

...at an appointment to his physical brav-
ery, he would reflect that it would be much
better to bear a little dunning from the Jews
or, even though that is a disagreeable alter
native, to be whitewashed, rather than run
the risk of breaking his neck.

'But suppose he was to be whitewashed
out of his rich future's recollection?' said
Langham, inquiringly.

'Ah, there now is a case that requires
judgment. That is just a situation in which
I could show to advantage; I would show
you how to steer through those difficulties in
a manner that would astonish you,' answer-
ed Southman.

'Gentlemen,' said the colonel, who at the
head of the table was beginning to look
rather electrified at Southman's philosophi-
cal turn of mind, 'suppose we go out and
smoke a cigar; you can resume this inter-
esting discussion at a future period.'

We all rose and dispersed in different di-
rections, I lighting a cigar, and intending to
go out for a quiet stroll, to think over some
family news I had that day received. I had
not gone far, however, before I heard Hugh's
voice calling after me, 'Stop, Cairnsford;
why are you in such a hurry? I want you
to walk with me.'

I turned, and as he came up I noticed a
singularly white set lock in his face; the
straight dark brows overhung gloomy, un-
fathomable eyes, in which a kind of restless,
troubled look gleamed at intervals, and the
firm, determined mouth expressed even
more than its ordinary share of indomitable
will.

'Come with me to find Hemmings, there's
a good fellow, Charlie, said he, as he came
up and took my arm.

'What,' I exclaimed, 'you surely don't
mean that you are going to offer to
ride that brute Spitfire! That's to save that
tallow Cameron the fall he so richly deserves
I'll lay anything.'

'Oh, Cairnsford,' began Hugh, in a hurri-
ed, troubled manner, 'you don't know how
I felt when Southman was talking about it
at dinner. I was tempted sorely then;
something kept whispering to me, 'Leave
him alone and let him be killed, since he
chooses to run the risk; it's none of your
business; and when he's out of the way
there'll be nothing between you and Maud.'
It was dreadful, Charlie, 'he went on,
growing more white and worn-looking as
the remembrance of that fierce mortal con-
flict again overcame him; but now my
mind is made up, and there is only this
course open to me.'

'But,' I argued, how is this are you fol-
lowing out your favorite motto? How can
you make out in any one way that it is your
duty to run the risk of having your neck
broken to save Captain Cameron's?

'Why, it is as plain as daylight,' he an-
swered. 'If Cameron is killed, it brings
grief and sorrow on one whom I love better
than myself, and whom, therefore, it is my
duty to shield from all evil; for, mind you,
I hold that we owe a duty to those we love,
whether they love us or not. And then,
again, if he dies I shall as surely be his mur-
derer as if I had committed the deed, for in
my heart I wished for his death; therefore
I must offer to ride this horse, and the
sooner I have done it and got it over the bet-
ter.'

I saw he was determined, so said nothing
more, but walked down to the stables,
where the much-talked-of steed was at pres-
ent staying. There we found Capt. Camer-
on in close consultation with Hemmings,
with whom Hugh immediately opened the
conversation.

'This is a bad business about Templeton,
Hemmings. How do you intend to manage
about the horse?'

'I hardly know,' answered Hemmings.
'Cameron here wishes to ride him; but I
am inclined to think it is not only useless,
but dangerous, to let any one ride him who
doesn't know him thoroughly.'

'I came down to offer my services,' said
Hugh, laughing; 'but it seems you have
quite l'embarras de richesses in the way of
riders now; so perhaps—'

completed the coup d'œil of the finest horse
I ever saw. No wonder Cameron felt sure
of his money on him; no wonder Hugh felt
a thrill of delight at the thought of riding
such a superb creature, and began to think
his sacrifice was no sacrifice at all.

There he stood, looking wonderfully at his
unknown visitors, turning now and then as
if for protection, to the stable-man, who
stood near him with the clothing, that had
just been removed, over his arm. Hugh,
after a few minutes' admiring pause, advanc-
ed to take him by the headstall; to this
Spitfire, though he retreated a little before
him at first, offered no great objection, and
Hugh proceeded to examine him more close-
ly. After a few seconds he asked, 'What
bit do you ride him with?'

