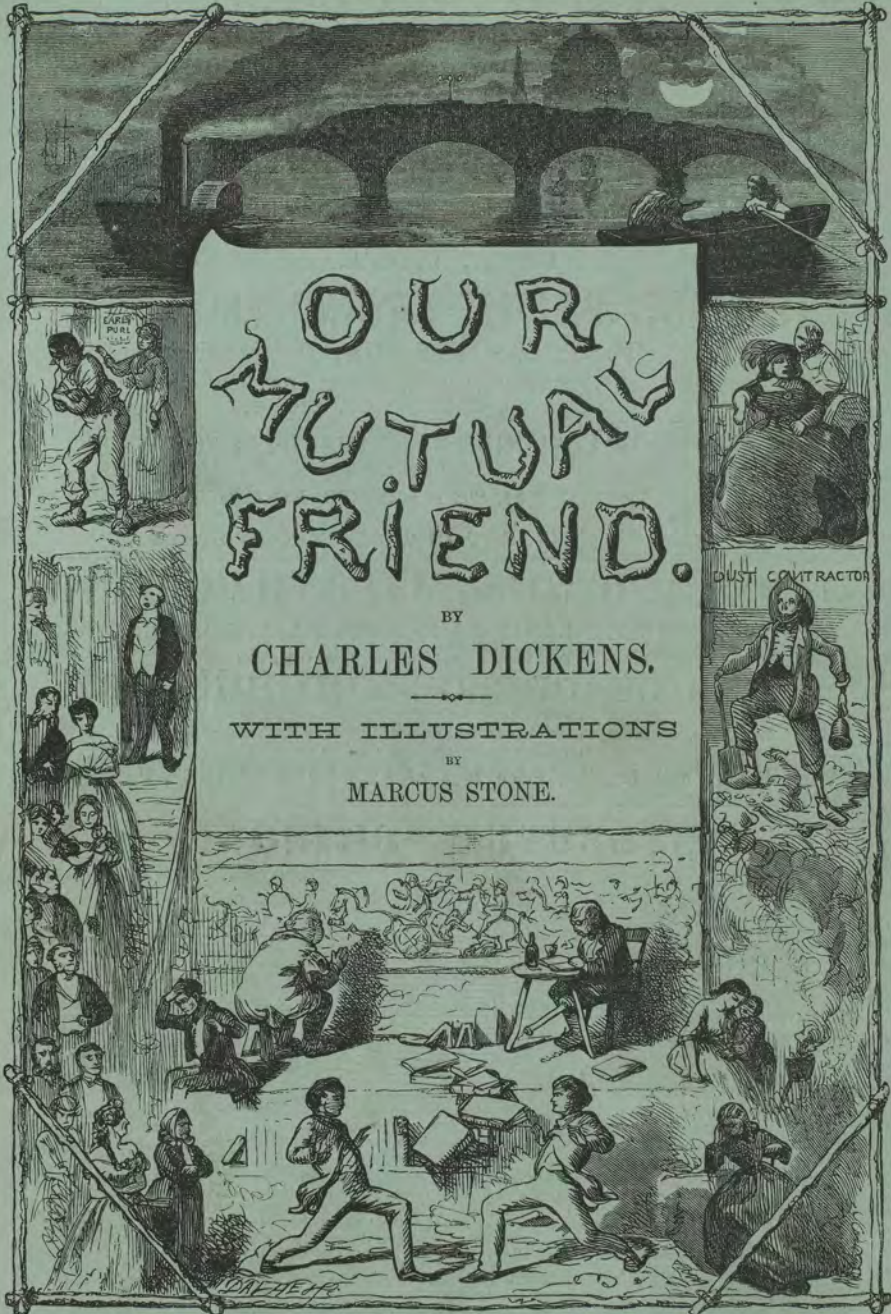
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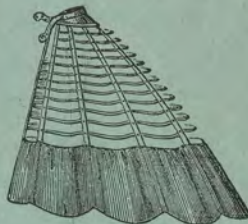
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Year.	Fire Premiums.	Life Premiums.	Invested Funds.
	£	£	£
1851	54,305	27,157	502,824
1856	222,279	72,781	821,061
1861	360,130	135,974	1,311,905
1863	522,107	143,940	1,566,434

Fire Policies falling due at Midsummer must be renewed on or before July 9th.

[SWINTON BOLT, Secretary to the Company.  
JOHN ATKINS, Resident Secretary, London.

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instantaneous that grey hair is coloured permanently a natural brown or black the moment it is touched by the dye, leaving it perfectly clean and soft as before the application. In cases at 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. Sample Case, 2s. 6d.; by post 40 stamps. 24 PICCADILLY, where Specimens may be seen.

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Table Spoons	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
Dessert Spoons	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 3 6	1 10 0

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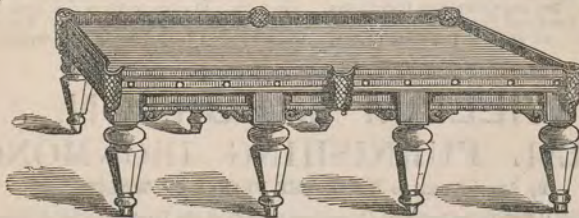
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12 Table Spoons ...	1 13 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 10 0
12 Dessert Forks ...	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Dessert Spoons ...	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Tea Spoons ...	16 0	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 5 0
6 Egg Spoons, } gilt bowls. }	10 0	12 0	12 0	13 6
2 Sauce Ladles ...	6 0	8 0	8 0	9 0
1 Gravy Spoon ...	6 6	9 0	10 0	11 0
2 Salt Spoons, } gilt bowls. }	3 4	4 0	4 0	4 6
1 Mustard Spoon, } gilt bowl. }	1 8	2 0	2 0	2 3
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	2 6	3 6	3 6	4 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
1 Butter Knife ...	2 6	4 0	5 6	6 0
1 Soup Ladle ...	10 0	12 0	16 0	17 0
1 Sugar Sifter ...	3 3	4 6	4 6	5 0
Total .....	9 19 9	12 9 0	13 9 6	14 17 3

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	Table Knives per doz.	Dessert Knives per doz.	Carvers per pair.
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34-inch ivory handles .....	12 0	9 6	4 6
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cut-throat	28 0	20 0
table	30 0	22 0
cut-throat	32 0	24 0
table	34 0	26 0
cut-throat	36 0	28 0
table	38 0	30 0
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WAITING FOR FATHER.



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1844



PODSNAPPERY.





## CHAPTER XI.

## PODSNAPPERY.

MR. PODSNAP was well to do, and stood very high in Mr. Podsnap's opinion. Beginning with a good inheritance, he had married a good inheritance, and had thriven exceedingly in the Marine Insurance way, and was quite satisfied. He never could make out why everybody was not quite satisfied, and he felt conscious that he set a brilliant social example in being particularly well satisfied with most things, and, above all other things, with himself.

Thus happily acquainted with his own merit and importance, Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence. There was a dignified conclusiveness—not to add a grand convenience—in this way of getting rid of disagreeables which had done much towards establishing Mr. Podsnap in his lofty place in Mr. Podsnap's satisfaction. "I don't want to know about it; I don't choose to discuss it; I don't admit it!" Mr. Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems, by sweeping them behind him (and consequently sheer away) with those words and a flushed face. For they affronted him.

Mr. Podsnap's world was not a very large world, morally; no, nor even geographically: seeing that although his business was sustained upon commerce with other countries, he considered other countries, with that important reservation, a mistake, and of their manners and customs would conclusively observe, "Not English!" when, PRESTO! with a flourish of the arm, and a flush of the face, they were swept away. Elsewise, the world got up at eight, shaved close at a quarter-past, breakfasted at nine, went to the City at ten, came home at half-past five, and dined at seven. Mr. Podsnap's notions of the Arts in their integrity might have been stated thus. Literature; large print, respectfully descriptive of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half-past five, and dining at seven. Painting and Sculpture; models and portraits representing Professors of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half-past five, and dining at seven. Music; a respectable performance (without variations) on stringed and wind instruments, sedately expressive of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half-past five, and dining at seven. Nothing else to be permitted to those same vagrants the Arts, on pain of excommunication. Nothing else To Be—anywhere!

As a so eminently respectable man, Mr. Podsnap was sensible of its being required of him to take Providence under his protection. Consequently he always knew exactly what Providence meant. Inferior and less respectable men might fall short of that mark, but Mr. Podsnap was always up to it. And it was very remarkable (and

must have been very comfortable) that what Providence meant, was invariably what Mr. Podsnap meant.

These may be said to have been the articles of a faith and school which the present chapter takes the liberty of calling, after its representative man, Podsnappery. They were confined within close bounds, as Mr. Podsnap's own head was confined by his shirt-collar; and they were enunciated with a sounding pomp that smacked of the creaking of Mr. Podsnap's own boots.

There was a Miss Podsnap. And this young rocking-horse was being trained in her mother's art of prancing in a stately manner without ever getting on. But the high parental action was not yet imparted to her, and in truth she was but an undersized damsel, with high shoulders, low spirits, chilled elbows, and a rasped surface of nose, who seemed to take occasional frosty peeps out of childhood into womanhood, and to shrink back again, overcome by her mother's head-dress and her father from head to foot—crushed by the mere dead-weight of Podsnappery.

A certain institution in Mr. Podsnap's mind which he called "the young person" may be considered to have been embodied in Miss Podsnap, his daughter. It was an inconvenient and exacting institution, as requiring everything in the universe to be filed down and fitted to it. The question about everything was, would it bring a blush into the cheek of the young person? And the inconvenience of the young person was, that, according to Mr. Podsnap, she seemed always liable to burst into blushes when there was no need at all. There appeared to be no line of demarcation between the young person's excessive innocence, and another person's guiltiest knowledge. Take Mr. Podsnap's word for it, and the soberest tints of drab, white, lilac, and grey, were all flaming red to this troublesome Bull of a young person.

The Podsnaps lived in a shady angle adjoining Portman Square. They were a kind of people certain to dwell in the shade, wherever they dwelt. Miss Podsnap's life had been, from her first appearance on this planet, altogether of a shady order; for, Mr. Podsnap's young person was likely to get little good out of association with other young persons, and had therefore been restricted to companionship with not very congenial older persons, and with massive furniture. Miss Podsnap's early views of life being principally derived from the reflections of it in her father's boots, and in the walnut and rosewood tables of the dim drawing-rooms, and in their swarthy giants of looking-glasses, were of a sombre cast; and it was not wonderful that now, when she was on most days solemnly tooled through the Park by the side of her mother in a great tall custard-coloured phaeton, she showed above the apron of that vehicle like a dejected young person sitting up in bed to take a startled look at things in general, and very strongly desiring to get her head under the counterpane again.

Said Mr. Podsnap to Mrs. Podsnap, "Georgiana is almost eighteen."

Said Mrs. Podsnap to Mr. Podsnap, assenting, "Almost eighteen."

Said Mr. Podsnap then to Mrs. Podsnap, "Really I think we should have some people on Georgiana's birthday."

Said Mrs. Podsnap then to Mr. Podsnap, "Which will enable us to clear off all those people who are due."

So it came to pass that Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap requested the honor of the company of seventeen friends of their souls at dinner; and that they substituted other friends of their souls for such of the seventeen original friends of their souls as deeply regretted that a prior engagement prevented their having the honor of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap, in pursuance of their kind invitation; and that Mrs. Podsnap said of all these inconsolable personages, as she checked them off with a pencil in her list, "Asked, at any rate, and got rid of;" and that they successfully disposed of a good many friends of their souls in this way, and felt their consciences much lightened.

There were still other friends of their souls who were not entitled to be asked to dinner, but had a claim to be invited to come and take a haunch of mutton vapour-bath at half-past nine. For the clearing off of these worthies, Mrs. Podsnap added a small and early evening to the dinner, and looked in at the music-shop to bespeak a well-conducted automaton to come and play quadrilles for a carpet dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, and Mr. and Mrs. Veneering's bran-new bride and bridegroom, were of the dinner company; but the Podsnap establishment had nothing else in common with the Veneerings. Mr. Podsnap could tolerate taste in a mushroom man who stood in need of that sort of thing, but was far above it himself. Hideous solidity was the characteristic of the Podsnap plate. Everything was made to look as heavy as it could, and to take up as much room as possible. Everything said boastfully, "Here you have as much of me in my ugliness as if I were only lead; but I am so many ounces of precious metal worth so much an ounce;—wouldn't you like to melt me down?" A corpulent straddling epergne, blotched all over as if it had broken out in an eruption rather than been ornamented, delivered this address from an unsightly silver platform in the centre of the table. Four silver wine-coolers, each furnished with four staring heads, each head obtrusively carrying a big silver ring in each of its ears, conveyed the sentiment up and down the table, and handed it on to the pot-bellied silver salt-cellars. All the big silver spoons and forks widened the mouths of the company expressly for the purpose of thrusting the sentiment down their throats with every morsel they ate.

The majority of the guests were like the plate, and included several heavy articles weighing ever so much. But there was a foreign gentleman among them: whom Mr. Podsnap had invited after much debate with himself—believing the whole European continent to be in mortal alliance against the young person—and there was a droll disposition, not only on the part of Mr. Podsnap but of everybody else, to treat him as if he were a child who was hard of hearing.

As a delicate concession to this unfortunately-born foreigner, Mr. Podsnap, in receiving him, had presented his wife as "Madame Podsnap;" also his daughter as "Mademoiselle Podsnap," with some inclination to add "ma fille," in which bold venture, however, he checked himself. The Veneerings being at that time the only other

arrivals, he had added (in a condescendingly explanatory manner), "Monsieur Vey-nair-reeng," and had then subsided into English.

"How Do You Like London?" Mr. Podsnap now inquired from his station of host, as if he were administering something in the nature of a powder or potion to the deaf child; "London, Londres, London?"

The foreign gentleman admired it.

"You find it Very Large?" said Mr. Podsnap, spaciouly.

The foreign gentleman found it very large.

"And Very Rich?"

The foreign gentleman found it, without doubt, énormément riche.

"Enormously Rich, We say," returned Mr. Podsnap, in a condescending manner. "Our English adverbs do Not terminate in Mong, and We Pronounce the 'ch' as if there were a 't' before it. We Say Ritch."

"Reetch," remarked the foreign gentleman.

"And Do You Find, Sir," pursued Mr. Podsnap, with dignity, "Many Evidences that Strike You, of our British Constitution in the Streets Of The World's Metropolis, London, Londres, London?"

The foreign gentleman begged to be pardoned, but did not altogether understand.

"The Constitution Britanique," Mr. Podsnap explained, as if he were teaching in an infant school. "We Say British, But You Say Britanique, You Know" (forgivingly, as if that were not his fault). "The Constitution, Sir."

The foreign gentleman said, "Mais, yees; I know eem."

A youngish sallowish gentleman in spectacles, with a lumpy forehead, seated in a supplementary chair at a corner of the table, here caused a profound sensation by saying, in a raised voice, "ESKER," and then stopping dead.

"Mais oui," said the foreign gentleman, turning towards him. "Est-ce que? Quoi donc?"

But the gentleman with the lumpy forehead having for the time delivered himself of all that he found behind his humps, spake for the time no more.

"I Was Inquiring," said Mr. Podsnap, resuming the thread of his discourse, "Whether You Have Observed in our Streets as We should say, Upon our Pavvy as You would say, any Tokens——"

The foreign gentleman, with patient courtesy entreated pardon; "But what was tokenz?"

