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WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER V—(*Continued*).

"THEN you had no business to do anything of the sort," thundered the colonel; "things are come to a pretty pass if a dashed cadet is to take matters in his own hand as though—dash his impudence!—he were an officer of the staff."

"What course then would you have recommended us to pursue?" inquired Landon, with a twinkle of the eye which betrayed that his respectful air was not altogether genuine; and might have even aroused a suspicion, in an ill-regulated mind, that a cadet might chaff a colonel.

"Well, sir," said that officer, suddenly assuming a deadly calmness of demeanour, "I would have ventured to recommend you then, what I recommend now, namely, to go to the devil; and if ever I catch you, or any young vagabond like you, on my premises again, I'll send you there."

"Uncle, I won't have it," exclaimed the young girl, with sudden vehemence; "you are behaving with great injustice and base ingratitude"—it was curious to see the family likeness of tone and manner that came out as she thus expressed herself. "This gentleman——"

"Gentleman cadet, you mean, my dear," interposed her uncle, spitefully; "that's quite a different thing."

"I dare say it was so when you were at the Shop," said Landon, coolly; "but that must have been a long time ago."

The little colonel gave a screech, and snatched at a riding-whip that hung above him on the wall of the little entrance hall.