

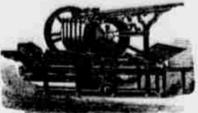
The Columbian.

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THE COLUMBIAN.



A Democratic Newspaper.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
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THE principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The utility, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

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Choice Poetry.

A LETTER NEVER SENT.

These long eyes may never behold thee,
These yearning arms may never embrace thee,
To my sad heart I never may press thee,
But my dear I never cease to bless thee.

I do not care, those who may be near thee,
Who have that joy supreme—whose see thee,
I bless them also, knowing they, too, love thee,
And that they prize no earthly thing above thee.

I do not even hope again to meet thee,
I never dare to think how I should greet thee,
Low in the dust should I fall down before thee,
And kneeling there, for pardon should implore thee.

Ah! 'twould be vain to kneel before thee!
A sin to let these knees still adore thee!
I kneel and pray that Heaven may bless and guide thee!
Love of my life! to Heaven's care I confide thee!

Miscellaneous.

"COUSIN BELL."

Our summer vacation was over; and the Sandhurst term again in full swing, when, having accomplished the day's drill and study, I was smoking my mid-night pipe in company with Jack Clinney, pulling the forbidden "dormitory" up the narrow chimney of our barracks, while we related the various adventures in the way of sporting, larking, and love-making, which had befallen us since we last parted. When my story was told, Jack drew a long breath ere he remarked,

"Then you are as good as engaged?" I nodded, and he went on. "I suppose you've seen your cousin, and like her?"

"Pretty well. She's only a school-girl, you know."

"And she likes you, of course?"

"I didn't ask her,—the governor and her mother will put all that square."

"By Jove! what a cool hand you are, Harry!" and Jack looked as if he did not know whether to envy or pity me.

"Still, I think I'd rather pick out my own wife, though after all I dare say you are right. They manage it your way in France, and,—but I think—"

"But come, no buts, Jack," said I, yawning, and proceeding to knock the ashes out of my exhausted pipe.

"By classic Diana's sacred head, I vow I shall 'my cousin' soon!"

And so to bed. Three thousand a year is not to be sneezed at, and every fellow cannot go in for a sentimental now-and-then. I have been in love half a dozen times already, but it don't last long, and I dare say I shall fall in love with Bell some day. "Good night, Jack."

And so, with the solemnity of eighteen, I was soon fast asleep. It was quite true, I was as Jack said, as good as engaged; and how this came about I had better explain. It seemed that some ninety or a hundred years before, the old family property, having fallen to the share of joint heiresses, had been divided; after all this lapse of time, by a singular coincidence, the two halves came into the possession of a brother and sister, each widowed, and each having one child. Hence arose an arrangement between our representative parents, to the effect that I should marry my cousin Bell, and so reunite the estates. My father told me all about it when I went home, putting it to me in such a plain, business-like way, that I never for an instant thought of making any objection. In fact, it seemed rather a fine thing to be disposed of; and when Jack let the secret out among our fellows, I gained several steps on the social ladder.

I did not see Bell again until the following summer, by which time I was an ensign in her Majesty's 4th Regiment, and under orders to join the headquarters in Canada. I had a fortnight's leave, and as the cottage my aunt had taken was within a mile of the manor, I spent most of my time with Bell. Yet when the parting came, I was no nearer being in love than the day I met her first. We had not quarrelled, simply, I thought, because neither of us cared enough for the other to do so. Not a word relating to the future had passed; and yet I was quite sure Bell knew all about her destiny, and almost as equally sure that she did not like it.

The 4th had only to complete its term of foreign service; so by the time Bell had gone through a couple of seasons, I was at home again.

By the death of a sister, my aunt had become guardian to a little girl, Milly Ryan by name, who, at eleven years old, was one of the brightest, loveliest girls I had ever seen. We were friends at once; I was "Cousin Hal" by adoption, and Milly was my champion, my second, my backer-up. Bell, looking on with scornful indifference while Milly's very impetuosity and enthusiasm made my cousin's coldness more palpable; a coldness which suppressed all my meditated attempts at love-making, and somehow continually reminded me that it was not necessary that we should act as ordinary engaged couples did.

