

below, while detached parties watched our place of refuge from the opposite bank of the river.

The chance of breaking through the line of

our besiegers scenned, therefore, hopeless, and it was with a sinking heart that I looked out on our besiegers seemed, therefore, nopeness, and it was with a sinking heart that I looked out on the river flowing so calmly and peacefully at my feet. After the capture and death of our first emissary we had allowed the dark nights to pass by, during which it might have been possible for a messenger to have passed the enemy by swimming down the river, and now the bright mountight rendered such an attempt certain of detection by our watchful besiegers. Had that not been for the helpless women and children, it not been for the helpless women and children we might at least have salled out and died like we were we had not even this resource, and could only suffer doggedly to the inst, and then, as others had done before, reserve our last car-tridges for the women and die as manfully as we might

As I stood sorrowfully watching the tranqui river and felly noting the progress of an old gharrer floating down the stream, a sudden thought flashed across my mind! Would it not be possible for a swimmer to escape undetected by concealing his head with one of those ghurrees as I remembered to have read was the custom of some of the ducoits, or thieves, on the river and so float unsuspected past the rebelencamp-ment below? I should explain that the pharrees are large earthen puts used by the natives as cooking utensis, and when damaged or worn out are usually thrown out into the river, where they may be daily seen drifting along with the current. Full of the idea I burried off to the Major and propounded to him my scheme, volun-teering to carry it into effect. He seemed to have little hope of its success, but consented to it on condition that one of the Sikhs should go instend of myself. I pointed out that in this case it would be necessary to send a written state-ment of our condition, which, if it should fall into the hands of the enemy, would infallibly destroy any faint chance of the slege being aban-doned before we were completely exhausted by famine. After some discussion the Major consented that I should make the attempt, and I set about my preparations.

It was agreed that nothing should be said to

the rest of the garrison; and about an hour after the sun had set I started on my perilous

night journey.

I had taken the largest ghurree I could find in the house, which fitted loosely on my head and neck like some cumbrous helmet. In the sides I had drilled two or three small holes, and ha-bited only in a dark flannel shirt and trousers, with my revolver and a few spare cartridges bound securely on my head, I slipped quietly into the water behind the shade of the boats

which lay at the steps.
I had constructed a small life-preserver of two pleces of cork, which, tied round my neck, en-abled me to float without exertion, and lessened the chances of detection from any commotion of the water. Paddling gently, with my hands well below the surface, I gradually worked out into the centre of the stream, where I felt the full force of the current, and was carried quietly and easily along. In about half an hour from the time I had quitted the house, the voices of the mutineers at the ghat began to sound plainly to my curs. While drifting down my earthen heimet was turned slowly round and round by the current; so that half the time I had to dethe current; so that half the time I had to depend only on my sense of hearing to warn mor the approach of danger. I dared not lift my covering lest the motion should attract some watchful eye, and now, when I became aware that I was nearing the great point of peril, I waited with hexpressible anxiety for the moment when the revolutions of the ghurree would give me a glimpse of my position. When the longed for moment came I found to my horror that the surrent was delivered to be that the current was drifting me directly on to the ghat, from which I was then distant less the grat, from which I was then distant less than thirty yards. I used my hands as vigorously as I could, in the hope of getting to the edge of the current, but the stream was too powerful for any exertion I could venture to make, while, to add to my distress, at this moment the holes in the gharrer passed again beyond my line of sight, and I was once more drifting blindly into thouse? I have give myself un for lost and to danger! I now gave myself up for lost, and it was only by a great exertion of will that I could resist the impulse to throw off my covering, and sedzing my revolver, to sell my life as dearly as

and I remained passive in an agony of intense expectancy that no words can describe! The voices of my enemies now seemed to be within a few feet of me, and every moment I expected to find my frail covering dashed to atoms, and myself face to face with my relontless foes. Minutes, that seemed long, long hours thus passed ere I once again got a fleeting glimpse of my situation. Then, with what a fervent emotion of gratitude to the Providence which had preserved me, did I see that I had drifted undiscovered past the abit, and that the current was now slowly setting me out again into the middle of the stream! For more than an hour I drifted along ere I deemed it prudent to take a more extended survey of my position by lifting cautiously the edge of my helmet. then found that the ghat and station were hidden from view by a bend of the river, and neither huts or nat... were visible on either bank.

