

adventures yesterday as well as you. Who do you think called upon me after you set out? You'll never guess, so I may as well tell you at once; it was—but you shall hear how it happened. I was just pulling my boots on to try a young bay thoroughbred, that Reynolds thinks might make a steeple-chaser—he's got some rare bones about him, I must say. Well, I was just in the very act of pulling on my boots, when Shrimp makes his appearance, and squeaking out, 'Here's a gent as vonts to see you, sir, partic'lar,' ushers in no less a personage than Lucy Markham's devoted admirer, the drysalter."

"What! the gentleman whose business we settled so nicely the day before yesterday? Freddy Coleman's dreaded rival?"

"Eh! yes, the very identical, and an uncommon good little fellow he is too, as men go, I can tell you. Well, you may suppose I was puzzled enough to find out what he could want with me, and was casting about for something to say to him, when he makes a sort of a bow, and begins,—

"'The Honourable George Lawless, I believe?'

"'The same, sir, at your service,' replies I, giving a stamp with my foot to get my boot on.

"'May I beg the favour of five minutes' private conversation with you?'

"'Eh? oh yes, certainly,' says I. 'Get out of this, you inquisitive little imp of darkness, and tell Reynolds to tie the colt up to the pillar-reins, and let him champ the bit till I come down; that's the way to bring him to a mouth;' and, hastening Shrimp's departure by throwing the slippers at his head, I continued, 'Now, sir, I'm your man; what's the row, eh?'

"'A-hem! yes, sir, really it is somewhat a peculiar—that is, a disagreeable business. I had thought of getting a friend to call upon you.'

"'A friend, eh? oh! I see the move now—pistols for two, and coffee for four; invite a couple of friends to make arrangements for getting a bullet put into you in the most gentlemanly way possible, and call it receiving satisfaction—very satisfactory, certainly. Well, sir, you shall soon have my answer: no man can call George Lawless a coward; if he did, he'd soon find his eyesight obscured, and a marked alteration in the general outline of his features; but I never have fought a duel, and I never mean to fight one. If I've smashed your panels, or done you any injury, I'm willing to pay for repairs, and make as much apology as one man has any right to expect from another; or if it will be a greater ease to your mind, we'll off coats, ring for Shrimp and Harry Oaklands's boy to see fair play, and have it out on the spot, all snug and comfortable; but no pistolling work, thank ye.'

"Well, the little chap didn't seem to take at all kindly to the notion, though, as I fancied he wasn't much of a hruiser, I offered to tie my right hand behind me, and fight him with my left, but it was clearly no go; so I thought I'd better hold my tongue, and leave him