

"I am no match for Monsieur Vernier."

"The deuce! Then I will fight with pistols."

"I advise you to.—You see, if you use large horse pistols and load them to the muzzle, they are sure to kick and miss, and each man withdraws with unblemished honor. Leave me to arrange it. By the Mass, two good men would be great fools to kill each other for a jest."

"Are you sure the pistols will fire wide enough? I should be sorry to kill the man," said Gaudissart.

"Sleep easy."

Next morning the adversaries, both rather pale, met at the foot of the Pont de la Cise.

The worthy Vernier narrowly missed killing a cow that was grazing by the roadside ten yards off.

"Ah! you fired in the air!" exclaimed Gaudissart, and with these words the enemies fell into each other's arms.

"Monsieur," said the traveler, "your joke was a little rough, but it was funny. I am sorry I spoke so strongly, but I was beside myself.—I hold you a man of honor."

"Monsieur, we will get you twenty subscribers to the children's paper," replied the dyer, still rather pale.

"That being the case," said Gaudissart, "why should we not breakfast together? Men who have fought are always ready to understand each other."

"Monsieur Mitoufflet," said Gaudissart, as they went in, "there is a bailiff here, I suppose?"

"What for?"

"I mean to serve a notice on my dear little Monsieur Margaritis, requiring him to supply me with two casks of his wine."

"But he has none," said Vernier.

"Well, monsieur, I will say no more about it for an indemnity of twenty francs. But I will not have it said in your town that you stole a march on Gaudissart the Great."

Madame Margaritis, afraid of an action, which the plaintiff would certainly gain, brought the twenty francs to the clement bagman, who was also spared the pains of any further