So, though we rode, walked, and drove together, spending most of our time in each other's company, I again went back to my duty, and carried a whole heart with me. When another year had passed, my father began urging our marriage. So I wrote to Bell, asking her to fix a day. She made a very matter-of-fact reply, only asking to defer it for six months; and almost before I had time to think the matter over, tidings of the mutiny in India broke over Europe; and the 4th were ordered to prepare for embarkation. I got a week's leave and ran down to Devonshire. Bell looked, I thought, even colder than usual, and listened passively to my enthusiasm about fighting, promotion, and glory. Not so did Milly, whose face was a picture in itself; her color would deepen, her great eyes kindle, and with every nerve tingling, she would stand facing me as I spoke; sometimes, too, she would crouch down and clap my arm, whispering,—*"I love you best of all, cousin Hal; and I wish I was a boy, and then no one could stop me going with you; but girls are such stupid, useless things, they can do nothing."*

The night before my departure had come, and somewhat softened by the approaching parting, somewhat piqued by Bell's apparent insensibility to what the increasing intelligence from India convinced every one would be a sharp and perhaps long struggle, I had talked rather more than I was wont about the uncertainty of a soldier's lot. Suddenly Milly, who had been sitting upon the ground, jumped up, and cried,—*"I'll be a woman when you come back, Cousin Hal."*

"Ay," said I, bitterly, "if I ever come back. But many a poor fellow will bite the dust before we leave India again."

Bell's face grew paler, and her eyelids quivered, but she said nothing; until, looking at Milly, who stood with her eyes dilated and her hands clasped, she said,—*"You are frightening the child, Harry."*

"No he is not," cried Milly, wildly clenching her hands. "He is trying to frighten you, and you won't be frightened, because you don't love him. I believe you would not care a bit if he was killed."

Here Bell got up and walked across the room, and Milly, who had lost command of her voice, dashed away upstairs, and returned no more.

Put off last words as you will, they must come; and in the dim little drawing-room, lighted only by the wood-fire, I had good-by to Bell, with something very like a pang at my heart, and a newly awakened sensation I hardly knew how to account for. My aunt being one of those women to whom weeping is a necessity, there were plenty of tears; and when I looked back from the threshold I saw Bell kneeling by her mother, comforting her of course. It was very nice to know the tears were shed in sorrow for me, and I loved my aunt right dearly, but I was not going to marry her; and I confess I would rather have seen the mother comforting the daughter.

Going through the garden, down the walk by the laurels, upon whose broad glistening leaves the moonlight shone like frosted silver, I saw something white standing in my path; the next instant Milly clasped her hands round my arm, crying,—*"Did you think I was a ghost, Cousin Hal?"*

"I believe I did. But what on earth are you doing here alone?"

"Waiting for you, I was in such a rage I dared not stay in the room. So I pretended to go to bed, and came here to waylay you, just to be the very last to say good-by."

"Good-by then, Milly. Make haste and grow a woman, and then if Bell does not care for me, I'll marry you."

"Will you really? Thank you, Hal. I don't think Bell will care enough for you. What's that?"

She started and drew closer to me, shuddering, and then looking down the walk I saw another figure,—white and ghostlike enough in the uncertain moon-

light. It was just turning towards the house, and even as I caught sight of it, it vanished.

"What is it, Hal?" whispered Milly. "Do you think it was Bell coming to look for me? Do come back just to the grass."

I went back with her, and watched her into the house. Then I turned and went on my way.

During the stirring months which followed on our arrival in India, I had little time for thought, still less for writing. Letters were a rarity; we men looked with envious eyes at the despatch-bags. Almost unaccountably I had allowed my hopes regarding Bell's first letter to get the better of my discretion, and found myself looking forward to the contents as a test of her real feelings towards me. She would surely say something to betray herself, either for love or against it. When the letter did come I was half-frightened to open it, and turned it over and over before I broke the seal. Bell never crossed her letters, and wrote a large hand, so these were four sheets of thick note-paper beside a carte of herself. Nothing could be kinder and more consistently than the letter, and yet my heart sank, for not one single sentence could I in any way twist into anything more tender; and crumpling it up, carte and all, I thrust it into the breast of my jacket. I was still reading my dear old father's chapter of home news, the condition of the horses, the state of the crops, and the hopes for the shooting season, when the bugle sounded, and we were again under arms. This time I got the worst of it.

The Sepoys had invented a sort of diabolical machine by fastening a shell with a long fuse into a bag of gunpowder; it of course blew up first, and they calculated that the soldiers, seeing a shell rolling about, would go up to have a look; nor were they far wrong in many cases. I knew nothing of the trick, and after the first explosion, took a short cut past the shell, and came in for the brunt of it, one piece smashing my arm, another peeling my shin. I have an indistinct notion of a terrible thud,—hardly pain, and yet something horrible,—and then I knew nothing of it until the effects of the chloroform, administered to facilitate the setting and dressing, going off, I was congratulated by the doctor.

