

**A BLACK PRINCE,
AND
OTHER STORIES**

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A black prince, and other stories by Shirley Ann Grau

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SHIRLEY ANN GRAU

**A BLACK PRINCE,
AND
OTHER STORIES**

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

A BLACK PRINCE

And Other Stories

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOLD IN THE VERANDAH."



SECOND EDITION.

LONDON

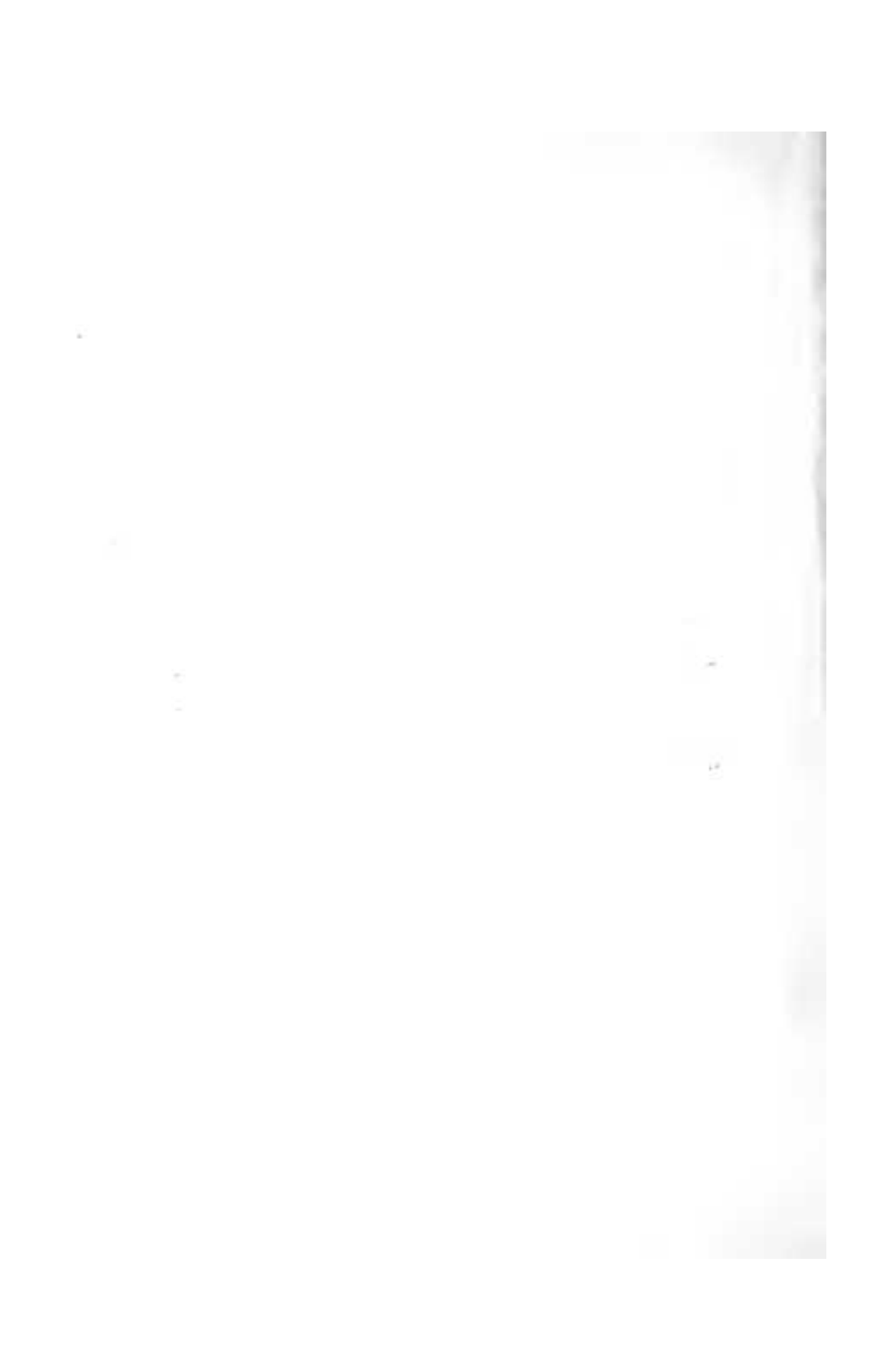
LAWRENCE & BULLEN

46 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

1893

NOTE.

Some of the stories in the present Volume have appeared in the *Madras Mail*. For permission to republish them I am indebted to the courtesy of the Editor. "A Black Prince," "How we Jubilated," and other papers are published for the first time.



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MISS B——

On a March evening, not many years ago, two young men were dining together at the South-Western Railway Hotel, Southampton. They were subalterns in a light cavalry regiment, and on the following morning were to embark for India to join.

Charlie Fancourt and Vyvian Dale were two of the best-looking youngsters in the service. Fate had been kind to them in various ways, but in the Victorian, as in the Augustan, age, black Care frequently sits on a cavalry crupper, and these young officers were not leaving their native land in that cheerful frame of mind which the call of duty should inspire.

“Hullo! you sportsmen! What have you done with Jack?”

The speaker had just entered the room, and, recognizing the young men, made his way to their table. He was an elderly man, short and thick-set, with a

bronzed face, lighted up by shrewd grey eyes, and as he had more than once been heard to declare, no safer man for a touch-and-go operation held a surgeon's commission in the mounted branch of the service than Hector Macnab.

"What's become of Jack?" he again inquired, after mutual greetings had been exchanged.

"Can't say; may have missed the train. Perhaps he has been nabbed by the Jews," was the careless reply.

"What, lucky Jack a bondsman to the Israelite! Fortunatus in fetters! No, I don't think *that's* likely," said the Doctor, laughing.

Macnab was right, it was not likely. Jack Smith was not without reason known throughout his brigade as "Lucky Jack." His good fortune was phenomenal. His star shone with a perennial lustre that reduced the luminaries of other men to the condition of ephemeral sparks. Out big-game shooting, his performances went nigh to rival the feats peculiar to the hero of a young lady's novel. If he essayed his chances at a lottery, men grew mournfully profane, for they held the result to be a foregone conclusion. He got his troop quicker than had been the case with any other lieutenant since