ent on my discretion, nerved me to endarance

But the thought of the helpless beings I had left behind, whose last hope of escape from a fate worse than death might be depend-

Divesting myself of my friendly covering 1 swam to shore, and clambering with some difficulty up the muddy bank, concealed myself in a small patch of jungle close by. Faint with the privations I had undergone, and chilled by my long immersion in the water, it seemed impossible that I could ever get across the fifteen miles of rough country that separated me from the Great Trunk Roul, which was the point 1 troops were moving. A supfrom my spirit flask, which I hadfaaken the precaution to place on my head, somewhat revived me, and unimated by the thought of my committee, whose resone cemed now more hopeful, I again started or

my tollsome journey. Recling with weakness and fatigue: now wad ing knee deep through the swampy rico fields, anon forcing my way with maked and bloeding feet through thorny jungles, I pressed on through that long weary night. At length, just as the sun rose redly above the horizon, I found myself on the well-known road, and there in the dis-tance, oh joyful sight! rose a cloud of dust, through which giftered, in the rays of the morn

ing sun, the bayonets of a British regiment.

Despite my utter exhaustion, I ran along the road like a madman to meet them, but had carcely told the tale to the commanding officer

ere I fainted away.

I remembered nothing more until I was roused from my stupor by the roar of our field-pieces and the rattle of musketry; and looking from the curtains of the hospital dealy in which I found myself. I saw our brave follows driving scoundrels like frightened sheep

across the country.

I was invalided and sent home, where I soon recovered my health, but I do not think my nerves have ever been the same since that memorable Night Journey.

NO FAMILY should be without Johnson's Anodyn. Liniment. It is inestimable in emergencias

ARBUTI CARMEN.

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

I know the wild-wood haunts where thou abidest, And, there, the mossy nooks where most thou hidost. Arbutus, sweet and shy.

And this fair day, while April's sun was climbing, And bird and break in sweet accord were chiming Spring's opening melody:

By the old saw-mill with its wheel swift going, Half mad, half merry at the flushed streams flow

ing. We took a winding road:

Rough yet and rutty from the winter travel Of clumsy wheels, that scooped the sodden g And crenked with timbered load :

A mountain-road none but the woodman uses, Or, haply, some light-hearted group that chooses Brief inlet to the hills—

Like me and mine—to find thee, sweet Arbutus. Or chesnuts in the full, where none dispute us, With hindering bars or bills.

Like me and mine ! I think that king or kaiser Had borrowed pride to be the happy praiser Of girls and boys like mine.

think. O pale Arbutus! thy pink flushes Less lovely than my maidens' sudden blushes— Half human, half divine : That Light, and Love, and Joy - each heavenly

Lays on their cheeks, in hues than thine scarce fainter, Yet fading not with May.

And thy coy blossoms, by the mosses stifled, Of sweets, by lither arms were never rided, Than of my boys to-day.

With shouts of glee that set thy petals quaking. From every moss-plumed bank light ecnoes waking. They urged the frolic raid.

O shy Arbutus I vain the curtains mossy, And vain thy shield-like leaves so green and glossy To give thy beauties aid I They say, sweet flower, that pride is not thy fail-

ing, But is there not. I prithee, in thy "trailing" A touch of floral pride?

Didst thou not inly laugh while hiding under-Mosses and leaves—to fancy my glad wonder— As I thy charms espied ?

And while thou hast—and mayst deserve—the credit Of being shy—just as the bards have said it— 1 cannot help the doubt:

That if thou didst not understand thy beauty— Thou wouldst not hide from just a sense of duty, Glad not to be found out !

