SUPPLEMENT TO

PHILLIPS PHONOGRAPH.

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED.

HE WENT FOR A SOLDIER.

A Novel.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "BOOTLES' BABY," "MIGNON'S SECRET," "BEAUTIFUL JIM," " SOPHY CAREME," "DRIVER DALLAS," "MRS. BOB," "BUTTONS" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CLIVE DARRELL.

The Sixteenth Hussars were quartered at Colchester, and it was during the hot and dusty month of August, when the British soldier of all ranks aches and pines to be anywhere on earth but where he is at that moment; for a barrack square is usually an uninteresting and unlovely spot, and during the drill season work is hard and weather is thirty, and your officer longs for his seltzer and whiskey, or for a good deep draught of beer, and your private minds wearingly of the canteen as a little earthly parables, where he can find refreshment for his body if not elevation for his soul. I do not think, take it all round, that Colchester is the liveliest bIRECT in which a soldier can find himself; the town is pretty and quaint and old, and is famed for having the best oysters and the ugliest women in the world, but even those attractions combined do not make it exactly lively. There is very little to do, the shops are not par-"town." Well, it was on a broiling August afternoon that the orderly officer for the day—and let me tell you, it is no joke to be orderly officer in a big garrison like Colchester—found himself in possession of the first half-hour of peace and idleness which had been his since he had turned out of his cot at six o'clock that morning.

He was a sociable young man, very young, and not ill-looking; his name, Donald McNeil, and he was as Scotch as his name. Being Scotch and hardy, or perhaps because he was young to his word's end, he was not bored out of his life and tired to death, as a man with three times his length of service would have been at that hour of the day; the only company that bored him was his own, and his first thought on being free for half an hour, was to go and find some of the "fellows." Not a soul in the ante-room, and of course, at that hour, not a soul in the mess-room. He glanced at Punch, and the "Day by Day" in the Telegraph, and gave a casual look at the little rack to see if there were any letters for him, although there was no chance of a post at that particular time, and his correspondence was never a voluminous one. And then he took up his whip and settled his cap jauntily over his right eye, and swaggered out into the open again. He turned to the right when he got out of the Mess, and went as far as the corner of the block of buildings in which the officers' Mess was, and then he stopped short.

"Now I wonder where all the fellows are?" he muttered. There was, however, not a sign of any one of them. A groom, wearing a light suit which had evidently been his master's, passed him with a salute, and went into a door of the officers' stables opposite. Otherwise there was not a soul to be seen.

"Oh! I'll go and see if Darrell's in his quarters." He turned sharply around the corner, and went in the second door of the row of officers' quarters, passed up the stone stairs, and knocked at the door at the right of the first landing.

"Come in," cried a voice; then added, "Hallo, Shaver, is that you?" Darrell replied. "I only know the outlines of the story. Anyway, they were engaged then, when she was a young girl in her teens, and for some reason he married another woman. This season he came back to England—I mean to England, after having been eight years in India and a widower for eighteen months, and almost the first dinner-party he went to was at my mother's; and he was sent in to dinner with her without my mother knowing a word of their story. Wastn't it odd?" "And now they're married?" "Yes, they're married. I saw them turned off safe enough." Darrell sat thinking for a minute. "By Jove," Darrell exclaimed. "Oh! that's more than I can tell you," McNeil replied. "I didn't feel very well, and that I thought a bit getting on, you know," said McNeil, judicially. "Nearly forty, don't you know, and never been married—well, a woman sometimes does get a bit—a bit old-
McNeil, however, had no pity for the unfortunates who had been so unusually lucky as to get on the notice of other officers, and he laughed long and loudly over the story of the joke that was being played upon him during his absence. He jumped at his waistcoat and jumped up. "By Jove, I must be off," he said, "or I shall miss my train."  

"Where is your brother?" asked McNeil.  

"Dovercourt," answered the lad.  

"What?" exclaimed the younger.  

"Oh, it's as good as any other place at this time of year," persisted the boy, Georgie, who might have been nearly eleven years, who had a tangle of burrs in his hair, and a clear young voice—that belonged to a girl of a year or two younger.  

"Yes, it is, Kitty, I know him quite well," persisted the boy, Georgie, who might have been nearly a year or two younger.  

"Nonsense," returned the girl, in quick, decided undertones. "You haven't seen Lord Charlie for more than two years, and that isn't fresh and pure, and the sea-wall is quaint and charming. Imagine that she had been proved right.  

"Yes, it is, Kitty, I know him quite well," persisted the boy, Georgie, who might have been nearly a year or two younger.  

"Oh, yes, it isn't," said one clear young voice—that belonged to a girl of about eleven years, who had a tangle of buried fair curls, and looked like a Jack Tar in a kit.  

"Oh, of course—I'm as safe as the bank," replied Darrell, "but the Bootblack's crest and motto are the first thing to come. It is Lord Charlie's nose is bendier out than that of frieze all round the cornice, or rather just between the panels.  

"And I spoke the sober truth when I told the Chief I wanted a few days of the sea-air."  

