

and thirty-five years in the army makes a man acquainted with not a few bold spirits."

"Go on," I said. "Who else will be of the party?"

"My man Parker will, of course, go with me, and it would certainly do Maitland—Jack's tutor—a large amount of good to see a little rough life."

"Maitland? What sort of a fellow is he?" I asked.

"Another pleasure in store for you," said the General. "He is the exact antithesis of Jack. I found him down here when I came, you know. He is supposed to be suffering from his nerves, and I should think he is by the look of him. He is an Oxford man; took a good degree, and won the Newdigate prize among other pots. It seems he has been staying here for a year, and doesn't appear likely to budge. Got just enough money to live on, I should fancy, and doesn't see why he should make any more. At first he seemed inclined to run out of the room when Jack and I came into it, but I fairly cornered him one day, and talked to him like a Dutch aunt."

"What were the sentiments you expressed?" I inquired with a smile.

"Well, I suggested that a Varsity man of seven-and-twenty, sound in wind and limb, ought not to be prowling about a hydro among a lot of rheumatically old men and women. I pointed out to him that the longer he stayed the longer he would want to stay. He didn't like it at all."

"So I should imagine," said I. "How did you prevail on him to accept the post of tutor to a young gentleman of the Jack persuasion?"