

Darleigh. Your challenge holds good, and when the time comes my man will be there."

A cheer followed the announcement.

"Name, name, name," shouted Lumley Savage, a cry that was taken up by everyone.

"In good time," he answered, "in good time. You forget I have still seven days before I need declare."

The young man in the coachman's coat pulled himself up.

"If I'm not too bold, may I take a liberty?"

Without waiting for a reply, he went on, the men around him listening eagerly to every word.

"Belcher told me to say to the distinguished company that if anyone had challenged him, I was to beg for the honour of taking his place. I come from Bristol, and Belcher says all the champions come from Bristol. Belcher says I'm fit to wear his shoes, and some day shall."

At this bold challenge the whole room rocked with laughter. The young man winced under the ridicule, but held his ground and stood to his purpose. He threw his battered white hat to the floor.

"Gentlemen—I have delivered my message." He looked almost pleadingly at Sir John Dering. "I'm a willing lad from Bristol," he said humbly. "I'm a very willing lad from Bristol, sir. I would consider myself honoured to be allowed to fight any man in this room—now."

"The right stuff, lad; the right stuff," Gentleman Jackson said.

Richmond, stupidly listening, heard the words of the challenge. They acted as if he were a bull