

'to go for to strike a hunnoffending man like that! Blessed! if I hain't a good mind to chuck yer 'ead fust hout the waggin.'

"Mr. Har—Har—Harkins," stammered the half-strangled advocate of the American eagle, "I didn't mean to do it, I'm very much obliged to you! I do assure you, Mr. Harkins, I hadn't the faintest idea of hitting you; and if money—"

"How much?" demanded Mr. Harkins, fiercely, looking bayonets at his trembling victim.

"Mr. Harkins, if five or even ten dollars—"

"Which is how many pounds?" demanded the somewhat mollified Mr. Harkins.

"Two pounds sterling," said Mr. Toosypegs, in a trembling falsetto; "and I do assure you, Hr. Harkins, I hadn't the faintest idea of hitting you that time. If two pound—"

"Done!" cried Mr. Harkins. "Never say it ag'in. I ain't a man to bear spite at no one—which is a Christian maxim, Mr. Toosypegs. A clip side the head's neither here nor there. Same time, I'll take them two-pound flimsies now, if's all the same to you?"

"Certainly—certainly, Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toosypegs, drawing out a purse well-filled with gold, and opening it nervously. "Three—five—ten dollars, and two for the drive's twelve; and one to buy sugar-plums for your infant family—if you've got such a thing about you—is thirteen. Here's thirteen dollars, Mr. Harkins. I'm very much obliged to you."

"Same to you, Mr. Toosypegs," said Mr. Harkins, pocketing the money, with a broad grin. "'May you ne'er want a frien,' nor a bottle to give him,' as the poic says."

"Mr. Harkins, I'm obliged to you," said Mr. Toosypegs, grasping his hand, which Mr. Harkins resigned with a grunt. "You have a soul, Mr. Harkins. I know it—I feel it. Everybody mightn't find it out; but I can—I perceived it from the first."

Mr. Harkins heard this startling fact with the greatest indifference, merely saying, "Humph!"

"And now, how far do you suppose we are from the city, Mr. Harkins!" said Mr. Toosypegs, in his most insinuating tone.