I must confess thou dost not love the garden, And shunnest puths the common footsteps hurden, But may not this be tact—

To make us woo thee in thy native wildwood— To fuscinate alike, age, youth and childhood— More coquetry in fact?

But, no! I see thee blush from wase and basket— Thy vory white turns rosy as I ask it— And sets my doubt at rest. I think thou art of all sweet flowers the shyest, And so shall seek thee more, as more thou fliest— Towcar upon my breast.

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THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued.)

He had almost decided the point to his own satisfaction, and was going into the shop, when he stopped suddenly, turned on his heel, and walked a few paces farther, still meditating.

"How about aunt Hannah "he asked him-self. "There's the rub. If I were to send Grace my likeness, she must surely see it. What is there which those piercing eyes of hers do not see? And yet I must be the clumsiest of Lotharios if I can't cheat unt Hannah. What were such sharp-eyed all-seeing people created for, except to be duped egregiously, sooner or later ? Yes; I think I am a match for aunt Hannah."

He turned back again, and this time went straight to the jeweller's counter. He selected a locket—the handsomest, or the one that pleased him best, in the shop: a massive dead-gold locket, oval, with an anchor in large richlooking pearls on the back; such a jewel as a man would scarcely choose for a farmer's and so rare. He turned the locket over in his fingers thoughtfully after he had chosen and paid for it.

"I suppose, now," he said to the shopman vou could make me a false back to this thing, and put a portrait into it in such a manner that its existence need only be known to the owner

The shopman replied diffusely, to the effect that the thing was practicable, but would be troublesome, requiring great nicety of adjust-ment, and so on, and so on, and would be, of course, expensive.

"I don't care about a pound or two more of less," said Mr. Walgrave. "I should like the thing done, if it can be slone neatly. There must be a secret spring, you understand, in the style one reads about in novels. I never say it in real life; but I have a fancy for trying the experiment. You can send to me for the photograph in a day or two; and the some you can let me have the locket the better "

He tossed his card on to the counter and de parted, more interested in this trifling purchase than he had been in anything for a long time " It is a relief to do something that will lease her," he thought.

It was a relief; but he was not the less rest less and uneasy. The Cardimum case had no charm for him. New briefs, which had accu-mulated during the last fortnight of his absence, The Cardimum case had no failed to interest him. He had been less than week away from Brierwood, yet it seemed as if that ancient garden in Kent were divided from him by the space of a lifetime. His common life, which until this time had seemed to him all-sufficient for a man's happiness, was out of

He hardly knew what to do with himself After the excuses he had made about East. bourne he could not go abroad; yet he would live to have rushed headlong to some wild out-of-tho-way village in the Tyrol, and to spend his autumn climbing unfamiliar mountains He fancied he could get rid of his infatuation in some remote region such as that; but chained to London, in the dull dead season of the year, there was no hope of cure. Grace Redmayne's

image liminted him by day and by night, mixed itself with every dream, came between him and his books, pushed Cardimum v. Car-mum from their stools.

Would be not have been safer at Eastbourne in the society of his allianced, living the life of gentility by the senside? He could hardly fail to ask himself this question. Yes; he would be safer, most assuredly, walking that narrow pathway, his footsteps guarded from all possibility of wandering. He would be safer; but he felt that such a life just now would be simply unendurable. The commonplace talk, the narrow mind-narrow though it was stored with stray lines from Tennyson and Owen Meredith, and had been enriched by a careful perusal of every book which a young lady of position ought to read; narrow, although its culture during the educational period had cost from two to three hundred a year—from these he shrank as from a pestilence; in plain words, he felt than an unbroken week of his future wife's company would be the death of him.

