



CHAPTER XXV—(Continued.)

After his last speech Colonel Prinsep had addressed himself to Mrs. Knox; but though apparently giving all his attention to what she was saying, he heard every word that passed in the window corner to which Jane had returned.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When their visitors were gone, Mrs. Knox sank down upon a chair, and fanned herself vigorously.

had breed, and he had got into bad habits long before I suspected anything. As is always the case, the one most interested is last to hear the news."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The mess-house of the 34th Hussars was a very large one and peculiarly fitted for occasions like the present, not only were the rooms wide and lofty, but they were well shaped as well, and consequently easily decorated.



CHIP AND HIS CAMERA.

CHIP TAYLOR lived in a section of country where dollars looked about as big as cart wheels for the very good reason that they were about as hard to get.

once. Chip tried to empty the printing frame—his only one—without being seen, but Miss Trait's eyes had not been trained in a big city for nothing. It was quite plain to her that her youthful teacher was trying to hide the plate which he took from the frame, so she said:

"Let me see that plate, please." "It's a spoiled one," said Chip, throwing the plate upon the floor. Up to that time he never had dropped a plate, no matter how lightly, without hearing the sound of breaking glass, but the dreadful plate of Frank Wilsey and Miss Trait fell as solidly as if it had been a stove lid.