

"To assist in subduing the rebellious yankees, of course!" replied the young man, with a slight sneer on his well-cut lip.

"And he wishes his son and heir to aid him in that laudable design, instead of spending his time making love in Paris?"

"Yes; he has obtained for me the post of lieutenant in the British army, he says."

"Which you will, of course, accept?" said the younger of the two, with a peculiar smile, as he lit a cigar, and blew a whiff of smoke from the corner of his mouth.

"Which I most decidedly will *not*!" replied Fred, coolly.

"And why, may I ask?"

"Why? What a question for *you* to ask, Gus! Am I not an American by birth—an American in heart and soul—a thousand times prouder of the glorious land in which I was born than of my father's broad acres in merrie England? Why? I tell you, Gus Elliott, I will join the ranks of my countrymen, and fight and conquer or die with them in defence of their cause!"

He stood erect, while his eagle eye flashed, and his dark cheek glowed with the enthusiasm with which he spoke.

Gus stood regarding him with something like admiration struggling through his usual look of careless indifference.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "I call that pretty strong language for the son of such a staunch royalist as Sir William Stanley. What do you suppose your honored father will say when he sees his son turn rebel?"

"Doubtless," said Fred, quietly, "he will be in a