

"Gentlemen, ready! One, two—"
 "Hold, hold! in the name of His Majesty. I command you to hold."
 I turned to see whence the voice proceeded. A troop of horse had dashed in at the opening, and we were surrounded. I glanced at the colonel. He was just rising from the ground, his face bleeding. Dr. Moriarty had saved me from little less than murder; for, as I had turned at the harsh command, Colonel Gannett had essayed to fire, but the quick and powerful arm of the doctor had sent him reeling to the ground with a blow in the face.

The doctor picked up his weapon, which had fallen from his hand.
 "Colonel Gannett," said a tall man in a cloak, retreating his steed close to the person addressed, "you deserve to be cashiered for this. Leave the spot at once, sir, and make your preparations to depart for Belgium with your regiment. And as for you, Major Ingleside," continued he, turning to me, "your regiment is already in the field, and needs all its officers. You will sail this day. A boat will wait for you at Gravesend at noon, to convey you to the transport fleet. See that you are on board."

"But he is wounded, your highness," said Lord Grantville, interposing.
 "Only slightly," echoed Dr. Moriarty, in his eagerness to separate me from the colonel. "He will recover in a week or two at farthest."
 "My orders, gentlemen, are peremptory, and you may consider yourselves under arrest till they are executed to the very letter."

On arriving home I hastened to seek my father and informed him of what had occurred. To my astonishment he gave me to understand that everything was known, and the Countess Minnie had been the cause of the interruption of the duel. Fearing from my sudden disappearance that something had happened, she had given the alarm, and in answer to her intercessions the duke, who highly esteemed her, had placed spies on the alert, and succeeded in discovering the place of meeting. My father could not, however, blame me for taking up the cause of our insulted guest, but did not wish bloodshed to grow out of it. I then inquired for the countess. She had not arisen.

I was alone in the drawing-room at eleven when she came in. I sprang to her side and took her hand. There were traces of tears in her eyes, while pride and coldness seemed struggling in her bosom with the love she had professed for me.

"I have come to bid you farewell," said she. "And to give you a letter."
 "For whom, dearest Minnie?"
 "For yourself, Charles; but it must not be opened till the shores of England have faded from your sight."

She made me promise that I would comply, and it was with a strange foreboding I placed it next my heart. Our conversation was short and was interrupted by the entrance of my father. Minnie bade me farewell and passed out the door, then she darted upstairs to her own room, and I saw her no more.

At noon I was on board the vessel. It was with the utmost impatience that I watched every movement, anxious to read the letter she had given me, yet honorably determining to fulfil my promise.

Several hours elapsed and then the shores of my native land being lost to view I broke the seal with trembling impatience. The lines were full of meaning; love, unbounded love, breathed out everywhere. An inexpressible anguish filled my heart. She had written that, although betrayed into an avowal of her feelings, and only too happy to know that I loved in return, yet she felt she could not be mine. Her estates lay at the mercy of Bonaparte, and her very title was but a mockery. It perished with her husband—was hers only by courtesy. In the eventful contest which was to be waged the once conqueror of Europe might again become its master. Napoleon had created the title, and when he fell her husband had been one of the first to turn against him, and died a victim to the vengeance of a soldier of the Old Guard. And thus, without name or fortune, Minnie Infield would not seek to force herself upon the acceptance of a proud and noble house like mine, or have the world say that she married only to save herself from want. We had met for the last time, and, though we might never meet again, yet but one name should be in Minnie's heart—that of Charles Ingleside.

I bent over the letter in agony of soul. The night, before so bright, seemed an oppressive glare, the world a tedious round of duty, the future a blank. It was long before I could really compose myself, and not till the vessel had reached the Belgian shores, and the bustle of the camp was around me, did my natural energy return: and then only because, in the dim watches of a night on duty, a thought flashed into my mind—a thought of hope, based on the fall of Napoleon. Ah, said I, internally, if my arm and my will can aid in crushing out this giant of ambition, they shall be used unflinchingly, mercifully.

I need not depict the scenes of the few succeeding weeks. Napoleon flew from Paris to Belgium, strewed the corpses of tens of thousands of Prussians on the heights of Wavre, and swept down on Brussels. I was detached with a portion of my regiment to harass the advance of one of his divisions.

