

A SPLENDID REVENGE.

By F. B. CROUCH.

THE scorching rays of the Indian sun were eating their way into every crevice and corner, and even the shady side of the old Fort wall of Mudulla was hardly the place for a cool nap. The men of the English Regiment stationed there were very much in undress, while the native grooms and servants, men inured to the Indian summer, had sought the shade. Hardly a creature moved inside the courtyard, and the only living things upon the arid and dried-up plain were a few transport bullocks, that wallowed in a slimy lagoon, the only water of the Nulhi stream which had, so far, braved the summer sun.

Towards evening the heat became less strong, and a light breeze fanned some life into the weary and wan faces of the men newly out from the Depot, whose first experience of an Indian summer was rather a trying one. As soon as this change made itself felt the officers strolled out into the courtyard and up the steps to the turret of the old Fort, where chairs had been placed around a large table which supported several bowls of cooling drinks and a box of fine cigars.

The company seated themselves and were in a heated discussion on the merits of India and other Eastern countries, when a footstep sounded on the stone steps, and Morley, the senior Major, made his appearance, still dusty and travel-stained. The conversation stopped abruptly, and they all leaned forward that they might not miss anything which the Major might say. The reason for this was that the

regiment had been without a colonel for some weeks, and it was only the day before that Morley had proceeded to headquarters to conduct a newly-appointed man to Mudulla.

"I say," whispered a young sub., "I wonder how old Morley liked acting the attendant to the new colonel. I hear that he has practically stepped into Morley's shoes."

"And they say he's a young man, too," returned the officer addressed. "Rather rough on the Major, but I say, ask him how he likes the new colonel."

Just then Captain Thomkins broke in, "Well, Morley, how do you like the new boss? Who is he; have you known him before?"

"I should rather say so," returned the Major. "Why I was in the same regiment, but was myself shifted when he won his commission."

"Won his commission," interrupted the Surgeon; "why I know Colonel Clere to be a 'Varsity man; are you sure he was once a private?"

"Yes, Cartwright, he was a ranker once, but all the same a 'Varsity-bred man. He never went through Sandhurst or any other academy; he won his way from the ranks, and at last by a gallant action, got his commission, together with a V.C. and a young lady of high standing whom he never expected to meet again."

"Why, it's quite a romance, Major, and as you seem to know all about it, you had better spin the yarn. I suppose you were with the regiment at the time?" said Captain Thomkins.

"Well, to tell you the truth," re-