And when they were married, what then ? Well, then, of course, it would be different. No -above all a successful barrister—need see enough of his wife to be bored by her companionship. Nor can a man's wife, unless she is inherently obnoxious to him, ever be utterly uninteresting. They have so many ideas in common, so many plans and arrangements petty, perhaps, but still absorbing for the mo-ment—to discuss and settle,—the list of guests for a dinner-party; the way-bill of their au-tumn pilgrimage; the name of their last baby; the pattern of new carpets; the purchase or non-purchase of a picture at Christic's. The wife is only a necessary note—the subdominant—in the domestic scale.

But the long days of courtship, when there is no fervent love in the soul of the lover; the long summer evenings, when he is bound to stroll with his chosen one by the calm gray sea; when to talk too much of his own prospects and plan of life would be to appear worldly; when he is bound, in fact, to complete his tale of love-making, to produce the given number of bricks with ever so little straw—those days are the days of trial; and happy is he who can pass through them unscathed to that so-lemu morning which elenches the bargain with joyous ringing of bells, and gay procession of bridesmaids, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and transforms the exacting betrothed into the submissive wife.

" I have not the slightest doubt we shall get on very well together when we are married," Mr. Walgrave said to himself; " but the preli-minary stage is up-hill work. I know that Augusta is fond of me, in her way; but O, what a cold way it seems after the touch of Grace Redmayne's little hand, the look in Grace Redmayne's eyes! Thank God, I did my duty in that affair, and was open and above-board from the first."

There was nothing in the world to delay Mr. Walgrave's visit to Eastbourne during the following week, except his own caprice; but he had a fancy for waiting until that locket he had bought in Cockspur-street was ready for him. He selected the photograph which represented him at his best, had it carefully painted by an expert hand, and sent it to the jeweller. At the end of the week the locket was brought to him. The spring worked admirably. On opening the golden case, there appeared a bunch of forget-me-nots in blue enamel; but on pressing a little knob between the locket and the ring attached to it, the dainty little enamelled picture opened like the back of a watch, and re-vealed Hubert Walgrave's miniature. The contrivance was perfect in its way, the forget-menots a happy thought. The man to whom the work had been intrusted had taken the liberty to suppose that the trinket must needs be a

love-gift. Hubert Walgrave was charmed with the toy, and had it packed, registered at once to "Miss Redmayne, Brierwood Farm, near Kingsbury, He wrote the address, and posted the little packet with his own hands, and then wrote Grace a formal letter, a letter which could bear the scrutiny of Mrs. Redmayne.

" My dear Miss Redmayne,-I experienced so much kindness from your family and yourself during my very pleasant visit to Brierwood. that I have been anxious to send you some litle souvenir of that event. I know that young ladies are fond of trinkets, and I fancy that your kind aunt would prefer my sending my little offering to you, rather than to herself. I have offering to you, rather than to herself. man would scarcely choose for a farmer's therefore chosen a locket, which I trust Mr. and daughter, unless he had sunk very far down that pit from which extrication is so difficult token of my gratitude for all the kindness I received under their hospitable roof.

a With all regards, I remain, my dear Miss

Redunayne, very faithfully yours,
HUBERT WALGRAVE."

He read the letter over, and blushed, ever so faintly, at his own hypocrisy. Yet what could be do? he wanted to give the dear girl just one little spark of pleasure. Upon a slip of paper he wrote: " Il y n un ressort entre l'anneau et le médaillon; touche-le, et tu trouverus mon portrait;" and enclosed the slip in his letter. Grace would open her own letter, no doubt, and the Redmaynes would hard-ly see that little slip of paper in an unknown tongue.

And so ends the one romantic episode in my unromantic life," he said to himself, when he had posted the letter.