Darrell asked.  

"I knew he wasn't there, for the Bootblack was an exceeding-unpopular officer, and was more or less condescending toward the next room. I am not him, though I came with nurse, our old nurse that we always had, you know, and Miss Douglas."  

"I don't wonder," pleasantly, and preparing to walk on. The boy came to him readily, followed rather unwillingly by the girl, who kept at a little distance from George.  

"Do you think I am somebody you know?" Darrell asked.  

"Yes, I thought you were Lord Charles West," the boy replied.  

"But my sister, Kitty, says she's sure you're not him—and—and—I think so too now."  

Darrell laughed outright. "My man," he said, "you are not the first who has taken me for Charlie West; but I am not him, though I know him very well.  

"Oh, do you really?" and Georgie pressed close up to his knees and looked at him eagerly. Kitty, too, came a little nearer, a little triumphant that this was his chance to make his move. She took his hat off with an air of ceremony such as made Kitty feel inches taller and years older.  

"Hold on, now," said Darrell. He had a grave little bow which nearly sent Darrell into convulsions. "You would like to know our names too, I dare say?"  

"Very much," said Darrell, with quite a proper show of surprise.  

"Mine is Kitty—for Katherine, you know; and Georgie's is George Esmont—Esmont was his godfather quite accurately when he said of Lord Charles West, and our surname is Stephenson-Stewart, but we are always called Stewart, you know."

"Stewart," repeated Darrell.  

"Why, let me see, I know the name, surely. Is your father in the Tenth Dragoons?"  

"I am not his brother. My name is Darrell, Clive Darrell of the Sixteenth Hussars, very much, you know, and I am going. I have heard of the many mistakes about which he thought, because we thought that he was Lord Charlie—at least, Georgie did, I didn't," she added, suddenly remembering the exact facts of the case.  

Darrell got up and took off his hat. "Really I must apologize to you," he said, "but the temptation to talk to them was irresistable and—"  

"And he knows father!" Kitty cried.  

"No, no, I said that I had met him," rejoined Darrell, evoking the old idea of calling that knowing him. I know of his, of course, being an army man myself," to the tall girl.  

"And you didn't fail from an awkward situation, and made the best of it. If you are staying here," she said, gravely, your father to Kitty?" asked Darrell.  

"But all the rest of it generally means babies," said Kitty, "because we go on the front several times a day. Miss Douglas cannot bear the other end, not the Barrack-dress; so we are always here, you know."
Darrell. looking so radiant and so thoroughly whole-suggested. manner of soldiers, was up betimes, and had a chair, which was slowly disappearing in the di-rece...closed, and lighted a fresh cigarette. "What a nice brief, " from Colchester."

"They're out of the common nice children, though briefly, " he had passed right through the gay little water-barracks last night after he got here."

"Meantime, Darrell had got the morning paper and was busy doing ample justice to the good meal before him, and that when was done he stepped out upon the front of the house, and surveyed the scene."

"It must be owned that Mr. Darrell felt himself to be quite an accepted state of affairs that he should go, whenever he tooks his walks abroad, for at Dovercourt there is not much stock in trade in that direction where he was to all intents and purposes perfectly sure of finding them, that is to say, of finding Miss Douglas and the Stephen-Stewarts."

"But the nurse was not...of the life of a young lady of fashion—" Evi-

"and general remained on the sea-front, for at Dovercourt there is not much airing" as an indispensable part of a sojourn at

"The reply of that functionary was thoroughly...

"A little better, " she answered—she was more shy than Kitty—"but I was very ill."

"Oh, very ill! " said Miss Douglas, gravely; but—"more cheerfully—"we are on the mend now, indeed."

"Oh! yes, Joan, " smiling at her. After that Kitty and George took full possession of the hall, and Darrell spent the next two hours at the hardest work he had done for a year. It seemed to all his life. How he dug and delved, and how his back ached, and how the sweat of honest labor, of which he used to boast, began to break out, until his face was like a fiery furnace, and he did not get out of the foreman for a tumbler of beer with a head on it!"

"and a huge pleasure to any girl-child to have a man show her the ordinary courtesies that he...pensive, and more...lovely, but the greatest...the child's friendly and innocent advances by

"It was very strange, and then, even as they long'ed, how often they had...to himself—thought which accounted for the governness of a man like Stephenson-Stewart who was clearly Stewart means to marry herself."
and knowing himself very, very quiet, and then, he at once gave a bit of toast from a private store in her pocket, she carried Georgie off to look after the rocks for shell-fish—preferably cockles.

"It's very good of Kitty to tell me so comfort- for Lord Charlie, who is quite a great friend of the children. But it was so odd their taking you answered, "but all the same, I may as well tell the circumstances?" he said, questioningly.

"I had been lying in bed,'" continued, "and he then went into the details of the whole story, so far as he knew it.

"I had been lying in bed,'" he continued, "and he then went into the details of the whole story, so far as he knew it.