'A twisted snaffle, Sir,' answered the man;
'he's an orkerd temper, Sir, and pull's like a
good un when he gets his spirit up, though
at times his mouth is too fine. This is the
way of it, Sir; if you pull him he'll rear up
and fall atop of you, as sure as eggs is eggs;
but if he pulls you, and you can't manage to
stop him some way, he'll take you wherever
he chooses to go, and that's most like to be
the shortest way home.'

'Ah, very likely,' answered Hugh; 'but I
don't intend to let him get his own way. I
shall try a plan of my own with him.'

He then proceeded to give his own direc-
tions for the bridling of this formidable
mount.

'Now,' he said, when he had finished his
instructions, 'we'll see how he will work in
that tackle.'

'Well,' said Hemmings, when he had
done speaking, 'I think you intend to break
your neck, Melton; I hardly like to let you
ride him in that gear.'

'Make yourself easy, my dear fellow,' an-
swered Hugh. 'I rode one like him before,
who had puzzled a good many people. I
found my plan perfectly successful with
Rough Diamond, the horse you saw me rid-
ing in the Quorn country, and I can at least
try it on this one, who seems to have a simi-
lar temper.'

This explanation satisfied Hemmings, and
a few minutes after, our horses having ap-
peared and Spitfire being now ready, we
mounted and set off along the London road.
When we had ridden two or three miles out
of camp, Hugh pointed out to me a low
hedge to the left-hand side of the road.

'Now,' said he, 'over with you; we'll go
through these fields, leave that farm-house
to the right-hand side, and then we come to
a splendid range of pasture land, up to the
top of the hill yonder. Are you ready?'

I went at the fence, and Jocelyn, a grand
old hunter, who, if all the horses in England
were balking round him, would not mind
them, went over calmly, knowing full well
that there were no hounds out anywhere
near, and therefore it was not worth his
while to get excited. Once over I turned to
watch Hugh, who put Spitfire straight at it,
intending to follow. It was no use, however;
as he neared it the ill-tempered brute turned
round short, and on Hugh's trying to turn
him at it again, began a violent battle, in
which, however, the fighting was all on his
side, Hugh remaining perfectly quiescent, it
being above all a distinguished feature that he
never lost his temper, no matter how trouble-
some his mount might be.

'At it you, Cameron,' Melton called out,
turning away and leaving room for the other
to pass him: 'he may be more inclined to
follow when you are over.'

Cameron did as he was told; but I fear
from the sample he gave us of his riding he
would have had a poor chance on the chest-
nut; as it was, he barely kept his seat, and
was no sooner over than he asked me to
change horses with him, alleging that the
one he was on was a new purchase and not
to his taste; he wished me to try it and give
an opinion on it. For nearly half an hour
the sulky beast of a chestnut kept us waiting;
but at last, finding there was no chance of
unseating or tiring out his rider, he took the
hedge in splendid style, and all three closing
in together we set off toward the hill. The

arm chair, 'I had a dreadful scene with you
last, but I fancy I have conquered him at
last. If I had staid there all night I should
have done so before I would have let him go
home without doing what I wanted; he
wished to follow you back to camp. Give
me a glass of beer Charlie; I'm too done up
to speak till I have restored exhausted na-
ture.'

I gave him what he asked for, and then
he described to me the terrible battle, where
the fighting was all on one side, through
which he had passed, ending by saying,

'And now, Charlie, if you have any money
to spare, put it all on him; for I think when
I have given him one or two more lessons I
shall be able to make him do as I like, and
there is nothing that can beat him in Alder-
shot.'

