

Wort, with the sigh of resignation. "It isn't my place to make objections. I suppose you know that you've let yourself in for a couple of hundred pounds, at the least."

"We'll save the money somehow, Wort, depend upon it," answered the delinquent gaily. "You have no idea what a financier I am. Lady Clevedon and I were planning a Swiss cottage in the loveliest corner of the park to-day—a sequestered nook where we might spend our afternoons when we wanted to be alone, in order that our servants might tell people we were not at home without outraging their own moral sense. We'll defer the building of our Swiss cottage, and that will balance matters."

"This hero feet-shampeter will cost no end of money, I reckon," observed the unappeasable steward, who, conscious of having made the shipwrecked estate un-worthily by his own exertions, was inclined to consider that he had a prescriptive right to grumble.

"O, dear no; it will be the simplest thing in the world. Besides, that's out of your jurisdiction, you know, Wort; a mere domestic expense."

"I know that, Sir Francis. I know there ain't many masters as would let me speak that free as I do to you. But, you see, I've worked hard for the property, and it's almost as near and dear to me as if it was an only child; and I don't want to see you ruin yourself, as Sir Lucas did. Shampeters was in his line, you know, sir."

"Don't alarm yourself, Wort, I've graduated in the science of economy. Remember what I lived on abroad. And you don't know what a treasure of a wife I have secured. There'll be no extravagance in this household, depend upon it. O, by the way, Wort, if you're not in a hurry this morning, I should like to ask you a question."

"My time is your time, Sir Francis."

"Sit down, then, and make yourself comfortable. I'll ring for some sherry and soda. I've been looking over the maps of the estate, and the family history, intermarriages of great-uncles and great-aunts, ramifications of cousins, and so on; and I find there's a small estate my father got rid of about seven years before I was born, a place I never heard of in my life, called Ravenhurst. It seems to have been a farm of about three hundred acres, with a house of some importance upon it. I wonder I never heard my father speak of it."

"I don't," said Mr. Worton decisively. "But why not?"

"Does a man ever care to talk about a thing he has parted with?" asked the steward philosophically, as he removed the wire from a soda-water bottle. "It's always a sore subject."

"But how did my father come to sell this Ravenhurst estate?" inquired Sir Francis.

"Wasn't in the entail."

"No, sir; it was your grandmother's property. She was an heiress, you know, a Miss Blanford, only daughter of Colonel Blanford, who made no end of money in the Canarie—what ever that may be—and brought a good deal of land herabout."

"Humph! Curious! I should never have heard of the estate. My father's difficulties had begun, I suppose, when he sold it?"

"Well, yes, sir. He didn't sell it without a strong necessity."

"And did his creditors get all the money?"

"Not the common run of his creditors," replied Mr. Wort, who had a thoughtful air, and seemed indisposed to be communicative. "They didn't touch a penny. It was a debt of honour, which Sir Lucas settled with the price of Ravenhurst."

"Ah, that fatal day! Fox, and that card-playing set, who made it the fashion for a man to ruin himself, had a great deal to answer for. Who bought the estate?"

"Mr. Quilman, a gentleman farmer, whose property it joined; but the land was sold again at his death. Ravenhurst has been through other hands since Sir Lucas sold it; seven-and-thirty years ago, you see, sir. It belongs to a retired builder now, who has divided it into three small farms, and sold the frontages for building ground."

Sir Francis was satisfied. It was strange, certainly, that his father had never mentioned Ravenhurst, and yet like his father to have avoided an unpleasant topic. He put the subject out of his mind. Ravenhurst was gone from him and his heirs for ever. He had not the insatiable hunger for land which possesses some men. It was hard upon the poor old Colonel, who had fought, and possibly plundered, in the Canarie, that his estate should have been thus lightly disposed of, but it was scarcely a hardship for Sir Francis.

"That idle happy week with his young wife seemed the briefest of his existence: one long ride through shadowy woods and sunny green lanes, where the hedges were full of flowers; one lazy morning, dreaming under the chestnuts in the park; one tranquil evening, made musical by two sweet girlish voices blended in old familiar melodies such as the heart of man loveth."

