

young limb of evil that the Twenty-first had had the pleasure of numbering among their officers for many a year, and this young gentleman contrived to keep the whole mess so thoroughly alive with his escapades that the memory of Roger Page had, by comparison, paled into insignificance and actual tameness.

Mrs. Wade probably thought more often about him than did any other person in the regiment wherein he had been so universally popular—but then it is always so in a regiment; every day you have a vivid illustration of the cry, “The king is dead; long live the king.”

It was a blazing afternoon even for August, and Mrs. Wade felt hot and faint as she sat in her quarters writing to Jeanie, who, poor child, in a pension at Brussels was eating her heart out, and, though she tried hard to be patient and brave until Roger Page’s grand plan had had time to work and bear fruit, succeeding very badly. If she had consulted her own inclinations, Mrs. Wade would have laid quietly down on the sofa and simply have rested herself until it was time for the sergeant’s tea, but the knowledge and certainty that Jeanie would be anxiously looking for a letter the following evening, kept her chained to her desk until the usual number