

BUTTONS.

CHAPTER I.

A FEW DAYS' LEAVE.

"They pass best over the world who trip over it quickly."
—*Queen Elizabeth.*

It was a lovely April morning, though perhaps it was a shade too warm for the old-fashioned folk who believe in the truth of the old saying, "Don't cast a clout till May's out"—the people, by-the-bye, who generally pride themselves on cleaning up their houses and getting fires done with by the 1st of June and heroically doing without them till the 1st of November.

In the cavalry barracks at Routh the influence of the weather seemed to make itself felt everywhere. The lawn in front of the officers' quarters looked fresh and green, the sunshine glittered on the windows and on the helmet of the sentry at the gate, there were two cats dozing peacefully on a sunny ledge and several dogs holding a school-board meet-