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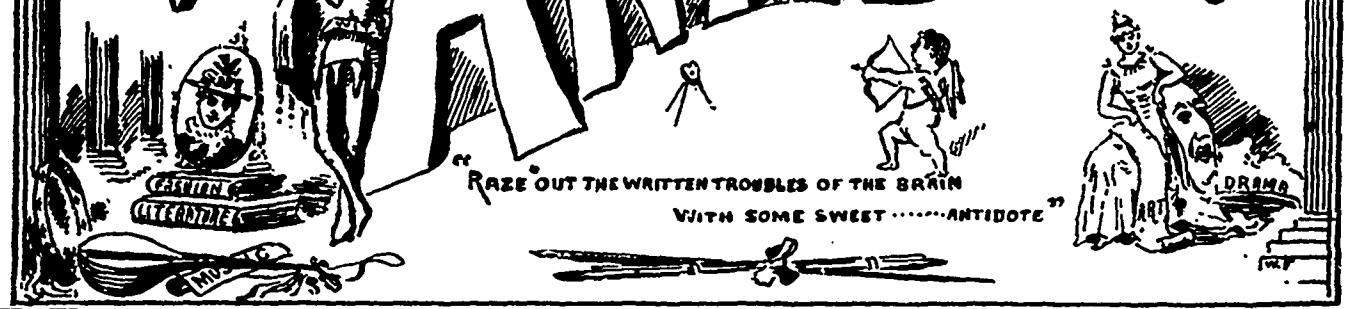
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MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 19, 1892

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## •OUR PRIZE LIST•

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

## THE CRAZE OVER MASGAGNI.

The Paris papers are making merry over the reception accorded Mascagni during his sojourn in the Austrian capital. We need not again allude here to the popularity of his two operas, the "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the "Amica Fritz," which aroused so much interest in musical circles last season in London and elsewhere in England. The Parisians did not take very kindly to the new luminary, and are therefore the more inclined to laugh over the reception accorded him in Vienna. The ladies of that city have certainly acted in a very absurd manner towards the new composer. They have followed him about in his walks through the streets and squares, seeking for an opportunity to "touch the hem of his garment"; to scramble for the possession of the stub of a burnt cigar which he has thrown away; and even in his eating-house to scramble for the cherry stones on his plate after he has finished his piece of pie. It is said that one of them even invaded the house of his washer-woman and was making off with an inner garment when she was met at the door by a number of others who succeeded in each bearing off a rag of the "robe de nuit." "L'autre jour au Frater," says 'Le Guide,' "deux milles personnes l'ont s'est bouscule pour du toucher du doigt; des dames l'ont embrasse; l'une d'elles meme a arrache le cigare que fumait le maestre et l'a emporte—le cigare pas le maestro—comme une relique." We are reminded by this craze over Mascagni of an incident that took place some years ago in a public garden in London. The Prince of Wales was eating cherries and as he dropped the stones, some loyal lady picked them up and pocketed them, in order, as "Chambers' Journal" said at the time, "To bequeath them as a legacy to her issue." C. S. Calverley took up the subject and made it the vehicle for some pleasant verses which he headed "Precious Stones, an incident in modern history:"

My cherry stones! I prize them,  
No tongue can tell how much;  
Each lady caller eyes them  
And madly longs to touch.  
At eve I lift them down and look  
Upon them and I cry—  
Recalling how my Prince partook—  
(Sweet word) of cherry pie.

To me it was an era  
In life, that dejeuner;  
They ate, and sipped Madeira  
In much the usual way.  
Many soft items there would be  
No doubt, upon the carte;  
But one made life a heaven to me—  
It was the cherry-tarte.

Lightly the spoonfuls entered  
That mouth on which the gaze  
Of ten fair girls was centered,  
In rapturous amaze.  
Soon that August assemblage cleared  
The dish, and as they ate,  
The stones all coyly re-appeared  
On each illustrious plate.

And when his Royal Highness  
Withdrew to take the air  
Waiving our natural shyness,  
We swooned upon his chair;  
Policemen at our gurgments clutched;—  
We mocked those feeble powers—  
And soon the treasures that had touched  
Exalted lips were ours.

One large one at the moment,  
It seemed almost divine—  
Was got by that Miss Beaumont;  
And three, O, three are mine!  
Yes! The three stones that rest beneath  
Glass, on that plain deal shelf,  
Strangers, once dallied with the teeth  
Of Royalty itself.

Let parliament abolish  
Churches—and States and Thrones,  
With reverent hand I'll polish  
Still, still, my Cherry stones!  
A clod—a piece of orange peel—  
An end of a cigar—  
Once trod on by a Princely heel,  
How beautiful they are!

