

of the punishment for the fault of which he had been guilty. His first eager impulse was to rush up to the Head Master and own the truth; but even had he done so, it would not have saved Harry the infliction; and when he started to his feet, the Master sternly ordered him to keep quiet, and be silent.

"Ah, Harry! how did all this happen? exclaimed the boy, as he ran eagerly to his brother when they were released from study.

"Why, they took me for you, old fellow—that's all."

"But why did you not speak? Why did you not say a word?"

Harry only smiled; but as he saw his twin-brother as near tears as a school-boy could be, he drew him down one of the more retired walks, and then and there the twins once more renewed the broken links of their early love.

"I wish I knew what's been troubling you so long; since—since—poor father's death!"

"Well, Fred, I suppose it will trouble me to the end of my life, for I cannot tell any one."

But couldn't you tell one of the Masters? You used to like 'Old Classics'—an irreverent name given to a young usher—"or—or—there's the Parson—what's his name—Benson."

But Harry gave the loudest shout of laughter he had given for many a long day.

"Thank you—not if I know it. Why, he'd tell Mrs. Parson, who would be sure to ask what one of the Montem boys wanted with her husband; and then the Miss Parsons would know it, and I might as well tell the whole school at once."

Well, I suppose you're right, Harry; but I wish you could get out of it some way."

"And I will get out of it, Fred—but not by telling it. I should not have given in all this time, as I have done; and I've let you too much alone, and made you suffer for it; and you've got into a bad set, and I wish you would promise me to give them up. I don't think this kind of thing is quiet fair; there's lots of fun for a boy without stealing and breaking bounds, and it isn't the best boys do it, either."

Fred did not promise; but Harry

seemed quite satisfied without an answer. There was an expedition a few nights after to rob an old woman of a hen and a clutch of ducks, to which the boys had taken a fancy, utterly forgetful of how serious a loss such a trifle, as they called it, would be to her. The plan was carried out, but Fred was not of the party.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TRUTH IS KNOWN AT LAST.

"Oh, sir! oh, Mr. Elmsdale, is it you?"

A groan of agony and a delicious murmur of words was the only reply.

"You know this gentleman, then, Sergeant?" said one of the men who was under Rusheen's orders.

Know him! Surely he did! But this was no time or place for remark. The men were searching the field for the wounded, after one of the great Crimean battles—those fearful battles—after which Christendom seemed agreed that there should be no more war. But how long this agreement lasted, the annals of the present day must tell. Ned's regiment had been sent at once to the scene of conflict, and Ned had been in several severe engagements. He was a sergeant now—so rapid was the promotion caused by death or disease. The men thought he had a charmed life—for bullets flew by him, and sabres cut the air near him; but no bullet had harmed him, and no sabre wound had disfigured his manly form.

Nearly all the men in his regiment were English, and at first he had had a very unpleasant time. He had been taunted as "Irish Paddy," and scoffed at as "Irish Papist." But he had the rare gift of being able to listen to abuse silently, and when the taunter fails to provoke his victim, he generally wearies of his work. He was in a position of command now, and he did not abuse it.

The men were surprised—as well they might be—to find a civilian almost wounded to death amongst heaps of slain, but they bore him off tenderly, as Rusheen had directed, and he was soon in the hands of a skilful surgeon. His card-case was in his pocket, and told his rank, but his cowardly servant had fled when the first shots were fired, and left him to his fate. If his master found any amusement in looking on at