The day of the steeple-chase at last came
and I, being one of the stewards, went over
early, and round the course to see that every
thing was in order. We had put up some
very good jumps; one good wet ditch; a stone
wall that, though nothing to an Irishman, I
fancy many in camp would not have liked to
negotiate: one or two fences of the kind they
call double ditches in the sister isle; and
some flights of stout ox palings. Altogether
it was a course demanding pluck and good
riding, though I saw nothing that a good
horse, properly handled, could not get safely
over; indeed, the committee had expressly
desired that nothing of a break-neck charac-
ter should be attempted. Hugh looked very
well in green and silver, and doubtless many
an admiring glance was cast at him by the
fair denizens of the grand stand; but he never
seemed to look that way, or to notice the
pretty faces and brilliant toilettes which it dis-
played. Not so Gerald Courtown, the rider
of Jack Masterman; that dandy ensign in
his scarlet jacket formed a conspicuous ob-
ject among the throng, and might be seen
improving the few minutes left before mount-
ing in flitting from one bevy of beauties to
the other, receiving with evident delight an
immense amount of chaff and complimentary
bandiange. Then there was Powell, in black
and orange, rider of the O'Donoghue, a horse
that might with good riding become an awk-
ward opponent for either of the favorites,
though for some reason or other the public
had not fancied him. Good riding he was
certain to get at the hands of Powell of the
2d, who was heart and soul wrapped up in
horseflesh, and who made it his boast that
he had never yet 'met the woman he would
care to look round at.' He now stood mood-
ily watching the horses as they were led up
and down clothed from head to foot, waiting
for the saddling bell to ring. Now and then
he would begin an excited eulogy of his
mount, The O'Donoghue, to any of his ac-
quaintances who were unwary enough to
venture near him; but we who knew him
well avoided him at such times, as he was
impossible to get rid of when once off on his
favorite topic. Then there was Beresford of
the Blues, leaning against the dash board of
a pony phaeton in which sat Lady Blanche
de Veaux, for whom it was whispered Beres-
ford entertained more than a mere passing
admiration.

It had been settled that the horses should
take a preliminary canter before the grand
stand, in order that the fair spectators there
assembled might have a good opportunity of
inspecting the different horses and choosing
those whom they might wish to back, which
last was decided by the rider on its back
more than by the merits of the animal itself,
I fancy. At last the saddling bell rang.
Beresford tore himself away from his lady-
love; Gerald Courtown, with a nod distribut-
ed generally to the assembled beauty of the
stand, turned toward the paddock; Powell's
gloomy face lighted up for the first time, and
the usual wild gleam came into his eye; while
Melton linked his arm in mine and drew me
away with him toward the horses.

Spitfire was looking splendid, there was no
doubt about that; and I hardly wondered at
Hugh's saying, in a heart-felt tone of admi-
ration, 'Isn't he a picture? Isn't he perfect,
beautiful sight they were, the horses with
their gay colored jackets, the horses with
their beautifully shaped bodies glistening in
the brilliant July sun, as though clothed in
satin, springing over the elastic turf in rapid,
regular bounds, tossing their delicate heads,
and straining on the bit in impatience to be
free. I was surprised to see at the first low
bounds that Hugh kept behind all the rest,
going quietly. I imagined he must be doing
it with a view to getting a lead over the first
fence, but still I could not help thinking it
an error in judgment to allow the whole
field in front of him, as among so many there
might be one who would set the example of
balking, and then it would be all up with
Spitfire. Scarcely had I begun to think
thus, however, and before they neared the
fence, the chestnut darted to the front, and
increasing his speed at every stride, went
galloping at the stout paling in front. 'He
must be mad,' I thought, alluding to Hugh;
'he should never take that horse at a fence
without a lead;' and mentally cursing his
stupidity, I watched anxiously for the result.
To my surprise, however, just as he neared
the fence, the horse slackened his racing
speed into a quick steady gallop, then rose
like a bird at the post and rails and the next
instant was sailing along evidently held well
in hand, to allow the others coming up. Ger-
ald Courtown and Jack Masterman popped
over next, followed by Powell on the Irish
horse The O'Donoghue; but Beresford, sad
to relate, cautioned against Sims of the 28th,
and came to a nomious grief before Lady
Blanche's eyes. He picked himself up, how-
ever, but his horse had picked itself up first,
and was now galloping wildly over the
course, for some time resisting all attempts
to catch it; so that when at last it was se-
cured the race was virtually over, and quite
crest-fallen his gay rider returned to the
stand, where, however, he found Lady
Blanche very ready to heap any amount
of opprobrious epithets on poor Sims's
devoted head, and condole with him to
his heart's content. In the
mean time the riders held on their course;
one by one the outsiders fell off, all but one.
Solace of "ours," a small slight fellow rid-
ing a lithe active Irish mare that seemed in-
clined to give the favorites some trouble. She
sprang over the ground like a deer, switch-
ing her rat-tail and flourishing her hind-
quarters in a way that told as plainly as
words that she was yet going at her ease,
and thought nothing of what was before her.
A very pretty sight it was, too, to see her
at a fence, not striding over it like our horses,
but going up all together, something like a
hare, and, like that animal also, sometimes
giving a half turn while in the air, and land-
ing almost sideways to the fence she had
jumped.

