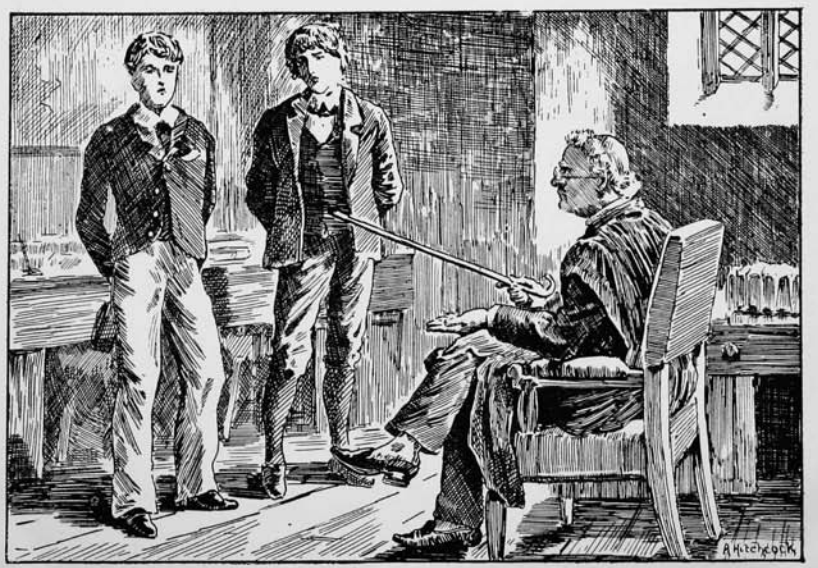
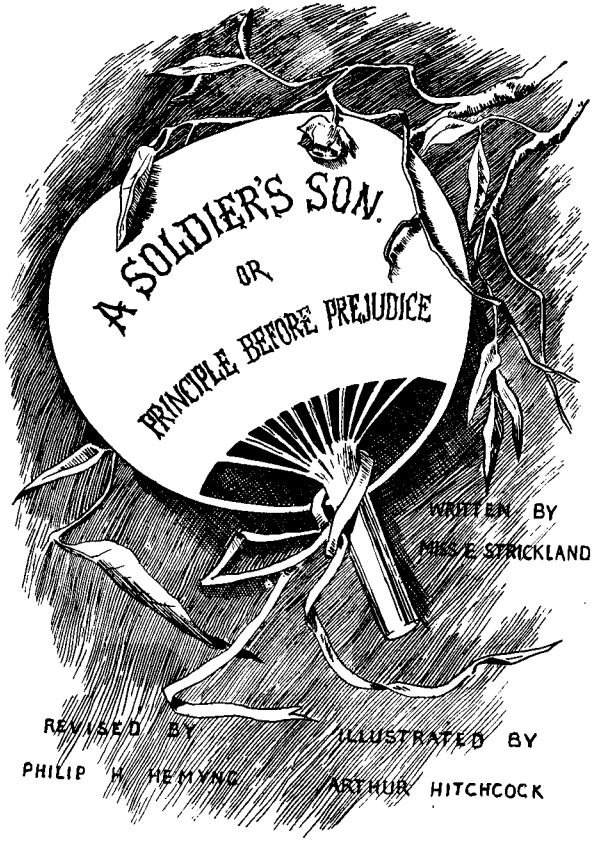



"Grahame, who gave you permission to go out of bounds this afternoon?"—*See p. 30.*




LONDON: DEAN & SON, 160A FLEET STREET.

# A SOLDIER'S SON;

OR,

## PRINCIPLE BEFORE PREJUDICE.

*Revised by* PHILIP H. HEMYNG, *late R.N.*

### CHAPTER I.

"HERE comes that cad, Latimer!"

"Yah, the sneak! he thinks he knows as much as the head master does."

"Stuck up snob! He's always sapping away at his lessons. I don't suppose he could run a mile to save his life."

These remarks were made one winter's day in the playground of an old-fashioned grammar-school situated in a market-town in Suffolk.

Afternoon school was just over, and the three speakers were standing together outside the door.

The boy of whom they were speaking was a tall, fine looking fellow of about fourteen, and though he evidently felt the remarks, he affected not to hear them.

But the last observation was more than he could stand, because Hugh Latimer was a very good runner, and he had always been chosen as one of the hares in the paper-chases until quite lately.

The colour rushed to his face as he turned round, and indignantly replied—

"I can run as well as you can, Hopkins, anyhow."

"Don't talk to me, cad!" retorted the boy he had spoken to, with a most contemptuous look upon his face.

"Why shouldn't I talk to you as well as you to me?"

"Because I'm a gentleman," answered Hopkins, with his nose in the air, "while you're only a cad, and your mother keeps a little penny chandler's shop."

For a moment the playground seemed to whirl round with Latimer, and he did not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels.

Then, completely overcome, he staggered away and quitted the playground amidst the jeers of his three tormentors.

"Fetch us a pennyworth of bullseyes, Shoppy," cried one.

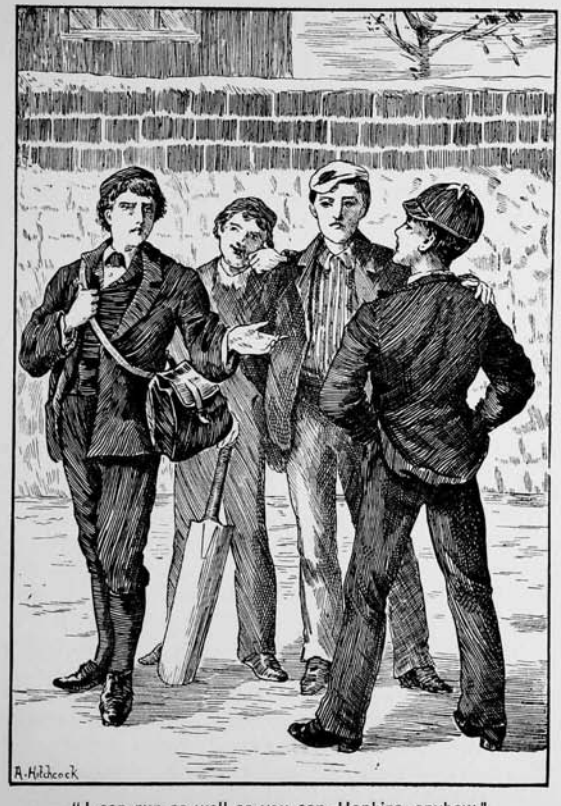
"And I want a ha'penny reel of cotton."

"Bring me a farthing bundle of wood."

Hugh found his way home, and dropped into his usual seat by the side of the fireplace, where he pretended to be studying one of his school books.

But his mother soon discovered that there was something wrong.

"What is the matter, Hugh?" she inquired, kindly.




"I can run as well as you can, Hopkins, anyhow."

"Nothing, mother," he replied, but in such a constrained tone of voice that the old lady was only confirmed in her opinion.

"But there must be," she persisted, "for you have been holding your book upside down for the last ten minutes, and you don't usually read in that way. Come, Hugh; tell me what it is."

"I would rather not, mother," observed Hugh, and it was only by means of a great effort that he could keep the tears out of his eyes.

"What is it, Hugh? Don't you want to go to school this afternoon?"

"I never want to go there any more," exclaimed Hugh. "I hate it!"

"But how are you to get on in life if you don't go to school?" said Mrs. Latimer. "I am sorry to hear you talk in this manner."

"It isn't learning that I mind," remarked Hugh, "in fact I like it; but I can't bear that beastly school!"

"For shame, Hugh," said his mother; "it is the best school in the town, and I am sure Dr. Vernon is as nice a man as you could find for a master."

"It isn't that, mother," answered Hugh, "but I don't like the school."