The dirt flew in a shower beneath our chargers' heels. Our front rank rushed full on the bayonets. A galling discharge emptied half our saddles, and at the same moment my horse

sank with me to the earth. I extricated myself hastily and seized a riderless horse. At that instant the light dragoons charged where my forlorn hope had led the way, and the very ground shook beneath the rush of twelve hundred noble steeds. The colonel was in advance. I had my hand on the bridle, and the next moment would have been seated, but with a yell of triumph and a meaning look of demoniac exultation the colonel trod me down beneath the hoofs of his charger. It was done purposely. I knew it, for he might with a turn of the rein have passed me by unharmed. How I ever escaped with life I cannot tell. I became insensible beneath the iron hoofs, and all the scenes that followed were to me an utter blank.

Yet it was with joy I heard amid my pain, a few days after, when I lay stretched on my couch in the capital of Belgium, the glad news of the great victory at Waterloo, for I thought of Minnie, and dared to hope. It was very long before I had sufficiently recovered to return to England, and then my health was so poor that the physicians deemed my hope of complete recovery but slight. I had received some severe internal injury, they said, and if I were not much better in a month the winter must be spent in Italy.

The Countess Minnie, I was told, had left England just before I did, and while I remained at my father's country seat at this time the news came to us that she was at Florence, whither at once my thoughts were turned with an ardent longing.

The month passed, and I was no better. I one day sought my father in his library, and unbosomed everything to him, excepting my suspicions of the malice of the colonel in the occurrence I have related. He sympathized with my feelings, declared that neither poverty nor a want of proper title should be any objection to my union with Minnie, and in reply to my entreaties sallied forth to endeavor to accomplish a purpose regarding Minnie which would remove all her objections.

I had been in Florence but a week before I saw Minnie, but not near enough to speak. She passed me in a light barouche, drawn by four horses. One other lady, as beautiful as she, sat by her side, and on the opposite seat were two gentlemen, evidently Italians. The whole party seemed in a gay mood, and Minnie's well-remembered smile smote my heart, for it seemed to me that she could not love me and yet seem so happy in what she meant should be an eternal separation.

In a few weeks I had sufficiently recovered to allow of venturing into society. My name and my father's rank were magic passwords, and ere long I had made many acquaintances. Invitations were overwhelming, and, though prudence might have forbidden, I accepted them, hoping that I might meet Minnie. I sought her everywhere, but in vain, and all my inquiries, made in a casual way, were fruitless. I thought of Rome, of Naples, but then again travelling in search of her without some definite clue to her whereabouts would have been idle, and such thoughts were relinquished.

While I was in this unsettled state, seated one day at my window, having just returned from a ride, the same barouche I had before seen passed by at rather a slow pace; it was driven by postillions. There were three ladies on the seats and one of them, I knew at a glance, was Minnie. The steeds of myself and valet were at the door, where my valet was detaining the hostler with some trifling remarks of his own. I leaned out of the window.

"Giacomo," said I, "come up, quick—quick!"
 He was at my side in half a minute. I pointed to the barouche, then just visible through an opposite grove, for it had turned down a side road.
 "Giacomo, that carriage contains a lady who pleases me. Mount and ride; you shall have your wages doubled if you can trace her home. There are three, but she is in snowy muslin. Hasten."

He needed no farther bidding. He returned in three hours in high glee at his success. He had traced the carriage to the country residence of a French exile, at some eight miles' distance; the family were but five in number, and lived quite secluded.

In my impatience I at once set off to find Minnie, my valet leading the way. His exultation at his success seemed to make him superior to fatigue. It was late in the afternoon when we drew up at the gate of a spacious mansion; I sent in my card to Minnie. In due time I was shown into the drawing-room; she was not there, but a polite French lady informed me that Minnie could not see me, that it was unwise in me to desire it, and if I persisted she must seek some other place of refuge.

How those words struck to my heart. In vain I pleaded and prevailed on the fair lady to endeavor to change Minnie's resolution; the lady returned, but Minnie, she said, was unchangeable, though she seemed very sad. Of course, at that hour, I accepted the invitation tendered me by the lady to stay over night, and rejoiced to think that I was once more under the same roof with Minnie.

While conversing at the window with the exile, who came to entertain me after the lady retired, upon the beauty of the grounds I perceived a graceful female form which I instinctively recognized as the countess.

