

of a consoling nature in the manner of White's death.

After all, in the words of Horace, "How sweet a death, and glorious, too, for Fatherland to die." The sudden taking away of young, ardent manhood, on the threshold of a career, is invested with appealing pathos. But how infinitely preferable to fall on the field of battle in active service of one's country, than to toss and pine away on a fever bed. Now, there was the universally lamented Lieut. Manors, who had passed away a couple of months before the rebellion broke out. Typhoid fever claimed him for a victim. In spite of tender, careful nursing, and all that the skill of a clever hospital staff could do to fight the fell malady, Manors succumbed. Manors was a great favorite. He had a cheery smile for everyone, and his amiability made him beloved of all, but none so much as those under his command. When it was announced that a distinguished bacteriologist had discovered typhoid microbes in the city water, there was a bitter outcry against the municipal body. The people had been easy-going and apathetic, but now the mismanagement of civic affairs aroused them to the highest pitch of indignation. The water was too foul for the bath, let alone the decanter. Lieut. Manors' death was the turning point in the tide of public opinion, and the incompetent, dilatory city council were unceremoniously swept from office.

It was dusk when Archer reached Battleford. He quickly dismounted, and was surrounded by a crowd of townspeople elbowing each other in their eagerness to learn the news. "Has there been aught? How many killed?—Who won?—How did the boys get along?—Where did you meet the rebels?" excitedly shouted a score of voices. Archer handed his horse to a young rancher for food and care, and then briefly recited the results. "We've had a huge scare, too," broke in a commercial traveller, who had made Battleford for refuge, and was frightened to risk the trail to Swift Current. "About a couple of hours ago," he continued, "Jacques, the mail courier left on his route. He had only been gone a little while, when we saw him rushing back on his pony, yelling like a Comanche, and waving his arms frantically in the air. We did not know what to look for, and imagined countless evils. As soon as he got within hearing, he shouted, 'Mon Dieu! I see Indian—one—two—many—boneby, I see some more.' This information threw us into the greatest consternation. We thought that possibly Poundmaker or Big Bear had outwitted the Colonel, and that our gory scalps would soon be dangling at the belts of the ruthless savages. We put the town

into as good a shape as possible for resisting attack. A couple of Mounted Police were sent out to reconnoitre, and ascertain the number of the approaching Indians. They presently returned with three more Mounted Police, whom they met coming from a station down the river. The latter told us how they saw Jacques coming in their direction, how he had suddenly wheeled about, and scampered away in a perfect panic, and how their efforts to overtake him only resulted in him spurring his steed to greater effort."

As a matter of course, Jacques was mercilessly chaffed. "You thank me scare, I show you Franch good as Ang-leesh," he retorted, and was eager to leave at once. Archer took Jacques aside, and slipped a greasy fiver into his clutching fingers, which soon found their way to the hip pocket of his breeches.

"Say, Jacques, you must wait an hour, I have some letters for you."

The tip had the desired effect, and no special persuasion was necessary.

Archer wrote up his "special," and, returning, found the courier waiting.

"Mind, Jacques, as soon as you strike the nearest telegraph office, hand it to the operator, and tell him to hustle it through. I hear the rebels have cut the wires straight to Swift Current, though."

Jacques was off. He had gone a short distance, when Archer ran after him, crying out at the top of his voice, "Jacques—Jacques—wait." Jacques reined in, and allowed Archer to catch up. "I nearly forgot them," exclaimed Archer, panting for breath. He fumbled in his breast pocket, and reached up to hand a couple of letters to Jacques. He drew his hand back. White was dead. Seymour dangerously wounded, and chances against him. What harm to read the superscriptions. He might meet their friends, and mollify their regrets with accounts of White's and Seymour's gallant conduct in action.

"Just a moment, Jacques, it's too dark to read. Wait till I strike a match."

MISS DAISY FIELDING,
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That was White's letter. He remembered giving him some *Gazette* envelopes, and in the corner was the stereotyped "If not delivered in ten days, return to *Gazette*, Toronto, Ont." And the other. He turned the address to the flickering light of the expiring match, which had nearly burnt to his finger tips. Archer started back. He looked again. Yes, it was true. Seymour's letter was to Ethel Grant! Archer passed his hands hurriedly over his eyes. He had never ceased thinking of her; hopelessly, it was true, but with a constancy that never wavered. The Pine Bay episode was ever before him. Ethel was his world. He knew

he could expect nothing, but hoped against hope, and had prayed for some miracle by which he might win her all for himself.

"Come, come; the dark he git black, black, *tres black*," Jacques impatiently muttered.

Archer recovered, handed the letter to Jacques, and walked back with bowed head, and a sick feeling of utter dreariness and despondency weighing on his heart.

(To be continued.)

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