"I don't understand you at all," remarked Mrs. Latimer as she got up to go into the little shop that adjoined the parlour they were sitting in; "but perhaps your uncle will be able to get it out of you."

"Leave him to me, sister," said old Mark Latimer, a grey-headed veteran, whose crutch showed how well he had served his country as a soldier. "Now, Hugh, what is it all about?"

But Hugh looked steadfastly into the fire, and did not reply.

"Come, come, boy, what is it? Have you done anything wrong?"

"No, indeed, uncle," he answered at once. "Nothing that I know of."

"Then there is no reason why you should keep it to yourself," observed the old soldier. "Now then, Hugh, make a clean breast of it."

Hugh hesitated for a few moments, and then exclaimed—

"Well, uncle, if you must know, it's the shop that has made all the mischief."

"The shop!" repeated his uncle with astonishment. "What is the matter with the shop, I should like to know?"

"Why—er—at school—er—they are gentlemen, and—er—I can't bear the idea of living in a shop! I hate it."

"Humph! You would look rather funny without the shop," observed the old soldier, gravely. "Don't you think it's foolish to hate that which supplies you with bread and butter."

"I can't help it if it is foolish, uncle," replied Hugh. "I seem to feel as though I'd rather die than live in this place any longer."

"I'm glad your poor mother did not hear you," said Mark Latimer. "After all the hard work she has had too! But where did you pick up this wicked notion?"

"Oh, I can't help it, uncle! If you only knew how the boys chaff and tease me at school! They call me a beggar's brat, and say that instead of coming to school among gentlemen I ought to be bound apprentice to a tailor or a cobbler, and only this afternoon one of the fellows said that I ought not to speak to him, as he was a gentleman, and I was only a cad."

"Who was that?"

"A fellow named Hopkins, who lives at the end of the High-street."

"Considering that I remember his father when he was in a small way of business as a provision dealer, I don't think that he has much right to call you names," remarked his uncle. "But even if he was a gentleman, you ought to be all the same at school."

"They know that I am on the foundation, and pay less than they do, and they tease me about that."

"And a very lucky thing it was for you that we managed to get you on the foundation."*

"I don't think so," cried Hugh. "Oh, uncle, do try and persuade mother to take me away from it."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," exclaimed the old soldier. "The idea! Now answer me one question, Hugh. Would you rather gain your living as a gentleman, or earn it in this little shop?"

"Why, as a gentleman, of course," answered Hugh.

"Well, then, you will have to swallow your pride, my lad, and make the best use that you can of your schooling, for that is the only way in which you can hope to become a gentleman."

Hugh had not thought of this before, and he remained silent as he mused over it.

"Has your mother ever told you about your father?" inquired Mark Latimer, "and of all the troubles he went through?"

"Oh, no, uncle," replied Hugh, eagerly. "I should

---

* A good education was more difficult of attainment formerly among the poor than it is now, and the majority of grammar schools admitted a few scholars free, in accordance with the founder's will, but who were, shame to say, looked down upon by the paying pupils.

like to hear! Do tell me! What was my father? How did he die? Did he keep a shop?"

"Have patience, my boy, and I'll tell you," responded the old man. "But you must not hurry me, for I am not so young as I was once."

Then, having moved his wounded leg into a more comfortable position, he commenced as follows:—

"Your grandfather was a farmer in Essex, at one time very well-to-do, but he lost all his money, and when he died mother was left very badly off— not enough to keep us five children. Your father and I used to work early and late cutting peat in order to support the little home, and even then we often had to live on potatoes and bread from one week's end to the other. But when I was nineteen the three girls and our mother all died of small-pox. The home was broken up, and in twenty-four hours your father and myself had made our way to Colchester and enlisted."

"Then my father was a soldier?" exclaimed Hugh, proudly.

"Certainly he was, and as brave a one as ever went into battle," answered his uncle. "However, we served together for some time until we had both gained the rank of sergeant; and then, while serving in Spain, your father was lucky enough to save the Earl of Peterborough's life on three separate occasions, and for this and his daring courage he received his commission as lieutenant. But now arose fresh troubles, for his fellow officers, knowing that he had risen from the ranks, would not associate with him, much as your school-fellows won't talk to you; but your father, instead of giving way, determined to make his way upwards in spite of all opposition. It was in Spain that he married your mother, the daughter of a brother lieutenant. You were born in a camp, and

were but a few weeks old when your father was brought in one day, after an engagement, a mangled corpse. What with his pension and a small sum the officers subscribed, your mother managed to open this little shop, where she has worked hard to keep her ungrateful son from starving."

Hugh was much overcome at this, and for a few moments he could not speak at all, and then he managed to say—

"I am sorry that I said what I did, uncle, but things shall be different now that I know I'm the son of a soldier."

## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Latimer was one of the first at school, and as he passed through the playground he was greeted as usual with a shower of jibes and jeers, for it is astonishing how boys follow a leader in teasing.

"Hallo! How many yards of tape have you cut this morning?"

"Have you mixed the sand with the sugar?"

"Did you take down the shutters?" asked a third. "For as the old woman can't afford a shop-boy, of course you have to do all that."

"You forget that old hop and go one," said another, named Jackson, "with his old fur cap and his crutch, and ——"

But Jackson did not have an opportunity of finishing his sentence. Springing forward, Hugh hit out as hard as he could, and, catching him just between the eyes, sent him sprawling on to his back.

"A ring! a ring!" shouted several of those round about. "Have it out, quick! there's lots of time before school."

But Jackson, although he had a sharp tongue, was no admirer of brute force, and did not care about fighting.

"Bah! I wouldn't soil my hands by fighting with such a cad," he rejoined with a sneer. "That sort of thing is

all very well for shop-boys, but it is not suitable for gentlemen."

"Why don't you send him to Coventry?" suggested Hopkins. "He has no right in the same playground with us gentlemen."

"There is one thing, Hopkins," exclaimed Hugh, excitedly, "I am more of a gentleman than you are."

"How do you make that out, young counterjumper?" asked Hopkins, with a sneer.

"Why, your father sold meat," said Hugh, "while I am the son of a soldier."

Hopkins grew as pale as paper, because he knew that the accusation was true, although by means of his money his father was now trying to take the place and position of a gentleman.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed some of the unprejudiced ones. "Mew, mew! puss, puss, puss! meat, meat!"

Just then the school-bell rang, and they were obliged to go in, but as they passed through the door, Hopkins whispered, "Wait until after school, Latimer; I'll half kill you for that."

"If you can," retorted Hugh.

As soon as they had occupied their places, Dr. Vernon, the head master, entered, followed by a new boy.

"Young gentlemen," observed the Doctor, after a preliminary tap on his desk with the ruler, "I wish to introduce a new schoolfellow to you—Master Montrose Grahame, and I hope you will be good friends."

"He's awfully rich," whispered a boy near Hugh; "his father's got no end of money."

"Happy fellow," thought Hugh, "you'll be all right; they won't chaff and worry the life out of you as they do me."

Hugh was in the third form under the charge of the

second master, Mr. Manby, and this morning our hero gave him so much satisfaction that he observed to his pupils before they left the room—

"I wish you boys would follow Latimer's example; he's the best boy in the form."

"Yes, the best Dorset," remarked somebody behind, out of sight, which drew a laugh from the others.

"Never mind, Latimer," said Mr. Manby, who understood their meaning, "you go on as you are going, and one of these days you will be able to laugh at them."

"He'd better not laugh at me," observed one of the bigger boys as soon as Manby had gone, "or I'll give him something that'll make him laugh the other side of his mouth."

"So I should think," agreed another, indignantly; "it'll be a nice state of things if a snob like that is to be allowed to laugh at us."

By this time they were all out in the playground, and, pushing his way through, Hopkins made his way up to our hero.

