

I invited the assistant-surgeon to come up to my quarters, and introduced him to my sister. He was quite a young fellow, and seemed quite flattered by my simple attention, for in the army they have not quite made up their minds whether a medical officer should be treated as a gentleman. The strangest thing I ever saw in my life was my sister's conduct. Of course, speaking to you fellows I shan't be misunderstood, and some of you have seen her. She laid herself out to please him to an extent I never should have thought my dear grave Meggie capable of; sang to him, played to him, and made eyes to him till I thought her brain was turned. She said she should so like to see his quarters, asked him to ask us to lunch, and shut me up like a rat-trap, when I ventured to hint that it might not be convenient.

Well, he went away at last as mad as she was. I spoke to her after he was gone, and she fell into my arms sobbing as if her heart was breaking, and then without a word of explanation, ran out of the room.

Next day he went to his quarters, and nothing would satisfy her but that he should mix up some medicine for her out of the bottles of the little travelling case. There was she, handling and sniffing and tasting everything, like a child of ten rather than a girl of eighteen. She sent him about the room, made him bring books from the opposite side of it so that she might read about the properties of the drugs; and, in short, behaved so like a lunatic that I thought the trouble about Gerald must have affected her mind. I got her away at last and intended to insist on her remaining in the house and putting some ice to her head. It was quite unnecessary: the minute we left the surgery she was calm and silent as a nun.

Well, the days passed in some sort of dreary fashion till the evening of the 11th. I had been asked during the day to go down with the officers to see some rifle practice, at some temporary marks, and I went down.

It was rather late when I rode up to the firing point, and they were just leaving off; and one of them came up and said.

"I say, captain, tell us the cause of these new bullets turning inside out?" and he handed me a bullet reversed, just such another as Williams has in his hand.

I took it, just to explain the matter to him, when a thought struck through my mind like a flash of lightning.

"Saved, by God!" I exclaimed. "Who's got that bullet out of the saddle?"

"What bullet?"

"Gerald's—my cousin's"

"Oh! Gentleman Jack's affair. The doctor's got it."

"Where is he?"

"Don't know; quarters I think."

"No, he's come into town, I saw him on the road as we came by."

I sped on into the town, leaving them to think what they pleased; and spent more than two hours finding the doctor. At last I caught him. In another minute we were riding full gallop to his quarters.

He had the bullet—a little bruised and singularly flattened, and blunted at the point; it must have been just spent when it struck.

I then went to the sergeant who had charge of the nineteen rounds of ammunition that were found in Gerald's pouch. About midnight I contrived to find him, and after some little delay I got possession of them.

I then returned to the doctor, and we compared the nineteen bullets with the one found in the saddle. I then ran to the tel-

egraph clerk, roused him out of bed, and told him to telegraph to the headquarters in Calcutta, to my lieutenant in charge of the magazines.

After an hour's waiting, ringing at the bell, an answer came that the night watchman would fetch the lieutenant. I then sent message No. 1.

"Examine the books, and see the date on which the last ammunition was sent for the use of the 40th Dragoons. Find the same parcel, and carefully remove one cartridge from each of twenty packets, selected at random; take out bullets, and remove plugs, and send No. in base of cup of bullets."

The answer came back that he understood, and that he would rouse up the people to do it.

After an hour and a half, the answer came:

"All the bullets are numbered 5, with a dot on the right."

I then sent message No. 2.

"Examine what cartridges bear the No. 2 with a dot on the left, and report to whom issued, and when. Report quickly—a man's life depends on speed."

Again I watched another hour. No answer came.

It was getting late—half past two. At four the parade would take place. I urged more speed.

The reply came:

"We have ten men at work breaking open barrels, and searching. No No. 2 yet found."

At last it came:—

"One barrel No. 2 in store: the rest of the same shipment was damaged and useless, and sold in bulk to native dealers for value as old metal at one of the clearance sales some time ago."

I had learned all I could. I spurred back to camp with the bullets, from which I had never parted, in my pouch. I should never forget the scene.

In the middle of the camp the men were drawn up in two sides of a square, in the centre of the square were the triangles, with Gerald lashed to them. I saw them as I came down the hill take off his jacket and lash his wrists. I sped on. I could see the old colonel, with the paper in his hand, standing alone, and then I saw nothing more, for a dip in the road concealed them: as I rose again to the crest at less than a quarter of a mile, I saw a woman rush in from between the ranks towards the triangles, holding something in her hand. I darted on, and rushed into the square, but just in time to seize the farrier's arm, as the lash was descending, and to see that the woman was my sister, and that she was being led away between two sergeants.

"Stop, colonel, for the love of God!" I cried, with my hand still grasping the farrier's arm;

"I have evidence to prove the man not guilty."

I then showed the colonel the bullet that had come from the saddle and the others from the pouch, and pointed out to him that while one was marked No. 2, the others were all marked No. 5, with a dot. I assured him, on my honor as an officer and a gentleman, that it was almost impossible that a No. 2 could by any chance get into a packet of No. 5 bullets. He was only too glad to hear me, and agreed to postpone the execution of the sentence till further orders from the general of his division. I've heard some shouts, and I've seen some displays of enthusiasm in my time, but I never shall forget the shout that rose the minute that the colonel had pronounced that the execution of the sen-

tence on Corporal Ashton would be postponed until further orders.

The men had been standing at "attention," many of them with the tears rolling down their cheeks, but when they heard "postponed," they broke ranks, rushed up to the triangles, cut the lashings, broke the cat, screamed, shouted, danced like madmen.

"Three cheers for 'Gentleman Jack' and his wife! Again! again, boys!"

Officers and all joined in for a few minutes. There stood the old grey-headed colonel in the midst of a scene that out-bedlamed Bedlam.

As for me I was like a man in a dream; I felt a hundred hands grasping mine. I had my sister sobbing in my arms, and then I heard the colonel say to the bugler, "Sound the assembly."

What a change! in less than a minute I stood by the fallen triangles in the centre of three lines of living statues. Not a sound; not a movement.

"Major Jackson, reform your column and break off the men," said the colonel; and then walked away with myself and my sister.

"But what did your sister do there?"

(Continued in our next.)

FROM BARRIE.

The 35th Battalion Simcoe Foresters are in a very efficient state; and should occasion be given for a trial of their metal, will, undoubtedly, under the command of their able Colonel, Alexander R. Stephen, give a good account of themselves, and show that although they claim to be foresters, that they understand how to protect the maple of our land, if they do destroy it sometimes, and the scores of their practices show they do not waste their time and ammunition with random shots, and the foe that ventures on the Northern shore will require to be well versed in light infantry drill, and especially that part of it where they are required to take advantage of all cover; and now there is to be a fresh stimulant: the people of the County are getting a magnificent stand of colors manufactured, which are to be presented to the Battalion this fall, when we hope to give a detailed description of them; and the companies of this Battalion having had their share of active service, pride themselves (and not unworthily) that they are not much behind their neighboring battalions in the knowledge of their duties, and it must be admitted that they show a very good example in acting up to that knowledge. Nearly all of the companies have fine drill sheds, and those that have not are having them constructed, and there is but one fault with them in particular that is the defect in building the armories, which causes a great amount of damage to the rifles. This is a part (and the most important part too) which there is not enough of attention paid to, and there might very conveniently be some improvements made. The men are all looking anxiously for the Snider-Enfield, and hope as soon as their full work is done, to be able to have a little target practice with them. There are two other branches of

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