

ing a little way off, while just in front of the ante-room door three officers were standing talking together. Two of them were men well up the list of captains, the third a much younger man, little more than a lad, in fact, a good looking young fellow, fresh colored and with honest steady eyes.

"Yes," he said, in answer to a question from one of the older men—"I'm in great luck, I've got twelve days' leave."

"And you're going to town, of course?" said Mildmay.

"Yes."

"Where do you stop—Long's?"

"No. I always put up with my sister. She lives in Sloane street."

"Ah! very convenient for you," remarked Mildmay, and the subaltern moved off towards the quarters.

The two older men watched him till he disappeared through the doorway of the officers' quarters.

"High old time he'll have of it in town, I should think," laughed Brande.

"Very likely," answered Mildmay. "He's a nice lad all the same."

"Good fellow, yes—but weak."