## PRACTICE.

It is not often that pupils or students err on the side of over-practice. There are some noted cases however. Among those of a past generation is the celebrated Schumann, who, in his endeavor to render all his fingers equally flexible, had an operation performed on one of his hands that rendered it almost useless ever after. One of the most thorough young lady amateur pianoforte players in Montreal permanently injured her hand a few years ago through over practice, to the great loss and regret of many admirers in the charmed circle wherein she moves.

## A Handful of Epigrams.

(From the French.)

"With perfect ease," a Scribbler cried,  
"I pour my verses forth;  
They cost me nought." A friend replied,  
"They cost you what they're worth!"  
De Marsey.

"Silence in Court!" a judge harangued,  
"This noise is quite absurd!  
Five men I've sentenced to be hanged,  
Whose pleas I have not heard."  
Baraton.

Greece that produced a warrior-host  
Renowned in all our schools,  
Could but of "Seven Sages" boast,  
Who then can count her fools?  
Grecourt.

This play-right, arrogant and mean,  
Is not his friend to tell  
He has the secret of Racine—  
He keeps the secret well!  
Arnaud.

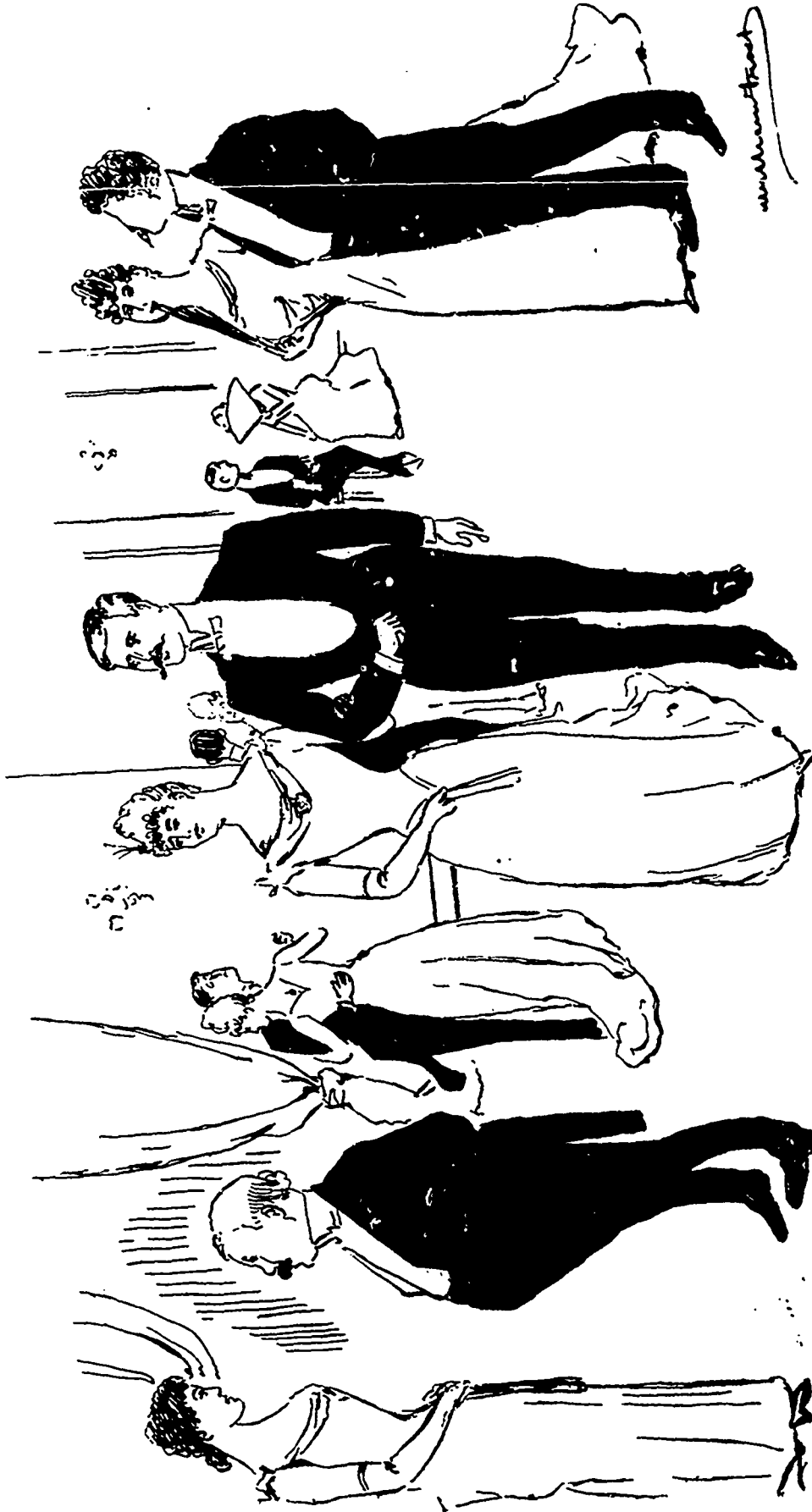
A bard, whose name I won't disclose,  
Asserted once with pride:  
"I never deign to write in prose!"  
His "verses" prove he lied.  
Voltaire.