The opportunity was not to be lost. Love had a conflict with etiquette, and triumphed. It was Minnie I came to see, not my entertainer, and I stepped away from him suddenly. My valet

who had himself been looking for the lady, met me and led me rapidly to the opposite side of the grounds; a low fence stopped our progress, but was instantly scaled. We were now in a small enclosure, where the most beautiful flowers grew in luxuriant profusion, filling the air with their delicious perfumes. The moon had risen. Giacomo pointed to an arbor at a short distance. The moon's rays seemed to show an indistinct whiteness, as of a lady's dress half hidden by the leaves. The arbor opened away from us, and as I left Giacomo at the wall and cautiously advanced, my heart beat with fearful rapidity.

At last I stopped at the back of the arbor, and peered in through the foliage. I knew it was Minnie's form, but the face was hidden in her hands, as she half reclined on the arm of a cushioned settee. A moment more and I softly knelt at her feet.

"Minnie, dearest Minnie," said I, in a low tone.

She started to her feet, and gazed at me. The surprise prevented her from taking to flight, and she sank back into the seat, and wept freely.

"Minnie, forgive, oh, forgive me!"
 "There is nothing to forgive, but much to regret," murmured she. "The bitterness of parting must come again, the task of recovering my fortitude be struggled through again, and struggle it was!"

"Minnie," said I, seating myself beside her, and drawing her towards me—for she was passive as an infant—emotion had vanquished pride, and mustered resolution for the moment.
 "Minnie, we need never part again."

"Charles, you dream it—you dream it! You do not know me. This night is all that is left me of love; when we leave the arbor we separate to meet no more on earth. Yet I will love you for ever and ever, Charles."

"You did not hear me, Minnie; I said we need never part again, and I meant it. And you, too, will say it and mean it, before long."

She shook her head, and let it rest on my shoulder.
 "Napoleon has fallen, you know, and you are still the Countess Minnie Infield, still the wealthy mistress of a broad domain, and I come to you, bearing the patent of nobility renewed, the certificate of full possession in property restored. What will you say now?"

She sat up, and looked eagerly, yet with a troubled air, into my eyes.

"Oh, Charles, you would not deceive me!"
 "The papers are in my trunk, in Florence, Minnie; you shall see them to-morrow. Do you not believe me, Minnie—not me?"

A ray of happy light shot over her features. She leaned heavily on my bosom, but when I would have called assistance she prevented me, saying to me it was but a momentary faintness.

In due time we surprised our friends at the house by appearing arm-in-arm, both looking supremely happy, and, in less than three months after, our bridal day was appointed, and preparations set on foot for our nuptials to be celebrated at my father's house.

PUT TO THE TEST.

BY PAULINE GRANT.

"But suppose he should recognise me, after all, Helen?"

"Not a bit of danger of that, May, you are too well 'got up,' thanks to your humble servant."

"Let me take a long, last lingering look at myself, and I'm off;" and she stepped to the glass and surveyed herself. She gave a little laugh. "Ugh! how my teeth gleam through my dusky complexion! We must remedy that. Go down and get me some walnut-juice."

The desired fluid was brought, and enough partaken of to bring the gleaming teeth to a colour not conspicuously observable through contrast with the general appearance of the person.

"There you are, May, so transformed your own father wouldn't recognise you. Complexion utterly changed, eyebrows blackened, hair tucked out of sight under a widow's cap, seedy black dress, and worn cotton gloves. Who would look for the 'rich and flattered heiress' in this guise? Here, let me adjust your veil. There, you'll do now for a poor widow of thirty-five, I think."

"Well, Helen, I hope we may find that Henry Smith has been slandered," was the rejoinder; "but I could never promise to marry him with such a doubt unsolved."

"No, indeed, May. But go, my blessings will follow you," she added, laughing.

Down the back stairs stole the quiet poverty-stricken-looking little woman, and gained the street by a back alley. Drawing her rusty crape veil closely down over her face, she slowly walked along till she reached the door which bore the name "Henry Smith, Solicitor." Ascending the stairs, she stood at the office door, and tapped timidly.

"Come in," was the rejoinder from within.

Timidly and tremblingly May pushed open the office door of the man who had but the day previously besought her to become his wife.

