

sharp eye on the street, and observed what was going on. She went on acting her part very becomingly, until the moment Tom Durfy walked off with Murphy; but then she could feign no longer, and jumping up from her seat, with an exclamation of 'The brute!' she ran to the door, and looked down the street after them. 'The savage!' sobbed the widow—'the hard-hearted monster, to abandon me here to die—oh! to use me so—to leave me like a—like a—(the widow was fond of similes) like an old shoe—like a dirty glove—like a—like I don't know what!' (the usual fate of similes.) 'Mister Durfy, I'll punish you for this—I will!' said the widow, with an energetic emphasis on the last word; and she marched out of the shop, boiling over with indignation, through which, nevertheless, a little bubble of love now and then rose to the surface; and by the time she reached her own door, love predominated, and she sighed as she laid her hand on the knocker: 'After all, if the dear fellow should be killed, what would become of me!—oh!—and that wretch, Dick Dawson, too—*two* of them. The worst of these m. rry devils is, they are always fighting!'

The squire had ridden immediately homewards, and told Dick Dawson the piece of work that was before them.

'And so he'll have a shot at you, instead of an action?' said Dick. 'Well, there's pluck in that; I wish he was more of a gentleman, for your sake. It's dirty work, shooting attorneys.'

'He's enough of a gentleman, Dick, to make it impossible for me to refuse him.'

'Certainly, Ned,' said Dick.

'Do you know, is he anything of a shot?'

'Faith, he makes very pretty snipe-shooting; but I don't know if he has experience of the grass before breakfast.'

'You must try and find out from any one on the ground; because, if the poor devil isn't a good shot, I wouldn't like to kill him, and I'll let him off easy—I'll give it to him in the pistol-arm or so.'

'Very well, Ned. Where are the flutes? I must look over them.'

'Here,' said the squire, producing a very handsome mahogany case of Rigby's best. Dick opened the case with the utmost care, and took up one of the pistols

tenderly, handling it as delicately as if it were a young child or a lady's hand. He clicked the lock back and forwards a few times, and his ear not being satisfied at the music it produced, he said he should like to examine them: 'At all events, they want a touch of oil.'

'Well, keep them out of the misthriiss's sight, Dick, for she might be alarmed.'

'Divil a taste,' says Dick; 'she's a Dawson, and there never was a Dawson yet that did not know men must be men.'

'That's true, Dick. I wouldn't mind so much if she wasn't in a delicate situation just now, when it couldn't be expected of the woman to be so stout; so go, like a good fellow, into your own room, and Andy will bring you anything you want.'

Five minutes after, Dick was engaged in cleaning the duelling-pistols, and Andy at his elbow, with his mouth wide open, wondering at the interior of the locks which Dick had just taken off.

'Oh, my heavens! but that's a quare thing, Misther Dick, sir,' said Andy, going to take it up.

'Keep your fingers off it, you thief do!' roared Dick, making a rap of the turn-screw at Andy's knuckles.

'Sure I'll save you the throuble o' rubbin' that, Mister Dick, if you let me; here's the shabby leather.'

'I wouldn't let your clumsy fist near it, Andy, nor your *shabby* leather, you villain, for the world. Go get me some oil.'

Andy went on his errand, and returned with a can of lamp-oil to Dick, who swore at him for his stupidity: 'The devil fly away with you; you never do anything right; you bring me lamp-oil for a pistol.'

'Well, sure I thought lamp-oil was the right thing for burnin'.'

'And who wants to burn it, you savage?'

'Aren't you goin' to fire it, sir?'

'Choke you, you vagabond!' said Dick, who could not resist laughing nevertheless; 'be off, and get me some sweet oil, but don't tell any one what it's for.'

Andy retired, and Dick pursued his polishing of the locks. Why he used such a blundering fellow for a messenger might be wondered at, only that Dick was fond of fun, and Andy's mistakes were a particular source of amusement to him, and on all occasions when he could