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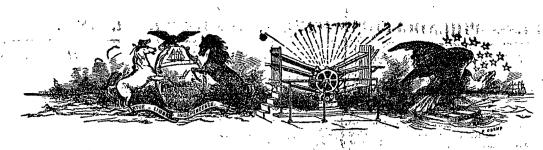
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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1858.

DICKENS'S NEW STORY. A HOUSE TO LET. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[CONCLUDED.] GOING INTO SOCIETY.



VOL. 2-NO. 131.

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1858.

Twelve thousand odd hundred pound was Chops's winnins. He had bought a half ticket for the twenty-five thousand prize, and it had come up. The first use he made of his property was, to offer to fight the Wild Indian for five hundred pound a side, him with a poisoned darin-needle and the Indian with a club: but the Indian bein in want of backers to that amount, it went no further.

Arter he had been mid for a week—in a state of mind, in short, in which, if I had let him sit on the organ for only two minutes, I believe he would have bust—but we kep the organ from him—Mr. Chops come round, and behaved liberal and beautiful to all. He then sent for a young man he knowed, as had a wery genteel appearance, and was a Bonnet at a gaming-booth (most respectable brought up, father havin been imminent in the livery stable line but unfort nate in a commercial orisis through paintin a old grey, ginger-bay, and sellin him with a Pedigree), and Mr. Chops, and sellin him with a Pedigree), and Mr. Chops said to this Bonnet, who said his name was Normandy; "Do I understand you, Mr. Chops, to hintimate that the 'ole of the expenses of that move will be borne by yourself?"

"Says Normandy: "Do I understand you, Mr. Chops, to hintimate that the 'ole of the expenses of the move will be borne by yourself?"

"Correct," says Mr. Cheps. "And you shall have, a princely allowance too."

The Bonnet lifted Mr. Chops upon a chair to shake hands with him, and replied in poetry, with his eyes seemingly full of tears:

"My boat is on the shore, And my bark is on the sea, And I do not ask for more.

But 171 Go;—along with thee."

They went into Soolety, in a chay and four grays with silk jackets. They took lodgings in Pall Mall London, and they blazed away.

A HOUSE FOR LINES

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