



sunshine in the whole black cloud, and that was when the captain of my company spoke to my previous good conduct. But it availed nothing. The court speedily came to a decision. The senior officer present spoke of the determination of Sir Arthur Wellesley to preserve order and discipline among the soldiers when out of barracks. As an example to the rest the court sentenced the prisoners to thirty lashes apiece, Corporal Barber in addition to be degraded to the ranks, and the punishment to be awarded next day on parade.

Dumb with dismay at the severity of the sentence, I returned to the guard-room to await its execution with horror and disgust.

Here my friend Corporal Doyle came to see me by permission of the captain of my company, with whom I had been a favourite, and who, I believe, was sincerely sorry at the result of the court-martial.

Doyle tried to cheer me. He tried to catch my attention by suggesting some manner in which I could get a reduction of the sentence.

"The men of our company," he said, "are crazy against the colonel for his severity, and there will be trouble between our men and the third because their men did not swear that you had nothing to do with the business. Sure, it's unlucky you are altogether. But where were you before the trouble began?"

I told him of the Methodists in whose good company I had been, and then, catching at a straw, I asked him if he would take a message to one or two.

He shook my hand heartily, again bade me cheer up, and said it might not yet be too late.

"Pity," he said, "you did not get a better chance this morning. Your old friend had his, and he must have used it as badly as I thought he would. And to see him walking about the parade ground just now with the natest, swatest slip of a girl as Iver I saw in Ireland. Sure, it's some people have all the good fortune and others none at all, at all." He heaved a big sigh.

"Ah, Doyle," said I, "you are always thinking your Irish girls are the only ones that are 'nate and swate and pretty.'"

"Sure," said he, laughing, "and there you're mistaken entirely, for the slip of a girl that's with the lieutenant is no Irish girl at all. Didn't I hear her speaking as I passed—and the look of her is English as could be."

He turned to the door of the guard-room and was about to leave, when a thought flashed across my mind that set my heart beating.

"Come back, Doyle," I cried, and then, dropping my voice so that the other men in the room might not hear, "tell me, Doyle, how old was the young lady with the lieutenant?"

"Didn't I say a slip of a girl, and no young lady at all. Maybe fourteen her age would be."

"Was her hair golden and curling, and were her eyes blue, and smiling all the time? Did she look like a little angel from heaven, Doyle, who couldn't and wouldn't do a wrong to any one?"

"You might say all that of her and more, for she's just the prettiest and sweetest little creature I ever set eyes on. But what are you thinking about, Barber?" said Doyle.

"Believe me, Doyle," I said, "I'm thinking 'tis his sister!"

For a moment my good Irish comrade looked puzzled. Then his face lighted up.

"By the powers," he ejaculated, "I believe you're right, though it never crossed my mind, so unlikely a pair are they. Why, man, if that is so, she may speak to the colonel for you, or maybe to Sir Arthur himself. There is no one would refuse her request."

It was my turn to remain silent. Was it fair to set her against her brother? And yet had I not already suffered enough on his account? It was not the physical pain of the next day's punish-

ment I feared, but the disgrace and the set-back to all the thoughts I had of rising in my chosen calling, and thus justifying the fond hopes of my parents and of Ellen herself.

"Doyle," I said at length, "take my message to the Methodist people of whom I have told you. One at least is a prominent man in Cork, and Sir Arthur may listen to his story. If you fail to see him, give this letter to a messenger you can trust, and let him leave it for the young lady. If it is indeed the lieutenant's sister, she will be staying at the house out of which he came during the riot yesterday."

I scribbled a note, as I spoke, on a leaf from a book I was reading. No matter what I wrote, for it was never delivered. Just as I was about finishing it, and wondering whether I should sign my name or no, the door of the guard-room opened, and a colour-sergeant of my company appeared.

"Corporal Barber here?"

"I sprang to my feet.

"Smarten up," he said. "Captain Ritchie has sent an order for you."

I thrust the note up the sleeve of my jacket, and bidding Doyle not execute his errand until I returned, followed the sergeant to Captain Ritchie's quarters.

And there a most wonderful thing happened to me, for I found not only the captain of my company, but the great Sir Arthur Wellesley himself, with whom for the second time in my short career as a soldier I was thus brought face to face. The younger officer was talking in quiet and respectful tones to his superior. We saluted. Captain Ritchie nodded to the colour-sergeant who saluted again and left the room, while I remained rigidly at attention.

Sir Arthur looked at me, not unkindly I thought. "It is the same man," he said to the captain. Then,

"You were at Kloga, I think?"

"I was, sir."

"I spoke to you there on account of

With that enigmatical saying he turned away as if to hide a smile which played about his lips, in contradiction to his sharp and soldierly reply.

The captain walked to the door and opened it. The sergeant came forward.

"Corporal Barber will return to his company," he said. The finding of the court-martial is revoked."

And so in the space of a few minutes I found myself changed from a condemned to a free man. And I'll ask you to believe that the cheer Doyle raised when he heard the news, caught up by the men of my company, was heard across the parade ground, in the quarters of Lieutenant Erling himself.

What he thought or said I can better imagine than describe, but I know now that, if he heard the news with chagrin, there was one, near to him and dear to me, who received it with overbounding joy. Not for a long time was I allowed to know that the friend to whom Sir Arthur had mysteriously referred was indeed Ellen herself.

Many months afterwards I heard how she came thus providentially once more within the circle of my life, setting aside like a good angel the deeds of her brother. It is a narrative, but I cannot describe how greatly it affected me when I heard it from her own dear lips.

