

"Well, I thought you would be quite changed, Jack, and quite different, now you are a captain, and famous, and all that, and you have seen so many grand ladies in all the countries you have travelled that—that—" and she hesitated.

"Well, go on," Jack said gravely.

"Well, then, that you would have forgotten all about me."

"Then you are a very bad little girl, Alice, and not half so good as I thought you were, for you must have a very bad opinion of me, indeed, if you thought all that of me."

"I don't think I quite thought so, Jack. Well, I told myself it was only natural it should be so."

"We will argue that out presently," Jack said; "and now, where is Mr. Anthony?"

"I will call him, Jack," Mrs. Anthony said. "You have no ill-feeling, I hope, towards him, for you know he really has been very sorry about the part he took in getting you away, and has blamed himself over and over again."

"I never have had," Jack said; "it has been the best thing that ever happened to me. If I had had my own way I should still be working before the mast instead of being a captain in the army."

Mr. Anthony was soon called in from the store. At first he was a little awkward and shy, but Jack's heartiness soon put him at his ease.

Jack stayed a fortnight at Southampton, and then, on the receipt of a letter from the Earl of Peterborough, went up to town, where he was presented to