"Marks," said Mr. Podsnap; "Signs, you know, Appearances—Traces."

"Ah! Of a Orse?" inquired the foreign gentleman.

"We call it Horse," said Mr. Podsnap, with forbearance. "In England, Angleterre, England, We Aspirate the 'H,' and We Say 'Horse.' Only our Lower Classes Say 'Orse!'"

"Pardon," said the foreign gentleman; "I am alwiz wrong!"

"Our Language," said Mr. Podsnap, with a gracious consciousness of being always right, "is Difficult. Ours is a Copious Language, and Trying to Strangers. I will not Pursue my Question."

But the lumpy gentleman, unwilling to give it up, again madly said, "ESKER," and again spake no more.

"It merely referred," Mr. Podsnap explained, with a sense of meritorious proprietorship, "to Our Constitution, Sir. We Englishmen are Very Proud of our Constitution, Sir. It Was Bestowed Upon Us By Providence. No Other Country is so Favored as This Country."

"And ozer countries?"—the foreign gentleman was beginning, when Mr. Podsnap put him right again.

"We do not say Ozer; we say Other: the letters are 'T' and 'H'; You say Tay and Aish, You Know; (still with clemency). The sound is 'th'—'th!'"

"And other countries," said the foreign gentleman. "They do how?"

"They do, Sir," returned Mr. Podsnap, gravely shaking his head; "they do—I am sorry to be obliged to say it—as they do."

"It was a little particular of Providence," said the foreign gentleman, laughing; "for the frontier is not large."

"Undoubtedly," assented Mr. Podsnap; "But So it is. It was the Charter of the Land. This Island was Blest, Sir, to the Direct Exclusion of such Other Countries as—as there may happen to be. And if we were all Englishmen present, I would say," added Mr. Podsnap, looking round upon his compatriots, and sounding solemnly with his theme, "that there is in the Englishman a combination of qualities, a modesty, an independence, a responsibility, a repose, combined with an absence of everything calculated to call a blush into the cheek of a young person, which one would seek in vain among the Nations of the Earth."

Having delivered this little summary, Mr. Podsnap's face flushed, as he thought of the remote possibility of its being at all qualified by any prejudiced citizen of any other country; and, with his favorite right-arm flourish, he put the rest of Europe and the whole of Asia, Africa, and America nowhere.

The audience were much edified by this passage of words; and Mr. Podsnap, feeling that he was in rather remarkable force to-day, became smiling and conversational.

"Has anything more been heard, Veneering," he inquired, "of the lucky legatee?"

"Nothing more," returned Veneering, "than that he has come into possession of the property. I am told people now call him The Golden Dustman. I mentioned to you some time ago, I think, that the young lady whose intended husband was murdered is daughter to a clerk of mine?"

"Yes, you told me that," said Podsnap; "and by-the-bye, I wish you would tell it again here, for it's a curious coincidence—curious that the first news of the discovery should have been brought straight to your table (when I was there), and curious that one of your people should have been so nearly interested in it. Just relate that, will you?"

Veneering was more than ready to do it, for he had prospered exceedingly upon the Harmon Murder, and had turned the social distinction it conferred upon him to the account of making several dozen of bran-new bosom-friends. Indeed, such another

lucky hit would almost have set him up in that way to his satisfaction. So, addressing himself to the most desirable of his neighbours, while Mrs. Veneering secured the next most desirable, he plunged into the case, and emerged from it twenty minutes afterwards with a Bank Director in his arms. In the mean time, Mrs. Veneering had dived into the same waters for a wealthy Ship-Broker, and had brought him up, safe and sound, by the hair. Then Mrs. Veneering had to relate, to a larger circle, how she had been to see the girl, and how she was really pretty, and (considering her station) presentable. And this she did with such a successful display of her eight aquiline fingers and their encircling jewels, that she happily laid hold of a drifting General Officer, his wife and daughter, and not only restored their animation which had become suspended, but made them lively friends within an hour.

Although Mr. Podsnap would in a general way have highly disapproved of Bodies in rivers as ineligible topics with reference to the cheek of the young person, he had, as one may say, a share in this affair which made him a part proprietor. As its returns were immediate, too, in the way of restraining the company from speechless contemplation of the wine-coolers, it paid, and he was satisfied.

And now the haunch of mutton vapour-bath having received a gamey infusion, and a few last touches of sweets and coffee, was quite ready, and the bathers came; but not before the discreet automaton had got behind the bars of the piano music-desk, and there presented the appearance of a captive languishing in a rosewood jail. And who now so pleasant or so well assorted as Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lamble, he all sparkle, she all gracious contentment, both at occasional intervals exchanging looks like partners at cards who played a game against All England.

There was not much youth among the bathers, but there was no youth (the young person always excepted) in the articles of Podsnappery. Bald bathers folded their arms and talked to Mr. Podsnap on the hearthrug; sleek-whiskered bathers, with hats in their hands, lunged at Mrs. Podsnap and retreated; prowling bathers, went about looking into ornamental boxes and bowls as if they had suspicions of larceny on the part of the Podsnaps, and expected to find something they had lost at the bottom; bathers of the gentler sex sat silently comparing ivory shoulders. All this time and always, poor little Miss Podsnap, whose tiny efforts (if she had made any) were swallowed up in the magnificence of her mother's rocking, kept herself as much out of sight and mind as she could, and appeared to be counting on many dismal returns of the day. It was somehow understood, as a secret article in the state properties of Podsnappery that nothing must be said about the day. Consequently this young damsel's nativity was hushed up and looked over, as if it were agreed on all hands that it would have been better that she had never been born.

The Lambls were so fond of the dear Veneerings that they could not for some time detach themselves from those excellent friends; but at length, either a very open smile on Mr. Lamble's part, or a very secret elevation of one of his generous eyebrows—

certainly the one or the other—seemed to say to Mrs. Lammle, “Why don’t you play?” And so, looking about her, she saw Miss Podsnap, and seeming to say responsively, “That card?” and to be answered, “Yes,” went and sat beside Miss Podsnap.

Mrs. Lammle was overjoyed to escape into a corner for a little quiet talk.

It promised to be a very quiet talk, for Miss Podsnap replied in a flutter, “Oh! Indeed, it’s very kind of you, but I am afraid I don’t talk.”

“Let us make a beginning,” said the insinuating Mrs. Lammle, with her best smile.

“Oh! I am afraid you’ll find me very dull. But Ma talks!”

That was plainly to be seen, for Ma was talking then at her usual canter, with arched head and mane, opened eyes and nostrils.

“Fond of reading perhaps?”

“Yes. At least I—don’t mind that so much,” returned Miss Podsnap.

“M—m—m—music.” So insinuating was Mrs. Lammle that she got half a dozen ms into the word before she got it out.

“I haven’t nerve to play even if I could. Ma plays.”

(At exactly the same canter, and with a certain flourishing appearance of doing something, Ma did, in fact, occasionally take a rock upon the instrument.)

“Of course you like dancing?”

“Oh no, I don’t,” said Miss Podsnap.

“No? With your youth and attractions? Truly, my dear, you surprise me!”

“I can’t say,” observed Miss Podsnap, after hesitating considerably, and stealing several timid looks at Mrs. Lammle’s carefully arranged face, “how I might have liked it if I had been a—you won’t mention it, *will* you?”

“My dear! Never!”

“No, I am sure you won’t. I can’t say then how I should have liked it, if I had been a chimney-sweep on May-day.”

“Gracious!” was the exclamation which amazement elicited from Mrs. Lammle.

“There! I knew you’d wonder. But you won’t mention it, will you?”

“Upon my word, my love,” said Mrs. Lammle, “you make me ten times more desirous, now I talk to you, to know you well than I was when I sat over yonder looking at you. How I wish we could be real friends! Try me as a real friend. Come! Don’t fancy me a frumpy old married woman, my dear; I was married but the other day, you know; I am dressed as a bride now, you see. About the chimney-sweeps?”

“Hush! Ma’ll hear.”

“She can’t hear from where she sits.”

“Don’t you be too sure of that,” said Miss Podsnap, in a lower voice. “Well, what I mean is, that they seem to enjoy it.”

“And that perhaps you would have enjoyed it, if you had been one of them?”

Miss Podsnap nodded significantly.

"Then you don't enjoy it now?"

"How is it possible?" said Miss Podsnap. "Oh it is such a dreadful thing! If I was wicked enough—and strong enough—to kill anybody, it should be my partner."

This was such an entirely new view of the Terpsichorean art as socially practised, that Mrs. Lammle looked at her young friend in some astonishment. Her young friend sat nervously twiddling her fingers in a pinioned attitude, as if she were trying to hide her elbows. But this latter Utopian object (in short sleeves) always appeared to be the great inoffensive aim of her existence.

"It sounds horrid, don't it?" said Miss Podsnap, with a penitential face.

Mrs. Lammle, not very well knowing what to answer, resolved herself into a look of smiling encouragement.

"But it is, and it always has been," pursued Miss Podsnap, "such a trial to me! I so dread being awful. And it is so awful! No one knows what I suffered at Madame Sauteuse's, where I learnt to dance and make presentation-curtseys, and other dreadful things—or at least where they tried to teach me. Ma can do it."

"At any rate, my love," said Mrs. Lammle, soothingly, "that's over."

"Yes, it's over," returned Miss Podsnap, "but there's nothing gained by that. It's worse here, than at Madame Sauteuse's. Ma was there, and Ma's here; but Pa wasn't there, and company wasn't there, and there were not real partners there. Oh there's Ma speaking to the man at the piano! Oh there's Ma going up to somebody! Oh I know she's going to bring him to me! Oh please don't, please don't, please don't! Oh keep away, keep away, keep away!" These pious ejaculations Miss Podsnap uttered with her eyes closed, and her head leaning back against the wall.

But the Ogre advanced under the pilotage of Ma, and Ma said, "Georgiana, Mr. Grompus," and the Ogre clutched his victim and bore her off to his castle in the top couple. Then the discreet automaton who had surveyed his ground, played a blossomless tuneless "set," and sixteen disciples of Podsnappery went through the figures of—1, Getting up at eight and shaving close at a quarter past—2, Breakfasting at nine—3, Going to the City at ten—4, Coming home at half-past five—5, Dining at seven, and the grand chain.

While these solemnities were in progress, Mr. Alfred Lammle (most loving of husbands) approached the chair of Mrs. Alfred Lammle (most loving of wives), and bending over the back of it, trifled for some few seconds with Mrs. Lammle's bracelet. Slightly in contrast with this brief airy toying, one might have noticed a certain dark attention in Mrs. Lammle's face as she said some words with her eyes on Mr. Lammle's waistcoat, and seemed in return to receive some lesson. But it was all done as a breath passes from a mirror.

And now, the grand chain riveted to the last link, the discreet automaton ceased, and the sixteen, two and two, took a walk among the furniture. And herein the unconsciousness of the Ogre Grompus was pleasantly conspicuous; for, that complacent monster, believing that he was giving Miss Podsnap a treat, prolonged to the utmost



stretch of possibility a peripatetic account of an archery meeting; while his victim, heading the procession of sixteen as it slowly circled about, like a revolving funeral, never raised her eyes except once to steal a glance at Mrs. Lammle, expressive of intense despair.

At length the procession was dissolved by the violent arrival of a nutmeg, before which the drawing-room door bounced open as if it were a cannon-ball; and while that fragrant article, dispersed through several glasses of coloured warm water, was going the round of society, Miss Podsnap returned to her seat by her new friend.

"Oh my goodness," said Miss Podsnap. "*That's* over! I hope you didn't look at me."

"My dear, why not?"

"Oh I know all about myself," said Miss Podsnap.

"I'll tell you something *I* know about you, my dear," returned Mrs. Lammle in her winning way, "and that is, you are most unnecessarily shy."

"Ma ain't," said Miss Podsnap. "—I detest you! Go along!" This shot was levelled under her breath at the gallant Grompus for bestowing an insinuating smile upon her in passing.

"Pardon me if I scarcely see, my dear Miss Podsnap," Mrs. Lammle was beginning when the young lady interposed.

"If we are going to be real friends (and I suppose we are, for you are the only person who ever proposed it) don't let us be awful. It's awful enough to *be* Miss Podsnap, without being called so. Call me Georgiana."

"Dearest Georgiana," Mrs. Lammle began again.

"Thank you," said Miss Podsnap.

"Dearest Georgiana, pardon me if I scarcely see, my love, why your mamma's not being shy, is a reason why you should be."

"Don't you really see that?" asked Miss Podsnap, plucking at her fingers in a troubled manner, and furtively casting her eyes now on Mrs. Lammle, now on the ground. "Then perhaps it isn't?"

"My dearest Georgiana, you defer much too readily to my poor opinion. Indeed it is not even an opinion, darling, for it is only a confession of my dullness."

"Oh *you* are not dull," returned Miss Podsnap. "*I* am dull, but you couldn't have made me talk if you were."

Some little touch of conscience answering this perception of her having gained a purpose, called bloom enough into Mrs. Lammle's face to make it look brighter as she sat smiling her best smile on her dear Georgiana, and shaking her head with an affectionate playfulness. Not that it meant anything, but that Georgiana seemed to like it.

"What I mean is," pursued Georgiana, "that Ma being so endowed with awfulness, and Pa being so endowed with awfulness, and there being so much awfulness everywhere—I mean, at least, everywhere where I am—perhaps it makes me who am so deficient in awfulness, and frightened at it—I say it very badly—I don't know whether you can understand what I mean?"

"Perfectly, dearest Georgiana!" Mrs. Lammle was proceeding with every reassuring wile, when the head of that young lady suddenly went back against the wall again and her eyes closed.

"Oh there's Ma being awful with somebody with a glass in his eye! Oh I know she's going to bring him here! Oh don't bring him, don't bring him! Oh he'll be my partner with his glass in his eye! Oh what shall I do!" This time Georgiana accompanied her ejaculations with taps of her feet upon the floor, and was altogether in quite a desperate condition. But, there was no escape from the majestic Mrs. Podsnap's production of an ambling stranger, with one eye screwed up into extinction and the other framed and glazed, who, having looked down out of that organ, as if he described Miss Podsnap at the bottom of some perpendicular shaft, brought her to the surface, and ambled off with her. And then the captive at the piano played another "set," expressive of his mournful aspirations after freedom, and other sixteen went through the former melancholy motions, and the ambler took Miss Podsnap for a furniture walk, as if he had struck out an entirely original conception.

In the mean time a stray personage of a meek demeanour, who had wandered to the hearthrug and got among the heads of tribes assembled there in conference with Mr. Podsnap, eliminated Mr. Podsnap's flush and flourish by a highly unpolite remark; no less than a reference to the circumstance that some half-dozen people had lately died in the streets, of starvation. It was clearly ill-timed after dinner. It was not adapted to the cheek of the young person. It was not in good taste.

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Podsnap, putting it behind him.

The meek man was afraid we must take it as proved, because there were the Inquests and the Registrar's returns.

"Then it was their own fault," said Mr. Podsnap.

Veneering and other elders of tribes commended this way out of it. At once a short cut and a broad road.

The man of meek demeanour intimated that truly it would seem from the facts, as if starvation had been forced upon the culprits in question—as if, in their wretched manner, they had made their weak protests against it—as if they would have taken the liberty of staving it off if they could—as if they would rather not have been starved upon the whole, if perfectly agreeable to all parties.

"There is not," said Mr. Podsnap, flushing angrily, "there is not a country in the world, sir, where so noble a provision is made for the poor as in this country."