They spent the peaceful evenings of this initiatory week in George's morning room, that very chamber with the oriel window in which Grace Redmayne's girlish form had first been folded in a lover's arms, that room which in Hubert Walgrave's memory held a place as solemn as a mortuary chapel. The furniture had not been changed; the old Indian cabinets—Bombay backwood—and Poonah desks and cardracks, which had been good enough for Colonel Blanford's daughter, the heiress of spoils from the Canarie, were good enough for George. A new Persian carpet, with new blue silk window-curtains, and blue silk covers for the antiquated chairs and sofas; a dainty maple-wood cottage piano in a snug recess by the fireplace; a huge eagle of Australian birds, and a prettily carved ivory frame, containing all the photographic portraits that had ever been taken of Francis Clevedon—from the boy at a German University to the Master of Clevedon Park: such trifles as these had sufficed to make the room perfect in the eyes of George.

The fifteenth of August—the day upon which their guests were to arrive—came too swiftly for the wedded lovers.

"Francis, do you know I'm afraid I hate visitors?" George said, with a solemn face expressive of profound self-abandonment, as she stood by her husband's side at an open window in the square parlour in the early summer morning.

"What a horrible confession for the head of a county family! And yet you were anxious that Mrs. Harcross should come to you George."

"Was I, Frank? Mrs. Harcross! Well, you

know, Mrs. Harcross was very good to me about my trousseau. You've no idea what trouble she took. But for her you might have had such a dowry wife. She said Aunt Chowder's notions were a quarter of a century old."

"I don't think it would have disturbed my peace of mind very much, George, if that calamity had occurred. I should love you just as well if you had only one faded gown—like Enid. Indeed, I have serious thoughts of putting you to the test, as that young lady was tested; or taking a loaf out of the *Decameron*, and making a modern Gristel of you. I wonder how you would come through that kind of furnace."

"You can't say I'm wanting in fortitude, Frank, when I parted with Pedro for your sake. But don't let's be silly, please. I want to talk very seriously."

"I am all attention."

"No, you're not, sir; you're staring out of the window with all your might."

"Look at the shadows of the chestnuts, George, and that group of deer; don't you think those are worth staring at?"

"Yes, of course; but I want you to talk of the people who are coming to-day. First and foremost, there is Aunt Chowder. I had a tremendous discussion about the rooms with Mrs. Mixer, and I really thought we never should settle things so as not to offend any one. Aunt Chowder is to have the yellow room, with the little dressing-room, which by rights belongs to the blue room; but that we give to a bachelor—Mr. Weston Vallory—and he can do without a dressing-room."

"Weston Vallory!" exclaimed Sir Francis, with a wry face. "Did we ask that?"

"Why, Frank, you know you invited him yourself!"

"I know nothing about it, my dear. A man who is going to be married may be expected to be a little off his head. I suppose I did ask the fellow in some expansive moment."

"Don't you like him, dear?"

"Do I like cobras, or skunks, or musk-rats, or any other unclean things? I should think Weston Vallory was of the musk-rat species; and that if he ran across the bottles in my cellar, he'd poison the wine inside them: *ça sent le snob*."

"How can you be so unjust, Frank? Mrs. Harcross told me that her cousin is a most good-natured man. He is quite devoted to her."

"Yes; and hates her husband with all the venom of a small nature. I tell you, George, Weston Vallory belongs to the venomous tribes. I was a fool to invite the two men together. However, I suppose in good society one must have people who hate each other. Go on with your list, my dear."

"The tapestry-room for the Harcrosses," said George, pointing on her fingers; "the room the prince slept in for General Cheviot and his wife; the oak room for your friend Captain Hardwood; the cedar room for my friends the Miss Stalmans; and one of the best rooms on the top story for your learned friend Mr. McGill, the Scotchman who writes for all the reviews. I think that's all. Papa is to be with us every day; but he won't sleep away from the Bungalow, you know, if he can possibly help it, for fear there should be a fire in the night, and all the animals should be burnt."

"Like Barzani's Museum," said Sir Francis irreverently.

Although George was inclined to lament the advent of her visitors, it was by no means an unpleasant thing to receive them, and to feel the full force of her position as mistress of Clevedon brought home to her by their presence. She did the honours of the old house nobly, escorted her lady guests through the rooms and galleries, showing them the various points of attraction—the family pictures, the music-room with the new concert-grand, the billiard-room with its two vast tables, the spacious library, sustained in the centre by three massive porphyry columns—a room which had been added by Sir Lucas Clevedon's father, Mr. and Mrs. Harcross were the last to arrive. Their luggage had come down by an early train with the ruck of the victors, three monster trunks that might have held an Indian outfit, with Mrs. Harcross's name and London address engraved upon a brass plate on each, and a modest portmanteau or two belonging to Mr. Harcross.