'That one will give them some trouble,'
said Templeton, who was again beside me,
and who was now a little excited, for him.
'See, The O'Donoghue and Firefly are side
by side; watch them going at that wall;
they jump so differently from the rest.
Pretty, isn't it?' he added, as they went over
together. Spitfire was still in the front, and
Templeton's eye falling on him, he nodded
approvingly. 'That's a clever fellow, that
Melton. How well he took the measure of
that animal's temper! I'd hardly have
dared myself to take him first at that first
fence, and yet I see now it was the right
thing to do; he's a queer, nervous, irritable
temper, that gets flurried and excited when
he sees the others going before him. I say,
look there—Firefly is creeping up to the
favorite. I didn't believe Solace when he
talked so eternally of his mare Firefly, and
all she could do. I'm beginning to think
more of her now. What a stayer she must
be! She looks as fresh as a daisy, and goes
along whisking her wicked-looking tail as
though it was all play to her. Melton will
have some trouble with her I think.'

As Templeton finished speaking the out-
sider and the favorite had closed up, and
were now running neck and neck; the next
fence would be the last, and then there were

about half a head, or perhaps the closest race
ever run in "ours," and certainly one that
astonished the judges more than anything
that had been seen for a long time at Alder-
shot.

'The excitement was intense. So close was
the race that some fancied one the winner,
some the other; and it was not until the
judge had formally proclaimed Spitfire's
success that some even of his backers could
be induced to believe in it. After a congratu-
latory shake of the hand to Melton, the win-
ner was almost wholly disregarded, while
every one crowded round the little brown
mare that had come in such a splendid sec-
ond, and that every one knew well could
have won so easily if it had been ridden at
the favorite had been.

'Why, Solace,' said Templeton, in a rather
more excited tone than his usual languid
drawl, 'where in the world did you pick up
that animal, and how did you keep her so
dark? She's a flyer, and no mistake; but
for that shy the race was yours easily, and
if you had held her well in hand you would
not have lost it by that.'

'I know,' answered Solace, laughing
good-humoredly. 'I don't pretend to be a
first class horseman like Melton; still, you
know, I told you all I had got a mare that
would beat the favorite even with my bad
riding; and so she would if it hadn't been
for a fluke. I bought her in the west of Ire-
land; saw her there and liked her when
she was over fishing a few months ago, and have
been trying to ride her ever since. She's a
rough one and no mistake to ride when she's
fresh.'

Courtown and Powell had come in close
together third and fourth; all the other
were nowhere, and now came straggling
one by one, greatly disgusted no doubt at
their position, and as much astonished as
any one else at the unforeseen termination of
the race.

While we were looking at Firefly, as
talking over her splendid success, Melton
stole off; and when I again came toward
the grand stand I was astonished to see him
standing beside a lady, to whom he was
talking with no little earnestness and atten-
tion. A glance at her face, however, e-
lightened me; it was the original of the por-
trait I had admired so much a few days
—no less a person than Miss Meares, the
great heiress, and the promised bride of Cam-
eron, who also stood near, looking with an
chamant, unconcerned eyes on his betroth-
ed and her companion. I looked at her soon
what critically as I approached, and my
own that I was not disappointed; she was
even prettier than his sketch, and there
she talked with an easy, unconstrained man-
ner and a pleasant flow of conversation,
there seemed a mournful depth in her
violet eyes, as she lifted them now and then
to his, that betrayed perhaps more than
would have liked to be observed. As though
he seemed to forget for the time the bar
that existed between them; the excitement
of the ride had flushed his cheek, and
exhilaration of triumph lent a lustre to
eye that made him look handsomer than
had ever seen him look before; while
the same causes chased away all sad re-
membrances, and gave him courage and in-
clination to rattle on in a continuous stream
merry chat and laughter, as happy and
hearted as though no pleading words
passionate prayers had ever passed his
to her. I could not help thinking in
contrast he must present to her eyes with
face, figure, attitude, manner, the les-
semble, of her future husband, as they
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To be continued.

Early to bed, early to rise, makes
healthy, wealthy and wise; but early
and tardy to bed, makes a man's nose
cardinal red.