"Now then, Shoppy," said he, his little eyes sparkling viciously, "will you fight, or take the coward's blow?"

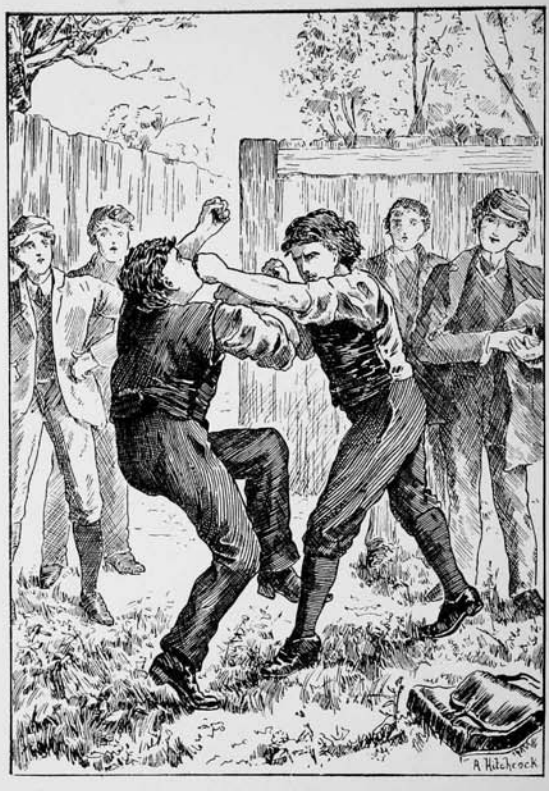
"I don't want to fight," answered Hugh, "but I'm not a coward."

"Oh, bosh! I don't want any jaw," cried Hopkins, growing more excited, "*you* know what I mean; will you fight, or will you take a thrashing?"

"I certainly won't take a thrashing," replied Hugh, "from you or anybody else, if I can help it."

"Hurrah! a fight! a fight!" exclaimed the boys. "Come over to the corner."

Somewhat reluctantly Hugh followed them over to the further end of the playground, which was usually devoted to encounters of fisticuffs.




Hugh perceived an opportunity, which he at once took advantage of, and landed him a blow that stretched him on his back.

It was not that he was afraid, but he had a natural objection to fighting for fighting's sake.

"Now then, Hopkins, give me your jacket," cried Jackson; "I'll be your second."

Hugh took his jacket off and looked round to see if there was anyone who would perform the same kind office for him.

But he met with nothing but averted eyes or scornful looks.

"What, is there no one to back you?" exclaimed a clear, ringing voice; "that won't do! Here, give me your jacket, I'll be your second."

Hugh turned round and discovered that his friend was the new boy, Montrose Grahame, who was standing behind him.

Just as the combatants were about to commence operations, someone at the back of the crowd called out, "Go it, meat-meat."

Hopkins grew as red as a turkey-cock, and he attacked Hugh with such fierceness that he had all he could do to defend himself.

But Hopkins was too angry to guard himself, and in a short time Hugh perceived an opportunity, which he at once took advantage of, and landed him a blow that stretched him on his back.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Grahame, "very well done indeed. Now then, he's ready for you. Time!"

The lads were at it again, and this time Hopkins was more cautious, but it was too late.

By giving way to his temper he had thoroughly exhausted himself during the first round, and Hugh again succeeded in putting him on his back.

The third time Hopkins came up he had nearly had enough of it, and if it had not been for the encouragement

of his friends, it is a question whether he would have continued the fray. He hit out twice or three times at Hugh, and then, lowering his head, suddenly ran at him, endeavouring to butt him.

"Coward, coward!" called out several of the by-standers.

Fortunately Hugh was on the look out, and as Hopkins approached he stepped quickly on one side.

Then, before the other could recover himself, he placed his arm round his neck and got his head into chancery.

Two or three minutes of this was quite enough for Hopkins, who exclaimed—

"I give in; I give in! I've had enough of it! I'm beaten!"

Hugh at once let him go, and his second helped him on with his jacket and wiped the blood away from his face.

As soon as Hugh was dressed again, he walked over to where Hopkins was standing surrounded by his friends, and, holding out his hand, observed—

"Will you shake hands now, Hopkins? I don't bear any malice."

"No, indeed!" replied Hopkins, with a venomous look in his half-closed eyes. "I wouldn't think of shaking hands with such a fellow as you."

"More shame to you, then!" cried Grahame, contemptuously; then, turning to Hugh, he continued—"Never mind, he isn't worth thinking about! Come and show me round the school, will you?"

Hugh was only too pleased, and, after a short time, Grahame observed—

"Look here, Latimer, I should like to be friends with you. What do you say, shall we be chums?"

"I should like it," replied Hugh, hesitatingly. "But ——"

"But what?" asked Grahame, in surprise.

"Why, when you know me I'm afraid you won't care about being friends with me."

"Rubbish!—I know you quite well enough."

"But I am poor, and ——"

"Well, I've got money enough for both of us," interrupted Grahame.

"—— my mother keeps a little shop," continued Hugh, his face turning red with the thought.

"Well, you're none the worse for that, are you?" cried Grahame. "And now will you accept my offer?"

Hugh was only too pleased to gain a friend, and a hearty clasp of the hand clenched the bargain.

"And now, mind, we always stick together," said Grahame. "We fight for each other, and help one another with school work, and help one another in every way."

## CHAPTER III.

SOME weeks passed away, and Grahame and Latimer became almost inseparable companions, so much so, that the clique which was formed of Hugh's enemies nick-named them Balaam and his ass.

One day they were walking up and down the playground, taking about what they meant to do when they became men, when they observed a young negro who was in the habit of bringing cakes for sale.

He carried a basket of tarts on his head, and called out—

"Who buy? Who buy? Nicee tart, lilly massa? Who buy?"

"I haven't got any money this afternoon," exclaimed Jackson; "you must trust me for a couple."

"No may trust lilly massa," answered the negro. "My massa beat me 'spose me no bring 'im de cash."

"Oh, that's all bosh," cried Jackson, beckoning a number of his cronies round him. "Look here, oughtn't this fellow to trust us?"

"Of course; certainly!"

"Me berry pleased, massa, if tart mine," remarked the black; "but no am mine, and me 'fraid for my massa. Oh, he angry man."

"I vote we make him," suggested Jackson, meaningly. "What do you say, boys?"

"Yes, yes. Make him, make him!" agreed the others.

Jackson waited no longer, and, passing behind the negro, he dexterously tipped the basket off his head so as to send the contents flying in every direction. There was an immediate scramble, and all those that were not injured by the fall were at once consumed.

The poor negro did not seem to be able to realise his loss for a minute, and then, uttering a loud cry, he sank on to the ground and, hiding his face, began to cry bitterly.

Grahame and Latimer were now attracted by the negro's sobs, and, advancing towards the scene of action, the latter exclaimed--

"What's the matter, Sambo?"

"De tart all gone, massa—oh, oh—and me get such a beating when me get back, oh, oh! Lilly massas, dey capsize de tarts, and now dey eat 'em all—oh, oh!" answered the wretched black, between his sobs.

"Who has been caddish enough to steal this poor fellows tarts?" inquired Grahame, indignantly. "But perhaps you are only having a joke with him."

"You mind your own business," answered Jackson insolently. "Our affairs have nothing to do with you."

"But they have," replied Grahame, quickly. "When your affairs, as you call them, amount to robbery, it is everybody's business, and it would serve you all right to make it a policeman's business."

"A policeman?" exclaimed a fat boy, with his mouth full of jam puff; "what do you mean?"

"I mean that you have stolen this nigger's tarts," answered Grahame, "and that the best thing you can do is to make a subscription, and pay him back for them."

