

London, determined to see after the arrival of these keys to Irene's heart himself.

They are all safe but one—the very case which he thinks most of, which is crammed to the lid with those wonderful sky-blue elephants, and crimson horses, and spotted dogs, which the natives of Surat turn and color, generation after generation, without entertaining, apparently, the slightest doubt of their fidelity to Nature. It was consigned, among many others, to the care of a Calcutta agent for shipment and address; and Muiraven is at first almost afraid that it has been left behind. His cousin Stratford suggests that they shall go down to the Docks and inquire after it themselves.

"Queer place the Docks, Muiraven! Have you ever been there? It's quite a new sensation, I assure you, to see the heaps of bales and casks and cases, and to hear all the row that goes on among them. Let's go, if you've got nothing else to do, this morning. I know that it'll amuse you."

And so they visit the Docks in company.

There is no trouble about the missing case. It turns up almost as soon as they mention it, and proves to have come to no worse grief than having its direction obliterated by the leakage of a barrel of tar. So, having had their minds set at rest with respect to Tommy's possessions, Muiraven and Stratford link arms and stroll through the Docks together, watching the business going on around them with keen interest. They look rather singular and out of place, these two fashionably-dressed and aristocratic young men, among the rough sailors and porters, the warehouse-men, negroes, and foreigners of all descriptions that crowd the Docks. Many looks are directed after them as they pass by, and many remarks, not all complimentary to their rank, are made as soon as they are considered out of hearing. But as they reach a point which seems devoted to the stowage of bales of cotton or some such goods, a rough-looking young fellow, a porter, apparently, who has a huge bale hoisted on to his shoulders by a companion, with an exclamation of surprise lets it roll backward to the earth again, and stepping forward directly blocks their pathway.

"Now, my good fellow!" says Muiraven, carelessly, as though to warn him that he is intruding.

"What are yer arter?" remonstrates the other workman, who has been knocked over by the receding bale.

"I beg your pardon," says Joel Cray, address-

ing Muiraven (for Joel, of course, it is), "but, if I don't mistake, you goes by the name of 'Amilton.'"

This is by no means the grandiloquent appeal by which he has often dreamed of, figuratively speaking, knocking his adversary over before he goes in without any figure of speech at all, and "settles his hash for him."

But how seldom are events which we have dreamed of fulfilled in their proper course!

That man (or woman) that jilted us! With what a torrent of fiery eloquence did we intend to overwhelm them for their perfidy when first we met them, face to face; and how weakly, in reality, do we accept their proffered hand, and express a hope we see them well! Our ravings are mostly confined to our four-posters. This prosaic nineteenth century affords us so few opportunities of showing off our rhetorical powers!

On Joel's face, although it is January, and he is standing in the teeth of a cold north wind, the sweat has risen; and the hand he dares not raise hangs clinched by his side. Still he is a servant in a public place, surrounded by spectators—and he *may* be mistaken! Which facts flash through his mind in a moment, and keep him quiescent in his rival's path, looking not much more dangerous than any other impatient, half-doubting man might be.

"As sure as I live," he repeats, somewhat huskily, "you goes by the name of 'Amilton,' sir!"

"Is he drunk?" says Muiraven, appealing to the by-standers. "It's rather early in the day for it. Stand out of my way—will you?"

"What do you want with the gentleman?" demands his fellow-workman.

"Satisfaction!" roars Joel, nettled by the manner of his adversary into showing something like the rage he feels. "You're the man, sir! It's no use your denying of it. I've searched for you high and low, and now I've found you, you don't go without answering to me for her ruin. You may be a gentleman, but you haven't acted like one; and I'll have my revenge on you, or die for it!"

A crowd has collected round them now, and things begin to look rather unpleasant.

"We're going to have a row," says Stratford, gleefully, as he prepares to take off his coat.

"Nonsense, Stratford! The fellow's drunk, or mad. I cannot have you mixed up with a crew like this.—If you don't move out of my way and stop your infernal insolence," he continues to Joel Cray, "I'll hand you over to a policeman."