A day or two afterwards he made up his mind to pay that duty visit to Eastbourne; it was a thing that must be done sooner or later. It was already much later than Miss Vallory could possibly approve. He expected to be lectured, and went down to the quiet watering-place with a chastened spirit, foreseeing what await-

This little sea-coast town, with its umbrageous boulevards and dainty villas, was looking very gay and bright as he drove through it on his way to the habitation of the Vallorys, of course one of the largest and most expensive houses fronting the summer sea. One of the newest also: the bricks had still a raw look; the stucco appeared to have hardly dried after the last touch of the mason's trowel. Other houses of the same type straggled a little way beyond it, in a cheerless and unfinished condi tion. It looked almost as if the Acropolissquare mansion had been brought down by rail, and set up here with its face to the sea. The untinished houses, of the same pattern, seemed to have strayed on into a field, where the strange scentless flora of the sea-coast, chiefly of the birch-broom order, still flourished. was what Sydney Smith has called the "knuc-kle-end" of Eastbourne, but designed to become the Belgravia of that town. Was not Belgravia itself once a 4 knuckle-end"?

There was a drawing-room, spacious enough for a church, sparsely furnished with "our cabriolo suite at seven-and-thirty guineas, in carved Italian walnut and green rep!" a bal-cony that would have accommodated a small troop of infantry; and everywhere the same aspect of newness and rawness. The walls still smelt of their coat of paint, and plaster-of-paris crumbs fell from the ceilings now and

then in a gentle shower. The Aeropolis-square footman ushered Mr. Walgrave to the drawing-room, where he found his betrothed trying a new piece on a new Erard grand, in a new dress—an elaborate costume of primose cambric, all frillings and puttings and flutings, which became her tall slim figure. She were a broad blue ribbon round her throat, with a locket hanging from it —a locket of gold and gems, her own mono-gram in sapphires and diamonds; and the sight of it reminded him of that other locket. Grace Redmayne had received his gift by this time; but there had been no acknowledgment of itas yet when he left London. Indeed, no letter from Brierwood could reach him directly, since he had never given the Redmaynes his London address. They could only write to him through John Wort.

Mr. Walgrave had not been mistaken about the impending lecture, but he took his punishment meekly, only murmuring some faint re-ference to Cardimum versus Cardimum—so

neckly, in fact, that Augusta Vallory could scarcely be hard upon him.

"You may imagine," she remonstrated in conclusion, "that I find a place of this kind very dull without you."

"I am afraid you will find it much duller with me," Mr. Walgrave replied drearily; it whatever cancely for grinty I may possess.

" whatever capacity for gaiety I may possess which, at the best, I fear, is not much—is ways paralysed by the sea-side. I have enjoyed a day or two at Margate, certainly, once or twice in my life; there is something fresh or twee in my life; there is something fresh and enjoyable about Margate; an odour of shrimps and high spirits; but then, Margate is considered vulgar, I believe."

Considered vulgar!" cried Miss Vallory with a shudder. "Why it is Houndsditch by

the sea !"

"If Margate were in the Pyrenees, people would rave about it;" her lover replied coolly. 'I have been happy at Ryde, as you know, went on his most leisurely manner, but with a little drop in his voice, which he had practised on juries sometimes in breach-of-promise cases and which did duty for tenderness; "but with those two exceptions, I have found the scu-side—above all, the genteel seaside—a failure. The more genteel, the more dreary. If one does not admit Houndsditch and the odour of shrimps, the pestilence of dulness is apt to descend upon our coasts. Cowes, of course, is tolerable; and I rather like Southsea—the convicts are so incresting; and where there are ships in the offing, there is always amusement for the Cockney who prides himself upon knowing a brig from a brigantine."

Discoursing in this lauguid manner, lovers beguiled the time until dinner. Mr. Walgrave was not eager to rush down to the beach and gather shells, or to seek some dis-tant point whence to take a header into the crisp blue waves, after the manner of the enenthusiastic excursionist, who feels that while he is at the sea he cannot have too much of a good thing. He lounged in the balcony, which was pleasantly sheltered by a crimson-striped awning, and talked in his semi-cynical way to his betrothed, not by any means over-exerting himself in the endeavour to entertain her.

