

*They left the busy scene, and went into a little know part of the town. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; The people half-naked, drunken, careless, ugly. Upon the straggling streets, the whole quarter stank of crime, of filth, and misery. Far into the haunts of this dreadful part of town, there was a low-browed, dingy shop, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy castoffs, were bought.*

LAUNDRESS: What odds then! What odds, Mrs Dilber? Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!

Mrs. DILBER: That's true, indeed! He surely did.

LAUNDRESS: Very well, then! Who's going to miss a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose.

Mrs. DILBER: No, indeed. (*laughing*) If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw, why wasn't he more genuine when he was alive? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself.

LAUNDRESS: It's the truest word that ever was spoke. It's a judgment on him.

Mrs. DILBER: Open that bundle (*to shop keeper*) and tell us what it's worth. Sheets and towels, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and boots.

LAUNDRESS: And now undo *my* bundle, Joe.

Mrs. DILBER: What are these then? Bed-curtains?! You don't mean to say you took the curtains down, rings and all, with him lying there?

LAUNDRESS: Yes, I do. Why not? No holding back for the sake of such a man as He was, I promise you, Joe. Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now.

Mrs. DILBER: His blankets?

LAUNDRESS: Whose else's do you think? He isn't likely to get any colder without 'em, I dare say. (*shop keeper picks up something from the bundle*) Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me. (*explains*) They tried to bury him in it. (*laugh*) Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off him. A fine calico, that is. (*holds it up*) It's quite becoming to the body. He can't look any uglier than he was, so I figured why let it rot like that? That was the point of it all you see, frightened us all away from him when he was alive, but let us profit off him when he's dead and gone! Ha, ha, ha!