

"Whatever your comprehension may be capable of!" And this time, the Baronet escaped, and the interview was over.

"Well!" said his Lordship, "at any rate I've told him my mind, I've satisfied the requirements of honour! Now for the sport! Yoicks! Tallyho! Eh?"

The last word was addressed to a dark gentleman, with a piercing eye, who started from the trees just as the Baronet turned out of the avenue.

"I came," said the dark gentleman, "to tell you not to think any more of the little accident that happened to my sister.—It's a mere trifle; she's not hurt. Good-bye!" And De Lisle shook Lord Dalton's hand heartily, and returned from whence he came.