NO THOROUGHFARE

BY WILKIE COLLINS AND CHARLES DICKENS

CLAJFIC

The story was written by Wilkie Collins in sollaboration, with Charles Dickens. It is a story which had an immediate success and is one of the curiosities of literature in that the careful and discerning reader on discover at each stage of the progress of the story where Collins and Charles Dickens begins. Both Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens had the spark of literary genius. But the spark of Dickens's genius was a some literary genius. But the spark of Dickens's genius was a some literary genius. But the spark of Dickens's genius was a some literary genius. But the spark of Dickens's genius was a cautous man with twinkling beads of eyes. "I think we have got everything straight," continued Waiter, with a child-she enjoyment in the discussion of business affairs. "Everything is straight," replied the lawyer. "A partner secured and a housekeeper advertised for," said Wilding.

The rest of the work was almost entirely by what he wear pleased to call the "Third Act." The rest of the work was almost entirely what he wear pleased to call the "Third Act." The rest of the work was almost entirely what he wear pleased to call the "Third Act." The rest of the work was almost entirely what he wear pleased to call the "Third Act." The rest of the work was obtained entirely what he wear pleased to call the "Third Act." The rest of the work was been called "No Thoroughfare" is a myster." It was the mans Dickens pave it and when Dickens on a good name for a story he affached in the had for having all his employees live, or at least take their meals, under that the work of was a man with twinkling bearing the work together. And from them should be established a choir in the neighboring changed the whole story ever into a play—and a way successful one, too. As a matter of fact the story of "No Thoroughfare" was an attempt on the port of Dickens to eatch the public taste, and he had so idea that Collins could all he had not deal that Collins could all phin do it.

The veiled woman lifts her veil and shows a face no older than Sally's as she says: "I am the miserable mother of a baby lately received under your care. I have a prayer to make to you—what is the name they have given my boy? He was received last Monday evening—what have they called him?" Then she dropped on decase—a widow lady who had recently

son and that it was because of this that

changed the whole story over into a play—and a usry successful one, too. As a motive of fact the story of "No Thoroughfure" woe an attempt on the part of Dickens to catch the public taste, and he had on idea that Collins could help him do it. Dickens had not a very high idea of the reading public—but he cateved to it. The "many headed" sohio Thackeroy styles "This great, stupid public" was never a negligible quantity with Mr. Dickens. He remembered always the this plan for a happy family to him. Don't look to me to do it. plant may be serily days of poperly in the blacking shop and liked appreciation. He could not say with Pella ing, with the blood of the Hopsburgs in his voins, when some of Ms stories had become popular, "Dann is! they have found it only, too." Nevertables, perhaps the Hopsburg was, in Ms heart, as "likeled" at the reception of "Tom Jones" as was Dickens by the public approval which he openly solicited for his works.

THE clocks of London were striking 10. The night was fair, with light clouds. Near the gate of the Foundlings opens and a young woman comes out, when they woman futters up and down. The gate of the Foundlings opens and a young woman comes out, works and the part of the found of the common table—but join in any sing-ng class he would not. "And you are a young mount to the house. A soon as Mr. Bintrey was gone there came in old Josy Ladle, the ancient head to draw in old Josy Ladle, the ancient head to draw in old Josy Ladle, the ancient head to draw in old Josy Ladle, the ancient head to draw in old Josy Ladle, the ancient head to draw in old Josy Ladle, the house, A soon as Mr. Bintrey was gone there came in old Josy Ladle, the ancient head to draw in old Josy Ladle, the ancient head to draw in old Josy Ladle, the house A soon as Mr. Bintrey was gone there came in old Josy Ladle, the house A sort of dray here in to house, A sort of dray here in to house, A sort of dray here in to Josy Ladle, the house in old Josy Ladle, the ancient had to draw in old Josy Ladle, the house in to d opens and a young woman comes out.
The veiled woman follows her and at last touches her upon the shoulder. The young woman looks around, startled, and says:

"I am." "Well and good. But don't woman looks around, startled, and says: woman looks around, startled, and says:
"Why do you touch me? You touched me
last night. Why do you follow me like a
ghost?" "You are one of the nurses at
the hospital?" "Yes, I am Sally." "There's
something about your face which makes
me think that young children would take
kindly to you." "They do, God bless them."
The veiled woman lifts her veil and
The veiled woman lifts her veil and
withdrew to his dreary, moldy, damp

there came to the foundlings' institu-tion in the country another lady who wished to adopt one of the children. She adopted and took away with her the boy she had taken him from the round to Upon the set of the story her lips were sealed, and the boy-who loved her devotedly as she loved him-never tried to worldly as she loved him-never tried to worldly as she loved him-never tried to worldly as she loved him-never tried to off the books of the institution that name of the bo



