

"Thank you, General, thank you," he said cordially, and he stood up and held out his hand.

"You will stay the night, at least," said General Feversham.

"I must get back to London at once."

General Feversham rose from his chair, and accompanied Durrance across the terrace.

"I should have been very glad if you could have stayed," he said. "I see few people nowadays. To tell the truth, I have not perhaps any great inclination for company. One grows old and a creature of customs."

"But you see Sutch, I suppose."

"Very seldom," and the General straightened his back. "There have been no Crimean nights since Harry went away."

They passed into the hall, and General Feversham threw a glance up at the portraits ranged upon the walls.

"As you say, why should he not come back?" he asked, and though he asked the question in the most indifferent voice, he repeated it to himself many times that evening while he sat on that bench which had once been his wife's favourite seat, and gazed out across the moonlit country towards the Sussex Downs.

TO BE CONTINUED

MY FRIEND THE COUNT

By W. A. Fraser, author of "*Mooswa*," "*The Outcasts*," etc.

CALCUTTA is the Mecca of English Griffins.

A "Griffin" is not a very serious animal; he is only a junior who goes out to that land thinking he knows very much more than he really does. I was a Griffin. I went to Calcutta; therefore things happened to me—this race thing happened.

It was ordered of the gods of a certainty—Vishnu or Krishna, or somebody in the Hindoo Pantheon; for I did not know a race-horse from a *dhoby's* donkey, and I had been taught that betting was one of the cardinal sins.

It is considered necessary to be versed in the Hindustani language to prosper in India, but my good fortune came to me through bedevilling the few words I knew of that back-handed language, which runs from right to left.

I had been dining with young Steel, who was in indigo, and half-a-dozen other men, at their chummery out at Ballypore, and was on my way back to my quarters in a gharry, when the foundation for my present fortune

was laid by The Thing that had it in charge.

When we turned into Ghowringhee Road my Hindoo driver pulled up his ramshackle old horse, and peering down at me through the gharry blinds, asked, in Hindustani, where I wished to go.

Suddenly thrown on my own resources linguistically, my intellect wavered for a minute, groping about blindly in the dark for the word meaning my house. All at once, like a revelation it came to me. Yes, there could be no doubt about it—it was the right word; and I answered promptly, "*Jahannam jao*," sinking back in my seat with a sigh of relief as I realized how well I was getting on with their barbarous speech.

My gharry man cheerfully answered, "*Achcha, sahib*," (very good, sir); and with eager profanity urged his rest-loving steed to hurry the sahib forward.

It was The Thing, Krishna or otherwise, that whispered that word in my ear, else it had not come so nimbly to