Slab, as you will, with venom'd quill  
The living and the dead:  
Few will abuse your jealous muse,  
Because—she's seldom read.  
Coquard.

My friend you thought me stupid once,  
Because I scarcely spoke.  
I thought you, too, an empty dunce,  
Whenever you silence broke.  
Linares.

## The Bachelors' Ball.

One of the social events of the season in Montreal—The Bachelors Ball—takes place on Wednesday next at "The Kennels," and is expected to be a great success.



**SOCIAL AGONIES No. 6.**

HE.—"Can you tell me, who that foolish looking fat buffer is?"

SHE.—"Certainly; he is my husband."

Not on the Passenger List.

(By Luke Sharpe.)

The stewards in the grand saloon were busy getting things in order for dinner, when a wan and gaunt passenger spoke to one of them.

"Where have you placed me at table?" he asked.

"What name, sir?" asked the steward.

"Keeling."

The steward looked along the main tables, up one side and down the other, reading the cards, but nowhere did he find the name he was in search of. Then he looked at the small tables, but also without success.

"How do you spell it, sir?" he asked "the patient passenger."

"K-double-e-l-i-n-g."

"Thank you, sir."

Then he looked up and down the four rows of names on the passenger list he held in his hand, but finally shook his head.

"I can't find your name on the passenger list," he said. "I'll speak to the purser, sir."

"I wish you would," replied the passenger in a listless way, as if he had not much interest in the matter. The passenger, whose name was not on the list, waited until the steward returned.

"Would you mind stepping into the purser's room for a moment, sir? I'll show you the way, sir."

When the passenger was shown into the purser's room that official said to him, in the urbane manner of pursers:

"Might I look at your ticket, sir?"

The passenger pulled a long pocket-book from the inside of his coat, opened it, and handed the purser the document it contained. The purser scrutinized it sharply, and then referred to a list he had on the desk before him.

"This is very strange," he said at last. "I never knew such a thing to occur before, although, of course, it is always possible. The people on shore have in some accountable manner left your name out of my list. I am sorry you have been put to any inconvenience, sir."

"There has been no inconvenience so far," said the passenger, "and I trust there will be none. You find the ticket regular, I presume?"



NO TASTE FOR CHIPPED HAY.

Smith—"Have you a cigarette old man?"  
Jones—"No thanks, I only smoke tobacco."

"Quite so—quite so," replied the purser. Then to the waiting steward, "Give Mr. Keeling any place he prefers at the table which is not already taken. You have Room 18."

"That was what I bought at Liverpool."

"Well, I see you have the room to yourself, and I hope you will find it comfortable. Have you ever crossed with us before, sir? I seem to recollect your face."

"I have never been in America."

"Ah! I see so many faces, of course, that I sometimes fancy that I know a man when I don't. Well, I hope you will have a pleasant voyage, sir."

"Thank you."

No. 18 was not a popular passenger. People seemed instinctively to shrink from him, although it must be admitted that he made no advances. All went well until the "Gibrontus" was about half-way over. One forenoon the chief officer entered the captain's room with a pale face, and, shutting the door after him, said:

"I am very sorry to have to report, sir, that one of the passengers has fallen into the hold."

"Good Heaven!" cried the captain. "Is he hurt?"

"He is killed, sir."

The captain stared aghast at his subordinate.

"How did it happen? I gave the strictest orders that those places were on no account to be left unguarded."

Although the company had held to Mrs. Keeling that the captain was not to blame, their talk with that gentleman was of an entirely different tone.

"That is the strange part of it, sir. The hatch has not been opened this voyage, sir, and was securely bolted down."

"Nonsense! Nobody will believe such a story! Someone has been careless! Ask the purser to come here, please."

When the purser saw the body, he recollected, and came as near fainting as a purser can.

They dropped Keeling overboard in the night, and the whole affair was managed so quietly that nobody suspected anything, and, what is the most incredible thing in this story, the New York papers did not have a word about it. What the Liverpool office said about the matter nobody knows, but it must have stirred up something like a breeze in that strictly business locality. It is likely they pook-pooked the whole affair, for, strange to say, when the purser tried to corroborate the story with the dead man's ticket the document was nowhere to be found.

