

"No more you shall, my darling," he cried gaily. "I've done four months of it, but it's the most awful grind I ever put in in all my life. I'll go back and buy myself off to-morrow."

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Three months afterward, an officer of the Twenty-first met Roger Page in St. James street. "Hollo, Buttons, old chap," he said, "I heard the oddest thing about you the other day. Desmond swore he saw you at Routh station wearing a private's uniform of the One Hundred and Sixtieth."

"By Jove, you don't say so," answered Roger Page with a laugh. "What queer stories get started about one. Are you busy? What are you doing? Got half an hour to spare, then come into Long's and be introduced to my wife. We've taken a flat and are staying at Long's till it is ready for us. That's a good old chap—private's uniform—By Jove!"

THE END.