Lullion had brought these and the inevitable travelling-bag, now more gorgeous than of old, being in fact a wedding present, silver-gilt tops to all the jars and bottles, with Mrs. Harcross's monogram in pink coral on everything from the scent-bottles to the hair-brushes. The Harcross themselves came by an express that brought them to Tunbridge late in the afternoon; so that Weston Vallory had been installed some time, and was making himself agreeable at a five-o'clock tea in the garden when his cousin and her husband arrived.

Augusta insisted on going to her friend at once when she heard that Lady Clevedon was in the garden. She was not a person whose toilet was ever disordered by travelling, and all the puttings and flouncings of her gray silk dresses seemed as fresh as when they left the hands of her milliner. So, conscious of her fitness to meet the gaze of society, she begged to be shown at once to the garden, and followed the butler across the great hall, and along a passage leading to the garden door, with Hubert Harcross in her train.

The oak-panelled passage was just a little dark, and a flood of summer sunlight streamed in at the opening of the door. Was it this sudden burst of light that dazzled Mr. Harcross, as he stood in the threshold of the house for a moment, looking out at the garden?

It was the garden in which Grace and he had wandered all through that thoughtless summer afternoon. How well he remembered it! The arches garlanded with roses and honeysuckle, the passion-flowers, the stone basin of gold fish, where no fish had been when he last saw it, only shallow stagnant water covered with duck-weed. Poor old neglected place! They had trimmed and improved everything, of course, but not with an inexorable hand. The garden still belonged to the old world, the sweet-scented flowers still grew in a wild profusion; nor had the form of beds or grassplots been altered. In the midst of his pain, which was of the sharpest, he felt glad to see that the place was so little changed.

Lady Clevedon was pouring out tea in the very arbour where Mr. and Mrs. James Redmayne and Mr. Wort had sipped their milk punch with the old butler and his wife. There were a few garden seats scattered round the bowers, and on one of these Weston Vallory was balancing himself, making himself agreeable after his kind. Sir Francis was absent, pleas-

santly engaged in showing the stables to his friend, Captain Hardwood.

"What a magnificent woman!" said Mr. McGill, the gentlemen who wrote for all the reviews, looking up from a meditative cup of tea as Mrs. Harcross came along the gravel path, her glistening gray dress and dainty pink bonnet resplendent in the sunshine. "Is that one of your Kentish friends, Lady Clevedon?"

"No, that is my friend Mrs. Harcross."

"What! the wife of Harcross the barrister? I've met him once or twice. O, here he comes in the background, looking rather fagged. He's said to work as hard as any man in London."

Mr. Harcross performed his share of all the greetings; gave the ends of his fingers to Weston, who was presented to General Cheviot and so on, and said at all that could have been expected of him under the circumstances. But he looked wan and haggard in the sunshine, and was glad to drop into a chair by George's ten-tray presently, after a little talk with the General.

"You look so tired, Mr. Harcross," Lady Clevedon said compassionately, thinking that her husband might come to look like this some day, worn and weary, and with an air of premature age; "I hope the journey was not very fatiguing."

"No, Augusta did not seem to feel it at all; but I suppose I am growing old and nervous, and that the vibration affects me more than it did a few years ago. I worked rather hard in the season, and since then I have been yachting a little; and I daisy that sort of thing, with a sixty-ton yacht on one's mind, is not so complete a rest as a professional man requires."

"I should think not," cried George; "and you have been at the Isle of Wight, yachting. How I envy you your yacht!"

"And how I envy you!"

"What, Mr. Harcross? What can such a successful man as you are find to envy in any one's life?"

"A great many things. Your youth, to begin with, and the freshness that belongs to it; the power to envy anybody anything. Do you know, I sometimes look round the world, and wonder whether there is anything in it I should care to have if the mere act of wishing would secure it for me; and the answer is doubtful."

"That means that your life is so full already. You have fame, fortune, a charming wife. I fancy anything more you could wish for?"

"Can't you imagine something? Children, for instance—you remember what Wordsworth says about a child? But I don't wish for those. I don't feel myself the sort of man who ought to have them."

