

But when he came home, she could not resist his air of confidence and satisfaction. He had quite forgotten the affair at the breakfast-table, and was only eager for her help and sympathy. "I have seen Harry," he said.

"Very well. You came here to find him. I suppose I can see him also. I am sure I need to see some one. I have been neglected all day; suffering, lonely,"—

"Sophia, you and I are here to look after our own affairs a little. If you are willing to help me, I shall be glad; if not"—

"You know I will help you in anything I can, Julius."

They went for a drive, and during it met Harry, and brought him back to dine with them. Julius was particularly pleasant to the unsuspecting soldier. He soon perceived that he was thoroughly disgusted with the rigour and routine of military life, and longing to free himself from its thralldom; and he encouraged him in the idea.

"I wonder how you stand it, Harry," he said sympathetically.

"You see, Julius, when I went into the army, I was so weary of Sandal-Side; and I liked the uniform, and the stir of an officer's life, and the admiration of the girls, and the whole *clat* of the thing. But when a man's time comes, and he falls so deeply in love that he cares for nothing on earth but one woman, then he hates whatever comes between himself and that woman."

"Naturally so. I suppose it is the young lady I saw you walking with this morning."

And Harry blushed like a girl as he gravely nodded his head.

"Does she live here?"

"She will for the future."

"And you must go back to your regiment?"

"Almost immediately."

"Too bad! Too bad! Why not leave the army?"

"I—I have thought of that; but unless I returned to Sandal-Side, my father would be angry beyond everything."

"Fathers cannot be autocrats—quite. You might sell out."

"Julius, you ought not to suggest such a thing. The temptation has been lurking in my own heart. I am sorry you have given it a voice. It would be a shameful thing to do unless father were willing."

"I have a friend anxious for a commission. I should think a thousand pounds would make an exchange."

"Do not speak on the subject, Julius."

"Very well, I was only supposing; a fellow-feeling, you know. I have married the girl I desired; and I am sorry for a young man who cannot."

But the germ of every wrong deed is the reflection whether it be possible. And after Harry had gone away with the thought in his heart, Julius sat musing over his own plans, and Sophia wrote the letter which so unnecessarily and unkindly shadowed the pleasant life at Seat-Sandal. For though the squire pooh-poohed it, and Charlotte professed indifference about it, and Mrs.