

'Agreed,' said the Captain, "although I get the worse of the arrangement, for I am a staff officer, and am liable to be on some disagreeable but necessary staff duty when it next comes to the conflict of arms."

'Nay,' I answered, 'if I were a staff officer and could go jaunting around the country almost at my own sweet will, I would ride straight to the nearest outpost of Lord Howe's army and win that button within the week, or be no more your rival forever.'

The Captain's face turned red at this double threat, but he contained his temper. And I was much worried, too, at the fact that he seemed to take much secret satisfaction out of the arrangement.

But it was more than six weeks before my chance came in the first conflict of arms the Captain had spoken of. During that night I saw nothing of the Captain, but heard he had been detached on some recruiting duty. I was delighted at this, and more so when we began pursuing the British in their retreat from Philadelphia to New York, and I saw that there would be a battle before he could rejoin us. It was Sir Henry Clinton who commanded them now, and we caught them at Monmouth. Everyone knows the history of that unfortunate battle. How General Lee ordered a retreat when victory rested in the palm of our hand. How Washington rallied the army when it was all but too late, and how General Clinton at last slipped away in the night time to New York. But it was a fortunate battle for me, as I plucked my button and tiny strip of red cloth from the breast of a red-coat I had slain in the first onslaught, and had received but a trifling wound in the shoulder in return.

After the fight there was nothing further to do but watch the enemy and wait for him to make another appearance. So without much difficulty I obtained another short leave of absence as a reward for the humble part I had played in the battle; and then to Patty I rode as fast as my good charger could carry me.

It was with mixed feelings of hope and despair that I mounted the steps at the entrance to the Warburton mansion. There had been no report of any engagement in which Captain Hackett could have found his opportunity, and I knew that he had not been present at the recent battle. There are moments, however, when one has an instinctive fear of events that are about to happen, and it was with such a fear in my heart that I grasped the great iron knocker of the front door. My summons was answered by Patty's father, who, like myself, was away from the army on a short leave of absence. I had never known him intimately, but it seemed to me that he greeted me with unusual warmth. I might have taken hope from this and from his compliments (for he had heard of my part in the battle), or even from his anxious inquiries concerning my wound.

How much more often one's fears are realised in this life than one's hopes! I was ushered into the presence of my beloved Patty, and found her conversing in a subdued manner with Captain Hackett. As I held out my button silently she looked at me very sadly, I thought, and regretfully. She had not time to say a word, however, before Captain Hackett, with a triumphant sneer, exclaimed:

"Too late, sir! Too late by twenty-four hours. I presented my button this time yesterday."

"But," I cried, my heart sinking and my head reeling, "you were not in the battle."

"That did not prevent me from taking your advice," he answered with a malicious smile. "I attacked an outpost, sir, and won my button in single combat against half a company."

"Where?" I asked, and continued hotly: "There has been no report of an attack on any of the enemy's outposts. It is false!"

"You forget yourself, sir," answered the Captain. "You will please remember that there was no one with me to witness my achievement, and it is hardly probable that the enemy would boast of an engagement in which they had been worsted by a single opponent. I can readily bring proof of the affair, though, if it is desired by my future bride. But I hardly think she will ask it, as she has already consented, in view of a certain sudden change in my duties which will place me very near certain persons of high rank, to an immediate marriage. In fact, the ceremony is to take place at no later day than to-morrow."

Despairing, almost stunned, I looked in bewilderment from Patty to her father for confirmation of this. The former was looking sadly at the floor, the latter smiling gaily at the frescoed ceiling.

"One moment, Mr. Drayton," said Patty's father quickly. "Be seated, sir. It seems no more than fair that, under the circumstances, the Captain's achievement should be fully proven to you."

"Why, yes, certainly," said the Captain with some apparent embarrassment. "I will do so at once. Er—

that is, in a few days—as soon as I can get my witnesses together. There were non-combatant witnesses, of course."

"It will not be at all necessary, Captain," continued Mr. Warburton; "we have witnesses handy who can explain the whole affair to Mr. Drayton's satisfaction." There was a peculiar gleam in Warburton's eyes, and he emphasised the word 'satisfaction' in a manner that made his remark seem rather mysterious.

