

ment of events. They were not, however, very long kept in suspense.

Late in the afternoon, when the ladies were partaking of a little meagre refreshment, the door of their apartment suddenly opened, and Sir Randal came in, followed by Mrs. Ayre's nurse, Azim, whom they had left behind at the bungalow in the morning. Rachel sprang up, her face flushing with expectancy and newly-inspired hope.

"Ah, Azim, have you any news of the Sahib?" she asked, hastily: but the native mournfully shook his head, and unwinding his turban from his head gave into her hand a little packet wrapped in a linen handkerchief.

"Sahib no more. Azim bring these to Mem Sahib. Them precious to her."

Tears sprang to the eyes of all present as the young wife unfolded the parcel and revealed a lock of bright hair and a soldier's medal, which told their own tale. Rachel lifted her eyes to the servant's face, and by that look bound him to her anew for life.

"Where did you get these, Azim?"

"From poor Sahib—dead at the gate. Azim seek him all day, find him, and bring these to Mem Sahib, and more money and jewels from bungalow, all burned down," he said eagerly, and taking from his ample robe another packet, he handed to his mistress all the money and the trinkets, each precious because of its history and its memory, which, in the haste of the morning's flight, she had left behind.

"God bless you, Azim," she said, and her hand trembled as she took her treasures from the dusky hands. "I have nothing to give but thanks in the meantime; yes, and baba's love. See how eager he is to go to you; take him again. As long as I live, I shall never forget what you have done for me and mine this day. This is priceless."

She touched the bright curl with tender finger, wrapped it up, and placed it in the bodice of her gown.

"One could almost forgive the traitors for the sake of this honest soul," said Sir Randal, gruffly. "Well, ladies, there is nothing for us now but to make the best of our way out of this beastly hole, and if we ever reach the shores of England in safety, we'll know, I hope, to stay there."

"Must we go now?" asked Mrs. Elton, anxiously, while at Sir Randal's words Azim betrayed the liveliest satisfaction.

"Yes ma'am. Azim says every soul of them's in revolt, and that we can't depend on those we have with us here; so soon as the sun sets we'll set out in the carriage which was to take you to Calcutta."

A few hasty preparations were made, and in the dusk of the evening the carriage, containing the three ladies and the child, drove away from the Flagstaff Tower. It was driven by Azim, who had been accustomed before the birth of the child to drive his mistress in a pony carriage. Kurnaul was the destination agreed upon, as it could be reached by road without crossing the river. Sir Randal and other officers promised to follow as speedily as was practicable on horseback, if possible, and if not, on foot.

Husbands and wives parted that dreadful day with no outward sign of pain; the emotions were pent in their bosoms, paralysed by the horror of circumstances and apprehension for the future. It was a living death for each every hour. The little company of women sat silent in the carriage, holding their breath, as the faithful servant drove through the city, expecting every moment to be their last. But they were fortunate in escaping from the busy thoroughfares, and as they left the din behind them, poor Mrs. Elton leaned back in her seat and wearily closed her eyes. With one arm Rachel held her child tightly to her breast, and the other hand clasped that of Lady Vane. Both seemed to find some comfort in that silent touch. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the tramp of feet and the sound of angry voices. One shot was fired, then the carriage came to an abrupt stop, and they heard Azim arguing wildly in the native tongue. But louder and angrier voices drowned his, and presently the carriage door was rudely opened, and a flaring torch held up before the faces of the affrighted women.

"What do you want?" asked Lady Vane, in fluent Hindustance. "We are only poor fugitive women fleeing from death. Is it money? We have none."

"Yes, I have some, if they will take it and let us go on," said Rachel, quickly, and opening out the packet Azim had given her, held out some gold pieces which caused the dusky faces to light up with a savage glow of delight.

"Come down," said one peremptorily, and just then Azim appeared at the opposite door, and advised them to alight and give up such things as they had. Fortunately their assailants were only a band of gipsy marauders, such as in-

fest the environs of all Indian cities—consequently their object was rather plunder than murder.

Implicitly trusting the faithful Azim, the ladies at once alighted, and though they stood alone at the edge of a pathless jungle, at the mercy of a score of savage-looking men, they preserved a wonderful degree of calmness. The ring-leader pointed to their ear-rings and rings, and other little ornaments—all of which were silently given up. Under pretence of unfastening her brooch, Rachel slipped her wedding-ring into her mouth, and so kept that precious symbol of her brief married life. Lady Vane wore a black bonnet trimmed with jets, which took the eye of the marauders, and she was obliged to give it up.

When they had thus robbed them of every ornament and some of their outer clothing, to the dismay of the fugitives, they jumped into the carriage and drove away back towards Delhi, heedless of the frantic remonstrances of Azim, who ran after them for some distance, upbraiding them with their treachery.

