

that awful, protracted struggle at Waterloo, Frank Farland was one who had the luck to fight among the foremost and yet return home unscathed in limb, and rich in honor, though as poor in purse as when he left England. For, especially at that time, Fortune, however she might "favor the brave," generally reserved her golden gifts for the well-connected. To his joy, Frank's regiment, on returning to England, happened to be quartered for a time at a small military station within walking distance of the rustic paradise—to him fairer than Eden itself—where his first and only love, sweet Mary Gardner, dwelt with her parents in the ancient manor-house in which our story opened.

Frank's commanding officer, who liked him, as did all the regiment, and who had personally interested himself to procure for the honest lad his well-won Waterloo medal, gave him every facility for visiting his fair betrothed, and things went smoothly until a temporary change of command occurred in the regiment, owing to the worthy colonel's severe illness. The major who now held for a time the command of the regiment was, unluckily, a different sort of officer: a narrow-minded, fierce martinet, dauntless in the field, but a man of low tastes and obtuse mind, keenly aware of his own inferiority of nature to many below him in rank, and all the more severe on the least appearance of disrespect to himself.

One evening, when the officer was absent from the barracks, Farland, whose social talents were in request, was pressed to join a merry party of fellow-comrades in a tavern opposite the barracks. When the bottle had circulated with the usual freedom, Frank was clamorously invited to give "a taste of his quality" as a mimic; and, among other "living pictures," he portrayed the great major, as he was wont to strut down in front of their line, wheezing out his consequential commands and captiously rebuking some of the best soldiers. It was a warm bright evening, all the windows were wide open, and at length their yells and laughter attracted the attention of the major himself, who, passing below the window

and hearing his name pronounced by Farland, listened and understood it all.

Without condescending to betray his knowledge of Frank's crime, he prepared to take a deep and ample revenge. No more now of those sweet visits to an antique shrine where Mary had so often received one who worshipped her far more absorbingly than her saintly namesake had ever been adored. Duties were doubled, and leave of absence denied to the poor victim, who could not imagine the reason for the storm that had arisen in so clear a sky. He bore it all cheerfully, as he had all the privations of the camp and the march and the dangers of the field.

But the worst had not yet come. A letter came to tell him that the mother of his *fiancée* was dying and Mary's pretty handwriting wavered as she entreated her Frank not to forget the family—at least, just now. Leave of absence was sternly refused. The mother died. Her daughter, Frank's only treasure on earth, fell ill from long watching and nursing and from vexation at his unaccountable silence; for though of course he had written, somehow the letters were never received. His silence wounded and offended Mary's father, who advised her to forget young Farland.

Finally the lad's immediate superiors interceded for him with the mighty major, but in vain; so at last, the sergeant-major of his company, unable to endure it any longer, agreed to connive at his leaving the barracks early one morning, on a supposed message, urging the young man by all means to return before nightfall. He had fourteen miles to walk over the hills, and on his arrival at the farm, near midday, he found Mary dreadfully changed by illness and in the crisis of a dangerous fever.

Only after repeated, agonised remonstrances and explanations, would the indignant, suffering father admit him.

When at length they gave each other the hand over the couch of her they both loved so well, her eyes opened languidly, the hectic flush on her cheek changed to a joyful blush and her lips murmured the name that had often escaped from them during the delirium of fever. What recked either of those