

nearly 2,000 in number, little knew how small was the opposing force. Ricketts worked away with his 9-pounder; the Sikhs, spread out in skirmishing order, fired briskly, and the officer that had commanded the Rajah's cavalry helped as best he could, though dangerously wounded. At last the mutineers found out how few were fighting against them; they charged. They were repulsed; but, ammunition failing, Ricketts fell back towards Loodiana. The Jullundhur brigadier had made a move; his European force had marched to a spot near Philour. The brigadier and his men heard the firing around the ferry; for two hours at least that firing lasted; but the brigadier, tender-hearted man that he was, considered his soldiers too fatigued to fight. So he waited for the morning. But the mutineers did not wait for the brigadier; they pushed on to Loodiana, burnt some buildings, opened the gaol, did some other damage, and continued their flight towards Delhi.

(To be continued.)

A COLLEGE TRAINING.

HOME from college came the stripling, calm and cool and debonair,
 With a weird array of raiment and a wondrous wealth of hair,
 With a lazy love of languor and a healthy hate of work,
 And a cigarette devotion that would shame the turbaned Turk;
 And he called his father "Guv'nor," with a cheek serene and rude,
 While that raging, wrathful rustic called his son "a blasted dude,"
 And in dark and direful language muttered threats of coming harm
 To the "idle, shif'less critter," from his father's good right arm.

And the trouble reached a climax on the lawn behind the shed—
 "Now, I'm goin' ter lick yer, sonny," so the sturdy parent said;
 "An' I'll knock the college nonsense from yer noddle, mighty quick."
 Then he lit upon that chappie like a waggon-load of brick;
 But the youth serenely murmured, as he gripped his angry dad:
 "You're a clever rusher, Guv'nor, but you tackle very bad;"
 And he rushed him through the centre, and he tripped him for a fall,
 And he scored a goal and touch-down with his papa as the ball.

Then a cigarette he lighted, as he slowly strolled away,
 Saying: "That was jolly, Guv'nor; now we'll practise every day;"
 While his father, from the puddle, where he wallowed in disgrace,
 Smiled upon his offspring, proudly, from a bruised and battered face,
 And with difficulty rising, quick he hobbled to the house;
 "Henry's all right, Ma," he shouted to his anxious, waiting spouse;
 "He just licked me good and solid, an' I tell yer, Mary Ann.
 When a chap kin lick your husband, he's a mighty able man."