The "Gibrontus" started out on her next voyage from Liverpool with all her colors flying, but some of her officers had a vague feeling of unrest within them which reminded them of the time they first sailed on the heaving seas. The purser was seated in his room, busy, as pursers always are at the beginning of a voyage, when there was a rap at the door.

"Come in!" shouted the important official, and there entered unto him a stranger, who said:

"Are you the purser?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I have room No. 18."

"What!" cried the purser, with a gasp, almost jumping from his chair. Then he looked at the robust man before him, and sank back with a sigh of relief. It was not Keeling.

"I have room No. 18," continued the passenger, "and the arrangement I made with your people in Liverpool was that I was to have the room to

myself. I do a great deal of shipping over your—"

"Yes, my dear sir," said the purser, *àîètr* having looked rapidly over his list, "you have No. 18 to yourself."

"So I told the man who is unpacking his luggage there; but he showed me his ticket, and it was issued before mine. I can't quite understand why your people should—"

"What kind of a looking man is he?"

"A thin, unhealthy, cadaverous man, who doesn't look as if he would last till the voyage ends. I don't want him for a room mate, if I have to have one. I think you ought—"

"I will, sir. I will make it all right. I suppose, if it should happen that a mistake has been made, and he has the prior claim to the room, you would not mind taking No. 24—it is a large and better room."

"That will suit me exactly."

So the purser locked his door and went down to No. 18.

"Well?" he said to its occupant.

"Well," answered Mr. Keeling, looking up at him with his cold and fishy eyes.

"You're here again, are you?"

"I'm here again, and I will be here again. And again and again, and again and again."

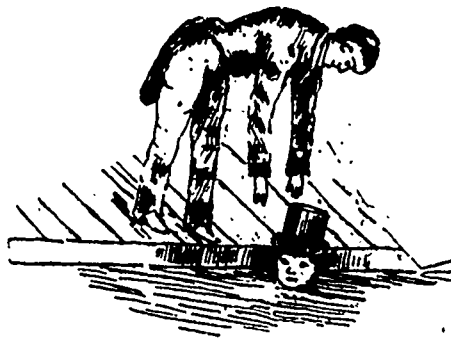
"Now, what the—?" Then the purser hesitated a moment, and thought perhaps he had better not swear, with that icy, clammy gaze fixed upon him. "What object have you in all this?"

"Object? The very simple one of making your company live up to its contract. From Liverpool to New York, my ticket reads. I paid for being landed in the United States, not for being dumped overboard in mid-ocean. Do you think you can take me over? You have had two tries at it and have not succeeded. Yours is a big and powerful company, too."

"If you know we can't do it, then why do you—?" The purser hesitated.

"Pester you with my presence?" suggested Mr. Keeling. "Because I want you to do justice. Two thousand pounds is the price, and I will raise it one hundred pounds every trip."

This time the New York papers got hold of the incident, but not of its peculiar features. They spoke of the ex-



#### SCENE AT THREE RIVERS.

Fair Equestrian during recent flood of mud disappears.

F. E. (log).—Leave me alone, I have a horse under me.

traordinary carelessness of the officers in allowing practically the same accident to occur twice on the same boat. When the *Gibrontus* reached Liverpool all the officers, from the captain down, sent in their resignations. Most of the sailors did not take the trouble to resign, but cut for it. The managing director was annoyed at the newspaper comments, but laughed at the rest of the story. He was invited to come over and interview Keeling for his own satisfaction, most of the officers promising to remain on the ship if he did no. He took Room 18 himself. What happened I do not know, for the purser refused to sail again on the *Gibrontus*, and was given another ship.

But this much is certain. When the managing director got back, the company generously paid Mrs. Keeling £2,100.

Jane.—'Ullio, Sarah, 'ow are yer gettin' on now yer married? Puttin' money in the bank, eh?

Sarah (the ex-cook, ruefully).—No fear; I ain't saving, I am slaving—that's wot I am.

Jane (laughing).—Well, it's only the difference of a "1."

Sarah (shaking her head mournfully).—Ah! but it makes a 'ell of a difference, Jane.—Pick-me-up.

Londoner.—What is your principal amusement health in New York?

Miss Pert.—Weddings.

Londoner.—Ah! and the spring?

Miss Pert.—Divorces.

The crows on Long Island are said to be losing their voices, and the farmers allude to the circumstance as the lost caws. —The Club.

#### A Question for Gentlemen.

Did you ever see woman catch sight of a mouse,

And not raise enough outcry to bring down the house?