"A narrow escape; an inch to the right, and Winchester had his promotion,—this paper saved your life," and he held up Bell's crumpled letter, matted together and stained with blood.

"Lucky for you the paper was thick," said the doctor; "I've known some queer shaves for life, but I never saw one to beat this. By Jove, there goes the bugle again; it's little rest got out here, and plenty of practice, though it's not much I'd care if they gave us fair play, but they don't. Sir Colin has his petticoats to the front again. I'll step in and tell the news when I get away, Harry. Sleep is the thing for you."

Next day we wearied Lucknow, and the doctor, in a perfect fury of delight, was telling me of the wild mistake made by the gallant "sky pilots" when an orderly brought me my share of another mail.

"You must get your heart up, Harry," said the doctor, one day. "Sir Colin thinks the air here not over good for the sick. I'll have you made as comfortable as possible; we are to march to-night. And there's the devil to pay among all of women; they're wanting to carry off every old kettle they've used the twelve months. Faith, I'd rather be a doctor than a commissariat officer to-night, though it is Jack's choice, between the sleep and the deep sea. You'll have a devil at Dill Koola without the lullaby of big guns, that's one comfort."

The doctor was a good as his word. I had a platoon, on which I lay as comfortably as on my bed, and worse pain than mine would have been forgotten in the excitement of moving.

It was a glorious moonlight night, so bright that we could see where the bullets had pecked the plaster off the walls, or where round shot had rent the stones and mad musketry, leaving great yawning gaps. I heard not a few lamenting over the ruin of what had been a city of eastern splendor. I for my part, was heartily thankful to get out of it, and, as I presently did, the pure country air, thrilling through and round me, and the strong desire to be well, and a fierce resentment against curate, which was neither I nor explained by the slight of feet green hills of Devon, the islands and deep lanes through the groom bowled me in the 1 when he drove over to meet parastipale, any more than by the faint conversation; for, after me of my father's last days, he did off into family and county and, as I thought, purposely speaking of Bell, a reticence again I secretly fretted, considering thereby being a tale. Of Mr. goodness, beauty, and above riding, he seemed never tiring, and when I reached home he might be remarked of the per, until, determined to bring nothing, I said, "So, the old R. gone, too, Mrs. Clarke?"

"Ay, sir, and me, too, for the new one don't like it, and lives in London or else, he keeps a curate who works late, riding and walking till he's had a bit of fish on his table, and every man, woman, and child in the parish, what they want, and when it's the right time to give. He and Miss Bell are thick; and if it wasn't that I knowed the truth, sir, of her and you, I'd believe what the curate says; but then I know better, and more,—they do say, he's just the same as a Roman priest, and could not marry."

All this did not tend to increase my satisfaction, although it did awaken a terrible, and to me an unaccountable tumult in my mind. The more I tried to analyze this, the more hopelessly perplexed I became, until it suddenly began to dawn upon me that perhaps, after all, I was in love with Bell. Then came the remembrance of her coldness; the six years collapsed,—I read her letters over again, and, taking my stick, went off to the cottage. Bell was in the drawing-room; it was too dark to see her face, but her hand lay passive and cold as lead in mine as we stood together, waiting my aunt's coming.

"It is a sad return, Bell," I said, and then her hand shook, but gave no sympathetic pressure. "One expects changes in six years," I went on, thinking of the curate, "but there are some harder to bear than death."

She drew her hand away and turned partly round; but, before she spoke, the door opened and Aunt Mary came in. Dark as it was, I could see how broken down the six years had left her.

"My dear boy," she cried, falling on my neck, "I began to think I too would be gone before you came home. Why did you stay away so long, Harry?"

I looked at Bell, she was standing in the window, only the faint outline of her figure visible. She moved towards us, and touched her mother's forehead with a caressing hand, saying,—*"Don't reproach Harry to-night, mother; let us be content that he has come. Tell her of the war, Harry, and how you were wounded; the friend you got to write was not explicit, and you never explained matters."*

She stood by the fire, leaning against the chimney-piece, and looking down at me as I sat upon a low ottoman by my aunt's chair.

"It is rather a long story, aunt," I said; "but the gloaming is good for story-telling, and you won't see my blushes. So beginning with my landings, I went faithfully through my experiences. When I reached that part relating to my wound, and as I spoke of Bell's letter having obtained the credit of saving my life, she walked back to the window; and when, having concluded my story, I turned to look for her, the window was open, and Bell disappeared."

