

"Well, sir!" returned the inspector, "the constable confesses that he was in error. Several highly respectable witnesses have sent their cards in your favour—among them, Lord Dalton. He saw the whole affair! X 25 is waiting to apologise to you, sir!"

Gerald had nothing to do but to accept this explanation. He was angered, but not vindictive. Besides, he had no sooner turned from the inspector, than right in his path, humbly bowing, and hat in hand, stood X 25! Gerald recollected the fall of the truncheon, and felt vastly inclined to have the slight satisfaction of knocking the man down! But his better nature prevailed, and he listened:

"I am very sorry, sir—very! I thought you belonged to the mob, sir! I didn't see at first that you was a gen'l'man. I fancied I heard you say that the old man was your uncle! But of course it was fancy, sir! It couldn't be! How could he be your uncle?"