Did you ever take note how she shuddered and yelled,

And would rush to your arms to be guarded and held?

Did you ever?

Did you ever reflect that a woman acts thus,

Just in order to pose as an object of fuss?

Did you ever observe her betray any fear of a mouse, when there was not a man somewhere near?

No, you never!

—Pick-me-up.

#### RECEIPTS.

Gingerbread.—Take 3lb. of flour, 1lb. of sugar, 1lb. of butter, rub them together till quite fine; sprinkle in 2oz. of ginger, and one large nutmeg finely grated. Warm 1lb. of treacle and a quarter of a pint of cream, work them gradually into the dough till it is stiff as for making bread; roll it out thick or thin, to make it into cakes to cut into biscuits as desired.

Brown Almond Gingerbread.—Take ½lb. of bleached almonds, chop them, and pound them in a little water (wherein some gum Arabic should previously have been steeped), add a few drops of lemon juice, and ¼lb. of ginger finely grated; sweeten to taste, sprinkle in enough flour to work into a smooth dough; roll out, cut in squares, and bake.

Lemon Gingerbread.—Mix the juice of two or three lemons (after having put by the grated rind of the same) with a wineglassful of brandy; have 1lb. of dry sifted flour on a board, stir in the grated rind, make a hole in the middle, put in ½lb. of treacle, the same quantity of butter almost melted, the lemon juice and brandy; work all this together, adding at the least ¼oz. of cayenne pepper, and ½oz. of ground ginger. If too moist or sticky, add a little more flour, roll out as desired, and bake. Another way: Work together the following ingredients—2lb. of flour, 1lb. of butter, warmed, 1lb. of treacle, 1oz. of ground ginger, and a wineglassful of brandy. Finish as above. In France gingerbread is generally made with rye flour and honey as the principal com-



From London Queens.

ponents; that is the reason for which it is rather lighter than the same article as sold in England. It is very important to use nothing but the freshest treacle, neither sour nor thickened by keeping, otherwise both flavour and appearance will be spoilt; and the ginger should be freshly ground for the purpose. If the cakes are rolled out thin they are usually baked on tin plates. Whenever molasses can be had, and this is now obtainable, the American receipts should be tried, as the result is very delicious and the flavour peculiarly delicate. Warm two medium-sized cupfuls of molasses, half cupful of lard and butter respectively, and two tablespoonfuls of freshly ground ginger; beat them well together with a wooden ladle for ten minutes; then add one cupful of sour milk, twenty-two tablespoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little hot water; after which work in sufficient flour to make a soft yet firm dough. Roll out to the desired thickness, cut it into shapes; bake in a

quick oven (but not too hot). Directly the cakes are taken out brush them over with some white of egg. Another way; the following ingredients will have two fair-sized round or square loaves: Beat to a cream 1lb. of sifted sugar and 2oz. of butter; stir in the beaten yolk of five eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved as above, and of cream of tartar respectively, one large tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon respectively, and three tablespoonfuls of fresh milk. Work these ingredients with 1lb. of flour, and bake in tins. All gingerbread should be stored in well-closing tins, or it will become damp and heavy.—Tory.

### THE FASHIONS.

Blouse bodices still continue to be worn, those in light shot silk say of pink and gold with a belt of black ribbon velvet heavy rosettes on the points, back and front, being extremely pretty. Empire Gowns are being made

of striped velvet with Bolero jacket, and sleeves of silk black satin ribbon may be applied to the skirt and carried through a box-pleat at the side. Many serge gowns have jacket bodices, ending in wide sashes, and among the varieties of the Russian blouse is one having three box-pleats in the back and front of the bodice.

Woolen materials are now of course much worn and bordered materials again come to the fore. Velvet tartans with a black frise upstanding pile are used for trimmings. Black serges with coloured cords an inch apart are very effective.

Our illustrations this week are as follows:—

No. 1. Long coat of the richest sealskin, with new collar and cuffs, the former terminating as revers.

No. 2. Sacque coat of Astrakan, with sealskin cuffs, collar, and revers.

No. 3. Black satin Directoire coat, with Astrakan waistcoat, revers, collar, cuffs, and buttons.



## How I Was Married ;

A Tale of the Indian Mutiny.

By Hurkaru.

