

oaths, all the while keeping an observant eye upon his companion.

"I'll wager now that Hemming has some good old Irish blood in him," he remarked.

"Why do you think that?" asked Spalding, deliberately yawning.

"His generosity leads me to think so. There are other officers of infantry regiments who'd be better off to-day, but for their kind hearts and Irish blood." The major sighed windily as he made this statement.

"Methinks you mean Irish whiskey," retorted Spalding. With dignity O'Grady arose from the piano-stool.

"I'll not listen to any more of your low gossip," he said, and started for the door, in a hurry to carry the news to any one he might find at home.

"You needn't mention my name, sir," called Spalding, over his shoulder. His superior officer left the room without deigning a reply.