

Judge Fullerton and General Harney, they took a turn together, and that was the prettiest contest of the day. First the Judge'd beat the General and then the General'd put in the big licks and give it to the Judge, and the two'd be about even for awhile, and all of a sudden the General would give a kinder jerk or two and leave the Judge just nowhere, and by the time the General passed the third quarter the Judge keeled over against the fence and gave in. They say he broke his leg, but I don't know if that's so or not. Anyway he was used up. If he'd passed the quarter he might have been all right." "What was the matter with the quarter? Wasn't it good?" "Oh, yes. But you see the Judge must have lost his wind or something; and I reckon when he tumbled it was something like a faint, you know." "Served him right for engaging in such a brutal contest."

Well, I dunno. Depends on how you look at such things. And when that was over Longfellow entered with Mattie Evelyn. He kept shooting past her all the time, and this worried her so that she ran a little to one side, and somehow, I dunno how it happened, but his leg kinder tripped her, and she rolled over on the ground, hurt pretty bad, I think, while Longfellow had his leg cut pretty near to the bone. "Did any of the shots strike her?" "I don't understand." "You said he kept shooting close to her, and I thought maybe some of the bullets might have struck her." "Why, I mean that he ran past her, of course. How in thunder could he shoot bullets at her?" "I thought maybe he had a gun. But I don't understand any of it. It is the most astounding thing I ever heard of, at any rate." "Now, my dear sir, I want to ask you how Longfellow could manage a gun?" "Why, as any other man does, of course." "Man! man! Why, merciful Moses! you didn't think I was talking about human beings all this time, did you? Why, Longfellow is a horse! They were racing—running races over at the course this afternoon, and I was trying to tell you about it." "You don't say," remarked the doctor, with a sigh of relief. "Well, I declare, I thought you were speaking of the poet, and hardly knew whether to believe you or not; it seemed so strange that he

should behave in that manner." Then Mr. Butterwick went into the smoking-car to tell the joke to his friends, and the doctor sat reflecting upon the outrageous impudence of the men who name their horses after respectable people.

NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

Author of the "Illustrated Life of St. Patrick," "Illustrated History of Ireland," "History of the Kingdom of Kerry," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

A SMALL boy, who acted as page, and was placed in the back ground, with a view to being generally useful, and generally abused, had indulged in a pantomime gesture of defiance and contempt at the gentleman who had maligned his country. The butler who had seen it, seized him by the hair with no very gentle grasp, as the easiest way of inflicting personal chastisement, when a blow could not be administered without attracting general attention. The boy did not roar, he had too much respect, or fear, of polite society to make such an exhibition of his feelings, however great the relief, but he did try to escape from the tormentor. With considerable cunning, he submitted for a few seconds, and then made a rapid dash forward. A footman was going round at the moment with a tray of glasses, and the full force of the young urchin's body came against him, oversetting his burden, with the shivering sound peculiar to broken glass. The Colonel started to his feet, evidently terribly frightened, and exclaimed, almost in a roar, "Good God! I'm——"

"Shot!" said O'Sullivan, and a shout of laughter followed, in which the Judge himself was compelled to join, though, with the courtesy of a host, he tried his utmost to remain silent. The Colonel sat down looking exceedingly foolish. The Judge tried to pass off the unpleasantness by asking him some question about wine.

The butler seized the offending boy by the collar, boxed his ears when he got him out of hearing, and kicked him down the stairs which led to the domos-