

But with a fiendish look on his face, and a curse at his ill-luck, Carey turned, and, followed by his brutal companion, left the field; and here he leaves our story. He returned to his regiment; but his reputation, and the account of his dastardly act followed him, and this, with his debts, forced him to retire from the army and go to the continent, where, long after, he died in obscurity.

Etherington lingered for days, on the verge of death, and for weeks after, was dangerously ill. When he came to himself, it was long days before he could realize what was happening about him. Then one afternoon—it was now winter—he woke from a sleep to see a form leaning over him.

“Do you know me?” a voice said, and Etherington, with the first effort toward interest in life, recognized Monmouth. From that time on, he gradually recovered; but it was well toward Spring before he left the house, and wrapped in robes, drove in a low sleigh through the quaint Capital. As he recovered, Monmouth, who had taken rooms at York for the winter, would come each day to his quarters, and take the young man for a drive; and when Etherington would protest, he would say:

“You have suffered enough from my connections. It is but right that I should try and repay you for the injury that scoundrel has done.”

This was the only reference to Carey that he ever made, though Etherington saw much of him, and, despite his peculiarities, admired him for those noble qualities which lay underneath. Monmouth, Ethering-