

ferred, the next morning at daybreak, if he did not care to send an apology for his recent action.

Etherington's friend, on his part, refused the apology, and accepted the challenge, choosing the shore near the mouth of the Don and either swords or pistols—it was immaterial to their principal. Pistols were chosen; then Carey's second, a fierce bully of a fellow, departed, and Etherington had time to ponder on the gravity of his position, and make those preparations customary to those who are about to imperil their lives. Near dawn, by Jarvis' advice, he lay down to try and snatch a little rest, while the former, who stayed with him, did likewise.

It seemed that he had slept only a few moments, when he was awakened by his companion, to find the first faint glimmer of dawn stealing in at the pane, and was brought back to a realization of the deadly encounter, which was ahead of him. He did not fear death—he had seen too much of it of late; and life, as he viewed it, appeared in no roseate hue. He had no one who would grieve if he fell; but the thought of his going out in cold blood, to shoot, or be shot, in a vulgar, personal quarrel, repelled him. All the time he was thinking this, a hundred other jumbled fancies were running through his mind; meanwhile, he was up and making preparations.

The night before, he had made all arrangements with Jarvis, in case he fell. His letters were few; one to Monmouth, explaining all, and expressing his sorrow that such a thing should have happened. The longer one, to Lydia, told his love, and expressed the idea that