

And my greatest delight is to see and know her happy.

As for myself, I still limp slightly from the effects of my fall, and though I bear the reputation of riding tolerably straight to hounds, my nerve is no longer what it was. I entertain a wholesome dread of wire, and do not consider it necessary—as during my first winter's hunting in the Shires—to go at every break-neck place I come across with or without the slightest provocation.

The Siren bears blemishes which will go down with her to her grave. Stripes and weals which tell of the treacherous metal, but even now she is my best hunter, and in her old age has settled down into a delightfully confidential mount.

Her mistress pets her more than any horse in the stable, and numerous portraits of the gallant grey adorn our smoking and billiard-room walls.

We have excellent accounts of Dicky, who frequently writes to us. He has seen a fair amount of active service, and, from the general tone of his letters, appears greatly to have improved in character, owing to having been forced to give up some of his home comforts and to undergo a few hardships. He has become master of his luxuries instead of their slave. A transformation in every way desirable.

He talks very shortly of exchanging and returning to England; and I know perfectly well that my little wife, in that busy, feminine brain of hers, is plotting how to bring him and Miss Williams together, and make up a match between them.

For, curiously enough, that young lady, in spite of her fortune, though doubtless she has had offers by the score, remains Miss Williams still; and Nell insists upon it, when we talk the matter over in private, that she is waiting for Dicky to come home.

Now, whether Nell's surmises are correct I cannot take it upon myself to say, but, as an old "pal" of Dicky's, I can't possibly wish him better than to enter the holy bonds of matrimony.