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going to tell you. At a small town in Huntingdonshire, the axle of the stage broke, about nine o'clock in the evening, and I was forced to betake myself to an inn till the damage could be repaired. I found there in the passage my old fellow-soldier Harrington, who seemed, and I believe was, exceedingly glad to see me, invited me to his rooms, and entertained me as well as the place would permit. He saw, however, that I was in low spirits, and very anxious to proceed, and he put many questions in a more delicate manner than I could have expected from what I had before known of his character. I answered him frankly that I was hurrying to London to sell my commission, as I believed that my whole future prospects in life might depend upon the command of a small sum of money which I did not possess. He immediately offered me assistance; but that I at once declined; for he was not one, Margaret, toward whom I would lay myself under any obligation. I told him I did not borrow money, and that reply seemed to throw him into a deeper fit of meditation than I ever saw fall upon him before. He asked me what did it matter accepting the loan of a few