"You had better pay him yourself," observed Jackson, "as you're so flash with your money."

"You had better not give me any of your cheek," retorted Grahame, "or else I'll very soon give you a pounding."

Then, turning to the negro, he inquired where he lived.

"'Way down dare, massa," he answered, pointing down the town.

"What's your master's name?" asked Hugh.

"Massa Isaacs," replied the negro. "But me no go back 'gen, me 'fraid; oh, he beat me for lose all dese tarts."

By this time the boys who had eaten the confectionery had taken advantage of Grahame and his friend being engaged to make their escape, and now there was not a soul within sight.

"It looks as though we shall have to do as Jackson said, after all," remarked Grahame, as he looked round. "How much have you got, Hugh?"

"I have only got sixpence," answered Hugh, producing it as he spoke.

"And I have only a shilling! That won't go far towards paying for the tarts, I am afraid."

"How much were the tarts, Sambo?" inquired Hugh.

"Five shillin's, massa."

"What a nuisance," cried Grahame, much vexed. Oh, I know! Let's go down to my uncle, Colonel Grahame. He'll let us have the money in a moment."

And motioning Hugh and the negro to follow him, he made at once for the fence which divided the playground from the road.

"But, wait a minute, Montrose," exclaimed Hugh. "You will be going out of bounds, and you may be sure

some of those fellows will sneak, and then the Doctor will be down on you like anything."

"I don't care for the bounds or the Doctor either," replied Grahame. "Come along, follow your leader."

In another moment they were all over the fence and running down the road into the town as hard as their legs would carry them.

At length they arrived at a large mansion, and, mounting the steps, Grahame gave a loud rat-tat-tat at the door.

It was immediately opened by an elderly porter, who exclaimed, "Why, sure it's Master Montrose! Come in, sir."

"Is my uncle at home?" asked Montrose.

"Yes sir—to you," answered the porter. "But who are these folks with you, sir? I don't think he 'll care about seeing them."

"They are my friends, George," cried Montrose, flushing deeply. "Show us all in at once."

While they were speaking a tall military-looking gentleman made his appearance and exclaimed, "What is the meaning of all this noise, George?"

"Why, it's the young master, sir," replied the servant. "And I did not think that you would care to have a parcel of black ragamuffins, and ——— ."

"That is sufficient!" interrupted the colonel, sternly. "Show them into my study at once."

"And now, Montrose," said the colonel, when they were all in the study and the door was closed, "what has brought you down here this afternoon?"

In a few words Montrose explained the cause of his visit.

"Then you have not obtained Dr. Vernon's permission?" inquired his uncle.

"No, I have not," replied Montrose, "because I could

not have done so without sneaking of the fellows who took the tarts."

"Very creditable to you," remarked the colonel; "but I am afraid that the Doctor will look at it in a different light."

"I don't care about being punished, uncle, if you will only pay this poor fellow for the value of his basket of tarts."

"You shall do it yourself," cried the colonel, evidently much pleased, and taking out his purse he extracted a sovereign, and handing it to Montrose, continued—

"Here, take this; give the black what you consider enough, and divide the rest between your friend and yourself."

"I know which Latimer will prefer," said Montrose, and he gave the negro the whole of the money.

Words would fail to express the negro's joy and delight; he danced, and laughed, and cried alternately.

"How would you like to be that young gentleman's servant?" inquired Colonel Grahame.

"Oh, muchee, muchee, massa," answered Sambo, "me likee lilly massa, but me no likee Massa Isaacs; he swear and beat poor Sambo."

"Very well, then, I will see Isaacs, and make arrangements for you to leave his service."

"Oh, tank you, massa! me so happy—me no know wat to do."

"That will be famous, Hugh, won't it?" cried Montrose.

"Who is your friend?" asked the colonel, who had been looking rather hard at Hugh for a short time. "I have not seen him with you before."

Montrose grew very red, and did not reply.

"What, silent!" said the colonel in surprise. "I


"I should not deserve to be my father's son if I was," said Hugh.

presume that the young gentleman has no occasion to be ashamed of his name."

"I should not deserve to be my father's son if I was," answered Hugh.

"What is your name, then?"

"Hugh Latimer, sir."

The colonel started slightly, and with intense interest continued—

"What was your father?"

"A soldier, sir."

"In what regiment?"

"I do not know, sir, but he was killed while serving in Spain as a lieutenant under Lord Peterborough," answered Hugh.

"I served in Spain at the same period," observed the colonel; "I have heard your father mentioned as a brave and meritorious officer. Is your mother alive?"

For a few moments Hugh hesitated.

His pride rose like a lump in his throat, and he was unable to speak.

Then, with a great effort, he mastered his meanness, and replied—

"Yes, sir; she keeps the little shop at the corner of this street, and Uncle Mark, who was wounded at the battle of Almanza, lives with us."

Taking Hugh's hand, the colonel placed it in that of Montrose, saying—

"I hope you will always continue to be friends, boys; and mind, Montrose, that you never come home for a holiday without bringing Latimer with you."

"Thank you, uncle," cried Montrose, his eyes glistening with pleasure. "I wanted to do so, but I did not like to ask you."

"And now, I think, you had better get back to school,

and see what the Doctor has to say about your being out of bounds," observed Colonel Grahame; "and I will walk down to Isaacs, and settle about Sambo."

The boys had scarcely entered the playground, when Jackson met them with the news that the Doctor wanted to see them in the school-room.

"I say, I hope you won't say anything about those tarts, you know," he added.

Treating him with the contempt he deserved, the friends hurried into the school-room, several of the other culprits running up as they crossed the playground, and begging them not to mention them.

Dr. Vernon was seated in his great arm-chair, a frown upon his face, and a long and supple cane in his hand.

For a short time he looked at the friends in silence, and then he said, in a stern, hard voice—

"Grahame, who gave you permission to go out of bounds this afternoon?"

"No one, sir."

"How dare you disobey my orders, then?"

"I am very sorry, sir, that I did so," replied Montrose, modestly, but firmly, "but I cannot tell you my reasons. I know it was wrong, but, as it is the first time it has happened, I hope you will forgive me."

"Not unless you tell me why you acted as you did."

"I would rather not, sir."

"Then I shall certainly punish you," exclaimed the Doctor. "And now, Latimer, I shall expect you to tell me the object with which you were out of bounds."

"Indeed, sir, I can't tell you," replied Hugh. "But really, sir, it was nothing wrong."

"Now, mark me! As a day-scholar, you have a right to leave the playground; but if you do not choose to

reveal this precious secret, I shall flog you as well as your friend."

"If you only knew the truth, sir," retorted Hugh, "I am sure you would forgive us at once."

"Tell me the truth, then, and have done with it?"

"I can't, sir."

"Very well, then, I shall punish both of you," said the Doctor, and he began to handle his cane as though he meant business.

"I will give you one last chance," observed the Doctor, as he stood up. "Now, either of you tell me the truth, or I shall have to beat it out of you."

"It is a matter of honour, sir, or else I would tell you," answered Grahame.

"Very well, then, if you prefer——"

But before the Doctor could conclude his observation a martial step sounded in the room, and Colonel Grahame made his appearance.

The Doctor knew him by sight, and having greeted him with the respect generally accorded to a wealthy man, was about to postpone the punishment he had been going to inflict.

But the colonel, without waste of time, informed the Doctor of what had occurred—of course without mentioning the names of the other boys; and, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, begged that they might be forgiven.

"Certainly," answered the doctor, evidently much pleased with the account. "And if the silly boys had only told me what you have, the matter would not have proceeded so far; but I should like to know the names of those who stole the tarts?"

"Honour! my dear sir, honour!" exclaimed the colonel, with a smile. "We have been boys ourselves,

you know, and can remember the stern rule of honour."