"The Arion is here, I suppose," he remarked by and by.
"Yes. I have been out in her a good

deal." " With your father ?" "Not very often. Papa gives himself up to laziness at the sea-side. I have had Weston

with me." 'Happy Weston !" "As the happiness he may have enjoyed was quite open to you, I don't think you need af-

fect to envy him." My dear Augusta, I envy him not only the happiness, but the capacity for enjoying it. You see, I am not the kind of man for a "tame cat." Weston Vallory is; indeed, to my mind, he seems to have been created to fill the position of a fine Persian with a bushy tail, or an Augora with pink eyes."

"You are remarkably complimentary to my relations at all times," said Miss Vallory with

" My dear girl, I consider the mission of a tame cat as quite a lofty one in its way; but you see it doesn't happen to be my way. A man who trains his whiskers as carefully as your cousin Weston, lays himself out for that sort of

thing. Have you been far out ?"
"We have been as far as the Wight. We went to the regutta at Ryde the other day, and had luncheon with the Filmers, who are intensely grateful for the villa."

Then my Lady Clara Vere de Vere has not found the time heavy on her hands."
"Not particularly. I have ridden a good

" With Weston ?"

"With Weston, You envy him that privilege, I suppose ?" This with a little contemptuous ose of the splendid head, and an angry tlash of the fine black eyes. If Hubert Walgrave had been in love with his future wife, that little angry look would have seemed more bewitching to him than the sweetest smile of a plainer woman; but there was another face in his mind, eyes more beautiful than these, which had never looked at him angrily. He contemplated Augusta Vallory as coolly as if she had been a fine example of the Spanish school of portraiture—a lady by Velasquez.

"Upon my honour, I think you grow hand-

somer every time I see you," he said; "but if you ask me whether I envy Weston the delight of riding through dusty lanes in August, I am bound to reply in the negative. Man is essentially a hunting animal, and to ride with-out anything to ride after seems to me unutterably flat. If we were in the shires now, in November, I should be happy to hazard my neck three or four days a week in your so-

"But you see it is not November; if it were a barrister must prevent your wasting any time upon me during that mouth."

With such gentle bickerings the lovers beguiled the time until the ringing of the dressing bell, when Miss Vullory handed her affi-anced over to the custody of the chief butler, and went upstairs to array herself for the small his burden, family gathering. Mr. Walgrave found him. "It is a

self presently in a roomy bedchamber-walls and ceiling painfully new, grate slightly at variance with its setting, bells a failure, win-dows admirably constructed for excluding large bodies of air and admitting draughts, furniture of the popular senside type—brand-new Kid-derminister carpet of a flaring pattern, rickety Arabian bedstead, mahogany wardrobe with doors that no human power could keep shut, everything marble-topped that could be marbletopped; no pineushion, no easy-chair, no writ-ing-table, and a glaring southern sun pouring in upon a barren desert of Kidderminster.

"So Weston has been very attentive—has been doing my duty, in short," Mr. Walgravo said to himself as he dressed. "I wonder whether there's any chance of his cutting me out; and if he did, should I be sorry? It would be one thing for me to jilt Augusta, and another for her to throw me over. Old Vallory would hardly quarrel with me in the latter event; on the contrary, it would be a case for solutium. He could hardly do enough for me to make amends for my wrongs. But I don't think there's much danger from my friend Weston; and after all, I have quite done with that other folly-put it out of my mind, as a dream that I have dreamed."

He went downstairs presently, and found Mr. Vallory in the drawing-room, large and stolid, with a vast expanse of shirt-front, and a double gold eye-glass on the knob of his aquiline nose,

reading an evening paper.
This of course offered a delightful opening for conversation, and they began to talk in the usual hundrum manner of the topics of the hour. Parliament was over-it was the indignant letter season, and the papers were teeming with fervid protests against nothing particular. Extortionate inkeepers in the Scottish highlands, vaccination versus non-vaccination, paterfamilias bewaiting the inordinate length of his boys' holidays, complaints of the administration of the army, outeries for reform in the navy, jostled one another in the popular journals; and Mr. Vallory, being the kind of man who reads his newspaper religiously from the beginning to the end, had plenty to say about these things.

