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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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COMMON SENSE.

A NOVEL.

BY

MRS. C. J. NEWBY.

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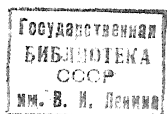
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COMMON SENSE.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Latimer's Watch.

MRS. CANTON's good heart was not a little scandalized by Martin's austerity. The first evening of his tutorship she had excused his not staying to supper, thinking some reasonable shyness might prevent his eating in their company, but when the next night he made off just as the cold beef and refreshing salad were swaying their way into the room on the tray which was so heavy with good things that it could hardly be carried, she was fairly grieved.

"He must get back to his father now," he said, and Joe was very glad. Not that he grudged him the food, he would have gone without his supper any night freely, if by so doing he could by fairy hands transfer it to Martin's table, but his respect and pride in his friend were so much strengthened by his scruples to eat constantly, even at the liberal table of another.

Returning that night, Martin was rewarded by finding with what pride in his share of the labour his father had made ready for him.

Indeed an hour or two had been pleasantly passed

in the business. Jem had dropped in to see his old master, to tell him about the sale, and had brought a cucumber; and Mr. Latimer was deservedly proud of the way in which he had peeled and sliced it. Then the deep mystery of making the kettle boil, which none but unaccustomed hands know the difficulty of doing!

Martin meant to come home to all his meals, and the making preparation for them would be the business of the father's life, anything better than sitting down too long to fret. They were in the midst of their supper when Mrs. Clements admitted Mr. Prince, with his costly watch chain and wealthy manner.

It was an embarrassment to Mr. Latimer, who had hitherto been either grandly condescending or masterfully commanding to the rich upholsterer, to know how to receive him under such altered circumstances, but Martin set the matter at rest by cordially offering his hand and thanking him for coming.

"I would not have intruded," explained Mr. Prince, "but I really have good news for you, the sale has gone brilliantly—I may say a fancy sale altogether, and the sum realized is so large that I think we might offer a fair compensation to the creditors if they agree to release you from all demands."

"I have no desire, or intention, of paying our debts in that way," returned Martin, "and have no wish to withdraw from my agreement, but if you can secure my father in case of my death, I could have