

off to conquer or die! I had no mamma to make him declare his intentions; and papa, ever since the loss of Mrs. I., has been moping like an old hen with the distemper. I rode straight to the barracks, demanded to see Lieutenant Dobbs, ordered him to mount and ride with me, and once out of sight and hearing of everybody, I drew forth my deadly weapon and presented it full at his fourth waist-coat button!

"Now, then, Lieutenant Plantagenet Stanley Dobbs," I said, in that hoarse, sepulchral voice in which Ristori plays Lady Macbeth, 'you have trifled with my affections long enough! The —th is ordered to Canada. Plantagenet Dobbs, *you will never go to Canada alive!*'

"I declare, Sybil, my voice was so gruff that I nearly scared myself. For Planty, he looked fit to drop.

"Good Ged! Miss Ch—Chudleigh, wha—what do you mean?" he said, with chattering teeth.

"What I say, falsest of men!" I responded, in deeper base still. 'Have you not devoted yourself to me for the past eighteen months? Have you not been my escort everywhere—riding, dining, walking, sailing, dancing, singing—even *eating?* Haven't you, I ask? Didn't the Speckhaven *Morning Snorter* announce, in its fashionable column, the rumored engagement of the dashing and gallant Lieutenant P—n—g—t D—s, to the beautiful and accomplished heiress of Sir R—t C—h? *Didn't* it, I demand? And now you're off to Canada, and I'm to stay behind with a broken heart—a mark for the finger of scorn to poke fun at! Never! by the *manes* of all the Chudleighs! Learn, basest of mankind, how a young and innocent girl avenges the wrongs of traitorous man! Prepare to meet thy *doom!*'

"And then I cocked the pistol a little more. You remember, Sybil, how poor Desdemona looks when that black-complected Moor growls, in a voice like the double-distilled essence of thunder: '*Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?*' Well, Planty looked like *that*. He was white as a sheet—upon my sacred honor!

"Good Ged! Miss Chudleigh—Gwendoline—*dearest* Gwendoline! *don't* do anything rash!" (He was thinking of Mrs. Ingram, you see.) 'I love you—I adore you—upon my soul, I do! And I'll sell out of the —th, and marry you to-morrow, if you like! Only, for Ged's sake, put up that horrid pistol, and listen to reason!'

"I put up the pistol and listened. And the result is we are to be married next week. When I got home that day, I sat down, and I laughed, and I laughed, and I laughed, until Sir

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