"Er—er—what's that?" asked the Captain, blushing very red and looking peculiarly uneasy.

"I mean," said Mr. Warburton, speaking very emphatically, "that where the interests of my daughter are concerned I am invariably prepared with all necessary information. Let me introduce—Colonel Ledyard, of General Washington's staff." As he spoke, heavy curtains at the end of the room were brushed aside and a colonel, wearing a sash peculiar to the staff, entered the room, followed by a file of soldiers. I looked at Hackett. He was as amazed as I was, and the red flush on his cheeks had given place to a death-like pallor.

"What does this mean?" he said in a choking voice.

"It means," answered the newcomer, "that I place you under arrest for treason. No words, sir. We have ample proof. If you do not think so, here in my hand you will observe your commission in King George's army, which was to have taken effect upon your joining Clinton's command three days hence, accompanied, I observe from certain correspondence that has fallen into my hands, by your bride. Here even is your new uniform—a present, I believe, from Sir Henry Clinton himself."

At this he took from one of his soldiers a red coat which was minus a button, from the region of the heart, and a little strip of the material which had been pulled off with the button. With a cry of triumph and joy Patty reached into her pocket and, drawing forth a button, ran over to the Colonel and fitted the button and strip of cloth into the uniform he held in his hand.

"Fall in, sir," commanded the colonel sternly. "Forward, march!" The file of men, with my disgraced rival between them, marched quietly out through the door; and Patty, running to me, gave me such a series of hugs and kisses that her father was forced to exclaim, "Be careful, my daughter, you are hurting his head!"

But I—I would have smiled at the pains of a thousand wounds for the delight of that moment.—Exchange.

During the period ending June 19 Messrs. Baldwin and Rayward, Patent Attorneys, Wellington (district managers, Mirams Bros., Joel's Buildings, Crawford street, Dunedin), prepared and filed the following applications for Protection under the Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act:—J. G. Turton, Melbourne, cultivators and seeders; J. Harker, Dunedin, trade mark, 'Le Beau'; W. W. Pilkington, Wellington, improved churn; T. G. and G. H. Swan, Wanganui, trade mark, 'Ferro-Stout'; Jas. Gray (Reid and Gray), Dunedin, fertiliser conductor for drills; Isaac Harrison and Geo. Bagley, Wellington, device for delivering oil, paint, etc.; G. Hutchinson, Seatoun, milking machinery; D. H. M'Guinness, Victoria, elevating hand truck; G. F. Newman, Christchurch, cinder grid or basket for attachment to fire grates; Thos. Falvey, Wellington, steam turbine; R. W. Ashcroft, Pahiatua, and S. Ashcroft, M. Hoigan, A. Welser, and A. C. Pocock, Dannevirke, improvements in water-closets; L. E. Papworth, Wellington, holder for neckties, ribbons, etc.; R. M. Carroll, Petone, pipe wrench and shifting spanner; A. Hatrick, Wanganui, trade mark, label; Jas. Gray (Reid and Gray), Dunedin, device for sowing mangold seeds; W. J. Fryer, Pahia, ironing board and shirt clamp; A. Storrie, Invercargill, combined implement for ridging and sowing; G. Chewings, Mossburn, straining fencing wires; J. F. Liebenritt, Sydney, multitubular steam boilers; International Harvester Co., U.S.A., manufacture of twine; T. J. Cahill, Waihi, soles for boots; C. W. Gordon, Melbourne, adjustable pedal strap for cycles; H. Berry, Victoria, knife-cleaner; W. Y. H. Hall and J. E. Jones, Invercargill, door-stop and burglar alarm; W. C. Beere, Wellington, mathematical instrument; T. C. Fowler and Co., Palmerston North, trade mark.

"Scatter your minions!" said Disease one day To the demon Cold and his friend Decay;

"Winter is here to give you a hand, Out! friend, out! and ravage the land."

"I can't," said the Demon, "I'm quite out of work, A mortal named Woods pulls me up with a jerk; His Great Peppermint Cure is death to my host."

Good-bye!" said the Demon, and gave up the ghost!

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