"Very true," agreed Dr. Vernon. "Then I suppose I must forget all about it?"

"I shall take it as a personal favour if you will do so, Doctor," observed the Colonel; "and perhaps you will add to your kindness by giving them permission to spend the evening at my house."

This Dr. Vernon at once consented to, and the happy boys accompanied Colonel Grahame home.

This affair caused Grahame and Latimer to be firmer friends than ever, if that was possible, and all went well until at length the holidays arrived.

These they spent, to a great extent, in one another's society, and, on returning to school, their friendship was undiminished.

## CHAPTER IV.

AMONG the new boys this term was one of the name of Sinclair, the son of a baronet, an old friend of Colonel Grahame's.

On meeting in the playground, Sinclair sprang forward when he saw Montrose, and exclaimed—

"Hallo, Grahame, I am glad to see you! This is jolly. How are you?"

"I'm all right, thanks," answered Montrose; and then, turning to Hugh, he added—

"This is a particular friend of mine, Hugh Latimer—Jack Sinclair."

The boys shook hands, and Sinclair added—

"I was afraid I should not know anyone, but I have met two or three fellows besides you, so that I shall soon be all right."

They walked up and down for a few minutes, and then Sinclair went away to speak to another fellow whom he knew.

After dinner, as it was a half-holiday, Montrose and Hugh intended to go fishing, and the former determined to ask Sinclair to join the party.

He was soon found, and when Grahame asked him if he would join them, he replied—

"I shall be awfully glad to join you in fishing or

anything else, old man, but I must decline the society of your friend."

"What do you mean?" inquired Montrose, indignantly.

"I mean that I have not been accustomed to walk about with shop-boys," answered Sinclair, scornfully; "and I'm not going to begin now."

"If his mother does keep a shop he can't help it," exclaimed Grahame, waxing wroth.

"I don't say that he can," replied Sinclair. "But he has no right to mix with gentlemen."

"Why not?" cried Montrose, angrily. "He is quite as good as you are."

"What rot!" retorted Sinclair, haughtily. "Why, my father is a baronet, while he is——"

"The son of a soldier," interrupted the other.

"Oh, well, if you like to mix with snobs and cads, of course you can, and much good may it do you."

"I would rather have Hugh for a friend than I would you."

"All right! Please yourself!" answered Sinclair, carelessly. "I never asked you, did I?" and, turning on his heel, he strolled away.

Latimer was naturally much hurt, and it took all Montrose's time to restore him to his usual state.

That night Grahame found, much to his disgust, that Sinclair was to share his room, and he had serious thoughts at first of asking to be put into another one.

However, he decided upon letting things be; and after supper, when the boys went to bed, Sinclair met him upon their old friendly footing. He endeavoured to maintain his reserve, but Sinclair was so pleasant that he was obliged to give way.

After the lapse of a week or two, Montrose spent as much time with Sinclair as he did with Latimer, until at

length Hugh was forced to the conclusion that his friend's feelings had changed towards him. Naturally of a sensitive disposition, it is impossible to say how much Hugh felt Grahame's neglect.

He was now alone in the school; his only true and good friend had deserted him, and from his manner when they passed him he could almost imagine that he joined in Sinclair's ill-natured sarcasms.

One afternoon during school Grahame and Sinclair were sent down to the bottom of the class, owing to inattention on their part, while Hugh occupied his usual position at the top.

Presently Mr. Manby, the master, was called away to the other end of the room, and Sinclair observed in an audible whisper—

"It is too bad for gentlemen to be obliged to give way to cads like that; I've a good mind to complain."

"It was our own fault," responded Montrose.

"Oh, it is not being sent down here that I mind," remarked Sinclair, "it is that a beggar's brat like Latimer should be allowed to go up above us."

"We have only ourselves to thank for it," said Montrose.

"It isn't that," repeated Sinclair, "I don't mind being sent down a bit, but it makes me wild that a dirty pauper's son like that scurvy fellow, Latimer——"

"It's false!" interrupted Hugh, his face white with suppressed emotion.

"How dare you say that!" exclaimed Sinclair, haughtily.

"I say that it is a falsehood," answered Hugh, boldly.

"Do you dare to call me a liar?" cried Sinclair, excitedly.

"If you say that my father was a pauper I do," replied

Hugh. "I am the son of a soldier who died for his country."

"Hush, hush! Here comes Mr. Manby," remarked Montrose.

"All right; meet me outside after school," said Sinclair, his eyes flashing with rage, "and I will teach you better manners."

Mr. Manby happened to overhear enough of this conversation to be able to guess its meaning, and as he took a great interest in Hugh, he pitied him, and determined to help him if he could.

As the boys were all leaving the school-room Manby touched Hugh on the shoulder, saying—

"Latimer, will you come to my house and take tea with me this evening? I have something to say to you."

It was impossible for Hugh to refuse, and wondering what Sinclair would think of him for not turning up, he followed Mr. Manby home.

The master lived in a pretty little house looking out upon a stream where Hugh had spent many a pleasant hour fishing with Montrose.

The lonely boy stood at the window gazing at the view, and as he thought of his old friend, he could not prevent his eyes filling with tears.

"What is the matter, Latimer?" inquired Manby, who was closely observing him. "Are you ill?"

"No, sir, thank you," answered Hugh, dashing the moisture from his eyes. "I was only thinking."

"And what may you have been thinking about," asked the master, "to make you feel so strongly as that?"

"I was thinking, sir, how miserable it was to be without a friend in the world," replied Hugh.

"Nonsense, boy! You should not talk like that," exclaimed Manby; "I am sure you have many friends. Look at Grahame, for instance. Why, the Doctor and I used to call you Pylades and Orestes and Damon and Pythias."

"That's just it, sir," said Hugh, mournfully. "We were friends, but he never speaks to me now."

"Pooh, that is nothing," remarked the master. "You should not give way on that account."

"Ah, sir, you don't know what it is," exclaimed Latimer, bitterly, "to have only one friend in the world and then to lose him."

"Don't I?" replied Mr. Manby, his manner altering entirely as he sank into a chair. "My poor boy, I have been through all you are now enduring, and have suffered all that you are now suffering."

"You have, sir?"

"Yes, and I have felt the resentment that you feel against a faithless friend, and the animosity against the one who led him astray."

Hugh could only look his astonishment.

"It is a fact! But sit down, and I will tell you all about it."

## CHAPTER V.

"I WAS brought up on the foundation of this school in the same manner as yourself," commenced Manby, "and I had to pass through the same petty teasing and tormenting.

"My father was a tailor, so you may imagine that the malice of my enemies had plenty of materials to work upon; but I fought my way through it all. My schoolfellows almost universally disliked me: some because I was poor, others because I had thrashed them, and the remainder because I excelled them in school.

"My most bitter enemy, however, was a boy named Carey, the son of a wealthy merchant, and he was my match in everything.

"On one occasion we fought until neither of us was able to stand, and we were both confined to our beds for a week afterwards.

"In time, however, I worked my way up until I became the head boy, while Carey was the second.

"Of course, you are aware that at the end of every term the head boy has to make a speech, which is generally delivered before the mayor and corporation. Well, I had learned my speech, and all was in readiness, when, just as the mayor was entering the schoolroom, some fellow behind me said, 'I hope Manby won't forget to advertise


"I was brought up on the foundation of this school in the same manner as yourself," commenced Manby.

his father's shop; the mayor might want to buy a pair of trousers.'

"'He'd be afraid,' answered Carey, 'because if his father cheated him, as he does everybody else, the mayor would have the power to lock him up.'

"I could not submit to this, and, forgetful of the mayor or head master or anything else, I sprang forward and knocked him down.

"Of course, there was a great deal of confusion, and then, after a severe reprimand, I was ordered to leave the room without delivering my speech.