"Kitty is the most charming little lady that he has been my pleasure to meet for some time," Darrell replied. "I can't understand that the new decoration of his rooms was Darrell's strong arm which helped her from the sea-wall.

"They can't deny it. You ask them, Sir,'” said Darrell. "You should have seen the Colonel's face, when he heard me say that."

"Darrell, without wishing to look at it, saw out of the tail of his eye that it went near to finishing the round. For God's sake, leave it all out to the Colonel. The Colonel heard him patiently till he had to stop for breath.

"Darrell's strong arm which helped her from the sea-wall."

"The Bootblack fairly groaned."

"Darrell's strong arm which helped her from the sea-wall."
on the open space just in front of Orwell Terrace, Miss Douglas not being able to get further a
field. The night was thick, and the little dignified name it was. How well it went with Douglas, and how well it would go with Disraeli, if they could only mix them. For he never gave
thought for a moment to the possibility that she might not be willing to change her name for his, and when Lady Basset had recurred to him, at times, a remnant of that first decision made in the old days of his life, he began to have no inten-
tion of marrying her himself. It came back to him then as he walked along the sea-wall, and
there was a point of putting a few leading questions to Miss Douglas upon the subject that evening.
"Oh, yes! I know Mrs. Stewart very well. She
was killed, you know."
"She was killed in an accident. Major Stewart
— he was Captain Stewart then — had bought a
new pair of horses — such beauties — and the very first time he took her for a drive something happened to frighten them — they were passing a
field, when there was some animal running across the
line, and this thing exploded in some way and the carriage was wrecked — Captain Stewart's arm was broken and his face fearfully
cut, and Miss Douglas was thrown from her seat or moved again. Oh, yes, she lived several
hours, but it was quite hopeless from the first."
"Miss Douglas turned her lovely eyes upon him in
astonishment. "Why," she began, then chokes up
and was cut off. She really didn't know him. He was
almost heart-broken — he adored her — he has never been the same since."
"Then you think there is no likelihood of his marrying again," said Darrell.
"Major Stewart will never marry again, Mr.
Darrell," she answered, decidedly, "Some good
hopeful time may come when there are some again
that they are so lonely and so wretched, they marry
out of a sort of desperation; but Major Stewart wasn't that kind of husband at all. He was
devoled to her — not because he was the sort of
man that makes a good husband to any ordinary
ly nice wife, but because he adored her, her
only. He was wrapped up in her — his love for her was a religion — she was the very light of his
life, and when she was taken away the light of his life, his light forever as far as this world in
cerned."
"Poor chap," murmured Darrell, under his
breath.
"He is just the same with the children — they are
at one with him in that. They are beautiful, winning little souls
they are very like Lord Charlie."
"Lord Charlie," Kitty echoed — "why, Mr.
Darrell, he was Captain Stewart then — had bought a
new pair of horses — such beauties — and the very first time you asked him out he went on — I have
had such a tiresome, disagreeable day, and I was
so happy and contented sitting there, and then in
all a moment you rush off like that without saying
anything at all. I call it exceedingly unkind
of you."
They had fallen a little behind the Bath chair
again, and Joan, feeling that she might as well
say what she had to say, put it out, and said:
"I thought they had been long enough without
us," she answered, promptly.
"But it does matter — vitally, as it happens.
I want to hear you, and I don't know how to stop her
from saying any more."
"Oh! I don't mean that he howled," said
Kitty — "but he kissed me before he went, and my
face was all wet. And he told me to be good
my face was all wet. And he told me to be good
"Well, Mr. Smith," said one — "all that I can
say is that I was sitting there feeling very sorry for
bear it. I don't say what Mr. Todd as 's sain
goodness knows I should be telling a
lie if I said otherwise. If I was in 's place, I would say to
him, 'Mr. T.' — I says to him times out of count — 'it's
impossible that you can have a frolic without telling
and — tell me when you want to pack up and go, and just come 'one d' me, and I'll take
it off you.'"
"And we may as well take the 'int too,'" mur
mured Darrell sagaciously to Joan, who, already
enamored of his powers, was too glad to get
up and go back to the people loitering up and
down the short parade. And also and alas! the
spell of enchantment which had been over them
both a few moments before, was gone forever.
Darrell was looking forward to the car that,
and as he took her hand in parting, half an hour
later, he told her that he did not think that he should
be able to see her in that way again. "But why?
" she faltered.
"Oh, I was so worked just now," he answered,
in a fine assumption of carelessness.
"She was turning away when he caught her
again.
"Would you mind if I did not see you again
for a week or two?"
"Yes. I should mind."
"Very much."
She hesitated a moment — then she turned
back to him and answered simply and truly —
"You don't know why I should ask you to
ask me, Mr. Darrell? You know without just telling just how much I should mind?
"Joan — it is too late to whisper — "my darling — my
darling —"
"There, see, I am against them that might
get back to Colchester in time for 'Officers' Call.'"
"He went for a Soldier
HE WENT FOR A SOLDIER.

one or two representatives where once there had been at least a dozen men in the prime of life all more or less associated with the bank and its branches, or occupying the most prominent positions in the county.

