

people who lived and had their day a hundred years ago. I could, in fancy, drive you back from that wonderful scene at Epsom after the Game Chicken had put the seal upon his fame, and record the fine compliments showered by Sir John Dering upon his champion, and the stolid manner in which the youth from Bristol took them. I could tell you again of the humours of the road, and the way the crowd cheered these sportsmen as they passed. In fancy, I see the arrival of the party at the old "King's Head," scene of so many adventures, and the joy of the lovers at the successful ending of all their vicissitudes. I might tell you also of old Bullen, who danced along the passages of his house and kept open tap and gave good cheer to all sorts of wayfaring people and vagrant men for a full three days. I could picture you the dinner mother Bullen served; the merry evening spent by the party concerned in the adventures of the Game Chicken, and how modestly Pearce comported himself when Rosa Dering toasted him, and the dark-eyed Stella kissed him publicly. Last, I might take you back to the town and show how the news of Darleigh's death was received in the night-houses of the West—how my Lord Downshire wagged his head and said, solemnly, that it was better so, and avoided a damned lot of unpleasant scandal; how Gentleman Jackson, displaying his calves before the fire in the One Tun Inn dining-room, pursed his lips and looked as if he had arranged the whole chapter of events; how very late at night, in this same wicked old haunt of pugs and their patrons, rooks and pigeons drank to the dead man in terms unspeakably gross

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