"You may be sure that this did not improve my feelings against Carey, and I was determined to revenge myself upon him the first opportunity.

"A few days afterwards I was walking early one morning in the fields with a book and my dog, and the water in the brook looked so cool and refreshing, that I made up my mind to have a swim.

"I had more than half undressed myself when I suddenly heard a loud cry.

"It seemed to come from the next field, where the brook took a bend, and where there was a dangerous hole, where all who could not swim very well were warned against bathing.

"Followed by my dog, I soon cleared the hedge, and approaching the bank I perceived a form in the water.

"I was just about to plunge in to his rescue, when I recognised the hated features of Carey!

"Directly he saw me, he uttered a gurgling scream for help, and lifted his arm as though to beg my assistance.

"But my heart was as hard as the nether mill-stone, and I stood and watched my enemy with a horrible gratification.

"He sank, and I did not attempt to put forth a hand to save him, but calmly allowed him to perish.

"He was about to sink for the second time; his struggles had nearly ceased, and his eyes were fixed and staring.

"Suddenly my dog, endowed with more generous feelings than his master, jumped into the water and swam to his aid.

"And then the thought seemed to flash through my brain that the action I was performing was nothing more or less than murder!

"With an awakened conscience came the full knowledge of my sin, and also of my inhumanity, and I leaped into the stream to the drowning boy's rescue.

"I caught hold of him as he was sinking, and with some little difficulty succeeded in bringing him to the bank.

"He was perfectly senseless, and I thought dead, and no language can describe my feelings as I looked at him, and mentally accused myself of being his murderer.

"Without loss of time, I obtained assistance, and the body was carried home, when the doctor was at once called in.

"He succeeded in restoring animation, and before the school-bell rang I had the satisfaction of knowing that he was in no immediate danger.

"And when I heard that, and was aware that I should not have the weight of his death upon my shoulders, I seemed to suffer a complete revulsion of feeling.

"I no longer hated him or any one else. I was so thankful for having been saved from such a terrible crime that I became an altered character.

"In the evening, when Carey learned who had saved him, he sent for me, and a most painful and touching scene ensued.

"He begged my forgiveness for his past injuries, and I am not ashamed to confess that we both wept.

"Weeks slowly passed by, but Carey did not seem to mend, and to cut my story short he never rallied, but at the end of a couple of months sank into a premature grave.

"The afternoon before his death he was speaking to me of his feelings in the water, when he was sinking and saw me standing on the bank.

"'I had horrible thoughts during those few moments,' he said, 'I thought of death and judgment and condemnation, and I could see so clearly how wicked I had been in my treatment of you; and at length when I could no longer breathe, it seemed to me as though I was already at the awful bar of justice, and that you had come to accuse me for my cruel and ungenerous behaviour towards you.'

"'Do not speak so,' I cried, 'for I am far more guilty than you! You do not know the wicked thoughts that I have had towards you.'

"'Never mind, that is all past,' he whispered. 'Look how gloriously the sun is rising! What a splendid light is shining around me! Good-bye, Manby. We shall meet again!'

"And then his head fell on to my shoulder, and I knew he was dead.

"He was buried under the yew tree in the old churchyard, and every week I visit his grave; and I think every time that I come away a better and a wiser man."

## CHAPTER VI.

MR. MANBY did not speak again for a few minutes, then he observed, in a lighter and more cheerful voice—

"I have related these circumstances to you, Latimer, that you may not think that you are the only one in the world who has had to endure trouble, and also to teach you a lesson with regard to your enemy. Now, I have no doubt that while you hate Sinclair, yet you envy him, and are secretly jealous of his wealth, position, and future title. Tell me, is it not so?"

Latimer blushed crimson, as he was forced to admit that the accusation was correct.

"And yet, if you knew all," said the master, "you would no more change with him than you would with a frog by the banks of that stream. John Sinclair is the victim of an hereditary disease known as scrofula, and night and morning the housekeeper has to dress the wounds on his legs."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed Hugh, pitifully. "Poor fellow!"

"Yes, indeed. And in spite of all his brilliant prospects, it is a thousand chances to one if he ever lives to enjoy them."

"Fancy that!" ejaculated Hugh, compassionately. "And I always thought he must be happy."

"Happy," repeated Manby, "why, you never see a smile on his face, and he is not capable of joining in many of your games or pastimes."

"That's true, sir," observed Hugh. "But still, with all his money and everything, he need not have stolen my only friend from me. I can forgive him for everything but that."

"Have patience, Latimer," answered Manby, "and you will find that everything will come right. Forgive your enemy and you will regain your friend."

The following day Sinclair approached Hugh in the playground, and, with his usual haughty manner, exclaimed—

"Why didn't you meet me last night after school, as I told you? Were you afraid?"

"No, I was not afraid," replied Hugh, calmly. "Mr. Manby invited me home to tea with him so I couldn't come."

"Well, are you going to have it out now?"

"No, Sinclair, I am not going to fight you," answered Latimer.

"Then will you take a licking?"

"No, I'll not stand that," replied Hugh, "but I'll only hit you in self-defence, and if I said anything to annoy you, yesterday, I am very sorry for it."

Sinclair seemed to hesitate a few moments.

It was evidently not fear that restrained Latimer from fighting him, and yet he could not understand anything else having that effect.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, curling his lip contemptuously as he turned away, "what else could one expect from a snob like you?"

All this time, although Montrose had entirely ceased to associate with Hugh, yet he never joined in any of the spiteful teasings or chaffings with which the others sometimes amused themselves.

Although he had ceased to be a friend, he had not yet become an active enemy.

Time rolled on and the day arrived on which the periodical examination took place.

It soon became evident that the honours of the class would be gained either by Montrose or Hugh.

In most things they were so equal in their answers that there was nothing to choose between them.

At length, however, a subject arose upon which Grahame was deficient, and Latimer passed up to the top.

For a moment Grahame's breast heaved in silence, and then he burst out with bitter emphasis—

"Fancy being beaten, by a shop-boy, too!"

Every word entered into Hugh's soul like hot iron into the flesh, and he fixed his eyes reproachfully upon his former friend.

His heart was too full for words, and when Mr. Manby put the next question to him he found it impossible to answer.

"How is this, Latimer?" exclaimed the master, in surprise. "You are generally quite at home on this subject. I am sorry you have lost the prize by such strange forgetfulness."

Breaking down altogether, Latimer covered his face with his hands, but he could not even weep.

"What is the matter?" inquired Mr. Manby, as he perceived the boy stagger. "Are you ill?"

The next moment he reeled forward, and would have fallen had not the good-natured tutor caught him in his arms.


He found Hugh reclining beneath one of the trees outside, Mr. Manby having just succeeded in restoring him.

As he carried the fainting boy out into the fresh air, a smile of triumph went round the class. They all seemed to rejoice in his confusion and defeat, with the exception of Grahame.

He was now thoroughly sorry for the exclamation to which he had given vent, and turning round, he seemed to hesitate whether or not he should follow them out.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Sinclair, in a low tone.

"I was thinking about seeing what is the matter with Latimer," he replied.

"Rubbish," exclaimed Sinclair, scornfully. "Pay no attention to him. He's only showing off."

"I don't believe it," said Montrose, reproachfully. "I'm afraid it's what I said that has upset him."

"Fudge! Let him have it out to himself," observed Sinclair. "A conceited, ill-bred, stuck-up, sneaking hound——"

"Shut up," interrupted Montrose. "He used to be my chum, and would be now, if it had not been for you; and I won't hear him run down, anyhow."

A few anxious minutes elapsed, and then, unable to bear the suspense any longer, Grahame ran out into the playground.

He found Hugh reclining beneath one of the trees outside, Mr. Manby having just succeeded in restoring him.

