

came to an untimely death in Black Nan's Hollow."

"Oh, dear! I am glad, I did not know that the night of Tom's accident."

"Miss Haltaine, don't encourage Father in giving you early reminiscences. We want to have a pleasant day, and your pleasure will be spoiled with harrowing yarns," said handsome Guy from his seat in the window next the door, where he was holding forth on the horrors of the dissecting-room to two-timid girls who seemingly looked on him as a hero and shuddered while they admired him.

"People in glass houses should not throw stones," flashed back dark-eyed Maud Fletcher from the centre of a group.

"Quite right, Miss Maud. Abuse the young rascal. Those are some of Tom Rayburn's recitals. A beggarly profession Tom belongs to."

"I intend to bleed for my country, sir," said Tom, who was standing outside the window.

"Bleed the country's pockets, you rascal," laughed Mr. Irving.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME;

OR, ENGLAND SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

BY FANNY FRENCH.

Persons now living a quiet, uniform life in Deal and Gravesend can hardly realize that at the beginning of this century, these towns, now so quiet, witnessed, almost constantly, scenes of bustle and excitement.

The lading of transports with military stores, the embarking reinforcements to be sent to different parts of the Continent, and the disembarking shattered regiments to recruit and refit, were events of almost daily occurrence. The barracks were quite insufficient to contain the troops, and soldiers were billeted on all the hotels and public-houses, and often on private dwelling-houses also.

This happened so often that some of the large hotels had what was called in the household the "soldiers' room," a bedroom as large as the house afforded, and containing as many beds as

could possibly be crammed into it. The air resounded with the roll of drums, the streets were gay with scarlet coats, and balls and other entertainments would be given in honor of the "outward bound."

There was the dark side of the picture,—riot and disorder were there; drunkenness, then even more than now the besetting sin of the British army, prevailed, and the last days, and especially the last night before sailing, was spent by both officers and privates in wild revelry and dissipation. Then the transports sailed away, and wives and children, soon, many of them to be widows and fatherless, were left lonely and sorrowing.

In the case of the wives of the private soldiers, grief at parting with their husbands was aggravated by extreme poverty.