### CHAPTER I.

The incidents of this tale took place nearly forty years ago, and yet it seems but yesterday since I first saw the lady, (soothing her grandson, Master Harry, yonder) when she was little more than a child herself—but yesterday, so happy have been neraly all those years, so bright has she made them. I cannot say that lady, my wife, could ever lay many claims to beauty, and I fancy she is better looking now in her declining years than she was in her youth, for how can it be otherwise with one who has always practised truth and kindness? No, even a foud husband, having a due regard for veracity, must admit that none of her features were faultless, except indeed her largo brown honest eyes which were—and still are to one—the loveliest he can imagine out of heaven. But though her face was always homely, I have preferred it to every other, and it is with a thankful heart I count the years that it has blessed my home. I have often heard and read—as which of us has not?—of men who have fallen in and out of love half a dozen times, and I can recall several of my friends who have suffered from that common complaint very badly and have entirely recovered, but Kate Clevedale, nee Marsden, was the only “fair chaste and imprwive she,” who throughout my life has ever touched my heart. It is strange that events which robbed many of all they held most dear, should have been the means of making me the happiest of men. Nevertheless, as will be related presently, the dreadful mutiny, which removed numbers in such a fearful manner gave me the husband’s priceless crown. To those decrees, so incomprehensible, we can only bow our heads, as my dear wife had to bend hers, though I trust her life after the storm has not been unhappy, indeed her face which has smiled upon me (through a long vista of years says as much, in spite of my short comings, and a temper, which must have tried her often. Few of us, certainly not I, deserve a pure woman’s entire heart, which of all earthly blessings is the most sacred.

I am the second son of the late Henry Clevedale of Neston Hall, situated on the banks of the River Dee near the quaint

old city of Chester, and at the time my story commences I was a Captain in the 167th Regiment of Dragoons, stationed at Meerut in the Northwest Provinces of India, less than forty miles from Delhi.

Only those who were in that country during 1857 and 1858 can realize the terrible time, and though I confess that England was not free from error, she did nothing which could justify the awful sequel. The first spark was ignited in March of the first mentioned year at Barrackpore in Bengal, but it was not until May following when the flame burst forth at Meerut, which spread through the almost entire length and breadth of British India bringing grief and desolation to many a home. Among the great we had to mourn Lawrence, Havelock, and Hodson, while singing “Te Deum” for the victories of Outram, Rose, and Campbell, (afterwards Lord Clyde).

### CHAPTER II.

Among my friends who at that period belonged to my regiment I may name first and foremost the Assistant Surgeon, as he was then, John Stirling, who like the great Falstaff, was commonly Jack to his familiars. He was a Scotchman of about twenty-four years of age, medium height, but so thin that he appeared much taller than he really was. He had a pair of lantern jaws, not unlike those of the celebrated Don Quixote, but his laughing twinkling eyes entirely transformed what might otherwise have been a melancholy countenance. Jack is no longer thin and lantern jawed, but stout with a jolly, rubicund face, time having changed him as it does most of us. Another of my friends in those days was young Archie Churchill, a lieutenant in my own company, a goodlooking lad of twenty-one, but who from his airs you might easily suppose to be thirty at least. He maintained he was descended from John Duke of Marlborough, but I can testify that he was considerably more open handed than, from all accounts, was his illustrious ancestor. His conceit seemed to sit naturally on him, and though he would absolutely to patronize me, his Captain, occasionally when off duty, he was so perfectly affable, that instead of annoyance he simply caused me amusement. Archie’s faults however were on the surface, and would no doubt have rubbed off as he

grew older, but alas he met a hero’s death when little more than a boy with the pluck of a grayhaired veteran.

Kate Marsden was the only child of Colonel Marsden, commanding the 108rd Bengal Native Cavalry, she and her mother having arrived at Meerut in the beginning of May 1857, little dreaming of what was to take place within the next few days. It is a matter of history that the greased cartridges for the new English rifles was the origin of the mutiny. Colonel Marsden, who had been many years in India, cordially disapproved of forcing upon the Native troops an article which could only be obnoxious to their caste prejudices. It was an unmistakable blunder, and one for which England paid dearly. But the Colonel was a rigid disciplinarian, and whatever his private opinion may have been, he did not allow that for one moment to interfere with what he believed to be his public duty. He would—nay had—represented the matter to the proper authorities, but meanwhile orders must be obeyed.