Filled with remorse, Grahame threw himself down beside him, and exclaimed, as he took one of his hands—

"I'm awfully sorry, Latimer! Will you forgive me? I've treated you like a beast, I know, but do be friends again."

The tears stood in his eyes as he spoke, and Manby, perceiving what was about to happen, returned to the

school-room, and left them to work out their reconciliation by themselves.

"All right, Monty, if you're sorry, that's enough. I'll forget all about it, and everything shall be as it used to be."

"Upon my word, Hugh, you are a brick!" cried Montrose, admiringly; "and I'll never forsake you again. I'm awfully sorry that I ever did, and—and—and—I didn't really mean what I said just now."

"I am sure you did not," replied Hugh; "and if you never mention it again, I am sure I shan't."

"You are a good old fellow!" exclaimed Grahame, enthusiastically; "I always thought you were, but now I am certain of it."

"Nonsense!" answered Hugh, blushing with pleasure. "Shut up, do."

"Promise me something, and then I will."

"All right, I promise," replied Latimer. "What is it?"

"Why, that you will spend all the Christmas holidays with me."

"I shall be only too pleased! It will be jolly! that is, of course, if your uncle does not mind."

"He told me to invite you," answered Montrose; "and now we shall be a jolly party."

"Party!" repeated Hugh; "who else will there be there?"

"Only Jack Sinclair and his brother George and their two sisters."

"Then I shan't come, Monty," said Hugh, determinedly.

"Oh, but you must! You promised me."

"Yes, but I didn't know Jack Sinclair was going to be there."

"He's all right when you know him," returned

Grahame. "Besides you will be my uncle's visitor, remember, and he won't let anyone illtreat you."

"But I shall only create ill-feeling, and ——."

"No, you won't do anything of the kind," interrupted Montrose, "and you have promised, so you must come."

Seeing that his friend would not take a refusal, and feeling too happy to deny him anything, Latimer finally consented, and they returned to the school-room arm-in-arm.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE holidays arrived in due course, and both Colonel Grahame and Montrose received Hugh with the greatest kindness.

The Sinclairs were not expected for a week, and the time passed most delightfully.

At length, however, the family carriage drove up, and the footman announced "Master George and the Misses Jane and Laura Sinclair."

Jack was confined to his room, and was not well enough to leave home just yet, but he hoped to join the party in a week or ten days.

The new arrivals were very different to their brother, besides they were not acquainted with Latimer's social standing, and they were very soon firm friends.

Jane was a particularly pretty girl, and her blue eyes and golden curls played havoc with Hugh's susceptible heart.

They all seemed to take a great fancy to Latimer, and his intelligence and pleasant manner soon made them quite affectionate.

All too soon the fatal evening arrived, and Montrose hearing Jack Sinclair's voice out in the hall ran to meet him.

Jane and Latimer were playing at draughts as they entered the room, and immediately Sinclair observed the

latter his pale face reddened with vexation, and he exclaimed, with a heavy frown—

"Come here, Jane! I wish to speak with you."

"One minute, please, John," replied Jane.

"Not one minute," answered Sinclair, angrily. "I want you immediately."

"But Master Latimer will think me so rude if I leave off just on the point of winning."

"I don't care what *Master* Latimer thinks, and neither need you," cried Sinclair, scornfully. "Come here at once!"

Jane rose in astonishment, and just then the colonel entered the room.

"Well, who was the victor?" he inquired.

"The game was undecided," replied Hugh.

"How was that?" asked the colonel. "It could never have become a drawn game?"

"No; but Miss Sinclair's game was decided by a superior force."

Sinclair was about to rise, when Montrose exclaimed—

"Take care what you do, Jack! Remember that Latimer is my friend as well as you."

"This is too much," cried Sinclair. "I did not expect that *you* would put me upon an equality with a shop-boy."

The colonel looked from one to the other, and though he did not actually know the cause of their confusion, he could make a very good guess at it, and he was not slow at showing his displeasure. But the evening was spoiled; all the pleasure was gone, and they retired early to rest.

The following morning, on entering the breakfast room Montrose shook hands heartily as usual with the Sinclairs, and Hugh, willing to make all the concession in his power, wished Jack "Good morning." But he

turned carelessly away, and began talking with his brother.

"Sinclair," said Montrose, flushing deeply, "Latimer spoke to you."

"I heard him," replied Sinclair, coldly.

"Why don't you answer him, then?" cried Montrose, involuntarily clenching his fists.

"You have a right to choose your own friends," answered Sinclair, haughtily; "but you can't force me to associate with him."

"Then you had better not stay any longer where he is."

"Colonel Grahame invited me here, not you," rejoined Sinclair, "and no tradesman's son in the world shall force me to leave until I choose to do so."

He was just about to quit the room when Colonel Grahame entered it, and glancing round, exclaimed, "I am very sorry, my young friends, to see this bad spirit in you, and I have resolved, after breakfast, to tell you a short portion of my early history by way of a lesson."

Breakfast was quickly concluded; and leading the way into his study the colonel took down a sword that was hanging on the wall.

"This sword," he commenced, "belonged to Hugh Latimer's father, as brave a gentleman as ever wore an officer's uniform."

The Sinclairs began to look foolish, and the colonel continued—

"We were serving in Spain under the gallant Lord Peterborough, and I, in conjunction with some other silly subalterns, did all I could to annoy Lieutenant Latimer in every way because he had risen from the ranks. The more honour Latimer gained, the more aggravated my feelings towards him became, until one day meeting him accidentally I made some insulting observation, of which

This sword belonged to Hugh Latimer's father, as brave a gentleman as ever wore an officer's uniform

he took no notice, and then I so far forgot myself as to strike him.

"'Rash young man,' he exclaimed, as he caught hold of my arm, 'do you forget that I am your superior officer, and that you have forfeited your life by this action?'

"I stood speechless and motionless.

"'Thank Heaven there was no witness of your folly,' he continued. 'I forgive you. Go, and be more careful in future.'

"From that moment we were friends; and when a few weeks afterwards he was slain in the execution of his duty, I secured his sword as a memento of a good and brave gentleman."

The Sinclairs remained silent with downcast eyes, while Hugh exclaimed—"Dear Colonel Grahame! am I at all like my father?"

"In person most strikingly," answered the colonel. Then turning to the others, he added: "And now, young people, that I have related this little history to you, I hope you will be more tolerant of my young friend, and show him the kind feeling that a soldier's son deserves."

"I wish Latimer's mother did not keep a shop," observed Jane Sinclair when they were left alone. "He is so handsome and pleasant and nice that no one would guess it! I am sorry."

"Pooh, nonsense!" exclaimed her brother harshly; "his manners are all put on, treat him with silent contempt."

"That is what I shall do most certainly," remarked Laura, "in spite of what Colonel Grahame has told us."

"And quite right too," agreed Sinclair. "And now let us go upstairs."

## CHAPTER VIII.

THAT evening a gay little dance was proposed, and Latimer seeing that he should only create disunion, declined to join when Montrose asked him to take a part in it.

He was seated with a book by the side of the fire, and on Laura Sinclair passing by, he put out his hand to prevent her dress from touching the grate.

Directly she perceived his action, instead of thanking him she drew herself up with her brother's haughty manner, and exclaimed—

"I wish people would keep their hands to themselves."

Shortly after this Montrose was called out of the room, and Hugh became immersed in his book.

Suddenly his attention was aroused by a loud shriek, and looking up, he discovered that Laura Sinclair was on fire.

Her dress had wafted in between the bars of the grate, and the unfortunate girl was enveloped in flames.

Her brothers and sister, overcome with the terror occasioned by the sight, rushed out of the room screaming for help.

Without a moment's hesitation Latimer seized the hearthrug, and wrapping it round her laid her down upon the floor.


