

"Weak—with that jaw!" echoed Mildmay.

"Well, he has a jaw, that's true," Brande admitted, "and when he makes up his mind he sticks to it—but it is possible for a man to be uncommonly strong at sticking to a mistake."

"Perhaps—perhaps," answered Mildmay, "but I must say I like Buttons immensely; I like him better than any sub in the regiment."

Meantime "Buttons," as he was called in the Twenty-first Dragoons, had gone gaily off to his quarters to set about getting himself and his belongings off to town by the afternoon train.

"You'll have to look uncommonly sharp, Broughton," he said, when he had imparted his news to his servant.

"Am I to go with you, sir?" Broughton inquired.

"No—there are plenty of people at Mrs. Meredith's who will look after me."

"Very well, sir," and Broughton went on with his packing, not at all sorry (having just begun to walk out with one of the prettiest girls he had ever come across in all his life) that he was let off this particular London visit.

An hour or two later saw his master driving up to the Routh railway station with a goodly array of