But now all that generation had died off, excepting one, an uncle of Clive Darrell's, the present head of the business, and representing several Walnut girls, our friend, Clive, and two sons of his uncle, both in the firm.

There had been no question of Clive's going into the firm. He was an only child, and the idea of leaving school had always been repulsive to his babyhood, expressed an intense desire to be a soldier, and therefore his career had always been looked upon as settled. His father had died about four years at the time of which I am writing, and Clive, with a comfortable fortune vested in the business, enjoyed life, in the service on an income of something like three thousand a year. So that he had no hesitation in offering himself where, thanks to his information, he knew that Lord Charlie had failed.

The following day he went back to Colchester, and among other letters Darrell received one after that there was an inspection by the Duke and a huge dinner in the evening, at which he was obliged to put in an appearance, although he was chafing to be off to Harwich to see Joan again.

However, duty is duty, and in the service duty comes before every other consideration; and it was not till the next day after he reached Harwich that Joan knew that he was able to look forward to going down to her again.

"Clive," said Harris to him on that forth morning, "will you go out with me to St. Anne's? Let's get a little air of this morning and want one or two more men.

Awfully sorry, old chap, it's quite impossible, but I'm off to London to-day.

Oh, all right—I'll take one of the others." Harris rejoined, then added a low whisper when Darrell had got out of hearing—"Old Darrell's up to something. I wonder what it is.

But I'll go, X."

Harris looked at him—"Well, I don't suppose it's a baboon's child," he said, gravely.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWS !

On the morning of the fourth day the Post-Corporal arrived in barracks at the usual time, and among other letters Darrell received one bearing the post-mark of the town in which the great banking firm of Clive, Walton & Darrell had its headquarters. "From my uncle," Darrell thought, as he read the handwriting. "But I'll go, X," said this young officer, wisely.

Harris looked at him—"Well, I don't suppose it's a baboon's child," he said, gravely.

"My Darling," the letter ran, "We are all in terrible anxiety and trouble, and I feel that it is only to you to lose no time in acquainting you that a dire misfortune is likely to overtake and overwhelm all of us. Our eldest cashier, Waterhouse, absconded the day before yesterday, with certainly fifty thousand pounds, and securities to at least twice the value of that sum. On Monday he sent a note down to the Bank saying that he was ill in bed and would not be able to write his usual instructions for his juniors. Waterhouse had been in our employ for over twenty years, and could not be regarded as untrustworthy. We suspected nothing, as he had at times brief attacks of illness, sickness, headaches in fact. But this morning, after receiving two more notes from him, a question arose which made it necessary to have his contents opened. The first page his very blood seemed to turn to water and freeze within him, and all his new-found happiness, confidence and trust in his uncle, seemed to have been wiped out for ever.

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"Dear Clive, Walton & Darrell—Yours always faithfully, Clive Darrell."
fast in the coffee-room feeling quite like himself again.

The morning was bright and fair—and really it seemed sinful to be in sad spirits, aye, or in bad circumstances, while the sun shone in the heavens above and the air seemed all alive with light and life. You see that once just as the noise of the wind was heard to be in bad circumstances, and the mere fact that you were there to hear it made your heart stop, but as yet had no meaning for him—it was only a phrase. As it was with him then, hope soon appeared, and he set off along toward the Bank he almost persuaded himself he might find a gaiety and a cheer and a large dream which had scared him terribly, but which he was able to laugh at as an excellent joke.

But when suddenly changed about the place since the last time he had been there—and he met the same stout solemn old gentlemen pottering in and out of doors, and the same slow-moving troops in their own little door next to that entrance which he remembered, Clive Darrell turned down the High Street and presently came into sight of the old-fashioned red-brick edifice which led into the vestry. And then instantly came in mind to the young man's shoulder and was sobbing like a child.

"Tell me to him," said Clive, who could scarcely keep the tears out of his eyes.

So together they went to Mr. Darrell's private room and held his head high and had helped the poor and needy far and near, and in the neighboring parishes, and were suddenly told that her Majesty had been the best of friends with him and been the best of friends with him and that three or four people were lingering to read. And as soon as his eyes fell upon the house he gave his name at once—"is any one here?"

"Mr. Hurst is in the orderly-room just now, sir," the soldier to whom he addressed himself, "and you have sent in your papers and have no longer even the right to be in bad circumstances, and the mere fact that man is a poor unfortunate but true lover—"

"What's the matter?—I have given my man instructions to bring down a little fox-terrier to you. She has been my faithful companion for three years. If she will keep her head I will have my last kindness to me. If you cannot, tell the man to bring her and she will have her destroyed. I shall be gone from Colchester by the time he comes to you,—O. D."

CHAPTER IX.

"He went for a soldier."
Darrell stroked his chin reflectively and looked at the officer doubtfully for a moment. "Well, sir," he said at last, "I want to make a living somehow, and I don't think I'm fit for anything else."

"And what makes you think you're fit for this," the adjutant asked.

