

castic criticisms on their neighbors, while waiting for the curtain to rise.

"Saw Trevanion to-day," lisped one white-lashed ensign, tightening his belt, "riding down the Row with Lady Clara Keppel. What luck the fellow has! Suns himself in the smiles of high-born beauty all day, and in the lovely light of little Rosa's black eyes all evening."

"Don't call her Rosa," another interjected, testily; "it smacks so confoundedly of negro minstrelsy. Luck! I believe you! Trevanion's one of those fellows born with a golden spoon in their mouths. He is the heir of Monkswood Hall and Trevanion Park, the two finest places in Sussex, with a clear rent-roll of fifteen thousand a year. His governor's a trump. I wish mine could see his parental duties in the money line half as clearly."

"And Trevanion's sovereigns flow like water," a third said, "while better men—myself and most of you fellows—haven't possessed one between us for the last six months. I did my first bill, I remember, at seven years old, on the cover of my spelling-book, and I have done bills and bill-discounters ever since with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. And they say he's going to marry Rosie."

There was a general laugh at his last remark.

"Don't be maudlin, Stanley. A man may not marry his grandmother—no more may he marry a little *danseuse*, particularly at the innocent age of nineteen. Not but that Miss Rose Adair—I wonder what the little girl's *bond-fide* name is?—is pretty enough and sparkling enough to almost warrant such folly. Trevanion's deucedly spooney about her, there's no doubt about it; but there'll be no marrying or giving in marriage—take my word for it, Stanley. He comes of a race as proud as the devil, and nearly as diabolical."

"They say the man who spoke English at the Tower of Babel was named Trevanion. But hold up! 'Lo! the conquering hero comes!'"

With the last word the door opened, and Lieutenant Cyril Paget Trevanion, of the —th Hussars, stood before his brother knights. Younger than even those youthful warriors—barely nineteen—but towering above the tallest of them by a full head, and superb in his fresh young manhood. Tall, strong, black-browed, with the darkly handsome face of the handsome, hot-blooded Trevanions—flashing black eyes, and the magnificent proportions of a muscular Apollo. As he entered, the bell tinkled, the lights flashed up, the curtain rose,