

ment. Captain Stuart was shipped abroad after an inquiry into his conduct, and no one ever heard of him again.

And last of all comes our hero—the Game Chicken. He netted a comfortable fortune out of the fight, thanks to the generosity of Sir John Dering, and married Stella, the gipsy girl, amid the brave ceremonial of the Romany tribes gathered on Epsom Downs. For years after he toured the country with his yellow vans, and his boxing show was a familiar sight on every racecourse and at every fair held this side of the Tyne. He had three sons who were just as fine fellows as he was, and the pride of his later years was to teach them how to put up a useful bunch of fives in the right cause, and to be willing, ready, honest men, and as good-hearted as himself. Stella remained a gipsy to the end and died in a moving caravan, after which Pearce settled down and kept a fine old coaching inn on a turnpike road until the end of the chapter of his life.

So one by one we replace our old friends and enemies back into the past. A hundred years ago these things did happen almost exactly as I have stated them. It is our fashion now, when we have nicer stomachs, to deplore these roaring days, and sometimes to condemn the full habits of our forefathers. Well—every man to his own humour, say I. It is not for me, as the teller of a plain tale, to weigh the past in the balance, but, speaking for myself alone, if I did, I should not find it wanting. I know we certainly pile up the “resources of civilisation” with a rapidity that is making us all dizzy. I also know many people who complain there is but

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