"My aunt brought me to Cork," said Ellen. "She is, you know, the wife of the colonel of the 45th Regiment. My uncle found us a house near the barracks, and it was there Michael came to visit us on the Sunday of the riot. When the noise of the fighting came near the house I ran to an inner room, but Michael went to the window to see what it was all about. He must have then seen you join the crowd and conceived the terrible idea of securing your disgrace. And thus, Jim, I knew nothing more of the riot until the next day when Michael took me to view the barracks. Already I had asked to see you, but Michael had

"At home I found my aunt and wept out my sorrows to her.

Cannot the colonel, I asked, pardon him?"

"My aunt did not understand my feelings for a common soldier, and bade me go to my room and dry my tears. I obeyed her, but had no sooner got there than I was seized with the thought that something might yet be done to save you. I would go to the barracks again. I would see the colonel, my uncle. I would even go to Sir Arthur himself. I put on my hat and slipped quietly out of the house. I went up to the barracks. A soldier asked me who I wished to see. It was on my mind to ask for Michael, and then for my uncle, but something said within me, 'Sir Arthur,' and boldly I said, 'I wish to see Sir Arthur Wellesley.'

"The soldier smiled. 'And what do you want with the General, young lady?' he said. Then I summoned up my dignity, and replied that I was the sister of Lieutenant Erling and the niece of Colonel Keele, and had my own business with the General. After that he smiled no more, but passed me on to another soldier and he to another, until I reached the General's quarters, I fearing all the time that I should meet my brother. Then at the General's there was more smiling, because they wondered what a bit of a girl like myself could want with the General. But still they passed me through, until I found Sir Arthur himself. Then my courage almost left me, but I told him my errand, for he smiled in a kindly way, and said my uncle was a fine soldier. As for the court-martial he was then looking at the papers, and was also sorry to find Corporal Barber under sentence, because, if he remembered rightly, he had commended him after a fight in Denmark. Then he looked at the papers again and eyed me curiously.

"Do you know," he said, "that your brother is one of the chief witnesses against the corporal?"

"When he said that I almost cried again, and a look of blank dismay came in my face.

"I am sorry—" I began, but Sir Arthur interrupted me by saying, "If you know him at home, then your brother must have known him also?" He paused. "Were they friends?" he added, tapping the table thoughtfully with a pencil. My face went fiery red and then pale again and I said nothing. I knew that Michael had acted from malice, and I felt that Sir Arthur knew it also. He relieved my anxiety and my silence at once. "I will do my best for your friend," he said kindly. "If he is indeed the honest fellow you describe him, I will take care that he does not suffer."

"I could not speak for joy when I heard that. My eyes filled with tears only to think of his kindness and generosity. Then he took my hand and kissed it, as if I were a grand and grown-up lady, and bade one of the officers conduct me through the barrack-ground.

"And so I went home again rejoicing, and immediately he must have gone to your captain.

"You can imagine my joy when I heard the colonel tell my aunt at dinner that evening how Sir Arthur had pardoned a man sentenced to be flogged.

"My aunt looked hard at me as he told the story, but said nothing until dinner was over. Then as we went into the drawing-room she pinched my arm playfully and whispered in my ear. 'I know where you went, my dear. You are a plucky little girl, but I doubt whether your soldier is worth it. You must not go to the barracks again.' And greatly though I wished it, I did not."

Such was Ellen's story, told between tears and laughter long after the events related; and I ask you to judge whether she did not do as plucky a deed as any I may have occasion to recount.

The story was told but once, and then for my private ear alone, for when the time came for the telling, an element of tragedy had crept in, undiscovered and unforeseen even in those sad days at Cork.

(To be continued.)

Among the relics in the Bank of England is a note for £1,000,000. It is the only one of the kind ever issued. It dates from 1800.

It is said that the Czar is the only European monarch whose life is not well insured in some English or American life insurance company.

The Prince of Wales has been invited by the directors of the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway to formally open the new Victoria Jubilee Bridge next summer.



CORPORAL BARBER AND SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

your conduct at the storming of the churchyard?"

"You did me that honour, sir."

"And now you find yourself in this unfortunate position? How do you explain your conduct yesterday?"

"I was doing my duty, sir, endeavouring to get the men back to barracks."

For a moment there was a pause, and I thought they must hear my heart thump against my ribs, so great was the silence and suspense.

"Well," said Sir Arthur slowly, weighing his words and eyeing me carefully. "I'm inclined to believe, corporal, that your motives have been mistaken." Then, turning to the captain, he added, "He will take his place with his company again, and I will see that the finding of the court-martial is altered in his case. I will always give a good soldier the benefit of a doubt."

The captain bowed.

"May I thank your honour—" I began.

"Nor, sir, you may not. Your thanks should be directed towards another quarter."

answered that it was impossible, because you were a common soldier and I an officer's sister. But when I saw so many soldiers passing to and fro I said I would perhaps see you.

"And if you did, miss?" said Michael.

"Then I should certainly shake his hand and speak to him," I replied.

"He laughed in a sneering way. 'You can see your soldier to-morrow, if you like, but the sight will not please you.'

"And why not?" said I.

"Because," said Michael angrily, "your friend is going to be flogged on parade."

"Oh!" I screamed, "It is impossible. You are not telling the truth, Michael."

"No?" he said, in a bantering way. Ask the colonel, and he will tell you all about it."

"I could not say another word. The thought of the suffering and shame in store for you, if Michael spoke truly, overcame me. I must have shown my feintness, for Michael took me home again, returning at once to his duties at the barracks."