

"Apostolic Succession, and the last words I heard Billy say, were: "You great, hulking, dunderhead, can't you see that you haven't a leg to stand on."

To which the other replied, with a tremendous slap on the back:

"Have a cigar, Billy, I'll take your word for it. Let's put up at Murphy's."—

Where I have no doubt the discussion was renewed in all its bearings.

### CHAPTER III.

Until I reached a town, distant about twenty miles from Brighton, I met no more of my old acquaintances. As I had to change cars there, I waited about the town until evening, and the early spring night had closed in, when I boarded the slow train for Brighton.

I ensconced myself in the little smoking car. Hardly had I settled myself when the door opened, and in walked another exceedingly well-known brother commercial.

He was of a totally different type from either Nichols or Fraser. A Canadian by birth, and somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty years of age, he was a tall, straight and rather cadaverous man, very dark, and almost clean shaven, with a long neck and features to match. Although quite intimate with him, he was not a favorite of mine by any means. Despite the somewhat frigid estimate formed of my character by Fraser, I was a companionable man, and could thoroughly appreciate joviality and "off-handedness" in others. But George Hobbs, so smiling, soft-spoken and complaisant, always warned me off. There was an undertone of sarcasm that seemed to run through his conversation. Besides this, he neither smoked nor "indulged," was scrupulously correct in his language, never expressed a decided opinion upon any subject, never fully agreed or fully disagreed with you. Altogether a most unsatisfactory sort of a man, and yet one whose candid opinion about my-

self I instinctively felt would be very interesting.

So, by way of introduction, I leaned over the back of my seat and offered him the daily paper, which I had just finished reading. He accepted it with a courteous acknowledgment, and we naturally and easily fell into a conversation on the weather. Then, watching my chance, I said: "That was a very sad accident you had up at Higden the other day?"

He looked at me in such a mystified way that I added by way of explanation:

"I mean the death of Mr. Horseman, the commercial traveller, killed by the express"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I had quite forgotten it. Yes, a very sad affair. Well insured. I believe."

I realized at that moment strikingly and almost startlingly the oft-quoted, trite saying, that the world misses no one after he is gone; and I was foolish enough to feel a little nettled.

"Well acquainted with him." I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"Yes, I knew poor Horseman pretty well; although he wasn't the kind of man I cared particularly for."

"Oh, indeed," I said, considerably nettled this time.

"You see he was one of those kind of men that thought themselves better than other people, because he knew who his grandfather was."

In answer to my enquiring look, he proceeded: "He presumes too much on his pedigree. His father was a Church of England minister, somewhere down east, whose father, I believe, had been an admiral, or a colonel, or something of that sort, at the battle of Waterloo, and poor Horseman used to brag a good deal about it when he got a chance. He used to show his family crest, and say that his ancestors came to England with William the Conqueror, or William, Prince of Orange. I believe he went by the name of 'Gentleman Billy' among some of the fellows."