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however ugly the tune. Show Mr. Burridge in."

That gentleman entered. Josiah Burridge was as unlike the ordinary and familiar type of an attorney as can well be imagined. He was neither thin, hatchet-faced, nor weasly; but an immense man, with a huge frame, which, had he been fat, would have made him elephantine. He had a big, round face, with a gash of a mouth—reproduced in Sampson—light blue eyes, with an innocent and almost childlike expression; his huge head was crowned by a reddish thatch; he moved heavily, and walked with a shambling gait, as if his great bones were scarcely under his control; in fact, he looked like a big and somewhat stupid farmer; and only the careful observer would have noticed that now and again the childish eyes grew sharp like steel, and that one corner of the silly-looking mouth had a habit of twitching downward; for at most times Josiah Burridge held his countenance under complete control.

It had been a very useful one to him, for it had inspired confidence in most of his clients, who argued that a man with such a face, though an attorney—a person who is always eyed askance and with suspicion by country folk—couldn't be anything but honest, not to say benevolent, and not a few had left his office under the impression that they had actually got the better of him, and were quite surprised and chagrined when, later on, they discovered that the boot was on the other leg, and that Josiah Burridge was not so simple as he looked.

As he entered, Burridge stretched his mouth in a smile and bowed, not only to Sir Anson, but to Darrel; and either of the two noticed the momentary hardening of the blue eyes.

"How are you, Burridge?" said Sir Anson genially, but with just an undertone of anxiety. "Come to see me about this little affair of the two boys, eh?"

"Not at all, Sir Anson," said Burridge, with a smile; "though, now you mention it, and Mr. Darrel is present, I may take the opportunity of expressing my regret that Sampson should have so forgotten himself and injured a boy younger and smaller than himself."

Darrel grew red, and stared at Mr. Burridge with a mixture of surprise and indignation; and Sir Anson could not refrain from exclaiming:

"Oh, but from what I hear, Sampson hasn't got off scot-free!"

"By no means," admitted Mr. Burridge placidly; "he's about as badly marked as Master Darrel; but he doesn't bear any grudge, and I'm sure Master Darrel doesn't."

"Of course not!" burst out Darrel. "I'll fight him again anyway he likes," he added, with quite friendly generosity, as if to prove the truth of the assertion that there was no grudge on his part.

"No, no, young sir," said Mr. Burridge, smiling, and wagging his head. "Sampson has got something else to do than fighting with his betters; he has his living to get, his way to make in the world. I hope there won't be any more unpleasantness between you. I stepped up about that lease of Simpson's, Sir Anson."

Sir Anson nodded at Darrel, who went out and left the two men alone. Mr. Burridge sat down at the invitation of Sir Anson, drew the draft of a lease from the pocket of his huge, loose coat, and proceeded to discuss the terms. Sir Anson listened and spoke rather absently, and presently he broke in on the discussion and said:

"Look here, Burridge. I think you've taken this affair of the two boys very well. To be quite candid, I expected you to cut up rough about it."

"Why?" asked Burridge, with his eyes wide open; "you weren't angry with my boy, I suppose, Sir Anson?"

"Not a bit," replied Sir Anson promptly. "I am sure it was a fair fight; and it won't do either of them any harm."

"I'm not complaining of Master Darrel," said Burridge, with his eyes on the lease; "boys will be boys, as you say, and, of course, I understand the cause of the quarrel."

"There is always a woman in it, eh, Burridge?" said Sir Anson, with a chuckle.

(To be Continued.)

Beautiful Cynthia;

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER III. A BOY'S PRIDE.

"Yes, he did," admitted Darrel. "And if he had got in one or two more, I should have been downed instead of him."

Sir Anson drew a sovereign from his waistcoat pocket and handed it to Darrel, who promptly pocketed it.