I had known Colonel Marsden for some time, and so little do we any of us foresee what a day may bring forth, I recollect he had invited me to dinner at his bungalow on Friday the 10th May to meet his wife and daughter. The previous day several of the Sepoys had been committed to gaol for refusing to use the new cartridges, and on that Sunday as Jack Stirling, Archie Churchill, and myself were quietly smoking our cheroots after tiffin, we were startled by a report of firearms, followed by unmistakable Native yells. I bounded to my feet, and seizing my sword rushed out, when I perceived that the officers quarters of Colonel Marsden’s regiment, from whence the sounds had proceeded, were in flames! With an uncontrollable impulse, in spite of the bugle notes calling my own regiment to arms, I ran at full speed across the parade ground till I gained the front of Colonel Marsden’s bungalow, now rapidly burning to ashes, and there, on the threshold, lay the owner shot through the heart, while beside him was his wife, also dead. Many other officers and their wives were lying around, having met the same cruel fate, and at the door of one bungalow, I saw, merciful heaven! a babe literally cut in twain, as though the mandate of King Solomon had been carried out! I shudder

even now as I think of it. I have admitted England's blunder with regard to the cartridges, but surely a twentyfold such error, could never excuse the blood-thirsty atrocities, perpetrated by the cowards, who sheathed their swords in the trembling bodies of innocent infants—atrocities, some of which can scarcely be named, and culminating in the diabolical massacre of Cawnpore.

As I paused, sickened by the sights which met my gaze, I perceived at a short distance three Sepoys forcing forward a young girl of my own color, struggling violently so that her white muslin dress was being torn to shreds. Her face for a moment turned towards me, full of terror and supplication,—ah my dear I can see it before me as I write these words five and thirty years afterwards—and in another instant I had cut one of the ruffians down, as dead as Queen Anne. The other two released their captive to attack me, and clasping the terrified girl with my left arm, I sent my sword clean through one of the Sepoys, but before I could recover my weapon, my remaining enemy dealt me a blow on my left brow which sent me unconscious to the earth. When I came to myself I was lying propped up against a palmyra tree, with my head bandaged by strips of Miss Marsden's muslin dress, while she herself was kneeling at my side, safe and unhurt thank God, for as I fell my regiment came up at the charge and the mutineers, having previously released their imprisoned comrades from the gaol, were in full retreat towards Delhi.

As I opened my eyes they rested on a sweet face, half girlish, half womanly, and a small hand was raised to enjoin silence, but I said with a laugh that I was none the worse, hardly recollecting what had occurred. My wound was not serious although I still bear its mark, and I staggered to my feet—pulling myself together—remembering then what had passed. I was surprised to find everything so quiet and the camp deserted, but on my companion's explaining hurriedly how matters stood. I asked her to follow me, and taking care to go round by the back of Colonel Marsden's bungalow, to avoid the sight of what you will readily guess, we returned across the parade ground to the officers quarters of my regiment. I made my way to our Major's bungalow, which



BOUGHT AND SOLD.

SCENE—BAR ROOM IN THE TOWNSHIP.

SPORTSMAN.—(Having asked for Walker's Club), "Look here; this isn't 'Club' you have given us?"

BAR TENDER.—"Me! I always keep de straight bar, but my littl girl he's mix de liquor on de cellar."

I found shut up, but rightly concluding that this was merely a measure of safety, I soon gained admittance and consigned Kate to the care of Mrs. Johnston, the Major's wife.

"You did perfectly right Captain Clevedale to bring Miss Marsden here," remarked Mrs. Johnston, "and I will take the greatest care of her. I trust however the worst is over."

In a sense the worst certainly was over, as far as Kate was concerned, but she was an orphan in a strange land, and the mutiny had only just begun. Mrs. Johnston begged that I also would stay until the regiment returned, but I excused myself on the plea of having to make some arrangements, in fact I de-

sired to secure the remains of Colonel and Mrs. Marsden for burial the next morning, after which, feeling somewhat faint from my wound, I retired to my own bungalow.

CHAPTER III.

I will pass over the next fortnight in a few words. Important events quickly followed each other; we quelled the mutiny at Meerut, but the mutineers had seized Delhi and the gallant Willoughby had fired the magazine in that city, rather than surrender it to the enemy, nobly meeting his death along with five other brave fellows. Those are matters which history records, and I think it was on the 27th May when we left Meerut and

advanced upon Delhi to commence the siege—if such it can be called, when for nearly three months we were actually besieged on the ridge overlooking the city. Our army numbered about 10,000 men, consisting of English, Sikhs, and Goorkhas under the command of Sir H. Barnard, and we began operations by defeating the mutineers at Badhi-ka-Sarai on the 8th June. We had to act entirely on the defensive at first, having no artillery with which to attack the city. Added to this, our anxiety was increased by the presence of ladies and children, whom after what we had seen we must defend at all hazards. They say circumstances make the man, and surely woman must not be excluded. No one would have supposed that Mrs. Johnston could take so kindly to nursing and cutting up lint for the wounded, but heaven be praised there is good in all of us if there is sufficient to draw it out, and we had one or two unknown Florence Nightingales in our camp before Delhi. I can recall the form of a slight girl of seventeen who, battling with her own trials, set herself bravely to work to soothe and help those in need. I have watched her smiling even in her sadness, as she passed from patient to patient, with a cheerful word for each, and I do not wonder that I loved her. I remember upon one occasion she met me and said with a touch of pride that Stirling had promised her that he would recommend her as a first class hospital nurse, but since the mutiny she has only practised in a private hospital, her chief patient being one whom she has attended all his life, and who can never hope to repay her tender care. Did the man who "fell among thieves" afterwards wish and strive to refund the Samaritan? Let us trust that he was at any rate grateful for the service rendered.