He said all this carelessly enough, yet with a certain earnestness beneath that outward lightness. He had been drawn out to speak more unreservedly than his wont by something sympathetic in George's face and manner. "She is the kind of a woman a man might trust," he said to himself. "I like that firm mouth and rounded chin, which give such character to the sparkling face. I like the tone of her voice and the touch of her hand."

Mrs. Harcross had become the centre of a circle by this time: the elderly gray-headed General prostrating himself in the dust before her, stricken down by her beauty; while his wife conversed apart with the eldest Miss Stalmans, on the alarming tendencies of the English Church, undisturbed by the pangs of jealousy. The stable clock struck seven while the party were still pleasantly engaged, and the ladies moved off to dress for the eight-o'clock dinner, leaving the gentlemen to contemplate the first cool zephyrs of evening with the odour of premature cigars drifting from the quarter of an hour which they could safely spare from the labours of the toils.

The first dinner at Clevedon was a success. Cook and housekeeper, butler and subordinates, had nerved themselves for a grand struggle. Now or never the new establishment was to show what it was worth. "Don't talk to me about your Regency dinners, Mr. Moles," the modern butler had said to his ancient brother, in the expansiveness of social intercourse. "What elegance or artistic effect could there have been about a dinner in those days, when every blessed thing was put upon the table?"

"I don't know about the table, Mr. Mumby," said the ancient butler, with an offended air; "Sir Lucas's plate was as fine a sight as you'd wish to lay your eyes on—fourteen feet long, with gadroon edges, and ramping lions for supporters at all the corners; and our silver covers and side-dishes nowadays, with this mean sneaking way of handing everything round, you might as well be without 'em, for all the credit they do you. I'm past my time, I daisy, Mr. Mumby, and I'm glad of it, when I see the present low-lived way of doing things. Why, one of our dinners would have made six of yours in solid butler's meat; and where you've one side-dish in your menu, we had half-a-dozen."

"I don't know what you mean by side-dishes, Mr. Moles," said the modern domestic; "we have nothing but hongtrays and hongtraynays."

The inaugural dinner was a success. Tristram Moles was allowed to peep into the dining-room before the banquet, a wan feeble figure amid all that glow of colour and sparkle of glass under the soft light of waxen tapers. Pale as a ghost revisiting the scenes of its earthly joys, he gazed upon the glittering board with a faint approving smile, and confessed that it was nicely arranged.

"I never did hold with flowers on a dinner-table," he said, shaking his head at the pyramid of rare hot-house blossoms, and the dwarf forest of fern and geranium reflected in the crystal plateau; "but if you must have 'em, I allow you've arranged 'em tastily. It's all very pretty, Mr. Mumby, like a young ladies counter at a fancy fair; but I'm an old man, and I shall go down to my grave with the opinion that your top and bottom and your six side-dishes is the best decoration for your dinner-table."

Thus, with a deprecating shrug and a mournful survey of the frivolous board, Mr. Moles having come like a shadow, so departed.

The dinner, as well as being a success from a gastronomic point of view—there was a parmesan soufflé towards the end of the feast, which the eldest Miss Stalmans, who was gifted with an epicurean taste, dreamt of—was a social triumph. The hum and rattle of conversation never ceased; there were no awkward pauses, in which people simultaneously awake to the discovery that no one is talking, till the most audacious member of the circle plunges into the gulf of silence with some inane re-

mark, which being gratefully received by host or hostess, bridges the dreary chasm, and leads the way to pastures new. To-night at Clevedon there were plenty of good talkers. General Cheviot and Colonel Davanant helped and sustained each other, yet were judiciously placed far enough apart to have each his auditory. The two Miss Stalmans were of the agreeable-rattle species: could talk croquet or theology, fine art, horses, or botany with equal facility; could draw out the dullest neighbour and outtake the coldest cavalier in the meshes of one of those confidential conversations about nothing particular, which, seen from a little distance, look like flirtation of the deepest dye.

(To be continued.)

THE WAGERS.

Some years ago I took my seat in the diligence from Marseilles to F—. The railway that now connects those cities was not yet completed.

There were five passengers in all. Of these one was a short, fat man, with smooth cheeks and a red face. He wore a plain dress, his clothes were very good; he had a great number of rings on his fingers, and across his waistcoat he wore a thick gold chain, which he was careful to let me see was attached to a handsome watch, on the back of which was a cross in jewels.