"You can buy that new whip you were bothering me about," said this exemplary father. "Now, you'd better go and get the cook to give you a piece of steak—all lean, of course—and stick it on. All the same, you'll have a nice eye for a day or two. Was the other fellow much punished?" he asked, with poorly affected indifference.

Darrel's grin was answer enough. Sir Anson nodded and laughed.

"That's all right, my boy," he said. "Always give as good as you get, and a little better if you can. Well, off with you, I'll wait tea for you!"

Darrel had reached the door when his father stopped him with a question.

"By the way, who was the other chap?"

"I don't know him, sir," replied Darrel. "He said his name was Sampson Burridge."

The smile slowly vanished from Sir Anson's face, which grew serious, not to say lengthy.

"The deuce!" he muttered under his breath. "Burridge's son. H'm." He rubbed his chin meditatively and stared at the carpet with extreme gravity. "Yes, he's much bigger than you. And he was bullying a girl, was he? The young hound! Do you know the girl? Who was she?"

"Cynthia Drayle is her name. She lives at the cottage on the moor."

Sir Anson sprang from the table, his face flushed, his eyes angry.

"What!" he cried. "Cynthia Drayle! You've been fighting for that fellow's daughter! Confound—"

Darrel regarded his father with surprise.

"Why not, sir?" he asked. "Why shouldn't I? She wanted some one

to help her, and I happened to be there. She was only a girl, and no match for that hulking fellow."

Sir Anson appeared to swallow his wrath. And as he turned away to the window, his hands thrust in his pockets, his face still moody and frowning, he said half apologetically: "That's all right, Darrel. Of course you didn't know—I mean, you couldn't help yourself. Her father is no friend of mine. But there! she was a girl and in distress, and you couldn't do any other. All the same," he rubbed his chin again, "I wish it had been some other boy and some other girl. Sampson Burridge and Cynthia Drayle!" he muttered ruefully. "Never mind. It can't be helped. Confound it!"

Sir Anson mused, with a troubled countenance, until Darrel came down again. He had been under the combined ministrations of the cook, Mrs. Bowles, the housekeeper, the butler, and two of the young maidservants, who were terribly shocked and warmly indignant at the treatment he had received.

For all the servants at the Court admired and were proud of their high-spirited young master. The maids all most worshipped him; and one of them actually shed tears as she viewed the wreck which Sampson had made of Master Darrel's handsome face. But the butler and the footman were somewhat consoled, as Sir Anson had been, by Darrel's admission that he had given as good as he had got.

"The idea of that young Sampson daring to have the impudence to lay a finger on the young master!" said Mrs. Bowles, with a toss of her head and a snort.

"Them Burridges," said Priestly, the butler, severely, "have impudence enough for anything. I hate 'em both father and son; and if I catch that Sampson trespassing in the woods I'll lay a stick across his back."

"Oh, no, you won't, Priestly," said Darrel. "Don't be an old ass. It was a fair fight, I tell you. I wish you'd all go away and let me alone!

What on earth is Mary Jane sniffling for? Any one would think she'd never seen a black eye before. I've had scores of 'em—"

"Oh, Master Darrel," sobbed Mary Jane.

"Well, half a dozen," said Darrel. "Clear out all of you, I'm going to have a bath." He went down to the den after a while, and he and his father had tea together.

The cloud had left Sir Anson's face—it was never clouded for long; for he possessed the Irish mercurial temperament, and the enviable capacity of throwing troubles from his mind as a Newfoundland dog shakes the water from its back—and they had a very pleasant meal. Nothing more was said of the fray. They talked sport, and the boy listened and joined in with enthusiasm; for he was a true chip of the old block.

They had just finished the cozy meal when a footman entered and said that Mr. Burridge would like to see Sir Anson. Sir Anson's face fell again, he rubbed his chin and looked at Darrel.

"You'd better go, Darrel," he said. Darrel rose, but hesitated, his face flushing.

"I think I'd rather stay, sir, for a minute, if I may?"

"Right!" responded Sir Anson, with approval. "Always face the music,

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