During those weeks we were encamped before Delhi, it is probable Kate and I became more intimately acquainted than we should have done in as many months elsewhere. I believe she was foolish enough to consider me a kind of Barnard, because I had killed a couple of Sepoys in her defence, and her simple trusting nature endowed me with all sorts of virtues, which only existed in her fond imagination.

The mutineers gave us little rest during the so called siege of Delhi, sallying

forth almost daily to attack and harass us, while we had to wait and defend ourselves, holding the enemy in check until the artillery arrived. Here I may remark that the Indian Mutiny was a mutiny pure and simple and not a rebellion as some ignorant people have called it, for had it been the latter there is no human doubt that England with her mere handful of troops, could never at that time have retained possession of India; nay if the non-combatants had simply remained neutral, I believe our army would have been conquered by starvation alone. But the natives brought us supplies on our marches or at our stations, and numerous instances occurred of the devotion on the part of the servants to their masters and mistresses, (Sahibs and Mem-Sahibs as they are designated), amounting to even the sacrifice of their lives in not a few cases. Therefore the mutiny did not in the remotest degree savor of a rebellion, and the bloody Nana Sahib can never go down to posterity as a noble patriot, but only as a vulgar mutineer, whose name will be execrated for many a cruel and cowardly deed, unredeemed by a single manly or generous act. On the 26th June after a gallant resistance to a siege of twenty days, Cawnpore surrendered under treaty to Nana who crowned his conquest with the most hideous massacre ever recorded in history. The news of this reached our camp sometime in July, and I cannot describe the feelings it excited in the breast of every British Soldier within our tents. Even now as I write the words in the calm retreat of a peaceful home, after the lapse of so many years, my blood boils as I recall that cruel slaughter. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, etc." Amen; but there are some things one cannot easily forget or forgive, and I lay down my pen and clench my fist with an angry face, as I think of that day. "My dear what is the matter?" asks the lady opposite, looking up from her knitting. "I was writing about Cawnpore," is my reply. "Has our life been so unhappy that you should harbor revengeful thoughts?" is the gentle rejoinder. "What does your favorite Mr. Pope say?—to err is human, to forgive divine." When my wife talks in that way I am dumb; it is not that she feels less but trusts more. To resume—

Our gloom by the news from Cawnpore

was increased shortly after, for Sir H. Barnard succumbed to an attack of cholera, and he was succeeded by Brigadier Wilson when the siege continued to drag along until the 23rd August, on which day we had a very hot engagement, completely routing the enemy and driving him to the very gates of the city. During the encounter I was struck by a lance on the left leg below the knee, the blow completely smashing my shin bone and very nearly bringing my military career to an end, that catastrophe being only averted by the skill and patience of my friend Jack Stirling.

It was six weeks before I could cross the saddle again, and in that time Delhi had fallen and I had laid siege to and conquered another fortress of which I have held possession ever since.

That other fortress—of course I mean Kate's heart—surrendered at the first onslaught. It was one evening when Mrs. Johnston and Kate had come to visit me, and the former with a foresight (which did her credit shortly left us alone together. There were not many words spoken—a short question, a whispered syllable in reply, and though neither of us have forgotten them, they need not be repeated. Kate Marsden had promised to be my wife.

(To be concluded next week.)



#### THAT SETTLED IT.

Amy.—George, dear, what do you think of my new reformed gown?

Mr. Dolley (surveying it critically).—There's something in it I like.

Amy.—What?

Mr. Dolley.—You.—Exchange.

The poet's and the plumber's ways  
Are quite of different types,  
For, while the former pipes his lays,  
The latter lays his pipes.  
—Exchange.

#### HOW TO TELL.

Mabel—He is such a delightful fellow, but the trouble is, we do not know whether he is married or single.

Her Cousin Tom—Is he attentive?—willing to come or go—anxious to obey your slightest wish?

Mabel—Yes, he is.

Her Cousin Tom—Courageous in telling you how lovely you are, and what an influence such a woman would have over a man's life? Ready, in fact, to prostrate himself at your feet?

Mabel—That just expresses it.

Her Cousin—Then he's married!

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