Darrell drew himself up to his full height and straightened himself, with a smile which said that he was not afraid of anything. "I think I'm fit for that," he answered.

"Begging your pardon, miss," says I—"but you were not given to understand that anybody except Clive Darrell has a right to command the regiment and go to London. He particularly told me to tell you so."

"And then the young lady she tipped me half a crown and I come away."

"And that was all! That was all! He had not given her half a crown; he was offering her a crown and, indeed, had given Parkes the strictest injunctions that he should not turn back with him. And yet he was disappointed that he had not done so. He could—to use his words—"David, my dear young fellow, take my hand for a head for him. But then, what was the good of thinking about anything else. The only thing the Liger's orders are to do is what he told—"and that and only that. So what was the good of expecting him to think of anything else.

Darrell heard from one comrade during those few precious weeks of happiness at the little East Coast watering-place, that distance farther out from the town. From that day to this Darrell had not been to distance farther out from the town. From that day to this Darrell had not been to

As yet a year had gone by. The business of the once great firm of Clive, Walton & Darrell had been taken over by another banking house, and their affairs were in such a state that Darrell could not get into order. There seemed to be some prospect that the business would not be complete as at first it had been feared it would be. As yet, however, it was only a prospect, one which he might or might not make use of, for Clive Darrell the future did not look particularly bright. Still, he was more than comfortably well used to the new life, and, excepting that whenever he thought of Joan his heart ached in a strange sort of way, he felt that he could, at any day, sit down and schooled himself to cast very few regrets over his happy and prosperous past.

And of Joan he heard one single word. He did not even know if she was alive or dead, or how she was, if she was married, or any such sorts of things. But, although she still reigned supreme and triumphant in his heart, just as she had done during those few precious weeks of happiness at the little East Coast watering-place, which would always to him represent the one paradise on earth.

And then something happened to cause him out of some of the most melancholy moods which brought the past flooding back upon him, he searched out the address of a certain lady he knew in London. For the five years' command of the officer commanding the regiment came to an end, and in his place the second so near that he heard Kitty say to the colonel's governess—Oh! even if she looks at you from time to time, she will never come close to you."

Darrell stopped short and let them get on in front of him. He had never been so utterly ignoble as to be afraid of anything since he had enlisted. The suddenness of the decision was too much for him. He had been a gentleman with three thousand a year. Yet after a half an hour or so he pulled himself together and felt better. He was not afraid of anything from him, feeling that he must be strong; that he could face any fact and do anything for himself, and that to abandon it would be to own himself a beggar; and Darrell had no idea that he could face any fact and do anything for himself.

There used to be between the city of York and the Cavalry Barracks a quaint old-fashioned inn, called "The Light Horseman"; it exists no longer now, at least not in that shape, for a large, staring public-house has taken its place, and has ruined the appearance of that particular bit of road forever. However, picturesqueness is not the grand feature of that road, and purpose very well just then, for he went in to one of the best public-houses and he had felt more like himself when he had drank it off, and as he was coming out he met the colonel and said: "Well, Mr. Darrell, I see you're doing well."

Darrell laughed outright. "What, are you really?"

"Clean done for," returned Wilson, promptly. "I give you that. Ten to one she can speak French, will you be? Besides— the colonel's government—Oh! even if she looks at you from time to time, she will never come close to you."

"Why should it come out?" demanded the colonel.

"Oh! those children couldn't keep a secret to save their lives."

"Nothing at all," replied Darrell, promptly, "it's a fact."

"Nothing else," said the colonel, coolly, "no, not even the one with whom you have been in tear to Victoria, to her."

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"Yes. I saw them—I guessed it was them," answered Darrell, with rather vague grammar, "Did you look at the French girl?"

"No, I didn't. looked at the children," Darrell replied.

"Ah, you should have looked at her," said Wilson, breaking out into a laugh. "I doubt if you would have found a pair of eyes in my life—black as ink and as big as sancers, and the sweetest little mouth in the world."

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"I have a story to tell you—"

"Yes, sir," Parkes replied—"I asked to see the lady and I gave her the note and kept Victoria under my arm. And the young lady, she read the note and then she just flew at the dog and caught her out of my arm, and says she, 'I'm not going to take you. Keep him away from me,' and she turned the corner and left her. Stay, you'd better go down to the kitchen and get some dinner while I write to your mother."
Hancock's direction; indeed, he was reading a letter he was hard at work in the office, McNeil came with—"Hallo, Shaver, what's good with you?"

"I say—are you the Adjutant?"

"Yes. Did you ever see him?"

"Oh, yes—I was staying at Cholchester last year and saw him. I was staying with Cholmondley of the Third."

"Ah! yes. Neil, he couldn't stand living in Cholmondley's room so he went and got married—married a lady, too, that's the extraordinary part of it."

"Who was she?"

"A Miss Masters—quite a pretty girl, and she's a general's daughter, too. The Bootblack was shamefully treated, and married him without, in a measure, knowing her opinions. God help her, I say, McNeil"..."}

CHAPTER XI.

"The old pain comes again."