The meek man was quite willing to concede that, but perhaps it rendered the matter even worse, as showing that there must be something appallingly wrong somewhere.

"Where?" said Mr. Podsnap.

The meek man hinted Wouldn't it be well to try, very seriously, to find out where?

"Ah!" said Mr. Podsnap. "Easy to say somewhere; not so easy to say where! But I see what you are driving at. I knew it from

the first. Centralization. No. Never with my consent. Not English."

An approving murmur arose from the heads of tribes; as saying, "There you have him! Hold him!"

He was not aware (the meek man submitted of himself) that he was driving at any ization. He had no favourite ization that he knew of. But he certainly was more staggered by these terrible occurrences than he was by names, of howsoever so many syllables. Might he ask, was dying of destitution and neglect necessarily English?

"You know what the population of London is, I suppose," said Mr. Podsnap.

The meek man supposed he did, but supposed that had absolutely nothing to do with it, if its laws were well administered.

"And you know; at least I hope you know;" said Mr. Podsnap, with severity, "that Providence has declared that you shall have the poor always with you?"

The meek man also hoped he knew that.

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Podsnap with a portentous air. "I am glad to hear it. It will render you cautious how you fly in the face of Providence."

In reference to that absurd and irreverent conventional phrase, the meek man said, for which Mr. Podsnap was not responsible, he the meek man had no fear of doing anything so impossible; but——

But Mr. Podsnap felt that the time had come for flushing and flourishing this meek man down for good. So he said:

"I must decline to pursue this painful discussion. It is not pleasant to my feelings; it is repugnant to my feelings. I have said that I do not admit these things. I have also said that if they do occur (not that I admit it), the fault lies with the sufferers themselves. It is not for *me*"—Mr. Podsnap pointed "*me*" forcibly, as adding by implication though it may be all very well for *you*—"it is not for me to impugn the workings of Providence. I know better than that, I trust, and I have mentioned what the intentions of Providence are. Besides," said Mr. Podsnap, flushing high up among his hair-brushes, with a strong consciousness of personal affront, "the subject is a very disagreeable one. I will go so far as to say it is an odious one. It is not one to be introduced among our wives and young persons, and I——" He finished with that flourish of his arm which added more expressively than any words, And I remove it from the face of the earth.

Simultaneously with this quenching of the meek man's ineffectual fire, Georgiana having left the ambler up a lane of sofa, in a No Thoroughfare of back drawing-room, to find his own way out, came back to Mrs. Lammle. And who should be with Mrs. Lammle, but Mr. Lammle. So fond of her!

"Alfred, my love, here is my friend. Georgiana, dearest girl, you must like my husband next to me."

Mr. Lammle was proud to be so soon distinguished by this special commendation to Miss Podsnap's favour. But if Mr. Lammle were prone to be jealous of his dear Sophronia's friendships, he would be jealous of her feeling towards Miss Podsnap.

"Say Georgiana, darling," interposed his wife.

"Towards—shall I?—Georgiana." Mr. Lammle uttered the name, with a delicate curve of his right hand, from his lips outward. "For never have I known Sophronia (who is not apt to take sudden likings) so attracted and so captivated as she is by— shall I once more?—Georgiana."

The object of this homage sat uneasily enough in receipt of it, and then said, turning to Mrs. Lammle, much embarrassed:

"I wonder what you like me for! I am sure I can't think."

"Dearest Georgiana, for yourself. For your difference from all around you."

"Well! That may be. For I think I like you for your difference from all around me," said Georgiana with a smile of relief.

"We must be going with the rest," observed Mrs. Lammle, rising with a show of unwillingness, amidst a general dispersal. "We are real friends, Georgiana dear?"

"Real."

"Good night, dear girl!"

She had established an attraction over the shrinking nature upon which her smiling eyes were fixed, for Georgiana held her hand while she answered in a secret and half-frightened tone:

"Don't forget me when you are gone away. And come again soon. Good night!"

Charming to see Mr. and Mrs. Lammle taking leave so gracefully, and going down the stairs so lovingly and sweetly. Not quite so charming to see their smiling faces fall and brood as they dropped moodily into separate corners of their little carriage. But to be sure that was a sight behind the scenes, which nobody saw, and which nobody was meant to see.

Certain big, heavy vehicles, built on the model of the Podsnap plate, took away the heavy articles of guests weighing ever so much; and the less valuable articles got away after their various manners; and the Podsnap plate was put to bed. As Mr. Podsnap stood with his back to the drawing-room fire, pulling up his shirt-collar, like a veritable cock of the walk literally pluming himself in the midst of his possessions, nothing would have astonished him more than an intimation that Miss Podsnap, or any other young person properly born and bred, could not be exactly put away like the plate, brought out like the plate, polished like the plate, counted, weighed, and valued like the plate. That such a young person could possibly have a morbid vacancy in the heart for anything younger than the plate, or less monotonous than the plate; or that such a young person's thoughts could try to scale the region bounded on the north, south, east, and west, by the plate; was a monstrous imagination which he would on the spot have flourished into space. This perhaps in some sort arose from Mr. Podsnap's blushing young person being, so to speak, all cheek: whereas there is a possibility that there may be young persons of a rather more complex organization.

If Mr. Podsnap, pulling up his shirt-collar, could only have heard himself called "that fellow" in a certain short dialogue, which

passed between Mr. and Mrs. Lammle in their opposite corners of their little carriage, rolling home!

"Sophronia, are you awake?"

"Am I likely to be asleep, sir?"

"Very likely, I should think, after that fellow's company. Attend to what I am going to say."

"I have attended to what you have already said, have I not? What else have I been doing all to-night?"

"Attend, I tell you," (in a raised voice) "to what I am going to say. Keep close to that idiot girl. Keep her under your thumb. You have her fast, and you are not to let her go. Do you hear?"

"I hear you."

"I foresee there is money to be made out of this, besides taking that fellow down a peg. We owe each other money, you know."

Mrs. Lammle winced a little at the reminder, but only enough to shake her scents and essences anew into the atmosphere of the little carriage, as she settled herself afresh in her own dark corner.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SWEAT OF AN HONEST MAN'S BROW.

MR. MORTIMER LIGHTWOOD and Mr. Eugene Wrayburn took a coffee-house dinner together in Mr. Lightwood's office. They had newly agreed to set up a joint establishment together. They had taken a bachelor cottage near Hampton, on the brink of the Thames, with a lawn, and a boat-house, and all things fitting, and were to float with the stream through the summer and the Long Vacation.

It was not summer yet, but spring; and it was not gentle spring ethereally mild, as in Thomson's Seasons, but nipping spring with an easterly wind, as in Johnson's, Jackson's, Dickson's, Smith's, and Jones's Seasons. The grating wind sawed rather than blew; and as it sawed, the sawdust whirled about the sawpit. Every street was a sawpit, and there were no top-sawyers; every passenger was an under-sawyer, with the sawdust blinding him and choking him.

That mysterious paper currency which circulates in London when the wind blows, gyrated here and there and everywhere. Whence can it come, whither can it go? It hangs on every bush, flutters in every tree, is caught flying by the electric wires, haunts every enclosure, drinks at every pump, cowers at every grating, shudders upon every plot of grass, seeks rest in vain behind the legions of iron rails. In Paris, where nothing is wasted, costly and luxurious city though it be, but where wonderful human ants creep out of holes and pick up every scrap, there is no such thing. There, it blows nothing but dust. There, sharp eyes and sharp stomachs reap even the east wind, and get something out of it.

The wind sawed, and the sawdust whirled. The shrubs wrung their many hands, bemoaning that they had been over-persuaded by the sun to bud; the young leaves pined; the sparrows repented

of their early marriages, like men and women; the colours of the rainbow were discernible, not in floral spring, but in the faces of the people whom it nibbled and pinched. And ever the wind sawed, and the sawdust whirled.

When the spring evenings are too long and light to shut out, and such weather is rife, the city which Mr. Podsnap so explanatorily called London, Londres, London, is at its worst. Such a black shrill city, combining the qualities of a smoky house and a scolding wife; such a gritty city; such a hopeless city, with no rent in the leaden canopy of its sky; such a beleaguered city, invested by the great Marsh Forces of Essex and Kent. So the two old schoolfellows felt it to be, as their dinner done, they turned towards the fire to smoke. Young Blight was gone, the coffee-house waiter was gone, the plates and dishes were gone, the wine was going—but not in the same direction.

"The wind sounds up here," quoth Eugene, stirring the fire, "as if we were keeping a lighthouse. I wish we were."

"Don't you think it would bore us?" Lightwood asked.

"Not more than any other place. And there would be no Circuit to go. But that's a selfish consideration, personal to me."

"And no clients to come," added Lightwood. "Not that that's a selfish consideration at all personal to me."

"If we were on an isolated rock in a stormy sea," said Eugene, smoking with his eyes on the fire, "Lady Tippins couldn't put off to visit us, or, better still, might put off and get swamped. People couldn't ask one to wedding breakfasts. There would be no Precedents to hammer at, except the plain-sailing Precedent of keeping the light up. It would be exciting to look out for wrecks."

"But otherwise," suggested Lightwood, "there might be a degree of sameness in the life."

"I have thought of that also," said Eugene, as if he really had been considering the subject in its various bearings with an eye to the business; "but it would be a defined and limited monotony. It would not extend beyond two people. Now, it's a question with me, Mortimer, whether a monotony defined with that precision and limited to that extent, might not be more endurable than the unlimited monotony of one's fellow-creatures."

As Lightwood laughed and passed the wine, he remarked, "We shall have an opportunity, in our boating summer, of trying the question."

"An imperfect one," Eugene acquiesced, with a sigh, "but so we shall. I hope we may not prove too much for one another."

"Now, regarding your respected father," said Lightwood, bringing him to a subject they had expressly appointed to discuss: always the most slippery eel of eels of subjects to lay hold of.

"Yes, regarding my respected father," assented Eugene, settling himself in his arm-chair. "I would rather have approached my respected father by candlelight, as a theme requiring a little artificial brilliancy; but we will take him by twilight, enlivened with a glow of Wallsend."

He stirred the fire again as he spoke, and having made it blaze, resumed.

"My respected father has found, down in the parental neighbourhood, a wife for his not-generally-respected son."

"With some money, of course?"

"With some money, of course, or he would not have found her. My respected father—let me shorten the dutiful tautology by substituting in future M. R. F., which sounds military, and rather like the Duke of Wellington."

"What an absurd fellow you are, Eugene!"

"Not at all, I assure you. M. R. F. having always in the clearest manner provided (as he calls it) for his children by pre-arranging from the hour of the birth of each, and sometimes from an earlier period, what the devoted little victim's calling and course in life should be, M. R. F. pre-arranged for myself that I was to be the barrister I am (with the slight addition of an enormous practice, which has not accrued), and also the married man I am not."

"The first you have often told me."

"The first I have often told you. Considering myself sufficiently incongruous on my legal eminence, I have until now suppressed my domestic destiny. You know M. R. F., but not as well as I do. If you knew him as well as I do, he would amuse you."

"Filially spoken, Eugene!"

"Perfectly so, believe me; and with every sentiment of affectionate deference towards M. R. F. But if he amuses me, I can't help it. When my eldest brother was born, of course the rest of us knew (I mean the rest of us would have known, if we had been in existence) that he was heir to the Family Embarrassments—we call it before company the Family Estate. But when my second brother was going to be born by-and-by, 'this,' says M. R. F., 'is a little pillar of the church.' Was born, and became a pillar of the church; a very shaky one. My third brother appeared, considerably in advance of his engagement to my mother; but M. R. F., not at all put out by surprise, instantly declared him a Circumnavigator. Was pitchforked into the Navy, but has not circumnavigated. I announced myself, and was disposed of with the highly satisfactory results embodied before you. When my younger brother was half an hour old, it was settled by M. R. F. that he should have a mechanical genius. And so on. Therefore I say that M. R. F. amuses me."

"Touching the lady, Eugene."

"There M. R. F. ceases to be amusing, because my intentions are opposed to touching the lady."

"Do you know her?"

"Not in the least."

"Hadh't you better see her?"

"My dear Mortimer, you have studied my character. Could I possibly go down there, labelled 'ELIGIBLE. ON VIEW,' and meet the lady, similarly labelled? Anything to carry out M. R. F.'s arrangements, I am sure, with the greatest pleasure—except matrimony. Could I possibly support it? I, so soon bored, so constantly, so fatally?"

"But you are not a consistent fellow, Eugene."

"In susceptibility to boredom," returned that worthy, "I assure you I am the most consistent of mankind."

"Why, it was but now that you were dwelling on the advantages of a monotony of two."

"In a lighthouse. Do me the justice to remember the condition. In a lighthouse."

Mortimer laughed again, and Eugene, having laughed too for the first time, as if he found himself on reflection rather entertaining, relapsed into his usual gloom, and drowsily said, as he enjoyed his cigar, "No, there is no help for it; one of the prophetic deliveries of M. R. F. must for ever remain unfulfilled. With every disposition to oblige him, he must submit to a failure."

It had grown darker as they talked, and the wind was sawing and the sawdust was whirling outside paler windows. The underlying churchyard was already settling into deep dim shade, and the shade was creeping up to the housetops among which they sat. "As if," said Eugene, "as if the churchyard ghosts were rising."

He had walked to the window with his cigar in his mouth, to exalt its flavour by comparing the fireside with the outside, when he stopped midway on his return to his arm-chair, and said:

"Apparently one of the ghosts has lost its way, and dropped in to be directed. Look at this phantom!"

Lightwood, whose back was towards the door, turned his head, and there, in the darkness of the entry, stood a something in the likeness of a man: to whom he addressed the not irrelevant inquiry, "Who the devil are you?"

"I ask your pardons, Governors," replied the ghost, in a hoarse double-barrelled whisper, "but might either on you be Lawyer Lightwood?"

"What do you mean by not knocking at the door?" demanded Mortimer.

"I ask your pardons, Governors," replied the ghost, as before, "but probable you was not aware your door stood open."

"What do you want?"

Hereunto the ghost again hoarsely replied, in its double-barrelled manner, "I ask your pardons, Governors, but might one on you be Lawyer Lightwood?"

"One of us is," said the owner of that name.

"All right, Governors Both," returned the ghost, carefully closing the room door; "tickler business."

Mortimer lighted the candles. They showed the visitor to be an ill-looking visitor with a squinting leer, who, as he spoke, fumbled at an old sodden fur cap, formless and mangey, that looked like a furry animal, dog or cat, puppy or kitten, drowned and decaying.

"Now," said Mortimer, "what is it?"

"Governors Both," returned the man, in what he meant to be a wheedling tone, "which on you might be Lawyer Lightwood?"

"I am."

"Lawyer Lightwood," ducking at him with a servile air, "I am a man as gets my living, and as seeks to get my living, by the sweat of my brow. Not to risk being done out of the sweat of my brow, by any chances, I should wish afore going further to be sworn in."

"I am not a swearer in of people, man."



The visitor, clearly anything but reliant on this assurance, doggedly muttered "Alfred David."

"Is that your name?" asked Lightwood.

"My name?" returned the man. "No; I want to take a Alfred David."

(Which Eugene, smoking and contemplating him, interpreted as meaning Affidavit.)

"I tell you, my good fellow," said Lightwood, with his indolent laugh, "that I have nothing to do with swearing."

"He can swear at you," Eugene explained; "and so can I. But we can't do more for you."