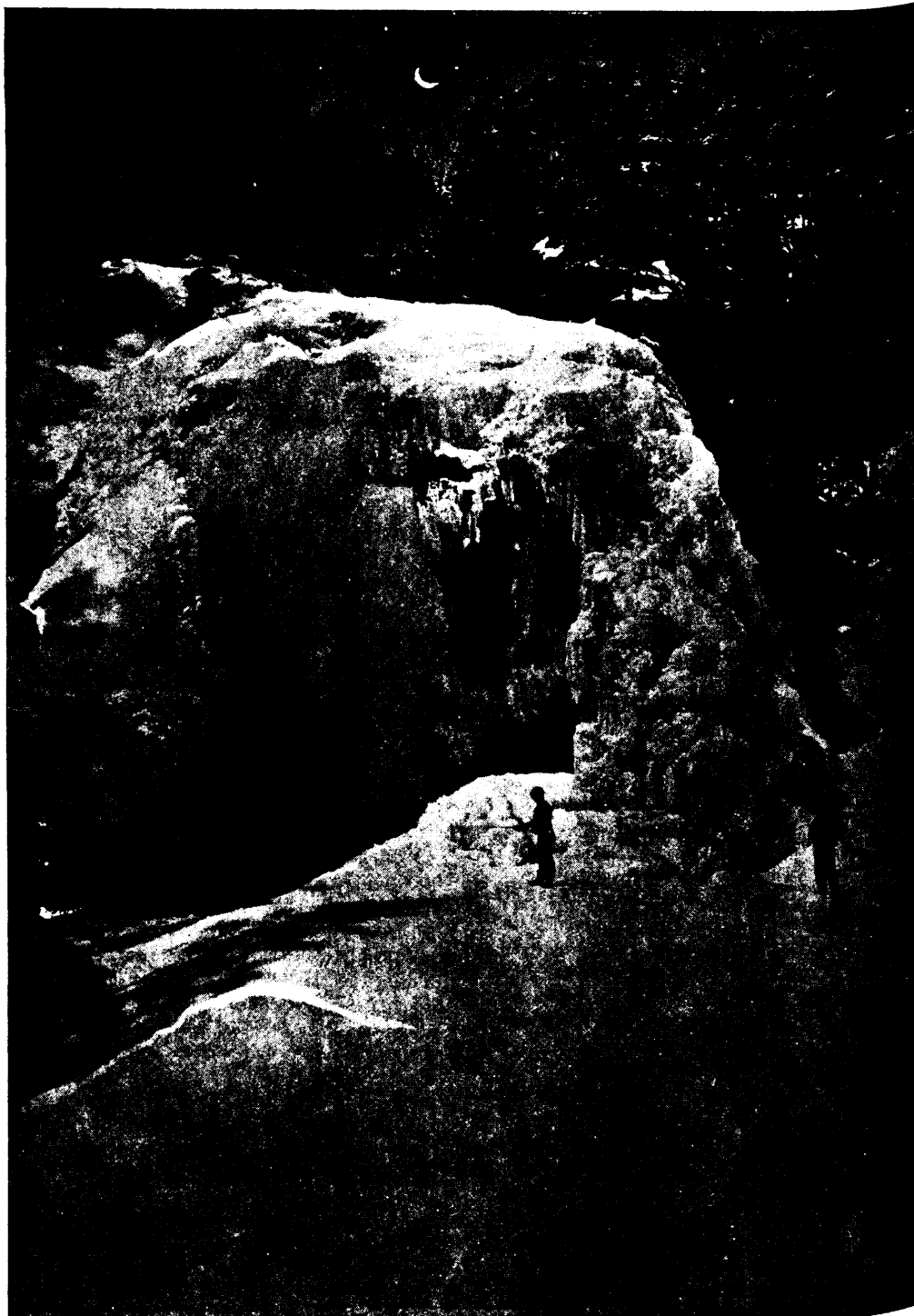
Left alone in the darkening night, without money or food, or sufficient clothing or means of conveyance, the fugitives were indeed in a pitiable plight.

(To be Continued.)

The Soldier of 1854 and 1891.

In 1854 the soldier was tightly buttoned, tightly stocked, and closely shaved, till, in consequence of comments "in

those horrible newspapers," the torture was relaxed by orders from home; but I am bound to say that the infantry of that day, if they suffered for it in the flesh, looked far better than the men of 1891. The shako (or "Albert hat," as it was called), heavily as it weighed upon the head, was prettier if less martial, with all its show of brass ornament and tuft, than the *pickel-haube* worn by the 32nd and other Russian regiments on the Alma, recently copied by our army from the all-conquering Prussian. The uniforms fitted better to the men, and were of finer-looking cloth than they are now. The officer was epauletted and bestrapped, and his blue frock coat or double breasted swallow-tail sat closely to his figure. The Guards loomed larger and taller than they do now. They and the Fusilier regiments sported far loftier bearskins, and there were many distinctive regimental badges on shako and button. The line cavalry were much more brilliant. Hussars and horse artillery wore pelisses, and there was a liberal display of lace and feathers generally in all arms, and along the line the colours marked the centre of each regiment. I confess that it seems to my eye as if the days of smartness have fled from the army, with the exception of the cavalry and some special corps; but it matters little if the spirit, of which that smartness was taken to be a soldierly indication, still beats under the shapeless sack in which the frame of the warrior is encased at present.—Dr. W. H. Russell, in the "Army and Navy Gazette."



WINTER VIEW OF MOOSE RIVER FALLS, N.S.