Even the story she might in common politeness have stayed to listen to, had it not interested her; but before I had time to think much of the circumstances the door flew open and an eager voice asked, "Where is he, aunt?"

"They told me he was here," it was Milly; and as she came feeling her way among the chairs and tables in the dim light, I met her, and had her in my arms before either of us well knew it, and my arm was still round her, when what little light there had been, vanished; and Bell came in by the window again. Milly slid away, but her hand still held mine with a warm clinging clasp.

"How fond you are of the dark," said Bell, going up to the fire and fumbling about for lighters. Milly sat down and her face came on a level with my hand, I felt it drawing forward and pressed to her lips, then thrown away as she said,—*"Now then, Bell, light all the candles, and as the light fell upon Milly I was startled by the change. The six years became a fact at once, since they had converted the child into a blooming lovely woman. Something of my thought must have shown itself in my face, for Milly's cheek grew crimson and the bonny blue eyes sank."*

"How you are changed, Harry?" answered Aunt Mary. And turning to answer her, I saw Bell in the full light. She was a little stouter, her hair was dressed in a different way, there was a brighter color in her face than I remembered to have seen before, and a deeper light in the full hazel eyes that looked back into mine; still she seemed unchanged, and the years collapsed again.

"If it was not for Milly, I could scarcely believe so many years have passed since I went away, aunt," said I; "Bell does not look a bit different."

"My growing days were over before you went away," said Bell, quietly; "I cannot say you look the same; but then climate and all that may have changed you."

And so we fell to talking again. It was a strange evening; Milly did not speak much, but I knew she was watching and listening. Bell talked as quietly as if I had been away only a week; and although I threw out a hint about the curate, and told them of Mrs. Vigne, how she had put me up to Devon gossip, I made nothing of it, and as I walked home, was utterly miserable and dissatisfied. I wished Milly had been my fiancée, and yet I hated the un-curate curate, and mentally adjured Bell as a heartless flirt.

When I got to the cottage next day the girls were out, and my aunt lying down. So, sheltering myself from the sun in a summer seat covered in by Roman creepers and honeysuckle, I lay down to enjoy a cigar and make up my mind how I was to begin the conversation I had determined on, and which was to decide my fate. My meditations did not last long; Bell came up the walk and sat down pale than the night before, and spoke very quietly; but there

was something in her face that I had never seen before, and which, though it made me look again and again, I could not understand.

Presently Milly rushed up, panting and flushed, her hair loosened from the net, and her hat in her hand.

"O Hal!" she cried, leaning against one of the wooden pillars, and speaking in a great hurry; "I have seen your friend; she's coming here with her sister, and she told me such things about you; and so I took a short cut over the fields, and nearly ran over your curate, Bell; he was going to call at the manor."

I had no gratitude or affection for Mrs. Vigne. I remembered too well her story, and Milly's allusion to the curate was gall and wormwood.

"So you keep a pet curate, Bell," I began; "gossip makes wings, but you'll scarcely believe I heard of your curate, as Milly calls him, before I landed."

Bell's face flushed, and then grew deadly pale; but her eyes never dimly, looking back into mine with a steady gaze, defiant and yet sad, with something in them that set me thinking, and kept me so, until a scorching breath from my cigar reminded me sharply of its fleeting existence. Throwing it down, I uttered an exclamation of anger, thus letting off a small bit of my suppressed indignation against Bell. Now, it is a bad plan,—one of the very worst, indeed,—to take an inch of latitude, when you are secretly angry. I glanced at Bell, as I spoke, and her face was cold and quiet.

"Has it burnt you?" said Milly.

"Just enough to make me wiser for the future," I answered savagely. "An old cigar is like an old love,—apt to burn out, if kept long." Of course it was an idiotic, meaningless speech. I knew that at once, and dare not look at Bell's face; so I went on.

"Apropos of nothing, Milly. Do you remember promising to be a woman when I came home?"

"Yes; and have I not kept my promise?" said Milly, with a brighter color in her face, and her eyes turned away and fixed upon the gray feather in Bell's hat.

