

larly lithe and graceful in figure, with jet black tresses, small, well-shaped hands and feet, and large, lustrous eyes, that lose only too early their youthful fire and languor.

Our day's march is about twelve miles, and after another hour's trudging we come upon the new encampment, the white tents nestling cosily as before, on a level, or rather, gently rounded swell of undulating ground, a curtain, as it were, connecting two loftier hills. The regiment has been in some time. The baggage animals

have been unladen, the rations issued, and breakfast is in course of preparation. I wend my way to my tent, which is pointed out to me by a fatigued man, and after a delightful *douche* in cold mountain water, throw myself full length upon my *charpai* to wait lazily the advent of *bawarchi* with breakfast. That finished, there is nothing to do but while away the hours as best one may till the *reveille* sound the assembly for the route the next morning, as before.

ACCUSED BY THE DEAD.

BY E. MACG. LAWSON.

I THREW my *Materia Medica* aside, too restless to study, and thrusting my hands deep into my pockets, began mentally to review the situation. Here was I, a man twenty-three years of age, exiled from all the attractions of the city, from all contact with any sort of culture (other than agriculture) forbidden all manner of work, mental or physical, with instructions to rest and accumulate flesh.

After a four years' course in Arts at Toronto University, I had at once entered the faculty of Medicine. I had always been a hard student, and consequently had to pay the penalty. At last Exams., I had found myself a physical wreck, and the doctors had ordered me to leave work and rusticate for awhile. It was, then, six months ago that I had first come to B—.

I had liked the place well enough at first, but the want of some one with whom I might exchange ideas had soon become so great that I had resolved to return to the city. And this I assuredly would have done had not my landlady one morning informed me that a "handsome gent." had taken a

room in the farm house that stood about half-a-mile from mine. I had resolved to call on this man and beg him for pity's sake to help me spend some of the time that hung so heavily on my hands.

I had found him, at first, in all respects a most amiable companion. He was about thirty-five years of age, small in stature and rather foreign in appearance. His eyes were of that coal black, indefinitely expressive type so rarely met with among our very intimate friends. His brow was narrow, and his mouth, partly concealed by a well trimmed brown moustache, was small and rather indicative of weakness. I had noticed all this at a glance, and yet was prepared to find my new acquaintance a most agreeable companion. And I had not been mistaken. He had received me with all courtesy, inviting me to stay and lunch with him, and giving other evidences of a gentlemanly disposition towards me. There was one thing in his manner, however, that I could not help setting down in my estimation of him, to his discredit. I constantly felt that he was studying me with a suspicious