Much discomfited by this information, the visitor turned the drowned dog or cat, puppy or kitten, about and about, and looked from one of the Governors Both to the other of the Governors Both, while he deeply considered within himself. At length he decided:

"Then I must be took down."

"Where?" asked Lightwood.

"Here," said the man. "In pen and ink."

"First, let us know what your business is about."

"It's about," said the man, taking a step forward, dropping his hoarse voice, and shading it with his hand, "it's about from five to ten thousand pound reward. That's what it's about. It's about Murder. That's what it's about."

"Come nearer the table. Sit down. Will you have a glass of wine?"

"Yes, I will," said the man; "and I don't deceive you, Governors."

It was given him. Making a stiff arm to the elbow, he poured the wine into his mouth, tilted it into his right cheek, as saying, "What do you think of it?" tilted it into his left cheek, as saying, "What do you think of it?" jerked it into his stomach, as saying, "What do you think of it?" To conclude, smacked his lips, as if all three replied, "We think well of it."

"Will you have another?"

"Yes, I will," he repeated, "and I don't deceive you, Governors." And also repeated the other proceedings.

"Now," began Lightwood, "what's your name?"

"Why, there you're rather fast, Lawyer Lightwood," he replied, in a remonstrant manner. "Don't you see, Lawyer Lightwood? There you're a little bit fast. I'm going to earn from five to ten thousand pound by the sweat of my brow; and as a poor man doing justice to the sweat of my brow, is it likely I can afford to part with so much as my name without its being took down?"

Deferring to the man's sense of the binding powers of pen and ink and paper, Lightwood nodded acceptance of Eugene's nodded proposal to take those spells in hand. Eugene, bringing them to the table, sat down as clerk or notary.

"Now," said Lightwood, "what's your name?"

But further precaution was still due to the sweat of this honest fellow's brow.

"I should wish, Lawyer Lightwood," he stipulated, "to have that T'other Governor as my witness that what I said I said. Conse-

quent, will the T'other Governor be so good as chuck me his name and where he lives?"

Eugene, cigar in mouth and pen in hand, tossed him his card. After spelling it out slowly, the man made it into a little roll, and tied it up in an end of his neckerchief still more slowly.

"Now," said Lightwood, for the third time, "if you have quite completed your various preparations, my friend, and have fully ascertained that your spirits are cool and not in any way hurried, what's your name?"

"Roger Riderhood."

"Dwelling-place?"

"Lime'us Hole."

"Calling or occupation?"

Not quite so glib with this answer as with the previous two, Mr. Riderhood gave in the definition, "Waterside character."

"Anything against you?" Eugene quietly put in, as he wrote.

Rather balked, Mr. Riderhood evasively remarked, with an innocent air, that he believed the T'other Governor had asked him summa't.

"Ever in trouble?" said Eugene.

"Once." (Might happen to any man, Mr. Riderhood added incidentally.)

"On suspicion of ——?"

"Of seaman's pocket," said Mr. Riderhood. "Whereby I was in reality the man's best friend, and tried to take care of him."

"With the sweat of your brow?" asked Eugene.

"Till it poured down like rain," said Roger Riderhood.

Eugene leaned back in his chair, and smoked with his eyes negligently turned on the informer, and his pen ready to reduce him to more writing. Lightwood also smoked, with his eyes negligently turned on the informer.

"Now let me be took down again," said Riderhood, when he had turned the drowned cap over and under, and had brushed it the wrong way (if it had a right way) with his sleeve. "I give information that the man that done the Harmon Murder is Gaffer Hexam, the man that found the body. The hand of Jesse Hexam, commonly called Gaffer on the river and along shore, is the hand that done that deed. His hand and no other."

The two friends glanced at one another with more serious faces than they had shown yet.

"Tell us on what grounds you make this accusation," said Mortimer Lightwood.

"On the grounds," answered Riderhood, wiping his face with his sleeve, "that I was Gaffer's pardner, and suspected of him many a long day and many a dark night. On the grounds that I knowed his ways. On the grounds that I broke the pardnership because I see the danger; which I warn you his daughter may tell you another story about that, for anythink I can say, but you know what it'll be worth, for she'd tell you lies, the world round and the heavens broad, to save her father. On the grounds that it's well understood along the cause'ays and the stairs that he done it. On the grounds

that he's fell off from, because he done it. On the grounds that I will swear he done it. On the grounds that you may take me where you will, and get me sworn to it. I don't want to back out of the consequences. I have made up *my* mind. Take me anywheres."

"All this is nothing," said Lightwood.

"Nothing?" repeated Riderhood, indignantly and amazedly.

"Merely nothing. It goes to no more than that you suspect this man of the crime. You may do so with some reason, or you may do so with no reason, but he cannot be convicted on your suspicion."

"Haven't I said—I appeal to the T'other Governor as my witness—haven't I said from the first minute that I opened my mouth in this here world-without-end-everlasting chair" (he evidently used that form of words as next in force to an affidavit), "that I was willing to swear that he done it? Haven't I said, Take me and get me sworn to it? Don't I say so now? You won't deny it, Lawyer Lightwood?"

"Surely not; but you only offer to swear to your suspicion, and I tell you it is not enough to swear to your suspicion."

"Not enough, ain't it, Lawyer Lightwood?" he cautiously demanded.

"Positively not."

"And did I say it *was* enough? Now, I appeal to the T'other Governor. Now, fair! Did I say so?"

"He certainly has not said that he had no more to tell," Eugene observed in a low voice without looking at him, "whatever he seemed to imply."

"Hah!" cried the informer, triumphantly perceiving that the remark was generally in his favor, though apparently not closely understanding it. "Fort'nate for me I had a witness!"

"Go on, then," said Lightwood. "Say out what you have to say. No after-thought."

"Let me be took down then!" cried the informer, eagerly and anxiously. "Let me be took down, for by George and the Draggin I'm a coming to it now! Don't do nothing to keep back from a honest man the fruits of the sweat of his brow! I give information, then, that he told me that he done it. Is *that* enough?"

"Take care what you say, my friend," returned Mortimer.

"Lawyer Lightwood, take care, you, what I say; for I judge you'll be answerable for follering it up!" Then, slowly and emphatically beating it all out with his open right hand on the palm of his left; "I, Roger Riderhood, Lime'us Hole, Waterside character, tell you, Lawyer Lightwood, that the man Jesse Hexam, commonly called upon the river and along-shore Gaffer, told me that he done the deed. What's more, he told me with his own lips that he done the deed. What's more, he said that he done the deed. And I'll swear it!"

"Where did he tell you so?"

"Outside," replied Riderhood, always beating it out, with his head determinedly set askew, and his eyes watchfully dividing their attention between his two auditors, "outside the door of the Six Jolly Fellowships, towards a quarter arter twelve o'clock at midnight—but I will not in my conscience undertake to swear to so fine a matter

as five minutes—on the night when he picked up the body. The Six Jolly Fellowships stands on the spot still. The Six Jolly Fellowships won't run away. If it turns out that he warn't at the Six Jolly Fellowships that night at midnight, I'm a liar."

"What did he say?"

"I'll tell you (take me down, T'other Governor, I ask no better). He come out first; I come out last. I might be a minute arter him; I might be half a minute, I might be a quarter of a minute; I cannot swear to that, and therefore I won't. That's knowing the obligations of a Alfred David, ain't it?"

"Go on."

"I found him a waiting to speak to me. He says to me, 'Rogue Riderhood'—for that's the name I'm mostly called by—not for any meaning in it, for meaning it has none, but because of its being similar to Roger."

"Never mind that."

"Scuse me, Lawyer Lightwood, it's a part of the truth, and as such I do mind it, and I must mind it and I will mind it. 'Rogue Riderhood,' he says, 'words passed betwixt us on the river to-night.' Which they had; ask his daughter! 'I threatened you,' he says, 'to chop you over the fingers with my boat's stretcher, or take a aim at your brains with my boathook. I did so on accounts of your looking too hard at what I had in tow, as if you was suspicious, and on accounts of your holding on to the gunwale of my boat.' I says to him, 'Gaffer, I know it.' He says to me, 'Rogue Riderhood, you are a man in a dozen'—I think he said in a score, but of that I am not positive, so take the lowest figure, for precious be the obligations of a Alfred David. 'And,' he says, 'when your fellow-men is up, be it their lives or be it their watches, sharp is ever the word with you. Had you suspicions?' I says, 'Gaffer, I had; and what's more, I have.' He falls a shaking, and he says, 'Of what?' I says, 'Of foul play.' He falls a shaking worse, and he says, 'There *was* foul play then. I done it for his money. Don't betray me!' Those were the words as ever he used."

There was a silence, broken only by the fall of the ashes in the grate. An opportunity which the informer improved by smearing himself all over the head and neck and face with his drowned cap, and not at all improving his own appearance.

"What more?" asked Lightwood.

"Of him, d'ye mean, Lawyer Lightwood?"

"Of anything to the purpose."

"Now, I'm blest if I understand you, Governors Both," said the informer, in a creeping manner: propitiating both, though only one had spoken. "What? Ain't *that* enough?"

"Did you ask him how he did it, where he did it, when he did it?"

"Far be it from me, Lawyer Lightwood! I was so troubled in my mind, that I wouldn't have knowed more, no, not for the sum as I expect to earn from you by the sweat of my brow, twice told! I had put an end to the partnership. I had cut the connexion. I couldn't undo what was done; and when he begs and prays, 'Old pardner, on my knees, don't split upon me!' I only makes answer

‘Never speak another word to Roger Riderhood, nor look him in the face!’ and I shuns that man.”

Having given these words a swing to make them mount the higher and go the further, Rogue Riderhood poured himself out another glass of wine unbidden, and seemed to chew it, as, with the half-emptied glass in his hand, he stared at the candles.

Mortimer glanced at Eugene, but Eugene sat glowering at his paper, and would give him no responsive glance. Mortimer again turned to the informer, to whom he said :

“You have been troubled in your mind a long time, man?”

Giving his wine a final chew, and swallowing it, the informer answered in a single word :

“Hages!”

“When all that stir was made, when the Government reward was offered, when the police were on the alert, when the whole country rang with the crime!” said Mortimer, impatiently.

“Hah!” Mr. Riderhood very slowly and hoarsely chimed in, with several retrospective nods of his head. “Warn’t I troubled in my mind then!”

“When conjecture ran wild, when the most extravagant suspicions were afloat, when half a dozen innocent people might have been laid by the heels any hour in the day!” said Mortimer, almost warming.

“Hah!” Mr. Riderhood chimed in, as before. “Warn’t I troubled in my mind through it all!”

“But he hadn’t,” said Eugene, drawing a lady’s head upon his writing-paper, and touching it at intervals, “the opportunity then of earning so much money, you see.”

“The T’other Governor hits the nail, Lawyer Lightwood! It was that as turned me. I had many times and again struggled to relieve myself of the trouble on my mind, but I couldn’t get it off. I had once very nigh got it off to Miss Abbey Potterson which keeps the Six Jolly Fellowships—there is the ’ouse, it won’t run away,—there lives the lady, she ain’t likely to be struck dead afore you get there—ask her!—but I couldn’t do it. At last, out comes the new bill with your own lawful name, Lawyer Lightwood, printed to it, and then I asks the question of my own intellects, Am I to have this trouble on my mind for ever? Am I never to throw it off? Am I always to think more of Gaffer than of my own self? If he’s got a daughter, ain’t I got a daughter?”

“And echo answered——?” Eugene suggested.

“You have,” said Mr. Riderhood, in a firm tone.

“Incidentally mentioning, at the same time, her age?” inquired Eugene.

“Yes, governor. Two-and-twenty last October. And then I put it to myself, ‘Regarding the money. It is a pot of money.’ For it *is* a pot,” said Mr. Riderhood, with candour, “and why deny it?”

“Hear!” from Eugene as he touched his drawing.

“It is a pot of money; but is it a sin for a labouring man that moistens every crust of bread he earns, with his tears—or if not with them, with the colds he catches in his head—is it a sin for that man to earn it? Say there is anything again earning it.’ This I

put to myself strong, as in duty bound; 'how can it be said without blaming Lawyer Lightwood for offering it to be earned?' And was it for me to blame Lawyer Lightwood? No."

"No," said Eugene.

"Certainly not, Governor," Mr. Riderhood acquiesced. "So I made up my mind to get my trouble off my mind, and to earn by the sweat of my brow what was held out to me. And what's more," he added, suddenly turning bloodthirsty, "I mean to have it! And now I tell you, once and away, Lawyer Lightwood, that Jesse Hexam, commonly called Gaffer, his hand and no other, done the deed, on his own confession to me. And I give him up to you, and I want him took. This night!"

After another silence, broken only by the fall of the ashes in the grate, which attracted the informer's attention as if it were the chinking of money, Mortimer Lightwood leaned over his friend, and said in a whisper:

"I suppose I must go with this fellow to our imperturbable friend at the police-station."

"I suppose," said Eugene, "there is no help for it."

"Do you believe him?"

"I believe him to be a thorough rascal. But he may tell the truth, for his own purpose, and for this occasion only."

"It doesn't look like it."

"He doesn't," said Eugene, "But neither is his late partner, whom he denounces, a prepossessing person. The firm are cut-throat Shepherds both, in appearance. I should like to ask him one thing."

The subject of this conference sat leering at the ashes, trying with all his might to overhear what was said, but feigning abstraction as the "Governors Both" glanced at him.

"You mentioned (twice, I think) a daughter of this Hexam's," said Eugene, aloud. "You don't mean to imply that she had any guilty knowledge of the crime?"

The honest man, after considering—perhaps considering how his answer might affect the fruits of the sweat of his brow—replied, unreservedly, "No, I don't."

"And you implicate no other person?"

"It ain't what I implicate, it's what Gaffer implicated," was the dogged and determined answer. "I don't pretend to know more than that his words to me was, 'I done it.' Those was his words."

"I must see this out, Mortimer," whispered Eugene, rising. "How shall we go?"

"Let us walk," whispered Lightwood, "and give this fellow time to think of it."

Having exchanged the question and answer, they prepared themselves for going out, and Mr. Riderhood rose. While extinguishing the candles, Lightwood, quite as a matter of course took up the glass from which that honest gentleman had drunk, and coolly tossed it under the grate, where it fell shivering into fragments.

"Now, if you will take the lead," said Lightwood, "Mr. Wrayburn and I will follow. You know where to go, I suppose?"

"I suppose I do, Lawyer Lightwood."

"Take the lead, then."

The waterside character pulled his drowned cap over his ears with both hands, and making himself more round-shouldered than nature had made him, by the sullen and persistent slouch with which he went, went down the stairs, round by the Temple Church, across the Temple into Whitefriars, and so on by the waterside streets.

"Look at his hang-dog air," said Lightwood, following.

"It strikes me rather as a hang-man air," returned Eugene. "He has undeniable intentions that way."

They said little else as they followed. He went on before them as an ugly Fate might have done, and they kept him in view, and would have been glad enough to lose sight of him. But on he went before them, always at the same distance, and the same rate. Aslant against the hard implacable weather and the rough wind, he was no more to be driven back than hurried forward, but held on like an advancing Destiny. There came, when they were about midway on their journey, a heavy rush of hail, which in a few minutes pelted the streets clear, and whitened them. It made no difference to him. A man's life being to be taken and the price of it got, the hailstones to arrest the purpose must lie larger and deeper than those. He crushed through them, leaving marks in the fast-melting slush that were mere shapeless holes; one might have fancied, following, that the very fashion of humanity had departed from his feet.