" Please say yes, to please me!"

But he was not able to extinguish the flames until his own hands and face had been shockingly burned, while nearly all the hair was singed off his head.

The colonel, followed by a number of servants, hastened upstairs, expecting to find Laura a corpse or most dreadfully burned, and when he discovered what had occurred, he observed to John Sinclair—

"Here is another lesson for you. The boy whom you so despised in your foolish pride has saved your sister's life, probably at the expense of his own."

Hugh was at once put to bed and medical assistance obtained, but it was some days before he was considered out of danger.

Now the Sinclairs, naturally good-hearted, could not do too much for Hugh, and when they were allowed to see him, they begged his pardon in the humblest manner for the injustice they had done him, while they thanked him warmly for the service he had rendered them.

Before they left an invitation arrived from Sir John Sinclair for Hugh to spend a month at his house as soon as he was able, and when he was hesitating, Jane Sinclair whispered—

"Please say yes, to please me."

So of course he felt he was obliged to accept it.

The doctor managed to get Latimer well in time for him to return to school in the middle of the half, and he soon worked his way up to the top once more.

At the end of the term, when the mayor and corporation paid their usual visit, they were accompanied by a distinguished looking gentleman with a military air, to whom they paid great attention.

Among other pupils, Hugh was brought forward to recite, and directly the stranger observed him, he said—

"What is your name, my young friend?"

"Hugh Latimer, sir."

"What was your father?"

"A soldier, sir, who died in Spain."

"I knew him well! I had reason to, for he saved my life three times," said the stranger with emotion. "Come here, my boy; I am Lord Peterborough, and I have long desired to know what had become of the widow and orphan of the gentleman to whom I owed so much! Is your mother alive?"

"Yes, my lord," answered Hugh; "she keeps a little shop in this town."

"Is that so? It must be seen to," exclaimed Peterborough. "I wish I had known it before! However, it is never too late to mend! Nay, don't go away! Here, take a seat by me. If it had not been for your father I should not be here at this moment, and I intend to prove my friendship for his son now that I have found him."

The feeling towards Hugh had been gradually turning, owing to the influence of Montrose and Sinclair, and now that the boys saw him seated by a real live lord, the change culminated in enthusiasm.

"Three cheers for Hugh Latimer," shouted some fellow. "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" and the boys shouted until the place shook again.

Lord Peterborough kept his word by settling an annuity upon Mrs. Latimer, which enabled her and her brother-in-law to live in comfort without the necessity of keeping a shop, while, much to Hugh's delight, directly he was old enough, he presented him with a commission in the army.

Colonel Grahame undertook to attend to his outfit and allowance, so that he was started in the army as favourably as possible.

His first leave of absence he spent with Sir John Sinclair, and this was only the commencement of a series of visits, which ended in he and Jane being engaged to be married.

This took place upon his being promoted to the rank of captain for his courageous conduct upon the field of battle, and Jack Sinclair gave his sister away.

Jane had no reason to repent her choice, for they lived with great happiness for many years, beloved and respected by all who knew them.

*Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales were graciously pleased to receive from the hands of Major W. J. Elliott, copies of his books in the 'Deeds of Daring Library.'*

# Deeds of Daring Library.

BY

## Lieut.-Col. Knollys, Major W. J. Elliott, & others.

*VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED :*

By Lieut.-Col. KNOLLYS.
1*s. 6d. cloth boards.* 1*s. paper covers.*

1—**SHAW, THE LIFE GUARDSMAN.** Four full-page illustrations and chromo frontispiece.

2—**ADVENTURES and DARING EXPLOITS OF LORD COCHRANE.** Nine full-page illustrations.

3—**VICTORIA CROSS IN THE CRIMEA.** Twenty full-page illustrations.

4—**VICTORIA CROSS IN INDIA.** Twelve full-page illustrations.

5—**VICTORIA CROSS IN ABYSSINIA, ASHANTEE, NEW ZEALAND, &c.** Twenty full-page illustrations.

By Major W. J. ELLIOTT.
2*s. cloth boards.* 2*s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.*

6—**VICTORIA CROSS IN AFGHANISTAN.** Twenty full-page illustrations and maps.

7—**VICTORIA CROSS IN ZULULAND.** Thirty full-page illustrations and authentic maps by permission of the War Office.

By Major W. J. ELLIOTT.
1*s. 6d. cloth boards.*, 1*s. paper covers.*

8—**DARING DEEDS AFLOAT, Royal Navy.** Fifteen full-page illustrations.

By Major ELLIOTT & Lieut.-Col. KNOLLYS.
1*s. 6d. cloth boards.* 1*s. paper covers.*

10—**GALLANT SEPOYS and SOWARS.** 10 pages of Illustrations.

By Capt. CLAYTON.
1*s. 6d. cloth boards.* 1*s. paper covers.*

11—**BRAVE DEEDS & HEROIC ACTIONS.**
Series I.—MILITARY. Eleven full-page illustrations.

12—**BRAVE DEEDS & HEROIC ACTIONS.**
Series II. —NAVAL & MILITARY. Eleven full-page illustrations.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.
1*s. 6d. cloth.*

14—**THE POLAR CRUSOES; or, Cast Away in the Northern Seas.** Eight full-page illustrations.

By PHILLIP HEMYNG.
1*s. 6d. cloth boards.* 1*s. paper covers.*

15—**UNDECORATED HEROES.** Fourteen full-page illustrations.

☞ **These books graphically describe most exciting incidents in the lives of British Soldiers and Sailors who have distinguished themselves at Sea or in Battle.**

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS.

"Lieut.-Col. Knollys' Books are very amusing and may be used to incite the younger generation to many good deeds of valour, by the example of their predecessors."—*Public Opinion.*

"A most capital account of the daring seaman, Lord Cochrane."—*Bath Chronicle.*

"A valuable addition to our railway literature, and well worthy a place on our bookshelves."—*Sussex Daily.*

"A very attractive series, stories of persons and dangers bravely encountered, well told. The illustrations are also numerous and good."—*Army Gazette:*

LONDON: DEAN & SON, 160A, FLEET STREET, E.C.

# LIST OF BOOKS

*in this* SIXPENNY SERIES *of Present and Reward Books, same number of pages and same style of binding. With modern illustrations.*

1—**HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.** An interesting tale by J. MYRTLE; 8 page illustrations by H. LEASK.

2—**A SOLDIER'S SON**; or, Principle before Prejudice. A splendid tale for boys by PHILIP H. HEMYNG. Illustrated by ARTHUR HITCHCOCK.

3—**THE MIDSHIPMAN**; or, Don't Hit a Man when He's Down. By PHILIP H. HEMYNG. Illustrated by ARTHUR HITCHCOCK.

4—**THE FAIRY PRINCE AND THE GOBLIN.** By DOROTHEA S. SINCLAIR. With numerous illustrations by good artists, engraved by W. WATSON.

5—**THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.** By DOROTHEA S. SINCLAIR. With full-page illustrations by the late RICHARD DOYLE and ARTHUR HITCHCOCK.

6—**MEMOIR OF A CAT.** Written by Herself. By LADY HERBERT.

7 & 8—**LITTLE T'S 'TORIES.** A first-class book of poetry for the young, by J. FAYLE. Illustrated by H. LEASK.

*These poems are just the sort to suit children, and good to learn by heart.*

"A marvellous sixpennyworth."—*Times.*

"This excellent selection of stories includes tales of adventure on sea and land, of fairies, of home and country life, &c., all by well-known writers, and fully illustrated."—*John Bull.*

9—**NINE LIVES** of Mr. THOMAS PUSS CAT. By R. H. LAURENCE.

10—**ROSE MORTON.** By L. DRURY.

LONDON:
DEAN & SON, 160a, FLEET STREET, E.C.