

Army, believing himself to be left in the cold, even by the lady he loved.

"By chance he was drafted into the very regiment in which I held my commission, and I soon began to see that he had found out who I was, and not knowing his frank and honest nature, I was suspicious of him, and in many ways made the barrier between us wider and wider, which is saying a good deal, as we were naturally separated by that gulf which divides the ranker from the commissioned officer. As to Miss Delavel, she remained as true as ever to her old love, even though her father was greatly put out, and gave her no chance to see or hear anything of Clere.

"Backed up by the Baronet, I proposed, and was quickly told my fate, though, of course, Miss Delavel and I remained on very good terms.

"As to poor Clere's feelings about the matter, all I can gather is that he gave up hope and banished her from his mind.

"This was about the state of affairs when the regiment was ordered to India.

"We went out by the troopship 'Terry.' I fancy some of you fellows know the old tub; anyway we arrived safe in Bombay just in time to have a chance of some fighting. I must not forget to mention that during the voyage Private Clere was rather badly treated by his comrades, but he soon won their respect by his never failing energy and spirit, combined with his natural ability to rise over difficulties.

"I think it was owing to his being better educated and smarter than he was molested at first, be this as it may, these qualities won him his sergeant's stripes ere we landed in Bombay. In his new position he did not give himself airs, but earned the respect of the officers, and made himself a champion of the men, whose rights he stuck up for. We had barely time to settle down in quarters before the order came to prepare for

active service, as we were going to accompany a small column, which was proceeding to the hill districts to punish some raiding tribe. Rather a paltry affair some of you young subs. may think, but I can tell you that there is often more hard work and danger when you are with such a force, but very seldom much show for promotion. Not the sort of warfare you might care for, no dashing soldiering, but hard marching, bad weather, treacherous foes, and all this in rough country composed of rocky hills, covered with loose boulders and tangled scrub. We had two British Infantry Regiments and a Mounted Company of the Lowlandshire Regiment, to which I was attached, for a party of our men were formed into mounted infantry. The rest of the troops were purely native. As we were possibly to proceed far beyond the frontier we had a very numerous transport and baggage train, slow vehicles enough even on a paved street. Sergeant Clere was in my company of mounted infantry, but acted as sort of mounted orderly to the field officer commanding the column.

"It was weary work toiling over the roughly-beaten tracks, hurrying on the crawling teams of bullocks, and trying to instil life into the lazy native drivers. Clere was just the man for this sort of work; he won the hearts of the toilers and also their respect, for he was always ready to spring from his horse and haul on a drag rope, or put his shoulder to a waggon. I can see the sight now, the weary column struggling up a long slope one sultry afternoon. It has always clung to my recollection as a memorable scene. The long straggling line of transport waggons, guns and men, crawling up the mountain slope, needing all the energy and support of those in command to get the weary men and still wearier bullocks to move at even a snail's pace. So far we had not encountered any of the enemy. They were doubtless only waiting