"So well, that I want to keep mine," Milly's face turned away a little more; but I could see a wicked smile hovering about the corners of her mouth. There is nothing like uncertainty to spur a man on; and although I had not the slightest intention of giving Bell up without making a fight for it, nor was I in love with Milly, yet in spite of these things, I rushed on, until I was as good as in for both, and had not voices from the house suddenly broken in upon the silence. I scarcely know what the immediate result might not have been. As it was, Milly pointed up the lawn, where I saw Mrs. Vigne, with a very handsome man by her side, at whom she was launching her full battery of nods and wretched smiles.

"Bell," whispered Milly, "she's got your curate."

Bell made no reply; but rising, went to meet the party. I sat still; and Milly stood watching them with angry eyes.

"You don't like the grass-widow, Milly," I whispered.

"I hate her," was the candid answer; "and her sister too. I cannot think how men are such fools as to believe in women like those."

There was no time for more; Mrs. Vigne was upon us, and eloquent in her reproachful innuendoes, as to my duplicity in not avowing myself on board the steamer. She was still talking when Mr. Calvert, presenting the curate, as "Mr. Calvert, my cousin Harry."

Mr. Calvert's eyes met mine as we made our mutual bows. They were blue, honest eyes, hiding a depth of meaning in the clear light, and utterly incapable of concealment. I liked the look of the man, nor had my liking lessened when we adjourned to the drawing-room for five o'clock tea. After which Mrs. Vigne and her sister departed, leaving Calvert, who had proven blind and deaf to the hints thrown out suggestive of his being driven home, standing beside me on the door-step, watching the ponies go down the drive.

"Sharp little woman, your Indian friend," said Calvert, with a queer, dry smile.

"Women are utterly incomprehensible from first to last," I said, the ugly feeling springing up.

"What is a woman like?" laughed Calvert.

"False-hearted and cunning, untried and changing. What then do you think she is like?"

"Like a snail. Like a rock? Like a wheel? Like a clock?"

"Ay, a clock that is always at strike. Her head's like the island folks tell on, which nothing but monkeys can dwell on. Her heart's like a lemon,—so nice; she carves for each level a slice."

In truth she's to be like the wind, like the sea, whose meetings will breaken to no man. Like a thief, like—in brief,—she's like nothing on earth but a woman."

The curate stayed to dinner, and I still liked him. Not that I felt at all like the immortal Mr. Toots. My affections were by no means disinterested; and if he was really a rival, I could hate him, no doubt; but then somehow I could not reconcile Calvert with the notions of a rival.

"What a handsome fellow your curate is," I whispered to Bell, as we joined the girls in the drawing-room. "I like him in spite of Mrs. Vigne's gossip."

"I am glad of it, Harry; he deserves to be liked, and gossip does not deserve to be believed," and she.

Then, when coffee was over, she

walked off on to the moonlit lawn with Calvert, and Milly having vanished some time before, I was left to my meditations, and, being idle, Satan of course kept up his character, and found me something to do in the shape of a thorough resuscitation of the jealousy which had been partially lulled to sleep.

I could see the two figures each time that they turned at the end of the terrace, and also that they were talking earnestly together. I envied him his stalwart figure, his easy quiet way, his firm sense and the manner he had of giving it without letting it annoy you, or make him appear pedantic. I did not wonder at Bell's liking him; he was just the man to trust in, just the man to feel a pride in loving, and to whose judgment you could look as coming right from an honest heart. I was horribly jealous, and yet liked the man, and almost liked Bell better for having won such love as his. As I lay a-thinking, Milly glided very softly into the room, and, without seeing me, went up to the window. As the two came opposite, she drew back with a sharp angry motion, and, leaning against the curtains stood there. I could not distinguish the expression of her face in the dusk, but I could see she was watching with an eagerness I could not account for.

"Milly," said I, getting up and standing beside her. She started violently, and tried to push past me, but I held her fast. The spirit of the morning was in me again. "Milly," I went away. You are a woman now."

"Yes, cousin Hal."

"You know all about the old engagement made for Bell and me?"

"Yes, cousin Hal."

"Bell does not like it. She never did. Her cold letters kept me in India. I didn't care if I never came home, and when I did start, the first thing I heard was the truth about this fellow Calvert and how she hated me I did not believe it until I saw it for my self. I see it now; so do you. Look there, Milly,—look at them. Bell likes the curate's little finger better than—"

"No she does not," cried Milly, passionately; "but he likes her, and she goes on in her quiet, heartless way, till, till—"

But Milly began to cry, and a new light broke upon me. Suddenly, checking her tears, Milly said, "You are all wrong about Bell. She does not show it, as I would; but I believe she loves you dreadfully."

My heart gave a great throb. "You don't believe me?"

