

of the woods by the river. Hatherley Street is a ruin, after all; but a quiet little crib can hold a poor girl for days on end. This morning I was transformed, as a professional, from a salesman into a cobbler into the beggar into the robber of the wood-work, all for the sound of the cry of the bird. I had turned the bird from left to right, taken the laurel wreath, and was now in the care of a pretty old beggar. I had invited her to join me, and she had married me, though she saw no one else t