The blast went by, and the moon contended with the fast-flying clouds, and the wild disorder reigning up there made the pitiful little tumults in the streets of no account. It was not that the wind swept all the brawlers into places of shelter, as it had swept the hail still lingering in heaps wherever there was refuge for it; but that it seemed as if the streets were absorbed by the sky, and the night were all in the air.

"If he has had time to think of it," said Eugene, "he has not had time to think better of it—or differently of it, if that's better. There is no sign of drawing back in him; and as I recollect this place, we must be close upon the corner where we alighted that night."

In fact, a few abrupt turns brought them to the river side, where they had slipped about among the stones, and where they now slipped more; the wind coming against them in slants and flaws, across the tide and the windings of the river, in a furious way. With that habit of getting under the lee of any shelter which waterside characters acquire, the waterside character at present in question led the way to the leeside of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters before he spoke.

"Look round here, Lawyer Lightwood, at them red curtains. It's the Fellowships, the 'ouse as I told you wouldn't run away. And has it run away?"

Not showing himself much impressed by this remarkable confirmation of the informer's evidence, Lightwood inquired what other business they had there?

"I wished you to see the Fellowships for yourself, Lawyer Lightwood, that you might judge whether I'm a liar; and now I'll see

Gaffer's window for myself, that we may know whether he's at home."

With that, he crept away.

"He'll come back, I suppose?" murmured Lightwood.

"Ay! and go through with it," murmured Eugene.

He came back after a very short interval indeed.

"Gaffer's out, and his boat's out. His daughter's at home, sitting a-looking at the fire. But there's some supper getting ready, so Gaffer's expected. I can find what move he's upon, easy enough, presently."

Then he beckoned and led the way again, and they came to the police-station, still as clean and cool and steady as before, saving that the flame of its lamp—being but a lamp-flame, and only attached to the Force as an outsider—flickered in the wind.

Also, within doors, Mr. Inspector was at his studies as of yore. He recognized the friends the instant they reappeared, but their reappearance had no effect on his composure. Not even the circumstance that Riderhood was their conductor moved him, otherwise than that as he took a dip of ink he seemed, by a settlement of his chin in his stock, to propound to that personage, without looking at him, the question, "What have *you* been up to, last?"

Mortimer Lightwood asked him, would he be so good as look at those notes? Handing him Eugene's.

Having read the first few lines, Mr. Inspector mounted to that (for him) extraordinary pitch of emotion that he said, "Does either of you two gentlemen happen to have a pinch of snuff about him?" Finding that neither had, he did quite as well without it, and read on.

"Have you heard these read?" he then demanded of the honest man.

"No," said Riderhood.

"Then you had better hear them." And so read them aloud, in an official manner.

"Are these notes correct, now, as to the information you bring here and the evidence you mean to give?" he asked, when he had finished reading.

"They are. They are as correct," returned Mr. Riderhood, "as I am. I can't say more than that for 'em."

"I'll take this man myself, sir," said Mr. Inspector to Lightwood. Then to Riderhood, "Is he at home? Where is he? What's he doing? You have made it your business to know all about him, no doubt."

Riderhood said what he did know, and promised to find out in a few minutes what he didn't know.

"Stop," said Mr. Inspector; "not till I tell you. We mustn't look like business. Would you two gentlemen object to making a pretence of taking a glass of something in my company at the Fellowships? Well-conducted house, and highly respectable landlady."

They replied that they would be happy to substitute a reality for the pretence, which, in the main, appeared to be as one with Mr. Inspector's meaning.

"Very good," said he, taking his hat from its peg, and putting a pair of handcuffs in his pocket as if they were his gloves. "Reserve!"



Reserve saluted. "You know where to find me?" Reserve again saluted. "Riderhood, when you have found out concerning his coming home, come round to the window of Cosy, tap twice at it, and wait for me. Now, gentlemen."

As the three went out together, and Riderhood slouched off from under the trembling lamp his separate way, Lightwood asked the officer what he thought of this?

Mr. Inspector replied, with due generality and reticence, that it was always more likely that a man had done a bad thing than that he hadn't. That he himself had several times "reckoned up" Gaffer, but had never been able to bring him to a satisfactory criminal total. That if this story was true, it was only in part true. That the two men, very shy characters, would have been jointly and pretty equally "in it;" but that this man had "spotted" the other, to save himself and get the money.

"And I think," added Mr. Inspector, in conclusion, "that if all goes well with him, he's in a tolerable way of getting it. But as this is the Fellowships, gentlemen, where the lights are, I recommend dropping the subject. You can't do better than be interested in some lime works anywhere down about Northfleet, and doubtful whether some of your lime don't get into bad company as it comes up in barges."

"You hear Eugene?" said Lightwood, over his shoulder. "You are deeply interested in lime."

"Without lime," returned that unmoved barrister-at-law, "my existence would be unilluminated by a ray of hope."

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### TRACKING THE BIRD OF PREY.

THE two lime merchants, with their escort, entered the dominions of Miss Abbey Potterson, to whom their escort (presenting them and their pretended business over the half-door of the bar, in a confidential way) preferred his figurative request that "a mouthful of fire" might be lighted in Cosy. Always well disposed to assist the constituted authorities, Miss Abbey bade Bob Gliddery attend the gentlemen to that retreat, and promptly enliven it with fire and gaslight. Of this commission the bare-armed Bob, leading the way with a flaming wisp of paper, so speedily acquitted himself, that Cosy seemed to leap out of a dark sleep and embrace them warmly, the moment they passed the lintels of its hospitable door.

"They burn sherry very well here," said Mr. Inspector, as a piece of local intelligence. "Perhaps you gentlemen might like a bottle?"

The answer being By all means, Bob Gliddery received his instructions from Mr. Inspector, and departed in a becoming state of alacrity engendered by reverence for the majesty of the law.

"It's a certain fact," said Mr. Inspector, "that this man we have received our information from," indicating Riderhood with his thumb over his shoulder, "has for some time past given the other man a bad

name arising out of your lime barges, and that the other man has been avoided in consequence. I don't say what it means or proves, but it's a certain fact. I had it first from one of the opposite sex of my acquaintance," vaguely indicating Miss Abbey with his thumb over his shoulder, "down away at a distance, over yonder."

Then probably Mr. Inspector was not quite unprepared for their visit that evening? Lightwood hinted.

"Well you see," said Mr. Inspector, "it was a question of making a move. It's of no use moving if you don't know what your move is. You had better by far keep still. In the matter of this lime, I certainly had an idea that it might lie betwixt the two men; I always had that idea. Still I was forced to wait for a start, and I wasn't so lucky as to get a start. This man that we have received our information from, has got a start, and if he don't meet with a check he may make the running and come in first. There may turn out to be something considerable for him that comes in second, and I don't mention who may or who may not try for that place. There's duty to do, and I shall do it, under any circumstances, to the best of my judgment and ability."

"Speaking as a shipper of lime——" began Eugene.

"Which no man has a better right to do than yourself, you know," said Mr. Inspector.

"I hope not," said Eugene; "my father having been a shipper of lime before me, and my grandfather before him—in fact we having been a family immersed to the crowns of our heads in lime during several generations—I beg to observe that if this missing lime could be got hold of without any young female relative of any distinguished gentleman engaged in the lime trade (which I cherish next to my life) being present, I think it might be a more agreeable proceeding to the assisting bystanders, that is to say, lime-burners."

"I also," said Lightwood, pushing his friend aside with a laugh, "should much prefer that."

"It shall be done, gentlemen, if it can be done conveniently," said Mr. Inspector, with coolness. "There is no wish on my part to cause any distress in that quarter. Indeed, I am sorry for that quarter."

"There was a boy in that quarter," remarked Eugene. "He is still there?"

"No," said Mr. Inspector. "He has quitted those works. He is otherwise disposed of."

"Will she be left alone then?" asked Eugene.

"She will be left," said Mr. Inspector, "alone."

Bob's reappearance with a steaming jug broke off the conversation. But although the jug steamed forth a delicious perfume, its contents had not received that last happy touch which the surpassing finish of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters imparted on such momentous occasions. Bob carried in his left hand one of those iron models of sugar-loaf hats, before mentioned, into which he emptied the jug, and the pointed end of which he thrust deep down into the fire, so leaving it for a few moments while he disappeared and reappeared with three bright drinking-glasses. Placing these on the table and bending over the fire, meritoriously sensible of the trying nature of his duty, he

watched the wreaths of steam, until at the special instant of projection he caught up the iron vessel and gave it one delicate twirl, causing it to send forth one gentle hiss. Then he restored the contents to the jug; held over the steam of the jug, each of the three bright glasses in succession; finally filled them all, and with a clear conscience awaited the applause of his fellow-creatures.

It was bestowed (Mr. Inspector having proposed as an appropriate sentiment "The lime trade!") and Bob withdrew to report the commendations of the guests to Miss Abbey in the bar. It may be here in confidence admitted that, the room being close shut in his absence, there had not appeared to be the slightest reason for the elaborate maintenance of this same lime fiction. Only it had been regarded by Mr. Inspector as so uncommonly satisfactory, and so fraught with mysterious virtues, that neither of his clients had presumed to question it.

Two taps were now heard on the outside of the window. Mr. Inspector, hastily fortifying himself with another glass, strolled out with a noiseless foot and an unoccupied countenance. As one might go to survey the weather and the general aspect of the heavenly bodies.

"This is becoming grim, Mortimer," said Eugene, in a low voice. "I don't like this."

"Nor I," said Lightwood. "Shall we go?"

"Being here, let us stay. You ought to see it out, and I won't leave you. Besides, that lonely girl with the dark hair runs in my head. It was little more than a glimpse we had of her that last time, and yet I almost see her waiting by the fire to-night. Do you feel like a dark combination of traitor and pickpocket when you think of that girl?"

"Rather," returned Lightwood. "Do you?"

"Very much so."

Their escort strolled back again, and reported. Divested of its various lime-lights and shadows, his report went to the effect that Gaffer was away in his boat, supposed to be on his old look-out; that he had been expected last high-water; that having missed it for some reason or other, he was not, according to his usual habits at night, to be counted on before next high-water, or it might be an hour or so later; that his daughter, surveyed through the window, would seem to be so expecting him, for the supper was not cooking, but set out ready to be cooked; that it would be high-water at about one, and that it was now barely ten; that there was nothing to be done but watch and wait; that the informer was keeping watch at the instant of that present reporting, but that two heads were better than one (especially when the second was Mr. Inspector's); and that the reporter meant to share the watch. And forasmuch as crouching under the lee of a hauled-up boat on a night when it blew cold and strong, and when the weather was varied with blasts of hail at times, might be wearisome to amateurs, the reporter closed with the recommendation that the two gentlemen should remain, for a while at any rate, in their present quarters, which were weather-tight and warm.

They were not inclined to dispute this recommendation, but they

wanted to know where they could join the watchers when so disposed. Rather than trust to a verbal description of the place, which might mislead, Eugene (with a less weighty sense of personal trouble on him than he usually had) would go out with Mr. Inspector, note the spot, and come back.

On the shelving bank of the river, among the slimy stones of a causeway—not the special causeway of the Six Jolly Fellowships, which had a landing-place of its own, but another, a little removed, and very near to the old windmill which was the denounced man's dwelling-place—were a few boats; some, moored and already beginning to float; others, hauled up above the reach of the tide. Under one of these latter, Eugene's companion disappeared. And when Eugene had observed its position with reference to the other boats, and had made sure that he could not miss it, he turned his eyes upon the building where, as he had been told, the lonely girl with the dark hair sat by the fire.

He could see the light of the fire shining through the window. Perhaps it drew him on to look in. Perhaps he had come out with the express intention. That part of the bank having rank grass growing on it, there was no difficulty in getting close, without any noise of footsteps: it was but to scramble up a ragged face of pretty hard mud some three or four feet high and come upon the grass and to the window. He came to the window by that means.

She had no other light than the light of the fire. The unkindled lamp stood on the table. She sat on the ground, looking at the brazier, with her face leaning on her hand. There was a kind of film or flicker on her face, which at first he took to be the fitful firelight; but, on a second look, he saw that she was weeping. A sad and solitary spectacle, as shown him by the rising and the falling of the fire.

It was a little window of but four pieces of glass, and was not curtained; he chose it because the larger window near it was. It showed him the room, and the bills upon the wall respecting the drowned people starting out and receding by turns. But he glanced slightly at them, though he looked long and steadily at her. A deep rich piece of color, with the brown flush of her cheek and the shining lustre of her hair, though sad and solitary, weeping by the rising and the falling of the fire.

She started up. He had been so very still, that he felt sure it was not he who had disturbed her, so merely withdrew from the window and stood near it in the shadow of the wall. She opened the door, and said in an alarmed tone, "Father, was that you calling me?" And again, "Father!" And once again, after listening, "Father! I thought I heard you call me twice before!"

No response. As she re-entered at the door, he dropped over the bank and made his way back, among the ooze and near the hiding-place, to Mortimer Lightwood: to whom he told what he had seen of the girl, and how this was becoming very grim indeed.

"If the real man feels as guilty as I do," said Eugene, "he is remarkably uncomfortable."

"Influence of secrecy," suggested Lightwood.

"I am not at all obliged to it for making me Guy Fawkes in the vault

and a Sneak in the area both at once," said Eugene. "Give me some more of that stuff."

Lightwood helped him to some more of that stuff, but it had been cooling, and didn't answer now.

"Pooh," said Eugene, spitting it out among the ashes. "Tastes like the wash of the river."

"Are you so familiar with the flavor of the wash of the river?"

"I seem to be to-night. I feel as if I had been half drowned, and swallowing a gallon of it."

"Influence of locality," suggested Lightwood.

"You are mighty learned to-night, you and your influences," returned Eugene. "How long shall we stay here?"

"How long do you think?"

"If I could choose, I should say a minute," replied Eugene, "for the Jolly Fellowship Porters are not the jolliest dogs I have known. But I suppose we are best here until they turn us out with the other suspicious characters, at midnight."

Thereupon he stirred the fire, and sat down on one side of it. It struck eleven, and he made believe to compose himself patiently. But gradually he took the fidgets in one leg, and then in the other leg, and then in one arm, and then in the other arm, and then in his chin, and then in his back, and then in his forehead, and then in his hair, and then in his nose; and then he stretched himself recumbent on two chairs, and groaned; and then he started up.

"Invisible insects of diabolical activity swarm in this place. I am tickled and twitched all over. Mentally, I have now committed a burglary under the meanest circumstances, and the myrmidons of justice are at my heels."

"I am quite as bad," said Lightwood, sitting up facing him, with a tumbled head, after going through some wonderful evolutions, in which his head had been the lowest part of him. "This restlessness began, with me, long ago. All the time you were out, I felt like Gulliver with the Lilliputians firing upon him."

"It won't do, Mortimer. We must get into the air; we must join our dear friend and brother, Riderhood. And let us tranquillize ourselves by making a compact. Next time (with a view to our peace of mind) we'll commit the crime, instead of taking the criminal. You swear it?"

"Certainly."

"Sworn! Let Tippins look to it. Her life's in danger."

Mortimer rang the bell to pay the score, and Bob appeared to transact that business with him: whom Eugene, in his careless extravagance, asked if he would like a situation in the lime-trade?

"Thankee sir, no sir," said Bob. "I've a good sitiuation here, sir."

"If you change your mind at any time," returned Eugene, "come to me at my works, and you'll always find an opening in the lime-kiln."