HIS FOOT SLIPPED-HE WAS OVER A PRECIPICE.

moved from the hospital a maie infant named Walter Wilding. Mrs. Jane Miller, a widow, had adopted him. Address, low, just of age. And then suddenly: "I low, just of age. And then suddenly: "I hope your niece, mademoiselle, is well?" References, the Rev. John Harker, "Well," replied Occurring, "and for her Groombridge Wells and Messrs. Giles, aake, I believe, you were once in some Jeremie & Giles, bankers, Lombard slight danger when we were mountain climbing." wished to adopt one of the lady whose portrait hangs here." said Saily. Soon after there was another infant boy to be named, and the name Walter Wilding having been scratched off the books of the institution that name of the institution that the account of Mrs. Miller Mr. Oberneizer had a singular faculty of sending at times a sort of film over his was known of her. He journeyed to only from those tiellers of tales but from his whole face every expression except the call of attention. That film came over the call of attention is the call of the call of attention.

HIS POOT SIPPED—BE WAS OVER A PRECIPION.

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George Vendale continued the wine business. He and Mr. Bintrey quietly carried to a search for the true Welter Wilding, as they had gromised their dead partner and friend they would. Vendale carried Milan. The senior member of the firm—the man whom George must see—was in Wilding. The this continue of the firm—the man whom George must see—was in Wilding.

acrimoniously and ending suavely, was that the Swiss merchant gave George a written agreement that when Vendale's income should amount to £3,000 a year all objections on Obenreizer's part to the proposed marriage would be withdrawn. In the meantime, George was to see Marguerite—guarded by Mme. Dor—upon certain days.

When George took hold of his business the next morning it had a different face for him-Marguerite had a place in it now. He set the wheels of commerce spinning and saw his way clear—as he thought. Then came a letter from Defresnier & Co., the Neuchatel wine people, in which it was made apparent that they had not been paid for their last consignment. George looked up his receipts and found that he held one from that firm for the said consignment. The result of some further correspondence was that the Neuchatel firm wrote George that the money sent by him had unquestionably been stolen service a gaugner of the mountains, as in spite of the inclement weather, less distributed in transit and the receipt had been forged. The matter, they said, was one of vital importance to both houses, though, apparently of trifling importance. They

was his niece. When he saw that edge to any harmful use there came George had come between him and his Neuchatel Mr. Bintrey and had a few conlece—that she no longer looked to her uncie with that implicit faith and confidence with which she had heretofore, his prise and looked at Obenreizer with the

oung men silly feldenly: "I a few months he took to his bed and died a for her in some mountain of the mountai

where we was the served many part of the served many p

The matter, they said, was one of vital importance to both houses, though, apparently of trifling importance. They begged that George would tell no one but send, by a trueted messenger, the receipting question—not even trusting it to the post.

In the meantime George had incautiously—being in love—let escape from him to Obenreizer the fact that there was some trouble about a receipted bill due to the Neuchatel firm. "Surely," thought George, "they cannot mean that I should conceal entirely from Obenreizer, their trusted agent, the fact that something is wrong."

Still he managed to prevent himself from being "pumped" further by his prospective uncle-in-law. Not being able to decide upon a really trustworthy messenger, Vendale decided to go himself to Neuchatel.

"What, going to Switzerland!" cried Obenreizer, "how fortunate, I am on a journey there myself. We will travel to leave his business and a greater sacrifice to leave Marguerite. But a matter of five hundred pounds was involved, and did he not want to get rich as quickly as he could? When Vendale took leave of Marguerite her last words to him were, "Don't go."

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"Don't go."

Of course it is one of those obvious things of really good fiction, which does not entirely depend upon unforeseen denouements, that Obenrelzer himself was the man who had forged the receipt. That the foolish boasting of young Vendale, when he had met him in Switzerland had aroused in Obenrelzer a harred for George. And, more than that, Obenrelzer loved only one person in the world except himself, and that was his niece. When he saw that edge to any harmful use there came

er ute, and then said: "Ah, I see it was it to deed a trap. But I have something say." And then he told of the papers the strong box of Mattre Voigt, papers which he had made copies, which proving that George Vendale was the true Walt