Henry Smith sat at a table which was strewn with law papers, with his feet thrown over the arm of a chair, and a half-consumed cigar in his teeth. Casting a glance at the meek-looking little figure before him, which glance seem-

ed to assure him there was no call for politeness on his part, he leaned back in his chair and remarked.

"Well, madam, what do you wish?"
 "Can this be the exquisite Mr. Smith, who is so very courteous to ladies in society?" thought she. But she said, in a voice which trembled from suppressed excitement, "Will you please let me be seated a moment, sir? I am not strong, and the stairs have taken my breath."

"Chairs over by the window, there," was the reply; but he never lowered his feet from the one on which they rested, or laid aside the cigar.

After a moment's pause, in which the pale and sick woman seemed to collect breath and composure, she said, drawing a paper from her pocket:

"If you please, I called to see you for charity. My husband was killed six months ago by a fall from a building, and left me penniless. I worked, and earned a meagre support for myself and little ones by copying, until I was no longer able to get even that to do. Being ill with overwork and anxiety, I could no longer support my little family, and my children have been taken to the workhouse. People who had known how hard I tried to do for them have helped me a little, and so I have been saved from there to. If I can succeed in keeping along for a few days, until I have a little more strength, I hope to obtain work, and be able to take care of myself again. Here's a paper with the names of those who knew me, and that I am not an impostor, and who have helped me in my illness and poverty."

Not a word from Henry Smith all the while, but he coolly puffed the cigar.

"Will you not help me a little from your abundant means?" pleaded the poor woman.

"O dear!" yawned he; "I wished beggars could be abolished by statute." Then to the woman, "Really, madam, your story is very well got up; but, so far as I'm concerned, no beggars need apply. If you can't support yourself, why, go to the workhouse. That's the place for such as you."

"But sir—"
 "My dear woman, there's the door. I can't be bothered any longer."

Slowly and sadly the poor woman wended her way down the stairs, and down the street until the corner shut her from sight, and then fairly flew until she reached the residence of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the city. Here she rushed in at the front door, and unceremoniously up-stairs into the pretty room she had shortly before left. Tearing off the widow's garments, she was soon engaged in telling her friend Helen the result of her mission.

"It's just as you told me, Helen. Henry Smith has no more heart than a block of wood, and no more politeness;" and her cheeks burned as she thought of his rudeness. "And to think he should come here, and be so very devoted and polite to me, when it is all false to his true nature! Thank heaven! I've found him out in time."

Helen laughed softly, and said,—
 "What answer shall you give him this evening, May?"

"Wait until evening, and see," was the reply, as May went on with her becoming toilet.

Meanwhile, Henry Smith, after mentally condemning all beggars to torture, and arrayed himself himself to his lodgings, and arrayed himself scrupulously for the purpose of calling to receive his answer from the young lady of his affections; but in the midst of his thoughts of her, the pale face of the dark little widow would intrude herself.

"Confound that creature!" soliloquised he, as he neared the mansion. "I can't keep her out of my mind. There was something familiar about her, as if I had known her some time. But pshaw! who has any sympathy for beggars? I shall be one myself in a month, if I don't get this girl of old Bailey's, with her father's cash."

Ringling the bell, the servant showed him into a brilliantly lighted drawing-room, where, in silk and jewels, shone the fair young girl whom he had asked to be his wife.

She rose to meet him, and he eagerly began,—

"Dearest May, I'm all impatience for your answer. Don't keep me in suspense another moment. Is the treasure mine?"

With painful distinctness every word of the answer smote on his ear.

"O, dear! I wish beggars could be abolished by statute."

He opened his eyes and stared at her; then the truth seemed to burst upon him.

"May! Miss Bailey!" gasped he. "What is this?"

"Really, sir, your story is well got up, but so far as I am concerned, no beggars need apply."

Catching up his hat, Henry Smith left the house so hurriedly that the hall door slammed. If he did not gain the heiress and her money, let us hope he gained in wisdom and charity.

APPLE-SAUCE.—Pare and core four baking apples, and put them into a lined saucpan with half a tea-cupful of cold water; cover the saucpan close, and stand it by the side of the fire, just near enough for the apples to simmer gently until they are done—a certain time cannot be specified, as some apples will take only half an hour, others nearly two hours. When they are sufficiently done, pour off the liquid and let them stand for a few minutes to get drier; then beat them with a fork, add a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg, and a tea-spoonful of powdered sugar.