"Thankee sir," said Bob.

"This is my partner," said Eugene, "who keeps the books and attends to the wages. A fair day's wages for a fair day's work is ever my partner's motto."

"And a very good 'un it is, gentlemen," said Bob, receiving his fee, and drawing a bow out of his head with his right hand, very much as he would have drawn a pint of beer out of the beer engine.

"Eugene," Mortimer apostrophized him, laughing quite heartily when they were alone again, "how *can* you be so ridiculous?"

"I am in a ridiculous humour," quoth Eugene; "I am a ridiculous fellow. Everything is ridiculous. Come along!"

It passed into Mortimer Lightwood's mind that a change of some sort, best expressed perhaps as an intensification of all that was wildest and most negligent and reckless in his friend, had come upon him in the last half-hour or so. Thoroughly used to him as he was, he found something new and strained in him that was for the moment perplexing. This passed into his mind, and passed out again; but he remembered it afterwards.

"There's where she sits, you see," said Eugene, when they were standing under the bank, roared and riven at by the wind. "There's the light of her fire."

"I'll take a peep through the window," said Mortimer.

"No, don't!" Eugene caught him by the arm. "Best not make a show of her. Come to our honest friend."

He led him to the post of watch, and they both dropped down and crept under the lee of the boat; a better shelter than it had seemed before, being directly contrasted with the blowing wind and the bare night.

"Mr. Inspector at home?" whispered Eugene.

"Here I am, sir."

"And our friend of the perspiring brow is at the far corner there? Good. Anything happened?"

"His daughter has been out, thinking she heard him calling, unless it was a sign to him to keep out of the way. It might have been."

"It might have been Rule Britannia," muttered Eugene, "but it wasn't. Mortimer!"

"Here!" (On the other side of Mr. Inspector.)

"Two burglaries now, and a forgery!"

With this indication of his depressed state of mind, Eugene fell silent.

They were all silent for a long while. As it got to be flood-tide, and the water came nearer to them, noises on the river became more frequent, and they listened more. To the turning of steam-paddles to the clinking of iron chain, to the creaking of blocks, to the measured working of oars, to the occasional violent barking of some passing dog on shipboard, who seemed to scent them lying in their hiding-place. The night was not so dark but that, besides the lights at bows and mastheads gliding to and fro, they could discern some shadowy bulk attached; and now and then a ghostly lighter with a large dark sail, like a warning arm, would start up very near them, pass on, and vanish. At this time of their watch, the water close to them would be often agitated by some impulsion given it from a distance. Often they believed this beat and splash to be the boat they lay in wait for, running in ashore; and again and again they

would have started up, but for the immobility with which the informer, well used to the river, kept quiet in his place.

The wind carried away the striking of the great multitude of city church clocks, for those lay to leeward of them; but there were bells to windward that told them of its being One—Two—Three. Without that aid they would have known how the night wore, by the falling of the tide, recorded in the appearance of an ever-widening black wet strip of shore, and the emergence of the paved causeway from the river, foot by foot.

As the time so passed, this slinking business became a more and more precarious one. It would seem as if the man had had some intimation of what was in hand against him, or had taken fright? His movements might have been planned to gain for him, in getting beyond their reach, twelve hours' advantage? The honest man who had expended the sweat of his brow became uneasy, and began to complain with bitterness of the proneness of mankind to cheat him—him invested with the dignity of Labour!

Their retreat was so chosen that while they could watch the river, they could watch the house. No one had passed in or out, since the daughter thought she heard the father calling. No one could pass in or out without being seen.

"But it will be light at five," said Mr. Inspector, "and then *we* shall be seen."

"Look here," said Riderhood, "what do you say to this? He may have been lurking in and out, and just holding his own betwixt two or three bridges, for hours back."

"What do you make of that?" said Mr. Inspector. Stoical, but contradictory.

"He may be doing so at this present time."

"What do you make of *that*?" said Mr. Inspector.

"My boat's among them boats here at the cause'ay."

"And what do you make of your boat?" said Mr. Inspector.

"What if I put off in her and take a look round? I know his ways, and the likely nooks he favours. I know where he'd be at such a time of the tide, and where he'd be at such another time. Ain't I been his pardner? None of you need show. None of you need stir. I can shove her off without help; and as to me being seen, I'm about at all times."

"You might have given a worse opinion," said Mr. Inspector, after brief consideration. "Try it."

"Stop a bit. Let's work it out. If I want you, I'll drop round under the Fellowships and tip you a whistle."

"If I might so far presume as to offer a suggestion to my honorable and gallant friend, whose knowledge of naval matters far be it from me to impeach," Eugene struck in with great deliberation, "it would be, that to tip a whistle is to advertise mystery and invite speculation. My honorable and gallant friend will, I trust, excuse me, as an independent member, for throwing out a remark which I feel to be due to this house and the country."

"Was that the T'other Governor, or Lawyer Lightwood?" asked Riderhood. For, they spoke as they crouched or lay, without seeing one another's faces.

"In reply to the question put by my honorable and gallant friend," said Eugene, who was lying on his back with his hat on his face, as an attitude highly expressive of watchfulness, "I can have no hesitation in replying (it not being inconsistent with the public service) that those accents were the accents of the T'other Governor."

"You've tolerable good eyes, ain't you, Governor? You've all tolerable good eyes, ain't you?" demanded the informer.

All.

"Then if I row up under the Fellowships and lay there, no need to whistle. You'll make out that there's a speck of something or another there, and you'll know it's me, and you'll come down that cause'ay to me. Understood all?"

Understood all.

"Off she goes then!"

In a moment, with the wind cutting keenly at him sideways, he was staggering down to his boat; in a few moments he was clear, and creeping up the river under their own shore.

Eugene had raised himself on his elbow to look into the darkness after him. "I wish the boat of my honorable and gallant friend," he murmured, lying down again and speaking into his hat, "may be endowed with philanthropy enough to turn bottom-upward and extinguish him!—Mortimer."

"My honorable friend."

"Three burglaries, two forgeries, and a midnight assassination."

Yet in spite of having those weights on his conscience, Eugene was somewhat enlivened by the late slight change in the circumstances of affairs. So were his two companions. Its being a change was everything. The suspense seemed to have taken a new lease, and to have begun afresh from a recent date. There was something additional to look for. They were all three more sharply on the alert, and less deadened by the miserable influences of the place and time.

More than an hour had passed, and they were even dozing, when one of the three—each said it was he, and he had *not* dozed—made out Riderhood in his boat at the spot agreed on. They sprang up, came out from their shelter, and went down to him. When he saw them coming, he dropped alongside the causeway; so that they, standing on the causeway, could speak with him in whispers, under the shadowy mass of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters fast asleep.

"Blest if I can make it out!" said he, staring at them.

"Make what out? Have you seen him?"

"No."

"What *have* you seen?" asked Lightwood. For, he was staring at them in the strangest way.

"I've seen his boat."

"Not empty?"

"Yes, empty. And what's more,—adrift. And what's more,—with one scull gone. And what's more,—with t'other scull jammed in the thowels and broke short off. And what's more,—the boat's drove tight by the tide 'atwixt two tiers of barges. And what's more,—he's in luck again, by George if he ain't!"



# IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.



## CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,  
AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some

time to calm and collect themselves: yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The

great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS** are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing

them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native

production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's*

*Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these **PILLS** should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy **OLD AGE**.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price, 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or **PILLS** equal to fourteen ounces of **CAMOMILE FLOWERS**.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

**Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.**

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

**GODFREY'S**

## **EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS**

Is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

*Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.*

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**FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND RHEUMATIC GOUT.**

## **SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS**

are a certain and safe remedy. They restore tranquillity to the nerves, give tone to the stomach, and strength to the whole system. No other medicine can be compared to these excellent Pills, as they prevent the disorder from attacking the stomach or head, and have restored thousands from pain and misery to health and comfort.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

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**INFLUENZA, COUGHS AND COLDS.**

## **SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED**

is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

**SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED.**

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.



**TOURISTS, YACHTSMEN,**

AND

**OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY**

Requiring the most perfect Field Glasses should order

**"BURROW'S."**

USED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE

**ENGLISH RACING JUDGES**

And by the Reporters to "Bell's Life."

These Glasses combine *Power* and *Field* in the best manner, and are preferred by Noblemen, Officers, Deerstalkers, and Yachtsmen, for their superior optical qualities and perfect make.

**They are specially Mounted to stand Climate.**

**The Glasses recommended are—**

For General use—Small size and power, in sling case	£3 13 6
"    "    Larger size and higher power, ditto	6 6 0
For Special objects—Ditto extra high power, ditto	8 8 0

Mounted in *Aluminium*, extremely light, an immense advantage in hot climates: £10. 10s., £14. 14s., and £16. 16s.

Binocular Pilot Glasses, (the most powerful), £4. 4s., £6. 6s., and £8. 8s.

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London Agents—**B. ARNOLD, 72, Baker Street, W ;**  
**WALES & McCULLOCH, 56, Cheapside, and 32, Ludgate Street.**

**CAUTION—Burrow's Glasses bear their Name and Address.**

*The "Star & Crescent" is the distinguishing Trade Mark of Burrow's new series of Rifle Telescopes, particulars of which may be had on application.*

Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

**WHOLESALE, 13, LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON.**

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*Sold in Bottle*

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Sold by all

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**SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED.**

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 2s. 9d. each.

# TENDER FEET.

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ANGUS SLEIGH'S

**“SALVEO PEDES,”**

**A CURE FOR TENDER FEET.**

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IN introducing this unique and valuable preparation to the Public, the Proprietor has every reason to believe that few ailments incident to the Feet can resist its beneficial influence. Those who suffer either from Hot or Cold Feet will find it equally efficacious. It is

**REFRESHING, HEALTHFUL, AND INVIGORATING,**

and possesses all the qualities so much needed. A trial will convince the most sceptical that it is an indispensable requisite for the toilet.

“An opinion of a thing without a certain knowledge of it, can never find out an infallible remedy, for it is certain that experience is the principal thing to inform us in a right method of cure.”—*Celsus*.

References will be cheerfully given by many ladies and gentlemen in town and country, whose Feet have been restored to ease and comfort by its use.

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**SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS,**

Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

**WHOLESALE, 13, LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON.**

THE  
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**FACTS A**

After thirty years  
concerning to health, and  
and safety. This is  
proof of this medicine  
approved, all of the  
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Pain's Pills; and  
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**CONSUMER -** In  
Pain's Low Price.  
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and all types of  
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**CONSUMER -** In  
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## FACTS ARE STRONGER THAN THEORIES.

*After thirty years' experience PARR'S LIFE PILLS have never been known to fail in restoring to health, strength and happiness those who were suffering from sickness, weakness, and misery. This assertion can be supported by such a host of letters and testimonials in favour of this invaluable medicine, that no doubt can exist. A few of these letters are appended, all of them highly interesting, and a vast many more could be given. It is advisable to read carefully the following cases of cure, testifying to the great power of PARR'S PILLS; and yet, powerful as this medicine is, it is composed of simple vegetable matter, and is so gentle and benign in its operation and effects that it may be taken by young or old at any time, place, or season, with a certainty of a beneficial result.*

London, 8, Weston-place, King's Cross, March 28th, 1861.

GENTLEMEN,—It has often been on my mind to write to you, to thank you for your excellent medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been of the greatest benefit to me. It is fully twenty years since I first took this medicine, when I was afflicted with those ailments peculiar to women. I received immediate relief and speedy enjoyment of good health, which I have enjoyed now for the past twenty years, and I declare to you that I have never taken any other medicine.

I write this letter simply to express to you my gratitude, but, if you think its publication in the newspapers will lead other young persons to benefit from my experience, you have my permission to publish it.—I am, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,  
LUCY COLLIN.

Hindley, Lancashire, July 20th, 1863.

GENTLEMEN,—It affords me great satisfaction in being enabled to state that PARR'S LIFE PILLS are effecting many cures, and obtaining an extensive and increasing popularity, in and around this neighbourhood. Cases have come under my notice wherein the most obstinate forms of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, have been effectually cured, solely by the use of a small box of PARR'S LIFE PILLS. This medicine is, evidently and emphatically, what it is represented to be, and may be relied on as a Medicine useful at times even in good health, and invaluable in sickness, from infancy to old age.—I am, Gentlemen, yours truly,  
CHAS. EATOCK.

82, Moss-lane, Manchester.

GENTLEMEN,—It is with much pleasure that I beg to inform you that PARR'S LIFE PILLS have an increasing sale, and that many respectable customers have expressed, at different times, the most flattering opinions respecting their unrivalled qualities for the cure of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, and all Impurities of the Blood. It is, indeed, cheering to learn, and give publicity to such opinions as the above, knowing that many are averse to the use of patent medicines. It is gratifying to learn that PARR'S LIFE PILLS may be relied upon as an invaluable family medicine.—I am yours, &c.,  
THOS. FOSTER KER,

Late of the Manchester Royal Infirmary.

GENTLEMEN,—At the request of several friends, who have introduced PARR'S LIFE PILLS into their families as a medicine, I have submitted them to a strict chemical analysis, in order to ascertain whether they contained any of those active mercurial and other mineral preparations now so commonly introduced into many advertised medicines. I beg to say that I find them worthy of being recommended to the public for their great efficacy and simplicity, and, as stated by the Proprietors, to be really vegetable pills, containing, as they do, nothing but what is of vegetable origin.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

JOHN DALE, Analytical Chemist, Manchester.

Belgrave Villa, Chippenham, Wilts, Oct. 16th, 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—I have derived, under the blessing of God, so much benefit from taking PARR'S LIFE PILLS, that I wish to make this public statement of their valuable efficacy, and of the vast amount of good they accomplish.

For many years previous to 1856, my wife and I were the victims of nearly "all the ills which flesh is heir to." The doctor was ever in attendance, and his yearly bill amounted to a sum that would probably keep a small family. By some accident, however, about four years and a half ago, one of the papers which are usually folded with the boxes fell into my wife's hands. She read it carefully, and as she was suffering from vertigo, sick headache, dimness of sight, &c., she procured a box; and I hereby solemnly declare that, when she had taken only three pills, she obtained greater relief and comfort than she had ever received from any other medicine. Her rapid and complete recovery quickly removed my own prejudices, and I was also induced to take them; but the wonderful effect they produced, even in my own case, I cannot really describe. Since that time, however, we have both taken them, and their astonishing and beneficial effects may be proved by the fact that we have had no medical attendance since the early part of 1856.

Begging you to accept our united and most grateful thanks for the marvellous efficacy of your admirable PARR'S LIFE PILLS,—I am, Gentlemen, yours very obediently,  
J. G. HARRIS.

(Many years a Schoolmaster at Pimlico, and Public Teacher and Lecturer.)

Colchester, West Stockwell-street, March 6th. 1864.

GENTLEMEN,—About seven or eight years ago I suffered very much from ill health, which, I was told, was caused by *indigestion*, but whatever it was, nobody ever suffered more than I did. I was persuaded to try your PARR'S PILLS, and I am most thankful to say they gave me immediate relief; I have not taken any other kind of medicine and I have been blessed ever since with excellent good health. I shall be glad if you will publish this letter, as I think it may benefit others suffering like I did.—I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,  
J. HYAM.

Bridge Parade, Radcliffe-street, Bristol, Dec. 20th, 1863.

