

it was just as well, as he had long realized that she could never feel for him as he felt for her. The writing of this letter gave him intense agony, and it was with the feelings of one who signs his own death sentence, that he closed and sealed the letter, and placed it where Jarvis would find it if necessary.

There was little said between the two men, though each felt keenly the situation; and Jarvis could not but admire, and yet pity his companion, who he knew, from his own reticence and the hints others had let fall, was virtually alone in the world.

"Carey is a scoundrel, Etherington," he said, as he examined his friend's pistols, "he must have some great cause to dislike you. It is said in the mess, that he is like a crazy man, and is forever saying that he will finish you. I would be careful that he does not play some nasty trick, and if you can, hit him hard. He has no real friends save that brute, Johnson."

"Were it not for the nature of his taunt, I would refuse to fight him," answered Etherington; "but the insult was too gross. No British officer will silently submit to be called a traitor. I detest duelling; but I could not in this case withdraw with honor. As it is, it must go on; but I believe that he has some hidden sinister motive."

"I think you are right," said Jarvis, "and that you are compelled to fight; though they do say that he is a wonderful shot. But I will set you right with the authorities, whatever happens."

"Thank you," returned Etherington, grasping the other's hand, and wondering at the man, who was little