

"All is safe," said he, bowing politely to Mrs. Dashville as she drove past. "Dashville, you look well after your trip, the Colonel has been enquiring about you, he says the Regiment is getting quite slack since you left; that is a feather in your cap I can tell you. What is the matter with Cressingham? he spoke little and seemed quite confused," continued Herbert, looking after Walter, who had followed the Garrie and was conversing with his sister as they proceeded onwards.

"There has been a great mistake made somewhere," said Dashville, "look at those lines," he resumed, at the same time handing him the letter he had received from Sergeant Winter.

"Well," replied Herbert Grey, "what has Charles Herbert's reduction to do with it? he has left the Native Infantry and joined his former Regiment; but how that can affect Cressingham I cannot understand."

"But," said Dashville, "we all thought it was you, and as you may well imagine, felt much concerned about it; however it gives me great pleasure to find you are all right again. You will excuse me for I must overtake my wife."

"Your wife," exclaimed Herbert, "your wife?"

"Yes; I married Cressingham's sister at Mhow a few days since; come up in the evening, and I will introduce you," said he walking rapidly away. Herbert C. y remained stationary for a few moments and then moved off slowly towards his own quarters.

It was a great satisfaction to Walter to find that instead of his friend it was a Quartermaster Sergeant Charles Herbert of the Native Infantry, that had been reduced to the ranks. He blamed himself for judging so hastily, and sincerely regretted the unlucky chance that threw Dashville in their way while passing through the jungle. An explanation and apology was due to Herbert, and he that evening wrote a full account of the whole affair and sent it to him. The next morning he paid Herbert a visit; he was too generous and too great a friend for him to bear any resentment, and they parted, on the usual terms, as if nothing had transpired to interrupt their friendship.

Alice felt considerable embarrassment on her first introduction to Herbert Grey, but was set at ease by his quiet gentlemanly manner; and when he again visited them, which he did frequently, she endeavored by her courtesy and pleasing attentions to convince him that she was at least not unmindful of the generous effort he had made in her behalf.

Some months later Herbert received his commission as Lieutenant and Quartermaster and was sent to Bombay on some duty connected with his office; before his return Dashville had been promoted Lieutenant and Adjutant, and Cressingham to the vacant Sergeant Majorship. Dashville, poor fellow,

did not long enjoy his rank, for the first Brigade parade at which he acted as marker to the Regiment, he was thrown from his horse and died before he could be removed to his bungalow. This was quite a severe blow to Alice and her brother, and threw a gloom over her little circle.

A short time after her husband's funeral, Alice, by the advice of her brother, paid a visit to some friends at Mhow, who had invited her to stay with them during the first few weeks of her bereavement, in hopes that time and change of scene would in some degree alleviate her sorrow and assuage her grief.

"Where are we now?" exclaimed the occupant, aroused from his slumbers by the sudden stopping of the dummy.

"On the banks of the river Taptee," replied the driver, as the traveller descended from the vehicle.

"Hand me my rifle," said Herbert Grey, for it was he, on his way back to join his Regiment. He carefully examined his weapons, for it was at such places that the Tiger and Cheeta lurked ready to pounce upon the droves of cattle as they crossed the river. Descending the steep path that led to the water's edge, by the light of the moon and aid of the stepping stones that were placed at regular intervals, he succeeded in crossing the broad but shallow stream dry shod. Silently ascending the opposite bank he was about to immerge from the deep shadow of the over-hanging trees when, on the road at a little distance in front of him beneath the broad moonlight, he observed a party of Bheels (robbers) in the act of plundering a Bullock Garrie; for a moment he was undecided whether to advance singly or wait until his servants came up. At this moment a fresh object met his view, a little to the right of the road, on the high bank, apparently engaged in stripping the prostrate form of what appeared to him to be a European lady of her jewelry; at this instant a loud shriek broke on the stillness of the night; in a moment the bright steel-creese of the ruffian glittered in the moonbeams, and was about to descend into the heart of his victim, when a shot from Herbert's rifle felled him to the ground, and falling backwards he rolled over the edge of the bank and dropped into the river beneath. At the report of the rifle and the appearance of the Sahib, the other Bheels fled to the jungle, and on Herbert's advancing he recognised in the fainting and almost helpless form before him the pale but beautiful features of Alice Dashville. From his servants who now came up he procured some stimulents and soon succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, then lifting her gently in his arms, conveyed her to the Garrie. When sufficiently recovered she informed him that she was on her way back to Zillapoor when they were attacked; she was dragged out half fainting and thrown upon the bank; her quick ear having caught the sound of wheels crossing the river, she ut-

tered that scream, which, but for the timely aid of Herbert Grey, would have been her last. Her driver and the two Chuprassees, (Native Policemen) that had hid themselves on the first appearance of the Bheels, now came forward and with the assistance of the other servants soon set matters all right again, and Alice, under the protection and friendly escort of Herbert, soon reached their station in safety.

After a suitable time had elapsed, Herbert sought her love and again made her an offer of marriage; grateful for the preservation of her life and no doubt impelled by a deeper feeling towards him, Alice accepted his offer and became his wife. All the elite of Zillapoor were present at the wedding, for Alice's story, like most things of the kind, had leaked out, and all were anxious to be introduced to the beautiful and interesting heroine.

Not a great while after this event, in looking over the orders, I noticed the following:—"Sergeant Major W. Cressingham, to be Lieutenant without purchase, vice Serling, promoted." Thus the two friends are now both officers, and Alice as happy as she could wish.

HONOR TO A YOUNG CANADIAN.—We are gratified in being able to announce that Lieut. Charles W. Robinson, P. C. O. Rifle Brigade, youngest son of the late Sir John Beverly Robinson, has been appointed to the Professorship of Military History in the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. This says much for the talents and acquirements of one who, without any particular interest, has been able to carry off one of the prizes of the British army. We noticed some articles in the English newspapers respecting this appointment, some complimenting the Duke of Cambridge, as Commander-in-Chief, for having thrown it open to competition, others taunting him for having done so, "when only one in fifteen thousand could obtain it." No doubt the competition was keen enough, but we hardly thought that a young Torontonian was to be the successful candidate. We heartily congratulate him on the honors he has obtained. The office is held for five years, while the officer's position and chances of promotion in his regiment remain as before.—*Toronto Telegraph*.

WHALEN—A NEW TRIAL.—It is reported that Mr. J. H. Cameron has, as counsel for Whalen, obtained the Attorney-General's assent as a preliminary to moving for a Writ of Error during next term, in order that the question raised by Mr. Cameron in relation to "the challenge for cause," may be argued in Term. It was this objection to the ruling of Justice Richards that led to the postponement of Whalen's execution till after Term. It was a legal necessity under the circumstances, and any other reason assigned for the long period allowed to elapse between conviction and execution is groundless. It is not probable, however, that a new trial will be granted.

Col. Miller, an old and highly respected resident of Niagara, died on the 10th inst. He was one of the Militiamen who defended the frontier in 1812.