

"Oh, you dear Mrs. Lattimer! Of course I will be only too delighted," was the ready answer. "But how is it that we have never seen her?"

"Because, my dear, she lived all her life in India with her father, until the last eighteen months. She only came to England after his death, as the Colonel will tell you."

"Is she rich?" asked another.

"No, she is not rich. Soldiers' orphans are seldom that," said the Colonel; "but while her father lived that did not matter, as he fairly idolized her."

"How did he die?" asked a gentleman standing near.

"At his post, sir. There was a mutiny among the native troops. He was one of those sent out to suppress it, and met his death like a brave soldier and an honest Irish gentleman. His last words to me were: 'Ormond, care for my child.'"

There was dead silence as the old man, overcome by the sad recollection, paused and—manlike—ashamed of his emotion, blew his nose vigorously; then he continued: "The news flew like wild-fire that he was shot, for all his men loved him. Somehow it reached his daughter's ears and she came riding to the outposts like a crazy thing, and, as fate would have it, rode straight to the place where we had laid him covered with the Union Jack. There I found her on her knees beside him, fondling and kissing him; calling to him to speak to her—only one word—not to leave his poor little Kathleen without one kind word or kiss, for she would be all alone. I raised her up and said, 'My child, you are not alone while I live, for your father left you to me; you must come away now, this is no place for you.' She was well trained in obedience and after kissing him several times, she placed her hand in mine, saying, 'I am ready.' Then, with quivering lips she said, 'Colonel, you will not——?' I answered her unspoken wish, saying, 'No, my child, we will not bury him here.' I led her to her