

regard of the vanities of this world, and their features, which you characterise as boorish, I think full of intelligence and expression. You should be more moderate, I assure you, and display your in-born nobleness of nature by recognising the qualities of a rival, instead of heaping upon him such a host of extravagant and injurious epithets."

As I concluded this little admonition, which I considered exceedingly terse and effective, I indulged in a copious draught of the now fast-cooling punch, and puffed out a cloud of smoke in the gravest possible manner. Ned looked at me for a moment with eyes and mouth wide open, as though wondering what was going to come next. Gradually his features relaxed, and with a shrug of the shoulders he continued:—

"Very well, then; it is agreed that Herr Hermann is a thoroughly polished and well-bred gentleman, and that my wrath is an insane display of jealousy. We will allow that he is perfectly justified in trying to cut me out—"

"Of course he is; of course."

"In Julia's affections, and that my expressions of disgust are exaggerated and uncalled-for."

"Quite; perfectly ridiculous, indeed."

"And that a German, and Herr Sauerkraut (confound him!) in particular, is an amiable and loveable man?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now to go on with my tale. Mr. Marston, then, brought back with him this philosopher (unwashed sinner that he is!)"

"Ned!"

"Excuse me, I forgot;—brought back this German gentleman to Marston Hall, where he was treated with the greatest deference, and where he engaged with its master in literary pursuits. The two are book-mad, and my business in Paris is to secure a rare edition of Vergil that Mr. Marston has set his heart on, and has long hunted for. He once offered to grant any boon to the man who should bring him information of the whereabouts of this unique