He was a heavy pompous kind of man, and Mr. Walgrave found his society a dead weight at all times; but never had he seemed so en-tirely wearisome as on this particular August evening, when less aristocratic Eastbourne was pacing the parade gaily, breathing the welcome breeze that set landwards with the sinking of the sun. Hubert Walgrave felt as if he could have walked down some of his perplexities, had he been permitted to go out and tramp the lonely hills, Beachy Head way, in the sunset; but in that lodging-house drawing-room, sitting on the creaky central ottoman contemplating his boots, while Mr. Vallory's voice droned drearily upon the subject of army reform, and "what we ought to do with our Armstrong guns, sir," and so on, and so on, his troubles sat

Weston came in presently, the very pink and pattern of neatness, with the narrowest possible white tie, and the air of having come to a dinner-party. He had slipt down by the afternoon express, he told his uncle after his day's work in the City.

"There's an attentive nephew!" exclaimed Mr. Vallory senior; "does a thorough day's work in Great Winchester-street, and then comes down to Eastbourne to turn over the leaves of his cousin's music, while I take my after-dinner nap, and is off to the City at a quarter to cight in the morning, unless he's wanted here for yatching or riding. Take care he doesn't cut you out, Walgrave."

"If I am foredoomed to be cut out," Mr. Wal-

grave answered with his most gracious smile, "Mr. Weston Vallory is welcome to his chance of the advantages to be derived from the transaction. But the lady who has honoured me by her choice is in my mind as much above sus-picion as Casar's wife ought to have been."

The young lady who was superior to Casar's wife came into the room at this moment, in the freshest and crispest of white muslin dresses, dotted about with peach-coloured satin bows, just as if a slight of butterslies had alighted on it. She gave Weston the coolest little nod of welcome. If he had really been a favourito Persian cat, she would have taken more notice of him. He had brought her some music, and a batch of new books, and absorbed her atten-tion for ten minutes, telling herabout them; at the end of which time dinner was announced, to Mr. Walgrave's infinite relief. He gave Au-gusta his arm, and the useful Weston was left to follow his uncle, caressing his whiskers meditatively as he went, and inwardly anathematising Hubert Walgrave's insolence. The dinner at Eastbourne was as the dinners

in Acropolis-square. Mr. Vallory's butler was like Mr. Merdle's, and would not bate an ounce of plate for any consideration whatever; would have laid his table with the sune precision one might suppose, if he had been laying it in l'ompeii the night of the cruption, with an exact foreknowledge that he and his bunquettable were presently to be drowned in a flood of lava. So the table sparkled with the same battalions of wine-glasses; the same property tankards, which no one ever drank from, blazed upon the sideboard, supported by a background of presentation sulvers; the same ponderous dishes went round in a ceremonial procession, with the entrees which Mr. Walgrave knew by heart. Mr. Vallory's cook was an accomplished matron, with seventy guineas a year for her wages; but she had not the inexhaustible resources of an Oude or a Goulfé, and Hubert Walgrave was familiar with every dish in her catalogue, from her consomme aux œufs to her apple-fritters. He ate his dinners, however, watched over with tender solicitude by the chief butler and his subordinates—ate his dinner mechanically, with his thoughts very far away from that seaside dining-room.

After dinner came music and a little desulto-

ry talk, a little loitering on the balcony, to watch the harvest moon rise wide and go over a rippling sea; then a quiet rubber for the gratification of Mr. Vallory; then a tray with brandy and seltzer, sherry and soda, a glass of either refreshing mixture compounded languidly by the two young men; and then a general good-night.

"I suppose you would like to go out in the I have no doubt I should be told the duties of Arion to-morrow," Augusta said to her lover, a barrister must prevent your wasting any time as he held the drawing-room door open for

her departure.

"I should like it above all things," replied Mr. Walgrave; and he did indeed feel as if, tossing hither and thither on that buoyant sea, he might contrive to get rid of some part of

"It is a species of monomania," he said