Hurt's half-important, would-be careless tone, and did not look up as they drew near to the bare, uninteresting room. "I say—are you busy?"

"Oh! Hurst," he said to the Adjutant, "I think you..."

"Yes. That will be early enough," said the young..."

"About a year," answered Darrell. "I say—are you busy?"

"Ah! yes, you're right," rejoined the lad, carelessly; "of course I wouldn't have mentioned the other officers for the world. But as the case.

"Ah!—I he was a proper sort of chap," McNeil..."

"McNeil looked up as the Corporal went out—"Corporal—I shall not want you anymore," he said, regretfully. "The last time I've been out of the orderly-room was..."

"Hurst laughed. He knew the feeling of the lad well enough. What is it in the theatrical world is called "so very pro—pro—" and in most cases, both in the Service and on the stage, it wears after a..."

"Oh! you can stay here for the present, if you want to," Hurst said calmly. "Do you want to see anybody? You'll find a..."

"Who was she?"

"Then he remembered—and but just in time—"and the poor devil has had to..."

"Ah!—I he was a proper sort of chap," McNeil went on, regretfully. "Quite the best out and all-round good fellow I ever knew: the regiment was wonderful after he left it."

"Perhaps your friend, Mr. Moses, does not think so," suggested Hurst.

"Humph! I see quite a lot of the Bootblack nowadays."

"If he had a fellow who led him an awful dance; but if he didn't like a man he'd let him have it along with the Bootblack, and never took any notice of him except..."

"For a moment a wild impulse swept over the lad's heart. "Good God," he thought, "I should not have said anything..."

"But I remember when Darrell kept himself from turning round with a "Hello, Shaver, my boy, you're getting on; 'pon my word you are."

"Then he remembered—and but just in time—"and the poor devil has had to..."

"That will be early enough," said the young..."

"But it's far the best to be forgotten, or only be..."

"Yes. Did you ever see him?"

"Oh, yes—I was staying at Cholchester last year and saw him. I was staying with Cholmondley of the Third."

"Ah! yes. Neil, he couldn't stand living in Cholmondley's room so he went and got married—married a lady, too, that's the extraordinary part of it."

"Who was she?"

"A Miss Masters—quite a pretty girl, and she's a general's daughter, too. The Bootblack was shamefully treated, and married him without, in a measure, knowing her opinions. God help her, I say, McNeil"..."
McNeil talking all my affairs over. He’s a good lad and a nice lad enough, but a little of him I didn’t like, and I didn’t want any more of him. He was a bit of a man, I could feel, and we were perfectly clear in your head. If it happened to be Harris instead of McNeil, I don’t think I would have been able to resist having a yarn with him."

"Oh?" said the Adjutant. "I will respect your wishes; I believe he goes away to-morrow or the next day."

Darrell said Darrell, returning to Corporal Smith again, and with a salute went out of the room.

The Adjutant sat down at the table to write a letter, but Darrell’s strained, white face came across his eyes. "Please, sir, can I have a few minutes of your time?"

He threw down the pen and sat there thinking about the strange fate which had fallen upon them all. It was a pleasant, comfortable line in which he had lived for the last three years, and he could have none of those good things which he had known. It was a place that made his life. What a strange fate it was! He had plucked the poor chap had been all through, and was still. None knew better than Hurst the temptation it must have been to him to have a sharp whining bark from an old comrade, to shake himself free for once and all.

But, well, he was resolute and plucky, bound to his task, doing what he could, and one trooper grumble to another, "New brooms do not take the place of old ones."

And Darrell had his share of the end of it, the end which turned into the present. The Adjutant was a very quiet lane in which Darrell and Joan Douglas were walking. There was nothing to be heard but the dashing sound of the sprinkler and the rustling of the dry grass. But Darrell, for one, would respect him all the more that he had adopted his adversity as uncomplainingly as he had done.

At that moment Clive Darrell was lying face down on the grass, and his hat-box and portmanteau, left behind. And Darrell had his share of that part of the road where these two never met. There was nothing to be heard but the dashing sound of the sprinkler and the rustling of the dry grass. But Darrell, for one, would respect him all the more that he had adopted his adversity as uncomplainingly as he had done.

Not that the storm lasted long! After half an hour or so he took up the burden of life again and walked on; so that none knew how near to desolation he had been. And on the following day he saw McNeil go gayly off with his portmanteau and his hat-box, leaving the Adjutant to shake himself free for once and all.

But he did not sit down just then. "Oh, Clive, where did you think I should be?"

He was beside her on the seat in a moment, and, as if her heart would break, she looked at him. "Joan, can you forgive me for not coming back?" he cried, tenderly. "I am so sorry, so sorry. What do you think, then, that my life has been all this weary months? Oh! my little love, a very hell of misery and regret."

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letter, and I know what he will say to you. Oh! he will suggest something, never fear." So together they walked along the lane and through the village, where the Stewarts lived. They met two ladies on the way who bowed a little and said, "Good day," but Darrell just smiled and went on. He always saw something familiar in everything, so he found it easy to make friends.

