

lieve she quite understood my compliment.

"What is it Dick?" asked Kate when we were alone.

"Will you do something for me, dear?"

"Yes Dick."

"But you do not know what it is darling."

"I can trust you," was the answer.

"I want you to marry me before I re-join my regiment."

"If you please, Dick."

Then I took her in my arms and told her my reason, namely that if the worst happened she would be provided for, whereupon she clung to me and sobbing talked a great deal of nonsense about my generosity forsooth, and said a number of other things which need not be set down here, though they were all very sweet and nice.

Thus it was arranged, and on the 20th October 1857, by the garrison Chaplain at Delhi, Captain Richard Clevedale of the 167th Dragoons, wedded Katharine, only daughter of the late Colonel Marsden of the 103rd Bengal Cavalry. I left immediately afterwards to join the army at Alumbagh near Lucknow, where Sir Colin Campbell, as commander in chief, arrived on the 9th November, and in conjunction with General Havelock, rescued the besieged at the residency a few days later, the latter brave old warrior being carried off by dysentery in another week. His name almost above any other is brought back to us when we recall those times, and Havelock will always be indissolubly connected with the Indian Mutiny. I remember him seated on his charger, his head covered with his white military cap, the "puggerve" dropping behind, to protect his neck from the sun, his face haggard and worn with disease, but an indomitable courage flashing from his eyes—a knight, truly "sans peur et sans reproche." About the end of November General Windham met with a repulse at Cawnpore, and part of that city was taken by the mutineers, but on the 5th December, led by our grizzled haired commander in chief, we marched to victory and retook what had been lost.

The year 1858 began by the mutineers fortifying Lucknow, to which we laid siege in March, taking it after a hard struggle and completely routing the enemy, but alas one was killed who had made his name dreaded by the mutineers all through the North West Province—I refer to Colonel Hodson who, with his Irregulars, had by his rapid movements and dashing surprises, created a kind of superstitious fear among the enemy which often carried him to victory against tremendous odds.

But you will be saying that having described how I was married, this tale should come to a conclusion, and no doubt you have had enough of battles and fighting, so although it was another year before I could finally sheath my sword and proceed to Bombay, where my wife then was,

I will pass over that period in a very few words. The Government of India, which had been in the hands of a company for one hundred and fifty years, was ceded to the crown and the Queen proclaimed 1st November 1858. Sir Colin Campbell had won his peerage under the title of Lord Clyde, and your humble servant receiving no further wounds, retired as Major Clevedale feeling with gratitude rather than vanity that in the words of a great statesman he had earned "Peace with Honor."

Mrs. Clevedale was staying with a great aunt in the latter's bungalow at Colaba, an outskirt of Bombay. This aunt was a little old lady of over seventy, widow of the late Colonel Hough, and always boasted with pride that she had danced with Sir Arthur Wellesly, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, when he was in India at the commencement of this century.

It was in January 1859 that I drove up to Mrs. Hough's bungalow to meet her from whom I had been parted so long, and from whom I was never again to be separated. I am standing in the room when a slight young figure enters, and the next instant she is on my breast murmuring—"I knew God would keep you safe and send you back to me dear."

After some minutes, during which time I decline to put down what took place; she looks at me and exclaims "Why Dick how brown you are, and positively you are becoming bald."

"And I do believe Kate you have grown," I reply.

"Nonsense; I had stopped before you ever saw me."

"You are the tallest woman I ever met," I say.

"What do you mean Dick? I am not nearly so tall as—"

"I am five foot ten without my boots my dear," I interrupt, "and yet I must always look up to you," at which she laughs, as all wives should at their husbands' jokes, however poor they may be, but nevertheless my remark was one of those "many true things spoken in jest."

And now Delhi with its beautiful gates, Agra with the wonderful Taj and the lovely harbor of Bombay vanish like a dream. Yet hardly so, for before me lies a letter with the Indian post mark on it, beginning "My dear father" and ending "Your affectionate son, Stirling Clevedale," in which is mentioned a certain Master Harry whom I hear in the room above me. Five and thirty years have flown, and still as my wife hands me a cup of tea I see in her the same woman who plighted her troth to me in India, for to me she has never changed.

(The end.)

RUNNING AFTER A HAT.

Some don't run. They pretend to smile when they see their hat borne along on the breeze, and glance at the laughing faces around in a way implying, "Yes, it is funny, and I enjoy the joke, although the hat is mine." Nobody believes you, but if this does you good, you should do it. You don't attempt to catch your hat as it were on the wing. You walk after it, smiling, as if you liked the joke the more you think of it, and confident that the hat will come to rest presently. You are not the sort of a man to make a fuss over a hat. You won't give the hat the satisfaction of thinking that it can annoy you. Strange though it may seem, there are idiots who will join you in pursuit of the hat. One will hook it with a stick, and almost get it, only not quite. Another will manage to hit it hard with an umbrella. A third will get his foot into it or on it. This does not improve the hat, but it shows that there is a good deal of the milk of human kindness flowing in the street as well as water, and is perhaps pleasant to think of afterwards. Several times you almost have the hat in your possession. It lies motionless, just where it has dropped after coming in contact with a hansom. Were you to make a sudden rush at it you could have it, but we have agreed that you are not that sort of man. You walk forward, stoop, and— One reads how the explorer thinks he has shot a buffalo dead, and advances to put his foot proudly on the carcass, how the buffalo then rises, and how the explorer then rises also. I have never seen an explorer running after his hat (though I should like to), but your experience is similar to his with the buffalo. As your hand approaches the hat, the latter turns over like a giant refreshed, and waddles out of your reach. Once more your hand is within an inch of it, when it makes off again. There are ringing cheers from the audience on the pavement, some of them meant for the hat, and the others as an encouragement to you. Before you get your hat you have begun to realize what deer-stalking is, and how important a factor is the wind.—By J. M. Barrie.

Impromptu verses written in the Autograph Album of Mlle. Marie Louise—
Obedient to your will, I write
Upon this page of virgin white,
Feeling, as humbly I confess,
Too honoured by your "politesse."
In vain for eloquence I pray!
"Que faire?" At last I see my way:
If wit or poetry you seek,
I'll be the Scribe, but you must speak.

G. M.