

**HELEN TREVERYAN; OR
THE RULING RACE, IN
THREE VOLUMES, VOL.II**

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Helen Treveryan; Or the Ruling Race, in Three Volumes, Vol.II by John Roy

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JOHN ROY

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HELEN TREVERYAN



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OR

THE RULING RACE

BY

JOHN ROY

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II

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CHAPTER XX

HOME AGAIN

GUY did what he was asked to do. He hesitated, of course, and he would have dearly liked at all events to see Helen before leaving India; but this would not have been altogether easy to manage, and after ascertaining that the leave was to be got, he made up his mind to go. To this resolution he was largely influenced by Mrs. Aylmer, who knew that Helen was in earnest, and felt that the sooner the thing was done the better.

Guy wrote a week in advance to his mother, and said he was coming, but he warned her that this meant no change in his feelings. 'As you wish it,' he wrote, 'I have asked for leave, but please do not misunderstand me. I cannot give Helen up, and Pitt Wright's lies only make me care the more for her. She is the only woman I can ever marry.'

Before the end of May Guy was on board the P. & O. steamer *Indus* in Bombay harbour. It had been a frightfully hot journey down by train. During

the day the sun beat through the roof and sides of the railway carriage, and seemed to beat into his very brain as he lay half undressed on the leather-covered seat, and even at night the heat was very oppressive. Bombay was comparatively cool, not more than 90° or so in the shade, and by the time he got on board ship he was happy again.

He stood leaning over the side, just before the start, thinking how short a time it seemed since he first saw that coast, and how much had happened to him. It was a curious scene. The deck amidships was covered with baggage and chairs. Passengers and their friends were gathered here and there in knots, while the stewards and lascars were at work about the gangways.

Close to Guy, on the same side of the ship, stood Colonel Jackson, lately a Civil officer in Berar, who was leaving India 'for good,' after thirty years of hard work. One or two old acquaintances who happened to be in Bombay had come to see him off; but he was not a Bombay man himself, and his only real friend was his native bearer, Sri Kishen, who had served him faithfully since he was a young man. Sri Kishen had cheated him throughout, in a small patient way, and Jackson had been very angry with him at times; but they had never parted, and now the two men stood looking at one another in a silent, lifelong farewell that was very pathetic.

Still more pathetic was the little group near the