GENTLEMEN,—The other day a lady ordered of me a Family Packet, 11s., of PARR'S LIFE PILLS; she said—"I consider PARR'S PILLS invaluable as a family medicine, and in cases of nervousness I find them an agreeable and perfect remedy."

I have much pleasure in communicating to you the above strong testimony to the value of your medicine; which testimonial I consider greatly strengthened by her taking such a large supply as a Family Packet contains.—I am, Gentlemen, yours truly,  
E. J. ORCHARD.

Messrs. T. Roberts and Co., Crane-court, Fleet-street, London.

Printing and Stationery Establishment, Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, October 5th, 1863.

GENTLEMEN,—It is with great pleasure that I write to inform you of the extensive popularity of PARR'S LIFE PILLS in this town and district. What makes this the more remarkable is, that the large number of Patent Medicines that have been introduced to the public of late years would lead one to think that the sale of your invaluable medicine would be materially decreased; but such is not the case. Indeed, PARR'S LIFE PILLS have such a hold on public estimation that it is impossible for any other medicine to supersede them. I hear PARR'S LIFE PILLS highly spoken of by all classes, and some remarkable cases of their great efficacy have been brought before my notice. There are several families in this town of the highest respectability who are never without them in the house. I have always great pleasure in recommending PARR'S LIFE PILLS to my customers, as I *feel* I am selling the most valuable medicine of the day.—I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,  
CHAS. WARD.

Messrs. T. Roberts and Co., Proprietors of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

Medlock-street, Hulme, Manchester.

GENTLEMEN,—For the benefit of the public, I hand you the particulars of a case of cure from the use of PARR'S benign medicine. I had for many years been out of health, and suffered much from internal pains in various parts of my body. I tried many kinds of medicines without relief, and consulted the most eminent medical practitioners in Manchester, but my complaint defied their best efforts. At length I despaired of ever recovering, and life became to me burthensome. Providentially my attention was directed by my nephew, Mr. Higginson, of Salford, to make a trial of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which I consented to do, and found considerable relief when I had taken only one box. I continued their use, and have had about six boxes altogether, and have the happiness to inform you that I am now restored to perfect health. I have, therefore, the best of reasons for placing implicit faith in the invigorating efficacy of PARR'S PILLS, which have, of a truth, been Life Pills to me. This testimony is at your service. Hoping it will tend to cause their use to become even yet more universal, as such a medicine ought to be kept in every family, I am your grateful Servant,  
W. HIGGINSON.

42, Trongate, Glasgow.

GENTLEMEN,—It will perhaps be satisfactory for you to know that PARR'S LIFE PILLS still command the largest sale, with me, of any medicine in the Patent catalogue. I almost daily have to listen to the wonders they have done to customers who have been fortunate enough to use them: a great proportion of them have been completely cured of the complaints for which they took them; and a very numerous class declare that they were so pleased with their mildness and mode of action whilst taking them, that they have adopted them as their family aperient.—I am yours, &c.,  
A. SCOTT.

GENTLEMEN,—The use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS has, in a great number of cases which have come under my personal notice, been attended by the most beneficial results in the removal or abatement of the most distressing maladies—in many instances amongst persons whose circumstances rendered it impossible for them to avail themselves of medical treatment, and in many others where medical treatment had been resorted to without avail. It is always satisfactory to know that what one is the means of introducing or circulating is likely to serve the desired purpose; and there is no medicine I can recommend with greater satisfaction or confidence, on account of their tried excellency and efficacy in all respects, than PARR'S LIFE PILLS.  
JOHN HAMER, Briggate, Leeds.

10, Moretoa-terrace, Kentish-town, N.W., January 19, 1863.

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in informing you that, on the 16th ult., Mrs. Meadows, of 4, William-street, Harmood-street, called to procure a box of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, and spoke so highly of them that I am induced to forward to you the particulars. She is now in her seventy-ninth year, and has taken the PILLS for more than seven years, never using any other medicine, and she assured me that her health is much better than when she was seven years younger and did not take PARR'S LIFE PILLS. This fact speaks for itself, and I need only add, that you are at liberty to use the statement as you think proper.—I remain, Gentlemen, yours truly,  
THOMAS STOKOE.

Rusholme, Manchester, 7th May, 1864.

GENTLEMEN,—After suffering very much from rheumatism for many months, having tried various medicines at the suggestion of my friends, but without any benefit, I fortunately read some account of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, and thought I would try a box. I did so, and after taking a small box found myself very much better. I continued to take them, and, after the third box, I was quite well. It is now nearly twelve months since, and I have had no return of rheumatism or any other ailment, for I still take them occasionally, as I believe they are the best medicine in the world. I have recommended them to many of my friends, and they are all of the same opinion.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,

E. OAKES.

9, Wilton-terrace, Park-road, New Peckham, Surrey, June 28th, 1862.

DEAR SIRS,—I have long been in the habit of taking your PARR'S LIFE PILLS, and have used no other medicine for the past thirty years, and have always found them pleasant, and have kept me in good health. I write this letter to you without the use of glasses, and I am in the 88th year of my age, and can walk about the town. My wife is 81; her maiden name was Charlotte Ann Parr, and she comes from the old stock, her grandfather having been great grandson to the celebrated OLD PARR. It was this fact which induced me to take PARR'S PILLS; and having received so much benefit from them, have recommended them to many of my friends, who all seem to approve of them.

I had occasion some time since, to search the index at Doctors' Commons, to recover some freehold property, and there I saw that the receipt for the medicine had been held and left to a member of the family. The Will is dated January 16, 1691, signed BART. PARR. It can be seen at Doctors' Commons.—Yours respectfully,

THOS. RIDDALL.

Messrs. Roberts and Co., 8, Crane-court, Fleet-street.

On receipt of the above interesting letter Messrs. Roberts and Co. investigated the matter, and find all it contains to be quite true.

Mrs. Riddall, now in her 82nd year, is in good health, and in the full possession of all her faculties, and, if not likely to attain the age of her great-grandfather, will, in all probability, live yet for many years. Her ancestors and relatives have all been remarkable for longevity. Miss Parr was born at Deptford: she was married at the Old Church, Greenwich; now resides at New Peckham; and, with the exception of a few occasional trips to the sea-side, or some quiet country town, has passed all her days in London. Though not in affluent, she is in comfortable circumstances, and is very cheerful and intelligent. She stated to the writer of this brief note that she has never had any illness in her life, which she quite unhesitatingly attributes to the fact of her moderate living, and latterly to the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

Mrs. Riddall and her friends are by no means the only aged people who regularly take PARR'S LIFE PILLS, and who are benefited by them. The following letter from Mr. Prentice clearly shows that he has taken the medicine now above twenty years:—

High-street, Gorleston, Great Yarmouth, June 20, 1843.

Sir,—I hereby declare that I have received a very great benefit from PARR'S LIFE PILLS. My case, Sir, is briefly this: I had been a long time afflicted with Rheumatism, that I could not dress or undress alone; with violent pains in my bones all over, and joints so stiff I could hardly walk. Some twelve or fourteen years ago I had a dreadful fall, and hurt my limbs and side very much; the ill effects of that increased as I advanced in years, and was so bad the winter before last that I could not stand my work a whole day; and of a night could not turn myself in my bed without the most excruciating pain. I fortunately resolved to try PARR'S PILLS, not with much hope of success, for I was too bad to expect it; I took, I think, about four small boxes in two months; and, astonishing to relate, in that short time I was completely cured. I would willingly have taken them two years to have received half the benefit I did; by that time I was as well as ever I was in my life and as free from pain, and, thank God, so I have continued for a whole twelvemonth; I still take a few occasionally. I never have since had the least symptoms of any of the pains with which I was before so grievously tormented. Indeed, I don't recollect one year out of fifty that I was so perfectly free from pain as during the last. I really do believe they are the best medicine ever offered to the public; they not only invigorate the body, but they also enliven and exhilarate the mind. You are at liberty to make any use of this, or of my name, to any of the above facts, which I will verify on oath if required.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM PRENTICE.

P.S.—I have several friends trying them, and some of them have received considerable benefit already; the greatest difficulty is to persuade them to persevere, and if they don't, I am persuaded it is but little use. I say to all, persevere, and they will be certain of success.

To Mr. Alexander, Stationer, King-street, Yarmouth, Norfolk.

On January 13th, 1863, Messrs. T. ROBERTS and CO. received a letter from Mr. F. R. M. KING, of Gorleston, Great Yarmouth, in which he says:—

DEAR SIRS,—I will thank you to send me, without delay, the usual quantity of PARR'S PILLS. Mr. W. PRENTICE, of this place, still continues to take PARR'S PILLS, and always obtains them from my shop. Your attention will much oblige, yours respectfully,

F. R. M. KING.

Mr. W. PRENTICE resides at Gorleston, and is now over 70 years of age, enjoying excellent health.

Morpoeth Towyn, Merionethshire, North Wales.

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in stating to you the wonderful cure of my brother, by your efficacious medicine, as it must be nearly as gratifying to yourselves to hear of the immense good PARR'S LIFE PILLS are doing in Wales. My brother had been many years afflicted with Rheumatism, which frequently confined him to his bed. The last attack was severe; he could not move in bed, and the pain was most excruciating; and, although he had been under the care of one of the best medical gentlemen in the county, and had administered to him various applications, both external and internal, without affording him any benefit, as a last resource he was induced to try the effect of PARR'S famous remedy, and now, though he has only consumed one-half of a 11s. packet, he is perfectly cured.

I am, Gentlemen, yours gratefully,

LEWIS LEWIS.

London, 13, Acton-street, Gray's-inn-road, February 29th, 1864.

GENTLEMEN,—I have derived, under the blessing of God, so much benefit from taking PARR'S LIFE PILLS, that I wish to make this public statement of their valuable efficacy, and of the vast amount of good they accomplish. I was afflicted for a long time previous to my taking your pills with indigestion, and derangement of the liver, and at times nobody knows what I suffered. I have tried everything, and every advice, but nothing did me any good till I took your PARR'S PILLS. I have taken them now at times for 26 years, and no other medicine whatever, and now, I thank God, nobody has better health than myself.—I remain your obedient servant,  
J. S. WEBB.

Crown-street, Brentwood, Essex, April 4th, 1864.

GENTLEMEN,—I write to you to thank you for the benefits I have derived from taking your PARR'S LIFE PILLS. I have suffered for a long time from pains in my back and kidneys; at times, I could not stand upright, and no one knows the pain I have suffered but myself; but about two years ago I took your medicine, and soon got quite well, and thank God, I have ever since enjoyed excellent health.—I am your obedient servant,  
ELIZA ALLEN.

July 22nd, 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—The following testimonials to the efficacy of PARR'S LIFE PILLS were communicated to me by the persons who had received the benefit.

A highly respectable female, who has for many years been a customer at my shop, told me that one box of PARR'S PILLS had done her health and constitution more good than all the medicine she had previously taken. Her health had been much shattered from worms; but the immortal Parr's medicine had completely destroyed them, and she is now enjoying excellent health.

Another instance of their good effect was in the case of a young man who had been unable to work for seven months, and who, by taking two boxes, was enabled to go to his usual employment.

A short time since, a gentleman of London, who had been staying in a neighbouring village, and who was about returning home, called for a 2s. 9d. box of Pills, and told me it was the only medicine that did him any good after all the medical advice he could get (and he had had the best); he further said that a person who had experienced the value of them had recommended them to him, and that it would in future be his family medicine. In fact, in some villages in the neighbourhood they repudiate all other medicine.—I am, yours truly,  
J. GAMIS.

Medicine Warehouse, opposite Stuckey's Bank.

Sharnford, Leicestershire, November 23rd, 1863.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

GENTLEMEN,—Six years ago I was severely afflicted with bodily weakness and constant bilious attacks, and, at last, was as though I had had a stroke, being unable to walk without the help of a crutch; such was my condition that I despaired of ever being well again. The doctors all gave me up, and the last I had said I should never be any better. About this time some of my neighbours recommended me to try PARR'S LIFE PILLS, and I ventured to do so, and, after taking two boxes, received great benefit. I have continued to take them ever since, and am not like the same man; I am now quite well, and feel thankful to God that, through His mercy, I am now quite restored. I wish this to be made known, that others may receive the same benefit from your invaluable medicine.—Yours respectfully,  
JOHN ARNOLD.

CAUTION.—In consequence of the many imitations of our medicine, we particularly call attention to the ENGLISH GOVERNMENT STAMP, on which is engraved the words "PARR'S LIFE PILLS," in WHITE letters on a RED ground, and which is affixed to the sides of each box of the right medicine.

We, furthermore, in order to give the public a still greater protection, do consider it expedient to affix our signature to the wrapper which is folded round each box,

As witness our hand,

*J. Roberts & Co.*  
CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

Sold by all respectable Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

In Boxes 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and Family Packets, 11s. each. Directions with each Box.

FOR EXPORTATION.—Directions in Spanish, Portuguese, French, and English, are folded round each box.

\*.\* No Emigrant should start without a good supply. They keep good in all climates.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE OFFICE, Exchange Buildings.—NOTTINGHAM OFFICE, Exchange Buildings.—SHEFFIELD OFFICE, 2, Bank Street.

BIRMINGHAM OFFICE, 8, CHURCH ST. BRISTOL OFFICE, 39, BECKETT'S COURT. CARLISLE OFFICE, 10, DUNDEE ST. GLASGOW OFFICE, 4, NATIONAL BANK BUILDINGS. LONDON OFFICE, 156, LEADENHALL STREET. LIVERPOOL OFFICE, QUEEN INSURANCE BUILDINGS. MANCHESTER OFFICE, 30, ST. ANN'S STREET. SHEFFIELD OFFICE, 2, BANK STREET.



# THE QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.



LIFE INSURANCE  
HOME & FOREIGN

HOME & FOREIGN  
FIRE INSURANCE

ALL LOSSES PROMPTLY SETTLED.

CHIEF OFFICES.

156, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
QUEEN INSURANCE BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL.

GLASGOW OFFICE, 4, National Bank Buildings.—ABERDEEN OFFICE, 23, Union Street.  
EDINBURGH OFFICE, 8, Bank Street.—DUBLIN OFFICE, 3, Westmoreland Street.

# LIFE INSURANCE.

## SPECIAL ADVANTAGES SECURED BY THOSE WHO INSURE THEIR LIVES WITH THIS COMPANY:—

1. **A Large Life Bonus**, which at the last valuation (1863) averaged as much as 46 per cent. per Annum of the premiums paid; and in some instances rose as high as 65, 70, and even 75 per cent.
2. **The Life Liabilities** being valued on the safest principles, (viz:—Net Premiums and 3 per cent. Interest, no element of future profit being anticipated, but only actual surplus divided), **there is well-grounded reason to expect equally large bonuses in the future.**
3. **Only a small portion of the expenses** can, under the Supplemental Deed of Settlement, be charged to the Life Fund, thus increasing the sum to be divided among participating policy holders.
4. **Free Bonus Policies.** This new scheme confers great benefits on the participating policy holders, as it enables them to take the Company's large Life Bonus in the shape of an absolute reversion of a defined market value, **capable of being at any time converted into cash.**
5. **Three-fourths of the profits of the whole Life Business** divided among those entitled to participate.
6. **Policies issued on a special free paid up scheme** to those unable or unwilling from any cause to continue their ordinary Whole Life Policies.
7. **A scale of unusually low premiums** for the first five years, without creating a debt on the policy.
8. **Policies unchallengeable**, except on the ground of fraud.
9. **Careful selection of lives.**
10. **Liberal Settlement of Claims.**

### CHAIRMAN OF THE COMPANY.

BERNARD HALL, Esq., Merchant, Liverpool.

