

over—for the time!—because Dalhousie's bungling brought the hornets about our ears again!—we marched from Lahore to Calcutta with Great Britain's victorious army—barring the force we'd left with Lawrence at Mian Mir."

silence continuing, Mrs. Breagh drew her work-table towards her, and began to look over a basket of little toeless and heel-less stockings. As she did this she sighed. The Captain smoked thoughtfully. And the inward voice went on:

"The Governor-General and his staff rode with Sir Harry Smith and the Advance—and between the Cavalry Brigade that came after 'em—for Sir Harry swore he'd be damned but since we'd seen the hottest of the fighting, we should have the post of honour!—between the Cavalry and Ours came the spoils of war, drawn by the Government elephants—two hundred and fifty Sikh guns we'd taken at Sobrão. Hah!"

The Captain's eyes were fixed on the fire. He smoked in quick, short puffs.

"Standards waving, bands blowing their heads off, and a bit o' loot in most men's knapsacks. Glory for the dead, and praise and promotion for the living—begad! it was worth while—just then!—to be a British soldier! And I'd been wounded just enough to look interesting, and got a Special Mention in Despatches—and the women were pulling caps for me,—devil a lie in that! And I danced with Milly at the Welcome Back Ball at Government House, in March, 1846. And whether it was Fate—or that way she had of looking up under her eyelashes, and showing a laughing mouth full of tiny pearly-white teeth over the top of her fan, I've never been quite clear. But even before the steward introduced Lieutenant Breagh to the Hon. Millicent Fermeroy, I'd fallen head over ears in love with Milly, and she was as mad for me!"

Still silence reigned in the room, only broken by the