"No, Milly dear. It's very kind of you telling me this; but I am quite sure you are wrong."

Next day I found Bell in the garden alone, and, figuratively speaking, I took a header at once. I told Bell I saw she did not love me. I told her I was sorry for my share in the engagement, and that it had been a miserable, ill-advised scheme from the first.

"The long and short is, you would tell me that the engagement is broken," she said, but without looking at me.

"If you wish it so, Bell."

"Can you doubt it?" and rising from the garden chair, she turned her face to me. It was frightfully pale, and her eyes had the same expression I had seen the day before. "You are quite free, cousin Harry."

"Your freedom is more to the purpose," said I, fiercely, half mad with love disappointment, and jealousy.

"What do you mean?"

"Only what you say,—that you are free, Bell, and that I am sorry I have interfered so long with your happiness. Had I known the truth sooner it might have spared me much. I was a blind, obstinate fool not to give in long ago; but, in spite of common sense, I hoped against hope. I thought if you did not love me yet, another year might make a difference. It was not your fault, I know. You were cold enough; but I love you so dearly, I—"

"Harry! Harry!" cried Bell. "Do you know what you are saying?"

"Too well," I replied, fiercely; and then, like a veritable madman, I left my tongue loose. I told her the whole story of my life, seeing it with a new knowledge myself; how I had learnt to love her, how her coldness had crushed my love until I thought it had died out, and how the story I heard in the steamer made it all blaze forth again.

Bell had been standing when I began to speak, but long before I finished she was sitting, her face flushed and her hands nervously clasping and unclasping. As I finished, her eyes rose to mine, and absolutely startled me. I had never seen such lights in eyes before. Her whole expression had changed, and, thinking she might have clanked her joy, if only for decency's sake, I turned indignantly away. The instant after a hand was upon my arm.

"Harry! Harry! come back to me. Are you blind? Would you see that it was my love, that I only feared you thought yourself bound to me, that I only wanted to let you try if you loved any one else?"

But I need not tell all Bell said, or how she explained much which, though probably quite held to the reader, who, being in the place of a looker-on, proverbially speaking sees most of the game,—was dark and inexplicable to me until Bell put it to me in the clear light of her love. One thing, however, I must add. I had been quite wrong about the curate, who was in love with Milly all the time, and who told his story so effectively that Milly believed him. Thus was fulfilled to the letter the old adage;

"The course of the True shall be straight, When Larristons get well together."

Never had there been such a Novem-

ber; one had no right to be ill or weak I had princely quarters, and got well spaced. I astonished the doctor, I astonished myself, and what was more I preferred to send me home,—an offer I declined. I will not say how much Bell's letter had to do with my determination to remain in India; perhaps I was a true soldier at heart, and having a title for the service, had fairly enrolled myself in the soldier's lot. Any way, I did not go home, and by the time peace was restored I was fit for duty, rejoicing in my promotion.

"Somebody has been telling me you are going home, Yeo," said Goral —, a few months after I had my company. "Don't be such a fool. You've had the kicks,—stay and have your feelings. We want a few fellows tick to us; there will be a regular eddy before the next hot season, and nity of fellows retiring. You'll soonave your majority, and then may do you like."

"I'll think of it, General," said I, while thinking of it, another thought came from Bell. "By Jove!" I thought I, "I'll show her I can be just as tight as she; I will not go home."

And I did not. Next mail might me intelligence of my father's sudden death. I wrote home, as I felt it my bound, told Bell I had accepted appointment which necessitated remaining two years longer, and begged her to come out and be my wife her women did so, and I thought she hit. But it is well said that it requires to make a bargain; Bell did not see it in the light I did; she was willishe said, to wait. So two years glibby, and then I wrote again; again I refused, and in the pique of the rent I asked for a post-ten vacant, being still further service, so that verily I had passed since I left England, before I made up my mind to leave my fate and come home food.

The overland journey was nuffer the manner of overland journey general. A full complement of mas and children, real widows, and are popularly known as grass w's; a sprinkling of men; many go sick leave, one or two, like myselfing your soldiering forever. 'Twas the usual amount of flirtation, dal, and jealousy, from which I had to steer pretty clear, until I fell the hands of a pretty little woman home on leave, and who I sound knew Devonshire. One day some one began talking of matrimony. Mrs. Vigne gave her opinion, as a story illustrative of her expe that set the whole table in a roar.

"I am going to Lynnouth Mrs. Vigne," I said; "I hope you'll cut me as you did your husband."