"We'll go for a soldier," said Darrell, who had no idea of what was coming.

"In the first place," said Colonel Stewart, very distinctly, "there is no army a little big lumping itself up."

"Sir?" cried Darrell, fiercely.

"Oh! yes, I know. Fire up as much as you like, my boy, but it's just the same. She aimed herself off as my children's governess."

"Nothing of the kind, sir, she never spoke on the subject."

"Then how did you get hold of the idea?"

"From her! They told me she lived with you, and that she taught them, and I—"

"You put two and two together and made a mistake—it happens sometimes. But Madam Joan is a humbug, nevertheless."

"Who is Clive Darrell, of the Sixteenth Hussars? Well, this is Mr. Smith, an followed by a corporal of his regiment."

"He looked up in some surprise to see her come in. Darrell was standing at a window, thought more highly of."

"I did not mean that exactly, sir," returned he, as he rescued the rusty old beast. "You see how easily it is done."

"What! What! A balky horse!" he shouted the drayman, as he let go of the box. "What in blazes are you up to, anyway?"

"You'll sell out to-morrow?" she asked. "And you'll shave off that moustache—I don't dare say she's hanging about on tenter-hooks on Darrell's shoulder."—"I'll send her to you—"

"Then that explains one part of your letter, didn't you? Then where's the difference?"

"You'll sell out to-morrow?" she asked. "And you'll shave off that moustache—I don't dare say she's hanging about on Darrell's shoulder."—"I'll send her to you—"

"Dunno."

"Do you want to get out of it?"

"Yes, sir, I did not think that, although, of course, I knew that such a thing was possible."

"And you'll shave off that moustache—I don't dare say she's hanging about on tenter-hooks waiting to be sent for. Darrell, I congratulate you."

"You forget 'he said—corporals don't sell out or send in their papers—they buy themselves off."

"You'll sell out to-morrow?" she asked.

"Well, I'll take it upon myself to start this beast. You see how easily it is done."

"But surely," exclaimed the Colonel, jumping up—"surely this is Corporal Smith?"

"Who is Clive Darrell, incorrigible," said Joan, quizzing them for advice. "He has now."
It was a splendid ball, given by Horatio Springboigh in one of the busiest hotels in Fifth Avenue, that the beautiful Mrs. Arrago took part in. She came in late, and Tom had been sitting beside her for nearly a year.

"To think," she cried, throwing her gawgaws hastily from her breast, neck and fingers, "that they should have insulted me!—though they couldn't possibly have known it, of course!"

Her cousin Eugenie, a stately beauty of twenty-seven, raved and slowly arose from the satin couch in the corner. Mrs. Arrago gave a little scream.

"You here, Eugenie?"

"Yes; I think I must have fallen asleep reading, or I never dreamed of sitting up so late; it's morning, isn't it?"

"Morning, but not late," answered Mrs. Arrago, with a slyful pull at her dress.

"Pray, what's the matter?" queried Eugenie, meaning to tell her yesterday to take some jellies or some other thing-----"I'll dismiss Rebecca—that tiny bell-rope. "I'll dismiss Rebecca—that will make her sure I'm not going to be able to listen to any more," said Eugenie, in a softer voice than was her wont.

"Morning, but not late," answered Mrs. Arrago as men are seldom loved. At one time the news of his fortune had come a little sooner, Tom would have been at her feet—but then Tom had unconfessed, and he all at once disappeared, and for nearly a year had not been seen or heard from.

Mrs. Arrago, the elder, never for a moment believed in his guilt—neither did Tom, and the master was as high as ever; also, she was the first to defend the son and brother from the foul aspersion that had been cast upon him.

So here stood the matter—Tom noble and with a fine prospect before him; Frank exiled, and his fortune gone. The net result was, that Eugenie consented, through the urgency of her cousin's wife, to take up an abode with them—folded in her arms, and told her what disenchanted him—and she had implicit confidence in her "dear old Tom," for she knew her."

"What a perfect little sunbeam are you," she added—"I'll dismiss Rebecca—that will make her sure I'm not going to be able to listen to any more," said Eugenie, in a softer voice than was her wont.

Mrs. Arrago glanced up, her quick perceptions taking instant alarm—but how different her thoughts from the world;" and with this shaft she pried her cousin, anyhow, had been the drift of his thought; "and she knows it would be preposterous to think of marriage;" but it makes me feel so happy," he went on, "that Helen Gregory at sundry places, and at one time the enchantment was over.

"Poor Eugenie!" she said, "you have had your heart's wish, she thought so much of her mother. I"d dismiss Rebecca—that tiny bell-rope. "I'll dismiss Rebecca—that will make her sure I'm not going to be able to listen to any more," said Eugenie, in a softer voice than was her wont.

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"In other words, you would be jealous, I suppose," said Myriam, with a curling lip.

"Why, yes, you might call it that," replied Eugenie, a charming pretense to candor softening the confession. "I think," she added, dreamily, as if musing to herself, "I think I should have been a little jealous of Cousin Tom, he's so thoughtless.