There was no doubt he was a rich man, and that I, at all events, might have no doubt of it, he informed me that his income exceeded fifty thousand francs a year, and that he had fair to double it before five years were gone, so prosperous was his business.

I was partly amused and partly disgusted by his locquacity. Why should he have made a confidant of me in particular I don't know, unless it was that I happened to sit next him. Among other bits of information he gave me to know that this was the first holiday he had indulged himself with for three years.

"Where do you go to get out?" I inquired.

"At F—," said he.

"But why do you go so far from Marseilles for a holiday?" I inquired.

"Monsieur," he answered, "I am going to get married."

"The deuce!" I exclaimed, laughing; "and you call that taking a holiday?"

"Why," said he, "that would depend. If I were going to marry an ugly woman, now, I should call this tour by another name. But, my friend, the lady I am engaged to is an angel, she might have set for one of Mohammed's houris. Her eyes—"

Here he went off into a long account of his mistress's perfections, decorating his fluent description with all manner of shrugs, grimaces and gesticulations.

"You are a very fortunate man, sir," said I, "and I wish you joy."

"Yes, and you may wish the lady joy, too, and congratulate her as well, for give me leave to say it is not every woman who has the luck to meet with a husband who unites to the splendours of wealth the accomplishments of genius and the graces of courage."

I smothered a laugh.

"So you have genius and courage as well as money?"

He nodded vehemently.

"Without boasting," said he, "I think I may pride myself on being possessed of all the qualifications that recommend a man to the ladies."

"So long as they are sufficient to recommend you to the lady of your choice you should be satisfied."

"They should be sufficient," he replied, "and in my own mind I am persuaded that they are sufficient; but, though the young lady is beautiful as an houri, I regret to say that she is rather perverse in her taste, so that for a long time I could hardly make any headway in her affections. Indeed, she was weak-minded enough to avow a preference for a cousin of hers, a young lieutenant—a beggar, sir, and a mighty impudent dog to boot. What she could see in him I could never tell. I'll allow that his nose is straight, his eyes good, and his teeth white and regular, but what is the use of these things in a man without money?"

"To be sure," said I, drowsily, for the day was warm, and the tendency to sleep was aggravated by my drooping companion.

"I'll be perfectly frank with you," he continued. "I confess I don't think she would ever have accepted me had it not been for her father, who is a poor man, and is very eager to have me for a son-in-law, thinking I shall pay off his debts. I wish he may get it! But I've allowed him to think anything he likes, for his thinking costs me nothing, and being anxious to wed the girl, who, I declare to you, is beautiful—"

And here he went off again into another long description, which he liberally garnished as before, with shrugs and grimaces.

"Then you don't care about her love?" said I, sleepily.

"Not a fig!" he answered, "not a fig! I only want her. At my time of life, sir, we know the hypocrisy of love, it is counterfeited. I have a ring at home with a paste stone in it. I declare to you it flashes like a diamond, and is thought as costly as the best of the real stones I wear. So with love. The counterfeit passes for the real thirty-nine times in the hundred; but I'll be perfectly frank with you, I would rather have the real, if I can't get it, I should be just as well satisfied with the sham."

He then branched off into some very cynical remarks on the nature of love, which, however, I am ashamed to say I do not remember, as I fell sound asleep very shortly after he had commenced them.

I was awakened by the diligence stopping at the Gaidon Lion Inn, in the principal street of F—. The fat, red-faced babler, who, it seems, had been awake during the whole journey, and had been boring a mid-looking gentleman who sat opposite him when he had found me asleep, got out, and I followed him.

He pulled out his watch, which sparkled most gorgeously as it took the sun's rays, and exclaimed, turning to me—

while to take," said the gentleman with the moustaches, following us.

"I did not address my remarks to you, sir."

"I'll bet that you did," said the other, with the most provoking coolness.

The little man, amazed by this persécution, touched his forehead, to signify that the gentleman with the moustaches was mad.

"I'll bet you don't prove that I'm mad," said the other.

There was a pause. They looked like two dogs waiting to be slipped for a fight.

"Upon my word," said the red-faced man, "I know nothing of this fellow. He is a most impudent rascal, whoever he is; and I have a good mind to make him march off."