### DEPUTY CHAIRMEN.

JOSEPH KITCHEN, Esq., Merchant Liverpool.

SAMUEL STITT, Esq., Merchant, Liverpool.

### CHAIRMAN IN LONDON.

HENRY BRUCE, Esq., Merchant, 40, Moorgate Street, E. C.

### DEPUTY CHAIRMAN IN LONDON.

HENRY FOWLER, Esq., Merchant, St. Saviour's Dock.

### ACTUARY AND GENERAL MANAGER.

J. MONCRIEFF WILSON, Esq., Liverpool.

### SECRETARY.

JOHN ELPHICK LEYLAND, Esq., London.

### ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED.

PROSPECTUSES AND PAMPHLETS POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

*The*  
**Scottish Widows' Fund**  
*Life Assurance Society*

HEAD OFFICE, 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH,

IS THE

**LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE IN THE WORLD**

FOUNDED A.D. 1815.

I. *Operations of the Society during 1863.*

1. New Assurances . . . . .	£901,185 13 3*
2. New Premium Revenue thereon . . . . .	30,658 0 9
3. Claims paid during the year . . . . .	291,167 4 6

\* The Re-Assurances amounted to £18,700 only.

II. *Resources of the Society.*

1. An Accumulated Fund of . . . . .	£4,052,000 0 0
2. A Current Annual Revenue exceeding . . . . .	500,000 0 0

III. *The Large Bonus Additions*

made to Policies at last Division of Profits for the seven years ending 31st December 1859, were as under:—

A Policy of 5 years' standing received .....	£1 12 6	} Per cent per annum on the Sums Assured.
A Policy of 10 years' standing received .....	1 14 2	
A Policy of 20 years' standing received .....	2 0 10	
A Policy of 30 years' standing received .....	2 8 10	
A Policy of 40 years' standing received .....	2 15 11	
A Policy of 45 years' standing received .....	3 6 0	

The Average Rate of Bonus being £2:3:11 per cent per annum.

[IV. *Greatly Enhanced Advantages.*

Agents in Liverpool: Messrs. BELL, NOTT, & CO., Exchange Street, East. Messrs. MATHISON & BEAUSIRE, 14 Dale Street.

Agents in Manchester: P. RASBOTHAM, 39 Cross Street, King Street. G. WADSWORTH & SON, 96 Cross Street, Brazenose Street.

Agents in Huddersfield: D. MARSDEN & C. W. SIKES, Huddersfield Bank.

Agent in Halifax: WILLIAM DYER, Chemist.

#### IV. Greatly Enhanced Advantages to all the Members of the Society

will be secured by the division of the Whole Profits, including the Guarantee Fund, among the Assured. This beneficial modification of the existing Laws was unanimously adopted by the Members, and after formal confirmation by another Meeting to be held on 29th December next, will become part of the Laws of the Society.

Hitherto the Profits have been subject to permanent abatement for the Guarantee Fund. Under the new Law a temporary retention only will be made, of a sum equal to £5 per cent of the calculated value of each Policy, as its Guarantee Fund, to secure its integrity while it remains a Liability of the Society, which retention will cease at death; and the Guarantee Fund attaching to the Policy will be paid, with interest thereon at £3 per cent per annum, to date of death, in addition to the Original Sum Assured and Bonus Additions to same date, as in the following

#### EXAMPLES OF THE AMOUNTS PAYABLE UNDER POLICIES OF £1000, AS AT DECEMBER 1864.

	Policies dated 1815.			Policies dated 1825.			Policies dated 1835.			Policies dated 1845.			Policies dated 1855.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1. Original Sum Assured	1000	0	0	1000	0	0	1000	0	0	1000	0	0	1000	0	0
2. Bonuses to 31st December 1859	1262	1	5	795	6	9	539	4	5	275	3	10	81	5	0
3. Annual Bonus of £1 : 12 : 6 per cent per annum on gross amounts for five years' premiums paid since 1859	2262	1	5	1795	6	9	1539	4	5	1275	3	10	1081	5	0
4. Share of Guarantee Fund as at 31st Dec. 1859, age at entry being 30	183	15	10	145	17	6	125	1	3	103	12	1	87	17	1
5. Interest at £3 per cent per annum on Share of Guarantee Fund for the five years	85	5	11	54	3	2	33	16	5	15	9	9	4	9	11
	12	15	11	8	2	6	5	1	6	2	6	6	0	13	6
Sums payable in respect of Policies of £1000 at December 1864	2543	19	1	2003	9	11	1703	3	7	1396	12	2	1174	5	6

Thus a Guarantee Fund will be maintained with reference to every Policy, while it continues in force; and at the same time the whole Profits will in the end be divided among the Assured, without deduction or abatement of any kind whatever.

Agents in Hull: Messrs. BEADLE, SYKES, & CO, 17 High Street; and SYDNEY EARLE, 44 High Street.

Agents in Birmingham: JOSEPH JAGGER, Bank, High Street.  
C. E. MATTHEWS, Solicitor, 29 Waterloo Street.



Agents in Newcastle-on-Tyne: GEORGE WILLIAM HODGE, Solicitor, Pilgrim Street.  
B. PLUMMER, 10 Cowgate, Broad Chare. JOHN MILLING, Grainger Street.

## THE SYSTEM OF The Scottish Widows' Fund

IS DISTINGUISHED FROM THOSE OF OTHER OFFICES

IN THE FOLLOWING IMPORTANT RESPECTS.

1. From the System of Proprietary Companies, in that its Profits are not subject to any abatement for Dividends to Shareholders, the entire Profits being divided among the Policy-holders alone.
2. From the System of most other Mutual Offices, in that, while it maintains a Guarantee Fund from Realized Profits, the Representatives of each Member receive his rateable Share of it, with interest thereon, to date of death.

Thus the Scottish Widows' Fund preserves and administers the whole Funds and Property of the Society for the sole advantage of the assured Members, to whom alone they belong, without deduction for Shareholders' Dividends, and without retaining from Members at death any sum for the permanent Guarantee of the Society.

*Special Attention should also be given by Persons  
intending to effect Life Assurances*

to other important financial advantages and facilities afforded by the SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND, the consideration of which are frequently overlooked when Assurances are being made. These are—

1. That in the event of a Member desiring to discontinue his Policy, the Surrender Value of it may be obtained at any time from its date, there being no interval of years, as in most Offices, during which discontinuance of the Policy involves forfeiture of the Premiums paid.
2. That when a Policy lapses by non-payment of the Premium within the thirty days of grace, and the Policy is not renewed within the further period of twelve months allowed for the purpose, a sum equal to the full Surrender Value thereof on the last day of grace is allowed.
3. That Members may borrow, free of charge, on their Policies alone, sums not less than £50, when the Surrender Value affords security therefor. The present rate of interest is £4 per cent.

These advantages obviously enhance the Money value and usefulness of a Policy of Life Assurance. No prudent person should omit the consideration of them in effecting an Assurance.

Agent in Limerick: WILLIAM FRASER, Bank of Ireland.

Agents in Cork: R. B. ROBINSON & SONS, Bank of Ireland and 17 South Mall.

Agents in Leeds: WILLIAM S. WARD, Solicitor, Bank Street; and J. HOPPS, of Messrs. Smith & Hopps, Solicitors, 4 Bank Street.

Agent in Lincoln: H. T. ROBINSON, Old Bank.

Agents in Sheffield: JOHN WATSON & SON, 71 Fargate.

# *The Scottish Widows' Fund*

## will complete its 50th year

### *On 31st December next.*

During the half-century, it has established the largest Life Assurance business in existence. This evidence of public appreciation of the Mutual principle, and of the manner in which the Society's affairs have been administered, has in recent years been increasingly manifested, the New Assurances being now more than double the amounts previously transacted. This remarkable extension of the Society's operations in all parts of the country, and the Improvement in the Society's Laws (*explained on page 2*), whereby an ample Guarantee Fund, over and above the Liabilities of the Society, is maintained, and yet full participation in the entire Profits realized, including the Guarantee Fund, is secured to every Member, appear to the Directors to promise an advantageous development of the Society's operations exceeding anything experienced in the past history of the Society. The Society provides to every Policyholder—(1.) Security unsurpassed by any financial Institution whatever; (2.) Participation in the whole Profits realized; (3.) Every facility and advantage of which Life Assurance soundly conducted is capable.

SAMUEL RALEIGH, *Manager.*  
J. J. P. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

EDINBURGH, *July 1864.*

Persons desiring to effect Assurances through the Agent in any locality not named in this Prospectus, may ascertain the Agent's address by applying to the Head Office.

Agents in Belfast: GEO. WM. BRADDELL, 11 Arthur Street; and W. M. COLLINS, Solicitor, 30 Arthur Street.

Agents in Perth: Messrs. R. H. MONCRIEFF & CO., Writers.

Agent in Dundee: P. H. THOMS, St. Andrews Place.

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# GLENFIELD STARCH

EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

STARCH PURVEYORS

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS



## THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The best proofs of the great superiority of this STARCH are the numerous distinguished marks of approval which have been accorded to it from all quarters; amongst which may be mentioned the following, viz. :—

**IT IS EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,**

AND

**HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS** says it is the **FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.**

**HONOURABLE MENTION** was awarded it at the **Great Exhibition in London, in 1851.**

**A PRIZE MEDAL** was awarded for it at the **New York Exhibition in 1853; and**

**A PRIZE MEDAL** was also awarded for it at the **International Exhibition in London, 1862.**

**HER MAJESTY'S LACE DRESSER** says that it is the best she has tried; and

**HUNDREDS OF GROCERS, &c.,** say that it pleases their Customers better than any other; and perhaps the most striking proof of all is, that notwithstanding the great depression in the Cotton Manufacturing Trade, which influences the Starch trade materially, the demand for

### THE GLENFIELD STARCH

HAS CONTINUED TO INCREASE RAPIDLY.

The Manufacturers have every confidence in asserting, that if those Ladies and Landresses who do not regularly use this STARCH would disregard the advice of interested dealers, who are allowed extra profits on inferior articles, and give it a fair trial, they would then feel satisfied with the very superior finish which it imparts to Laces, Linens, Muslins, &c., the great saving of trouble in its application, and the entire absence of disappointment with the results, and would for the future, like

**THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS, USE NO OTHER.**

To be had of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, Oilmen, &c., &c., and wholesale of the Manufacturers,

## ROBERT WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

STARCH PURVEYORS

TO

### Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

### WOTHERSPOON'S VICTORIA LOZENGES,

WHICH WERE AWARDED

A PRIZE MEDAL FOR PURITY AND EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY

At the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1862.

46, Dunlop Street, GLASGOW; and 66, Queen Street, LONDON, E.C.

PURVEYORS OF STARCH TO

M.R.M. THE PRINCESS OF WALES

GLENFIELD



PATENT STARCH

EXCLUSIVELY USED IN

THE ROYAL LAUNDRY

AND AWARDED THE

PRIZE MEDAL.

FOR ITS SUPERIORITY AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR  
GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,  
SEE THAT YOU GET IT

*As inferior kinds are often substituted.*

WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW & LONDON.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

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## CHENÉ AND BROCHÉ SILKS.

PETER ROBINSON is now offering a Manufacturer's Stock from Thirty Shillings to Thirty Guineas; Three large Lots of Last Year's Designs, £1 7s. 6d. the extra full dress—remarkably cheap; 1000 Pieces of Plain Glacés, in Thirty-three Shades of Colour, commencing at £2 15s. 6d. the extra full Dress; Rich Moiré Antiques, £4 18s. 6d.—nearly half price.

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## RICH DRESSES AND MUSLINS,

Perfectly new Fabrics, highest Novelties of Fashion, from £1 5s. 6d. to Three Guineas the extra full Dress; an endless Assortment of cheap and useful Dresses, in every variety of Material, from 8s. 9d. to 21s. the full Dress. Washing Grenadine Dresses (pure White), Striped, Figured, and Plain, from 9s. 6d. to 14s. 9d. the extra full Dress. Last Year's French Organdic Muslins at very reduced Prices.

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## MANTLES, SHAWLS, JACKETS.

New Mantles, in every variety of Shape and Material, from One Guinea to Twenty Guineas; Opera Mantles, from 18s. 6d. to Ten Guineas; Waterproof Mantles, always 500 in Stock, commencing at 21s.; Large Travelling ditto, from 30s. Ten large Show Rooms, the Largest in London. PETER ROBINSON'S Illustrations of New Fashions in Mantles and Dresses published Monthly, and forwarded free on application.

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## LACE, LENO, & NET CURTAINS.

Upwards of One Thousand Pairs to select from, commencing at 6s. 6d. to Five Guineas per pair. A quantity of last season's, equal to new patterns, at half price.—A sample pair of any price sent anywhere on approval, returnable if not approved. PETER ROBINSON'S complete Household, Family, and Furnishing Linen Guide gratis, and forwarded free on application. A distinct Warehouse for this Department only.

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PETER ROBINSON'S,

103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, OXFORD STREET,

LONDON.

Overcoats for Riding or Driving; waterproof, yet evapourable.



# H. J. & D. NICOLL,

TAILORS TO THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY.

114, 116, 118, 120 REGENT STREET; 22, CORNHILL, LONDON;  
10, MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER; AND 50, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

LIVERIES for CLUBS, PUBLIC COMPANIES, and SERVANTS. The best, at Moderate Prices.

NAVY, MILITARY, DIPLOMATIC, and DEPUTY-LIEUTENANTS' OUTFITS, and COURT DRESSES.

INVITE an inspection of the Merchandise in their extensive Warehouses. The Stock submitted affords the most comprehensive variety in the world of all descriptions of Fashionable Attire, and is divided into departments as follows:—

## FOR GENTLEMEN.

NICOLL'S CELEBRATED PRINCE OF WALES FROCK COAT	3½ and 4½ Guineas.
Nicoll's Celebrated Oxford Morning Coats	2½ „ 3½ „
Nicoll's Celebrated Negligé Jackets	from 25s. to 52/6
Nicoll's Celebrated Paletôts and other Over Coats	from 21s. to 84s.
Nicoll's Celebrated 42s. Suits, for Tourist or Country wear.	
Nicoll's Celebrated Trowsers	from 13s. to 35s.

## FOR BOYS.

NICOLL'S CELEBRATED KNICKERBOCKERS	from 1 Guinea.
Nicoll's Celebrated Highland Dress	„ 2 Guineas.
Nicoll's Celebrated Jacket Suits	„ 1½ „
Nicoll's Celebrated Over Coats.	
Hats and Caps adapted for each Suit.	

## FOR LADIES.

NICOLL'S CELEBRATED RIDING HABITS	from 3 to 6 Guineas.
Nicoll's Celebrated Waterproof Cloaks	„ 1½ Guineas.
*Nicoll's Celebrated Travelling and Yachting Dresses.	
*Nicoll's Celebrated Jackets.	
Nicoll's Celebrated Over Coats.	

\* Fabrics that will not crease, but retain a graceful form, are manufactured specially for these garments.

The prices above named may appear surprisingly moderate, which is explained by the mode of business—buying and selling for cash payments only; thus the consumer will find on comparison that MESSRS. NICOLL'S prices are at least 20 per cent. less than when credit is given, and in all cases the Garments supplied being in the most correct taste, with an absence of all unsightly vulgarity.

Agents established throughout the United Kingdom.