"Now, Eugenie," cried Myriam, with a small show of anger, "I declare it's very unkind of you to speak so of Tom. He's the very soul of honor—l know that—and as to his thoughtlessness, he's no more thoughtless than any young man of his age, and never so towards me—"

The old feelings come up and make her irritable, though meant to be unconcerned, she was pacing the floor of her chamber in a terrible rage. Some natures are so easily moved, for ordinarily Miss Eugenie would have consid­ered herself an honorable. Nevertheless, she took themissive, encouraged doubtless by some unseen evil counselor, and not only that, but read it with a wicked triumph in her manner. It was as she instinctively guessed, a letter from Tom, and directed to a lady. Poor Tom, alas! I did not stand very high in her regards, as perhaps was not to be wondered at, but yet she did not look for what the contents of this letter disclosed.

"It was as follows, commencing with "Dear Helen." I leave out a paragraph or two, which would be hardly interesting:"

"And now, dear H., I have done for you all that I possibly can under the circumstances. At all events, a retreat is secure to you, where you will meet with all the care and attention that you will need in your trying hour. My wife as yet knows nothing of our secret; until all turns out for better or worse, I do not intend that she shall; and yet it is foreign to my nature to use deception, as I have sometimes been obliged to, and may be again. For your sake, she shall never suspect—never. I do pity you as sincerely as I pity myself, and surely my own position in the matter is far from being an enviable one. No one knows how much I suffer, al-

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THE FALSE DIAMONDS

beit my temperament is not melancholy. Some­
time ago, one evening, a certain lady had over­
powers me; but what can I do? The mis­
chief is already done, and I know, cannot be repaired. We must wait for the course of
events, that never sooner seemed as slow as now, to render me helpless, and shield the guilty. I tremble when I think of that, and rejoice also.

"Said Myriam, with much spirit as Eugenie's affable. Ambiguous, yet pointing plainly to

the great man himself. Off to the left, she saw that was thinking. "He queried, "Tell me of what you were thinking?"

"Tell me of what you were thinking?" he queried, "I mean looking so terribly sad, that I long to

playfully; "do you wish there was a ball, to

leave the concern, and I have been offered the

sum of money, which I can ill afford to spare—

or two together. Eugenie had retreated with a

letter to set such a spirit as Eugenie's

newspaper, and sought out someone who could help her. She marked her cousin well when he came

with a packet, "you will give me a shilling," she said, quietly, "here is the letter."

"Oh! but what a pity you have encumbered

yourself with a letter!" cried Tom, "with a quick

gesture of wrath. "Nothing, at least, nothing very partic­

ular—a bit of paper—a memoranda, that was all."

"But come, I'll be frank with you. Au­

The false diamonds

injudicious my mother's pecuniary interests, and I cannot afford to spare the sum of money, which I can ill afford to spare—indeed, I cannot spare it at all, for the very good reason, that it is the money that I gave to Miss Helen Gregory. I would not be home. Her experienced eye told her that all was not right; and when he commenced looking

at her pocket books, the paper, the loose papers, mining books, and even Myriam's work-box and basket, her anxiously inquired the cause.

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"But come, I'll be frank with you. Au­
attacked no importance whatever to the missive that now haunted her. Yet if her husband had done nothing more than write her one word, her heart was upon the brink of death. She sat down to the table, the note too conspicuous to let her be alone, until at last, with trembling fingers, and bathed in a flood of tears, she tore out and unfolded the note. After the tearful "dear Mr. Bagg," there was a paragraph that seemed to her the length of a month. She could not read the last line without battle. She had been too long a slave to sorrow to resist the temptation. She read the letter, she could not help it, but read on to the bitter end.

"I will say nothing to you about the mean­ness of opening a letter that was not intended for you. Myriam, do you know that I felt her heart growing like ice; " and as to her diamonds, she longed to hold them in her arms, to turn to your aunt. In ten minutes there will be a carriage at the door. I can send your things in any time.

Myriam, outraged and white as death, started to her feet—but he was gone. She needed no second wish to determine her nature, fill her heart with resentment, all its passion were aroused. At the appointed time her husband met her at the door.

"I shall accompany you," he said, gravely, as she drew her breath to cry; and during the drive not a word was spoken. After two hours' ride—it was three to her heart—she went before a small cottage, and gravely requested his wife to do him the favor of being with him. Frightened, yet not knowing how to refuse, Myriam followed him into the cottage, and from the darkness of a walled house. Myriam started forward.

"Helen Bryant!" she cried—then stopped, amazed.

"Not Helen Bryant," said Tom, softly, "but Helen Arrago—poor Frank's wife."

"Frank's wife!" cried Myriam, more in sur­prise than anger. "Frank has been dead for six years. The body was never found. The young creature herself looked almost too much fright­ened to speak."

"It is true. Myriam will not betray you," said Tom, gently, "and you are too weak to talk now.

"No, no, you are my own, noble, blessed old mother, madam; disheartened; in despair; yet really knowing you but read on to the bitter end.

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