"I'll make you any bet you like you don't make me march off!" exclaimed the other, pulling his moustaches; "and I'll further bet you anything you like that I make you take the road back to Paris, and that, too, without any delay."

The little man, whose face was now a deep crimson with rage, blurted out—

"You won't find that a very easy matter, for I came here to get married."

"One hundred napoleons you do not marry!"

"Sir, you are an impudent scoundrel, and I will pull your nose."

"I'll make you any bet you like you do not pull my nose."

The little man stamped with rage. He glared around him for some moments in silence, then exclaimed—

"Do you want me to shoot you?"

"I'll bet you don't shoot me."

"Where can we procure pistols?" exclaimed the red-faced man, breathing short.

"The landlord will accommodate us," answered the other.

He hurried into the house, and reappeared with a box containing a brace of pistols.

I had hitherto treated the affair as a joke, laughing in my sleeve at the red-faced man's rage and the other's cool insolence. But I thought it was now time to interpose.

"Gentlemen," I began.

But the moustached man turned upon me with a frown.

"I believe this gentleman to be a coward, sir," said he; "and if you interfere, I shall consider you are conspiring to prevent him from proving himself a coward."

I said no more, but followed the two men to a lonely spot in the park, where the cigar here was snuffed by an officer of the garrison, who was willing to become his second.

Having loaded the pistols, we placed the men. It was agreed I should give the signal, which was to throw a five-franc piece in the air.

My position was a peculiarly disadvantageous one. Up to the last moment I had believed that the whole business was only a rather cruel practical joke on the part of the man with the moustaches; and as my curiosity was excited to follow this adventure to its conclusion, I had volunteered to be the red-faced man's second; but it seemed now that one or the other or both must be killed.

"Sir," said the man with the cigar, turning to me, "I believe Monsieur Jacques to be an honest man, but though I can vouch for his word, I can't vouch for his pistols. Before that gentleman and I make a target of one another, he is good as to throw that five-franc piece in the air to see how his pistol carries."

I did as he desired, and tossed the money about seven yards high.

I heard the report of a pistol, and the piece of money fell indolent.

"Bet," said the man with the moustaches, "that I pierce that leaf vibrating at the extremity of your bow!"

And before the other could answer the trigger was pulled, and the leaf was pierced.

"Bet," continued the man, with the most ridiculous coolness, "that I shoot you clean through the pupil of the left eye, and lay you dead, and that you miss me."

The other was white as a ghost.

"I believe you," he said, trembling from head to foot, and throwing his pistol down. "I guess your motives and mine are the same, and, as I am not yet prepared to die, shall take my road back again to Marseilles."

In fact, we saw him deposit himself in the *Impériale* of the diligence.

I turned to the moustached gentleman for an explanation. He invited me to take a glass of wine with him in the traveller's room, and with great good humour proceeded to solve the enigma.

It was a friend of the young lieutenant, and famous as the most deadly shot in France. He had received a letter only ten days before from his friend, begging him to come to F—, and help him to carry out a ruse, which, he trusted, would enable him to marry the girl he was passionately in love with.

The moustached gentleman complied, left Paris, and reached F— in time to receive from his friend's lips particulars of the stratagem he and the young girl had concerted between them.

That stratagem was perfectly successful. The little red-faced man, as I afterwards heard, on his reaching Marseilles, wrote to the father of his intended bride, apologizing for not having been able to keep his promise to go down to them. You may believe he took good care not to inform the father of the real reason that had prevented him from paying his duties to his betrothed.

The red-faced man, however, had no intention of breaking off the marriage; until acceded one morning in the streets of Marseilles by the moustached gentleman, who asked if he still persisted in his intention to marry the young lady.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then," said the other, "if you want to reach her hand, you will have to mount, first, on my dead body, and secondly, on the dead body of the lieutenant. Are you prepared to scold these propositions?"

"Certainly not."

"Then go home; write to the lady's father that circumstances compel you to abandon your promise to wed her. I shall know by the day after to-morrow if that letter has been written. If yes, I will be your friend, and help you, as I have helped the lieutenant, in any honourable love scheme you may choose to me enter upon; if no, be prepared to meet in the evening."

The letter was written, and six months after the young lady was married to the lieutenant.

W. C. R.

Handwritten scribbles and signatures at the bottom of the page.